movie MIRROR

DECEMBER

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Let Eleanor Powell Teach You to Dance

MYRNA LOY REVEALS HER OWN MYSTERIOUS LIFE

ANNOUNCING Sylvia OF HOLLYWOOD'S NEW BOOK

"PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER BABY!"

MADAME SYLVIA, author of the best seller, "No More Alibis!" has just written another stimulating and inspiring book. This book, "Pull Yourself Together, Baby!" is destined to become the most talked about book of the year.

READ THIS INTRODUCTION. *Darlings:* This book is about personality. That magic touch which makes an ugly person charming—a pretty woman fascinating—a beautiful girl simply irresistible.

Personality is a combination of brains, character, charm, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet, it keeps husbands in love with you. You can develop it. You were born with brains, use them. Exert the character. Work for what you want. You must have will power, courage and determination. In this book I am going to show you how to go about it, give you hints and help you get around the biggest obstacles that are now in your way. Read it all. Let it sink in. Then read it again. Take whatever you need into your own life.

I have already written a book called "No More Alibis." It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll remember; no more alibis, read what mama is going to tell you and get busy.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your social pulling power. Don't shrivel up into a knot of self-consciousness when you meet new people. I'm going to tell you some things which will give you poise and assurance. *Mme. Sylvia.*

ONLY 1.00. The price of this book is only 1.00. Get your copy at once and be among the first to read this amazing book. At all book dealers or send $1.00 to address below.

If you haven't read "No More Alibis!" by Madame Sylvia, write, wire or phone for a copy of this national best-seller. In this book you will find all the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight—or gain it. How to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive. The price of this book is but $1.00. Send for your copy NOW.

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TAKE A CHANCE!

ONE DOLLAR

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS OR DIRECT FROM PUBLISHERS

Macfadden Book Company, Inc.
Dept. MM-12 1926 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"Ridiculous"

SAYS
MODERN
MATRON

A MODERN MATRON AND A DENTIST BATTLE OVER A CARROT

"Intelligent"

SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST

(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"RIDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

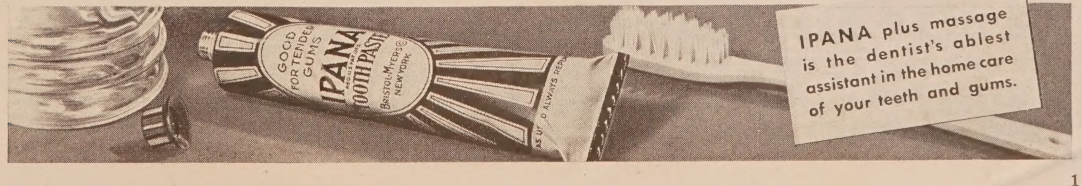
"Ridiculous?—not a bit of it. That's a very sensible picture. I'd be delighted to post it in my office as an object lesson for my patients. If more people chewed as vigorously, if modern teeth and gums were on better terms with coarse, rough, natural foods we'd hear a lot less about *tender, rundown gums*—we'd hear a whole lot less about 'pink tooth brush,' too."

"Pink Tooth Brush" is serious

When you see "pink tooth brush"—*see your dentist.* It can mean serious trouble. But usually it simply means that modern soft foods haven't given your gums enough work—that they need the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

Ipana plus massage is a part of modern dental practice because Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as clean the teeth. Get a tube of Ipana today and begin this modern health routine. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens. Your gums feel healthier. And your teeth grow whiter, show more sparkle.

Help your dentist to keep you from being a "dental cripple." Don't let your tooth brush show "pink." Don't let yourself in for the really serious gum troubles. Firm gums and shining white teeth are vitally important to you. Switch to Ipana Tooth Paste and massage—and *switch* today!


GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO. NEW YORK
IPANA plus massage is the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of your teeth and gums.

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10, NO. 1 • DECEMBER, 1936

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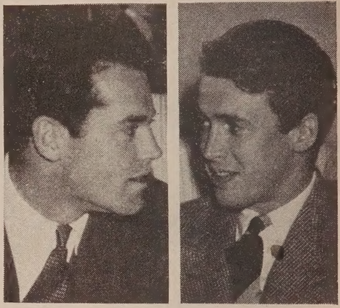
Natural Color Photograph of CLAUDETTTE COLBERT by James N. Doolittle

IN THE JANUARY ISSUE

(OUT NOVEMBER 25)

At Last It Can Be Told!



Now that Henry Fonda has married again, and the Fonda-James Stewart household is no more, we can tell you the whole chuckling story of the madcap menage which was at once the envy and the despair of all Hollywood. Old friends of other days, pets of all styles and breeds, servant problems of every kind—no one knows more about the amusing troubles they can bring than Hank and Jimmy! It's all in the January number of MOVIE MIRROR.

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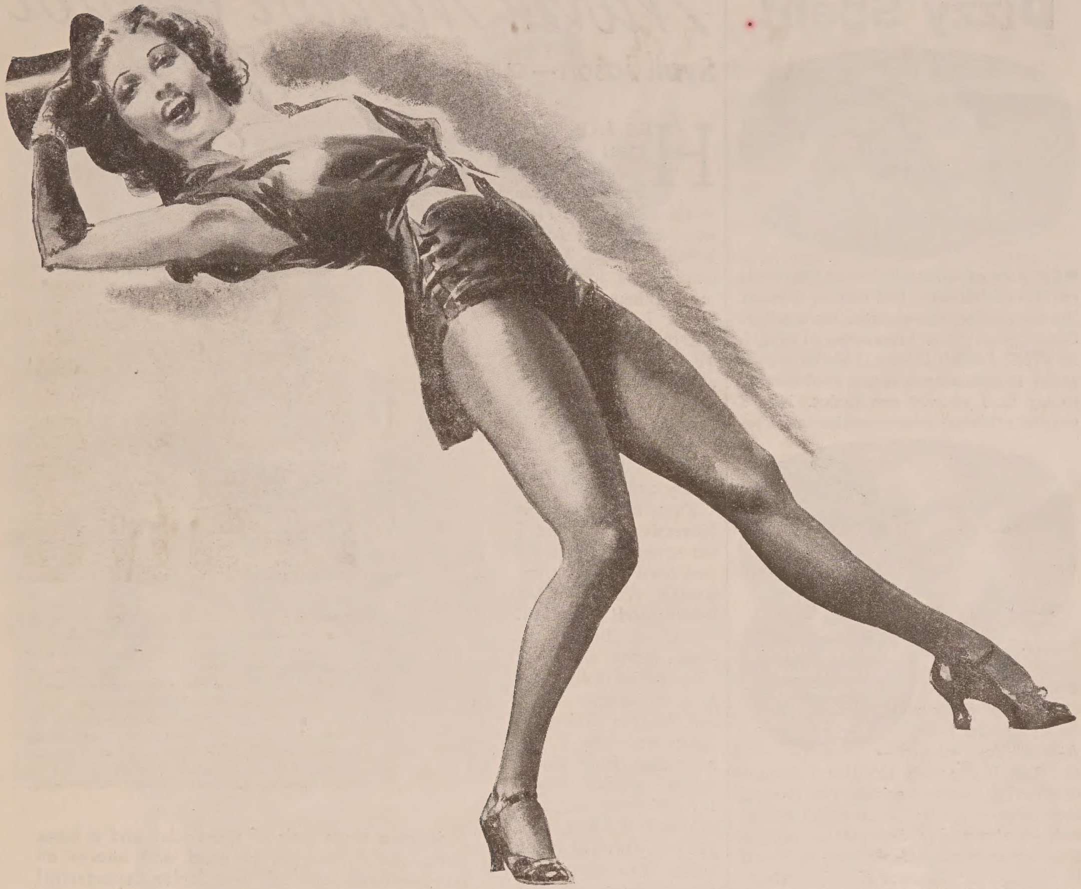


She's back *(and will you ever forget her in "Broadway Melody of 1936")* in the Biggest Musical Show of this Year...M-G-M's dazzling successor to "Great Ziegfeld" ... brim-full of brilliant scenes, thrilling dances, gorgeous girls, and stars — stars — STARS! The Cole Porter songs are swell (*"Easy to Love", "I've Got You Under My Skin", "Swingin' The Jinx Away", "Hey, Babe, Hey"*, and lots more).

BORN TO DANCE

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

JAMES STEWART · VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL · SID SILVERS · FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN · ALAN DINEHART · BUDDY EBSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

Another Dizzy Spell!

● I had one of those dizzy spells that made me feel sick all over. Felt bilious, nervous. My complexion was a sight. The trouble? Constipation! Then I remembered FEEN-A-MINT. I didn't think it could be as good as my friends all said it was but I decided to try it. I chewed one tablet. Now I wouldn't *think* of using any other laxative.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● When you feel "all clogged up" chew a dainty tablet of FEEN-A-MINT for 3 minutes—or longer if you wish. It's this 3 minutes of chewing, medical science has proved, that helps make FEEN-A-MINT different, so thoroughly dependable, such a blessing to constipation sufferers. You'll like the cool mint flavor of FEEN-A-MINT. It's convenient and so economical too!

● Next day—happy, full of vim and pep! Bowels regular. FEEN-A-MINT brings blessed relief. It's so gentle. There's no griping, nausea, nor disturbance of sleep. Non-habit-forming. Don't tolerate constipation another day. Use FEEN-A-MINT—the delicious chewing gum laxative. More than 16 million people do.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

Movie Mirror Junior

Sybil Jason—GUEST EDITOR

It takes a large pair of spectacles and a huge pencil for little Sybil to read and answer all her fan mail—and edit our Junior department!

HELLO JUNIORS:

I was making a scene with Pat O'Brien when my sister, Anita, brought Betty Turner out on the lot to see me. When she asked me if I would like to tell the readers of the Junior Department about myself, I said "yes," right away and we had lunch together so I could tell her what I wanted her to write in my article to you.

First, my birthday is November 23rd, and I am seven years old. I was born in Capetown, South Africa. My mother and father still live there. Besides my sister, Anita, who lives with me in Hollywood, I have another sister and brother living in Capetown. But I did not come from South Africa to Hollywood. I came from England.

When I was five years old, Mother wrote to my uncle Harry Jacobson, who lived in London. Uncle Harry had always been connected with theater and entertainment work. At that time, he was playing the piano in Ray Noble's orchestra at the Savoy Hotel. After Mother had written about my singing and dancing in so many entertainments in South Africa, Uncle Harry invited my sister, Anita, and me to visit him in England. So, Mother got us ready and we took the boat to see Grandmother and Uncle Harry.

When we got to England we had lots of fun. I acted little plays for Grandmother every day. She and Uncle Harry taught me a good many things about speaking, singing and dancing that I had not known before. Later, Uncle Harry got me parts in several charity shows. I could not act on the stage for money, you see, because in England you have to be fourteen or over before you can work on the stage for money. But it was lots of fun being in the benefits at the Hippodrome.

One day, the agent for Warner Brothers pictures in England happened to see one of the shows I was in. He talked to my uncle about giving me a screen test. The test was sent to Hollywood so the people there could see what I looked like. In the meantime, a picture was being made in London called "Barnacle Bill." They needed a little girl to walk across the screen carrying a doll and I got the part. It was supposed to be only for one day's work, but after that day was over, they decided to let the little girl do more in the picture. I was glad, too, because the part lasted two weeks and it was fun.

Before long, a cable came from Hollywood, asking if Uncle Harry would bring me to Hollywood for a picture. The studio sent a contract and we signed it and took the boat for America.

When we arrived in New York, we were supposed to have two weeks vacation there. The first day, Uncle Harry took my sister and me to the Aquarium to (*Continued on page* 6)

Frank Lloyd reads an amusing page in the script to the two stars, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray

With Frank (Mutiny on the Bounty) Lloyd as producer-director, with your favorites, Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray, in the lead roles, Paramount's "Maid of Salem" sweeps before the cameras. Here are the first glimpses of this mighty picture of a love which braved the blazing fury of Colonial New England's witchcraft persecutions.

Claudette Colbert as Barbara Clarke, the little "Maid of Salem"

One of the Salem gentry who has talked back to the law gets a day in the stocks

A group of Salem lads doing a little tippling, Colonial style

Claudette Colbert and Fred MacMurray in "MAID OF SALEM"

A Paramount Picture with Harvey Stephens and Edward Ellis. Produced and Directed by FRANK LLOYD

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

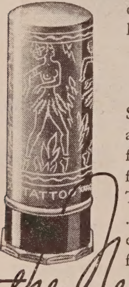
The *New* TATTOO gives you the moist, shimmering, smooth, soft, eternally youthful lips of the glamorous South Seas maiden!

Stolen from the bewitching little South Seas maiden was the idea of permanent, pasteless, transparent lip color; lasting, loyal *stain* for lips instead of temporary, "pasty," fickle coating! Now this same enchantress has revealed her way of keeping lips soft, smooth, luscious and moistly shimmering too.

We offer it to you as the *New* TATTOO . . . an entirely new kind of "permanent" lipstick . . . the *only* lipstick that can imbue your lips with the irresistible witchery of transparent, pasteless, South Sea color . . . the *only* lipstick containing the magic ingredient that will make your lips sparkle like the moon-path o'er an iridescent tropical sea . . . at the same time making your lips youthfully smooth, wrinkle-free . . . caressingly soft. TATTOO your lips . . . with the *New* TATTOO!

Send Coupon for Trial Lipstick

So that you can instantly *see* and *feel* the astonishing difference, send coupon and 10c for a generous size of the *New* TATTOO. Five exciting shades . . . the most stunning colors ever put into lipstick! Send for several to match different moods or costumes.



the New TATTOO

TATTOO, 11 E. Austin Ave., Dept. 59, Chicago.
Send me trial size *New* TATTOO, postpaid. 10c enclosed for each shade desired, as checked.
☐ Coral (Orangish) ☐ Exotic (Fiery)
☐ Natural (Blood Color) ☐ Pastel (Changeable)
☐ Hawaiian (Brilliant)

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________ State__________

see all the fish. But the next day we got a wire from Hollywood saying that we should leave for the studio at once.

When we finally got to Hollywood, we went right out to the studio. It was so big and new to me. We met a lot of people that first day, but when I got back to the hotel we were staying at that night I was pretty lonesome. I thought about my grandmother back in England and wished I could see her. My Uncle Harry and my sister felt like that, too, I guess.

But right away the studio started me to work in a picture. It was called "Little Big Shot," and Robert Armstrong, Glenda Farrell and Edward Everett Horton were in it.

Everybody was so nice to me, and it was so much fun making pictures in Hollywood, that it wasn't long before I was very happy that Uncle Harry had brought me to America.

My next picture was "I Found Stella Parrish." Kay Francis was the star in it, and she was very nice to me. She's one of my favorite actresses. So is Joan Blondell. Ian Hunter was also in "I Found Stella Parrish."

Another picture I liked making was "The Singing Kid." This was the second picture I had been in with Edward Everett Horton. The star was Al Jolson, and Beverly Roberts, Claire Dodd and Wini Shaw were in the picture, too.

The picture I am making now with Pat O'Brien is "The Great O'Malley." Besides Mr. O'Brien, who is the star, of course, Frieda Inescort, Anne Sheridan and Humphrey Bogart are in it.

When I am working in a picture, I get up about seven in the morning, eat my breakfast, take my dog and cat out for a walk, and get to the studio about nine o'clock. I like cereals the best at breakfast.

My dog's name is Michael Curtiz Jason. I named him after Mr. Curtiz who directed my first picture, "Little Big Shot." I even took my dog to the studio and Mr. Curtiz baptized him with his name. My cat's name is May Robson Jason, after another favorite actress of mine. I also have a white rabbit named Peter Pan Wendy Jason.

I am in the fifth grade at school, and study history, arithmetic, spelling, reading and French.

When I lived in London, I had a governess who taught me my school work. Now I go to school at the studio, and have a teacher there.

Do the little girls who read the Junior page like to cook? I do, very much. After I get home from the studio, I go in and watch Maxine, our cook, get the meals ready. I help her whenever I can. The other day I made some nice cakes for Uncle Harry. He liked them so well I've made him some more.

I usually have to be in bed around seven-thirty every night. Just before I go to bed Uncle Harry takes the script of the part I will be doing the next day and reads and explains it all to me. I don't have to remember it all, but I do have to know just how to do it.

Also, before I go to bed, I write my Uncle Harry a note. If he happens to be out for the evening, I take it into his room and put it on his pillow, so he will be sure to see it before he goes to bed. If he is home and still up, I take it to him. I just write whatever I want to tell him in these notes—how much I like him, what I expect to do the next day, and things like that. Sometimes I tell him what I have done with my allowance.

Each week I get ten cents spending money. I can do whatever I want to with it. Sometimes I save it for weeks and weeks and then buy a nice present with it for a birthday present. Other times I buy things I want myself. I don't have to pay for my own ice cream cones, though. You see, I have an ice cream cone free every day. That is one of the first things I remember about Hollywood.

One of the things I like best to do, when I am not working in pictures, is to go to Venice Pier. That's the place where they have shoot-the-chutes, fun houses, and all sorts of games. I go as often as I can.

I also like to swim and fish. I have always lived near the water, and have been swimming since I was four years old. I can swim under water with my eyes open for a long way, now.

On a recent location trip of "The Captain's Kid" company, we went to San Pedro, California, where I got to swim and fish as much as I wanted to. Guy Kibbee and May Robson are in this picture.

Ian Hunter gave a party for me at his beach house recently, where we swam, had lots of good things to eat and played games. Dick Powell and Joan Blondell also had a party for me.

It's about time I was getting back to work now, Juniors, so I'll have to leave Miss Turner for this time. Please write to me in care of Betty Turner, won't you?

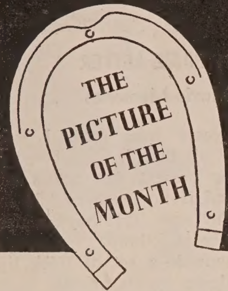
'Bye—

SYBIL.

P. S. I wish you would write to me and tell me who your favorite screen actress is and why. To each of the fifteen boys and girls who write the most interesting letters I will give an autographed photograph. Miss Turner and I will be the judges, and your letters must be mailed before December 5, 1936. Don't forget, write me about your favorite actress. The address is MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

WINNER OF THE LAUGH SWEEPSTAKES!

Thanks, to the inspired "Oiwin" of that bewildered young man, Frank McHugh, "THREE MEN ON A HORSE" is both the picture of the month and the farce of the year! Take our tip and be in the grandstand when it romps into town!



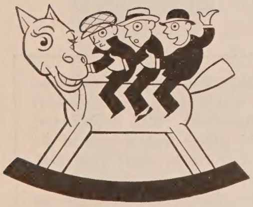
'Oiwin' had two great passions—poems and ponies. But when his tearful bride faced him with a notebook filled with strange feminine names and numbers 'Oiwin' became an "also ran!"

The "mob" discovered 'Oiwin' and found a walking gold mine. His penchant for picking ponies made paupers out of bookies but millions for the mob!

"Oiwin, you're the first guy to really prove that man's best friend is the horse."

"It's the horse that deserves the credit—all I did was pick him—he had to go to the trouble of running."

When his bride found out that the names in the notebook weren't pretties but ponies—all was forgiven—and 'Oiwin' forgot about races and went back to rhymes. It's the big cheek-to-cheek finish of the Laugh Sweepstakes of the year!



"3 MEN ON A HORSE"

"Three Men On a Horse," the sensational stage success is in its second big year on Broadway and still going strong! The greatest comedy hit in 10 years played by 6 companies in 4 countries to capacity crowds!

Warner Bros.

A MERVYN LEROY
Production with
FRANK McHUGH
as "OIWIN"
JOAN BLONDELL
GUY KIBBEE • CAROL
HUGHES • ALLEN JENKINS
SAM LEVINE • TEDDY HART

No one was more amazed than Irene Dunne herself when she actually caught a fish during the making of "Theodora Goes Wild," her first picture under her new Columbia contract.

Speak for Yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

The Perfect Picture

Last night I went to Verona. The centuries rolled away, and tapestry-like figures slowly came to life to enact before my thirsty eyes the most poignant of all known tales of troubled love.

What an enchanting place Verona is! There are bright suns and dim moons and stars like little daggers winking in the pool; there are fine courtyards, and flowering trees with petals falling, and trellises for lovers to climb on; there are dances and pageants, prattlers and apothecaries, monks and choirs; there is mortal combat, too.

There is young Juliet, dewy and trembling, so beautiful that the watchers are startled into sighing: "Isn't she lovely—lovely—lovely!" There is Romeo, frail and slender but full of fire; a new Romeo, full of quiet anguish, nothing like the loud and gusty weepers who have preceded him in the role. There is Mercutio with his melancholy jesting (what a pleasant surprise John Barrymore gives!). There's the raucous nurse, and dark and catlike Tybalt springing on his prey—but they are *all* there, just as we have dreamed. . . .

Surely, with life's fitful fever long over, Shakespeare sleeps well, seeing himself so wonderfully reverenced and esteemed!

Estelle L. Katz,
Brockton, Mass.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Her Guiding Star

Knock! Knock! No, I don't want you to ask "Who's there." I would just like to come into your column, may I? Although I am nine years old I have never walked or talked but I am going to "speak for yourself" through my pen. I wish I could find words that could describe my feelings for Shirley Temple. I love her not only as a fan might admire a star but as one little girl can love and admire another.

When I go to see Shirley I forget I can't walk. She dances, and I dance with her. She sings, and I sing too. Of course when the theater lights are turned on again I know it has all been a "movie dream" but what a lovely dream. I try not to think of the days ahead when I will grow too big to be carried to the theater to see my beloved Shirley but just look forward to her next picture.

Josephine O'Brien,
Flint, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Movie Memories

If, fifty years from now, I were asked to tell all that I remembered of some of our present day actors and actresses—and if my memory told me anything—I'm sure that my impressions would be as follows:

Joan Crawford—a set of thick lips and two bulging eyes overhead.

Robert Taylor—just one rubbery underlip and a bumpy nose.

Bing Crosby—the expression of a sick cow.

Miriam Hopkins—twinkling eyes, nice voice. A versatile actress.

Lionel Barrymore—an old, grouchy crab with the disposition of a bull-dog or a kindly old man (variable!).

Greta Garbo—a husky voice and two clear, steady eyes. Depth and ability.

Fred Astaire—a graceful, subtle fellow—likable. Wonderful hands.

Henry Fonda—a boyish expression—?

Katharine Hepburn—an excitable young woman. Ability, but overdone sometimes. Too many hands.

Ronald Colman—suaveness. Smooth and restrained.

And I'd remember a few score more. But not to their advantage.

Adlay Talisman,
New York City, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Perils of Movie-Going

Among those who kick about the double feature program, I am sure there must be quite a few baseball fans. They read in the paper of a double-header ball game and crowds flock to the ball park to get twice as much for their money, but read of a double feature program at the So-and-So Theater and everyone says, "I'm

(*Continued on page* 71)

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

WASHING WINDOWS chaps hands so, they positively hurt. But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soon soak your roughened skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. . . . It isn't watery!

SORE CHAPPED SKIN
"FEELS GOOD" SOONER WITH
Quicker-Acting
Lotion

LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special *creamy* lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry "skin cracks" that sting and burn.

(*left*) **MEN LOVE** to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes *into* roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.

RED SANDPAPER HANDS...how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs.... That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!

HINDS
CREAM

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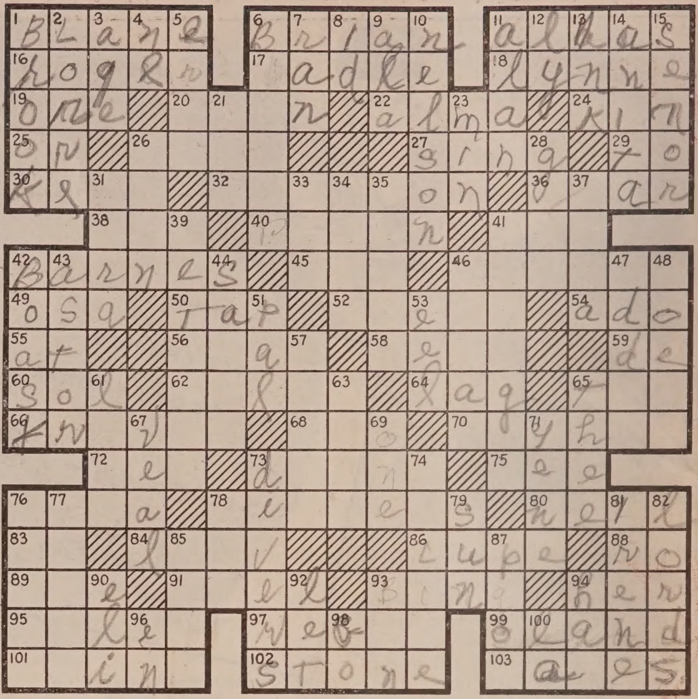
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

H	A	R	R	Y	▨	F	O	R	A	N	▨	O	L	S	E	N
A	N	N	I	E	▨	A	N	I	T	A	▨	B	E	L	L	E
L	N	▨	B	A	E	R	▨	C	O	G	▨	R	O	I	L	S
L	E	W	▨	R	A	N	D	▨	M	E	L	I	N	D	A	S
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M	I	M	I	▨	D	E	E	S	▨	G	A	T	E	S	O	N
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C	E	S	A	R	▨	U	T	E	▨	N	O	O	N	▨	L	A
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D	O	R	A	S	▨	E	R	R	O	L	▨	T	R	A	C	Y

HORIZONTAL

1. Mrs. Norman Foster
6. The golddigger in "Spendthrift"
11. "- - - - - Mary Dow"
16. He's in "$1000 a Minute"
17. Edward - - - - - plays Nelson in "Dangerous Waters"
18. Honeysuckle in "Yours for the Asking"
19. Natural metal
20. Gregory Ratoff's name in "Under Two Flags"
22. Director's daughter who appeared in "The Big Noise"
24. Related by blood
25. "Bullets - - - Ballots"
26. Brief satire by comedians
27. This appears twice in the title of Alice Faye's latest hit
29. "Road - - Glory"
30. Has the title role in "The Crime of Dr. Forbes"
32. Old time favorite who returns in "Hollywood Boulevard"
36. Not near
38. A dull, stupid fellow
40. He gets in trouble in "One Way Ticket"
41. Constance Bennett's boyfriend
42. The countess in "Sutter's Gold"
45. The Old Maestro
46. Mother of the quints in "The Country Doctor"
49. Wife of a famous explorer
50. Eleanor Powell couldn't do this during her illness
52. Lady Cavendish
54. There is much of this about nothing
55. This word appears in the title of a Marx Brothers comedy
56. Dressed
58. Tarzan likes to do this
59. Rex Ingram is - - Lawd in "The Green Pastures"
60. The sun
62. The ex-Mrs. Jack Woody
64. Hang behind
65. "- - - We Meet Again"
66. Mabel in "Earthworm Tractors"
68. Evalyn Laye's nickname
70. Flying director
72. "Drag - - -"
73. Daughter of Joan Bennett
75. "Half Angel"
76. - - - - Baclanova, siren of the silent era
78. Plays the heavy role in "Border Flight"
80. Handsome leading man who has not made a recent picture
83. Elinor Glyn called this "It"
84. Scandinavian countess
86. Fiery Mexican star
88. Myrna's fiance in "Petticoat Fever" (init.)
89. Actor's prompt line
91. Male lead in "The Witness Chair"
93. A singing actor
94. "The Law in - - - Hands"
95. Hollywood's best golfer
97. Danno O'Keefe in "Laughing Irish Eyes"
99. Oriental player from Sweden
101. Napoleon in "Hearts Divided"
102. "Farmer in the Dell"
103. Martha - - - - - mouth rivals Joe E. Brown's

VERTICAL

1. He played in "Cavalcade"
2. "Crime and Punishment" stars him
3. "- - - of Innocence"
4. He will sing in "Maytime"

nelson Eddy

5. Jackson in "Don't Bet on Love"
6. A candid cameraman
7. Moved swiftly
8. Veteran actress who is also a well-known radio player (init.)
9. Dixie Dunbar's home state (abbr.)
10. Bette Davis's married name
11. He appears in "Parole"
12. "Ramona" (init.)
13. Writing fluid
14. Mother in "Anthony Adverse"
15. Spanish title of respect
21. Star of "The Magnificent Brute'
23. "- - - and Bill"
26. Hal Roach comedian
28. She studied law before entering films
31. Jean Muir has this role in "Stars Over Broadway"
33. "Fury" deals with - - - rule
34. Urgent entreaty
35. Covered with finely crushed rock
37. Acrobatic insect
39. He appeared in "Judge Priest"
41. Ashenden in "Secret Agent"
42. Brag
43. Has important role in "Dodsworth"
44. The - - - - - have been married twenty-five years
46. Part of the title of a recent Dietrich feature
47. Banjo-Eyes
48. - - - - - partner in "The Scoundrel" was Julie Haydon
51. Jim Stewart is this to Henry Fonda
53. Elongated fish
57. Opposed to credit
61. Her name used to be Vlasek
63. Gives a fine performance in "King of the Damned"
65. "Of - - - - I Sing," hit show of several seasons back
67. Calf meat
69. Carole Lombard played in "No - - - Man"
71. He's engaged to Jeannette MacDonald
73. Various; sundry
74. Mrs. Wesley Ruggles
76. Grellier in "Transatlantic Tunnel"
77. Her middle name is Hope
78. A net
79. "Sinners in the - - -"
81. Bride of Allan Jones
82. Pauline - - - - - latest is "A Feather in Her Hat"
85. - - - - real name is Keith Ross
87. This appears in the title of a Shirley Temple picture
90. Yale is referred to as "Old - - -"
92. "- - - 'Em Have It"
93. She plays in "Crash Donovan"
94. Frances Langford's role in "Collegiate"
96. Half an em
98. "Let's - - Native"
100. "- - Maternelle"

RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE
Russell Patterson

3 GREAT Contributions TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

FOR months Hollywood has been predicting that this would be the greatest movie season in history. Well, I've just been looking over some of the screen capital's coming product, and all I can say is—Hollywood wasn't fooling! Don't misunderstand me. I'm not a movie expert—but I know what I like. And I want to tell you, in a few well-chosen words—and pictures—about the three approaching attractions that I like best.

Bing swings into his biggest laugh show, with 5 new song hits, in "Pennies From Heaven"

The first one you'll see will be the new Bing Crosby show—"Pennies From Heaven". Here's the *funniest* picture Bing's ever made. It's his first for Columbia—an engagingly human romance with five grand new songs. And how Bing sings them, with plenty of inspiration from Madge Evans, who grows lovelier with every film. Their love affair literally starts on a dime—and almost ends in jail, when Bing takes under his wing an irrepressible little gamin (Edith Fellows, the 10-year-old who scored so heavily in "She Married Her Boss").

And don't miss Irene Dunne in "Theodora Goes Wild"! This mad, merry Columbia film is one of the biggest comedy surprises the screen has sprung in years. This story of a girl who starts half-a-dozen near-divorces trying to get her man, will have you howling from the very first foot. Melvyn Douglas is splendid as a New York artist who brings out the worst in small-town Theodora—more, in fact, than he bargains for!

But the *greatest* treat that screendom has in store for you is Frank Capra's magnificent production of "Lost Horizon", a film that, without question, will take its place among the ten finest pictures ever produced. The story was adapted by Robert Riskin from James Hilton's world-famous novel, with Ronald Colman in the star rôle... a combination that is nothing short of inspired. Obviously Columbia has expended a fortune on this film, but to my mind it's money well spent. The picture is spell-binding, with its strange story of five people kidnapped and whisked far beyond civilization, imprisoned in a paradise where people never age. Capra has definitely topped his "It Happened One Night" and "Mr. Deeds" in this one.

"Lost Horizon" won't actually reach the screen for some time yet. But when it does, you'll agree that this grand picture alone would have made good Hollywood's boast about its "greatest movie season".

Columbia is rumored to have spent two millions on its production of "Lost Horizon". Here are Ronald Colman and Margo in a tense scene, with producer Frank Capra in inset.

Advertisement

Avoid
lipstick
parching
...and keep
lips lovable

Lips must be smooth and soft to tempt romance. Rough lips look old. Unattractive. So—avoid lipsticks that dry or parch!

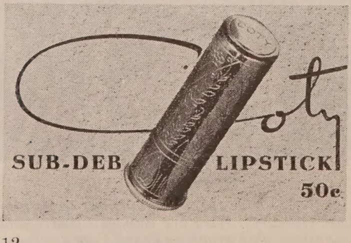
Coty has ended all danger of Lipstick Parching with a NEW kind of lipstick. It gives your lips exciting, indelible color... but without any parching penalties.

Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick smooths and softens your lips, because it contains a special softening ingredient, "Essence of Theobrom."

Make the "Over-night" Experiment!

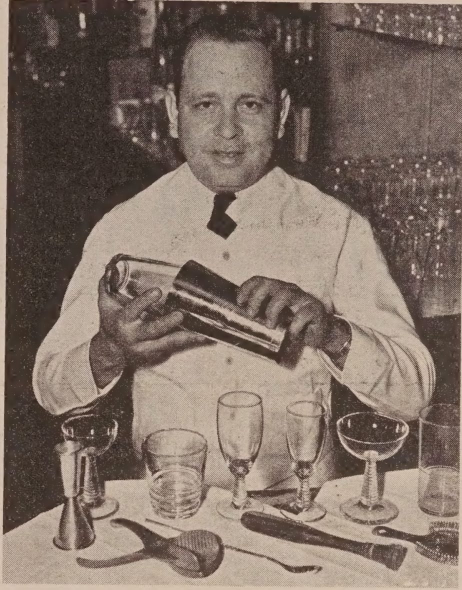
Put on a tiny bit of Coty Lipstick before you go to bed. In the morning notice how *soft* your lips feel, how *soft* they look.

Coty "Sub-Deb" comes in five indelible colors, 50c. Coty "Sub-Deb" Rouge, also 50c.



Cooking Department

CONDUCTED BY PAULINE NELSON



Juan of the Trocadero bar shows you the correct glasses with which to serve his infallible recipes for Christmas cheer. Left to right—cocktail, old-fashioned, gin or other "fizz" drinks, whisky sour and such, champagne cocktail, and highball.

THERE is no surer way of giving a dinner that extra specialness than to serve a round of good cocktails before you sit down to the table. And with the hospitable custom of cocktails for afternoon occasions more general than it ever has been, to know how to mix good cocktails is becoming important to every hostess.

I know many of you are already planning your holiday festivities since I've had a number of requests for information on just how to go about this cocktail question. The feeling seems to be that it is pretty complicated and no amateur can hope to wield a shaker properly.

Don't you believe it! Like doing anything else which requires taste and discrimination, you'll improve with practice, but if you follow these few simple suggestions and use the recipes carefully, you can astonish your guests with your proficiency.

The smiling gentleman whose picture you see here is Juan Barajan who presides over the bar of the Trocadero. The Troc is that famous restaurant on Sunset Boulevard, the little white building perched high above the city, which is the real rendezvous of Hollywood. I don't suppose there is a more interesting, cosmopolitan clientele anywhere, than the people of Cinema Land whom Juan serves, and you may believe he has to be an expert to satisfy them. This he certainly is and since these are his first-hand instructions, they are the "real McCoy."

First, what do you need to serve cocktails? I'm giving you a variety of the best known ones, and here is a list of the ingredients and tools you should have on hand. With these things, you are equipped to shake up Martinis, Orange Blossoms and so on, and they will also give you a substantial start toward your own "cellar."

French (the dry) Vermuth
Italian Vermuth
A good gin
A good whisky
Brandy
Rum
Angustora Bitters
Creme de Cocoa
Orange Bitters

When you begin to mix your drinks, you should have, besides a cocktail shaker, a jigger (which is a special little measuring-cup) a squeezer, a bar spoon, a muddler and a strainer (illustrated, from left to right). You will note that different drinks call for such things as orange juice, sugar and so on, so have whatever of these you need ready. Never mix your drinks until just before they are to be served, or the melting ice as they stand in the shaker will not only cool them—and all cocktails should be absolutely ice cold—but will dilute the liquor till the correct proportions of the recipe have been altered.

Wherever the recipe says "frappe and shake well," it just means the ingredients are poured into the shaker over cracked ice and shaken till they are ice-cold. Cocktails are always strained, though shakers generally have a strainer in the top which holds back the ice. Fruit, olives, etc., are placed in the glass itself.

MARTINI

One-third French Vermuth to two-thirds gin and a dash of orange bitters. Take a twist of lemon peel and squeeze it in. Frappe and shake well. Serve with an olive in the glass.

MANHATTAN

One-third Italian Vermuth to two-thirds whisky, with a dash of Angustora bitters and the lemon peel squeezed as for the Martini. Frappe and shake well. Serve with a cherry in the glass.

OLD-FASHIONED

Soak a lump of sugar with Angustora bitters. Twist the lemon peel as for the Martini, add a little water and muddle well (simply crush them together with the muddler). Add one jigger of whisky, a few lumps of ice, and decorate with slices of orange, lemon, pineapple, and a cherry. Use the short Old-Fashioned glass.

BRONX

One-third jigger French Vermuth, the same of Italian Vermuth, a jigger of gin, and a dash of orange juice. Frappe and shake well—then give it an extra shake.

GIN FIZZ

The juice of a lemon, with one teaspoon of granulated sugar and a jigger of gin. Add a little water. Frappe and shake well. Use fizz glasses.

Juan particularly recommends this Coffee Cocktail, which calls for (of all things) the yolk of an egg. It must be shaken more than any other.

COFFEE COCKTAIL

One jigger of brandy, one-half jigger of Port wine, yolk of an egg, one teaspoon heavy cream and a third of a jigger of Creme de Cocoa. Frappe and shake extra well.

And here's a word to the wise from Juan. Never mix your drinks in the same evening, if you wish to enjoy them fully, and not regret them the next day!

And Merry Christmas to everybody!

WRITE TO PAULINE NELSON! She will gladly send you, free of charge, her suggestions for tid-bits to serve with cocktails, and also recipes for fruit punches and "cocktails" (without alcohol) for children's parties. And have you made your fruit cake yet? It isn't too late if you write right away for a real old-fashioned recipe. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you send your request to Pauline Nelson, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

"My skin was never lovelier Thanks to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING ALABAMA BRIDE

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

I know the perfect skin care that Camay gives me. My skin was never lovelier—thanks to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Hilda Wade

(Mrs. Frank E. Wade)

August 5, 1936

HILDA WADE is even lovelier than her picture. This gracious bride has a perfect complexion—smooth, clear, fresh. "A tribute to Camay's excellent care," she says.

Your skin, too, should have Camay's perfect care. For Camay has a mild, gentle way of bringing out the true loveliness of your complexion. Camay's creamy, rich lather soothes the skin. Camay's tiny bubbles work energetically—cleansing right down to every pore. In no time at all, your skin will have a loveliness all the world can admire.

The magic of Camay? Its mildness. Camay is *definitely, provably milder* than other leading beauty soaps. Try Camay today. Order half a dozen cakes. Its price is very low.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
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The Soap of Beautiful Women

Inside Stuff

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

September turned out to be Hollywood's month of marriages! On the 19th, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell were wed in the captain's quarters of the *S.S. Santa Paula*, before sailing for New York. Above, the captain watches Dick cut the cake.

At top—one minute after midnight on the 27th, Ann Sothern (in cloth of silver with orchid corsage) became Mrs. Roger Pryor. And above—Maureen O'Sullivan leaving Saint Monica's church with John Farrow, after their wedding on the 12th.

BY PETER ABBOTT

HOT NEWS: Following their marriage, **Ann Sothern** and **Roger Pryor** left Hollywood by plane for Chicago where Pryor's orchestra opens an engagement.

Jeanette MacDonald and **Nelson Eddy** have just made five swell new records for Victor.

Bebe Daniels and **Ben Lyon** have given up the management of Bebe's dress company and it may be sold.

Bill Powell is suffering with an eye infection that may keep him off the screen for some weeks.

Merle Oberon is leaving for England to make a picture for **Alexander Korda**. It is rumored that **Norma Shearer** may accompany her.

Fay Wray (Mrs. John Monk Saunders) is the mother of six and a half pound girl.

It looks like wedding bells for **Brian Donlevy** and **Marjorie Lane.**

The **Pat O'Briens** are adopting a baby from the Cradle in Chicago.

Ruby Keeler and **Miriam Hopkins** each adopted a baby from there recently, making two children for each of these lovely foster mothers.

Binnie Barnes has announced divorce plans from Samuel Joseph. Rumor has it Binnie will marry **Don Alvarado.**

Broke one year ago, **Bob (Bazooka) Burns** now has a yearly income of $350,000. He has just signed a new picture contract; he also has a radio contract and will do a Will Rogers-type daily feature for newspapers.

Garbo has just bought a thousand acre estate near Stockholm, Sweden.

* * *

WELL, there won't be any more crazy stories coming out of that house in Santa Monica which Hank Fonda and Jimmie Stewart and John Swope used as riotous bachelors' quarters for so long—all because Hank went East and fell in love.

He decided to marry his New York heiress very suddenly and called Jimmy long distance. So Jimmy packed a bag and went hot-foot to the airport—best man, he was going to be. But the studio heard about it, caught him just as he was entering the plane and pulled him out by his coat-tails.

The wedding, Jimmy says, was so swank the guests used puffed rice.

Stewart and Swope went into a huddle and decided to let Hank have the house for his bride. So now Stewart's six-feet-three-and-a-half are lodged (diagonally) in one of those three-room apartments. Swope shares what space is left.

* * *

RIGHT under Hollywood's nose, Sonja Henie, champion ice skater, glides into town and walks off with all the extra beaus. The three-time winner of the Olympic fancy ice-skating championships, now a movie actress, is seen places with Michael Whalen, Tyrone Power, Jr., Cary Grant, James Stewart and many others.

"How in the world do you go so many places with so many beaus?" someone asked her.

Sonja looked at the questioner in astonishment. "Why, I just ask them to take me," she said. The answer stunned Hollywood. No one, it seems, had ever thought of such a simple solution as that.

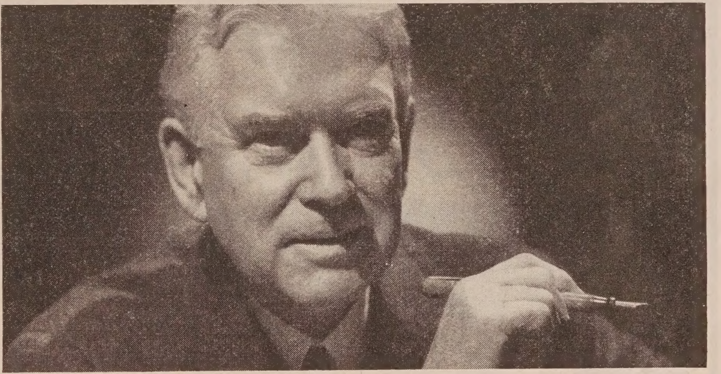
* * *

IT'S one of those lovely gestures that make Hollywood the town of contradictions it is.

Pat Paterson, lovely wife of Charles Boyer, spoke to Kathryn, her manicurist, at a local beauty shop, about her vacation. "Oh, I'm not taking any," Kathryn smiled. "I really can't afford it, and besides I need my tonsils out more than a vacation."

After Miss Paterson left, Kathryn was called to the front desk. "Miss Paterson left a tip for you," she was told. It was a check, sufficient for an operation and on it was written one word: "Tonsils."

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! ...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and ***keep regular***—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-126
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name....................
Address....................
City.................... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Seductive fragrance of Spring!

April Showers
Talc
CHERAMY

CHERAMY
April Showers Talc

This is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

Exquisite... but not Expensive

Right, at the M-G-M picnic—ever see two people enjoy being together more than Gable and Lombard? Below, at the Cafe Lamaze—the romance rumors about Ginger Rogers name Johnny Green, band maestro on Fred Astaire's broadcast program.

Latest news from Hollywood—step right up, get it while it's hot!

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

JULIE HAYDON will never forget a certain lovely blue frock that set off her moonlight hair and blue eyes. Nor will she forget the story behind the frock, for it was given her by Joan Crawford when Julie left for a try at New York and landed in "The Scoundrel" with Noel Coward.

"It's things like that," Julie said, "that make the climb up easier and sweeter."

* * *

AT a restaurant in San Francisco, Olivia de Havilland and her mother noticed a little girl and her mother in a whispered conference at the next table. Finally the little girl arose, came over to Olivia's table, and asked for her autograph. Olivia smiled and signed, whereupon the little girl returned to her table and in a high treble voice for all to hear her announced, "Why, mama, her name isn't Anthony Adverse at all. It's Olivia something."

Yes, ma'am, Miss de Havilland blushed.

* * *

THE story has just reached us that the finale to the Jean Harlow-Bill Powell romance will be played as she walks up the gang plank for Europe sometime this fall. Hollywood has been doing a lot of conjecturing about the outcome; here then is the answer:

They will no doubt part the usual "best of friends" but even Jean and Bill must have realized that a continuance of their combined drifting on the seas of divergent tastes was heading them for the emotional rocks.

* * *

SHE was dressed in a very "quiet" costume . . . she sat, with her unknown escort, on the far edge of the Trocadero supper room at the least conspicuous table imaginable . . . yet she attracted so much personal at-

The young set has caught this let's-get-married fever, too. Grace Durkin and Bill Henry have announced plans to wed.

tention from the rest of Hollywood who had gathered there that no one present could tell you a single act of the elaborate floor show. Garbo? No.

Just Mary Astor.

* * *

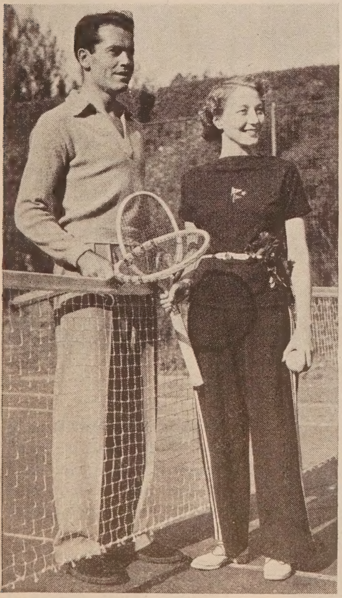
GARY COOPER'S gorgeous wife, Sandra, had joined Virginia Bruce to watch the style show at Magnin's shop on Hollywood Boulevard. After the show, the girls began trying on things for themselves. A tourist lady must have arrived late for the show, because just after Sandra walked out from the fitting rooms with a new creation, the elderly visitor marched up to her and asked:

"What size is that gown, Miss, and what's the price?" And from then on, Virginia and Sandra had fun all afternoon playing model for the unsuspecting.

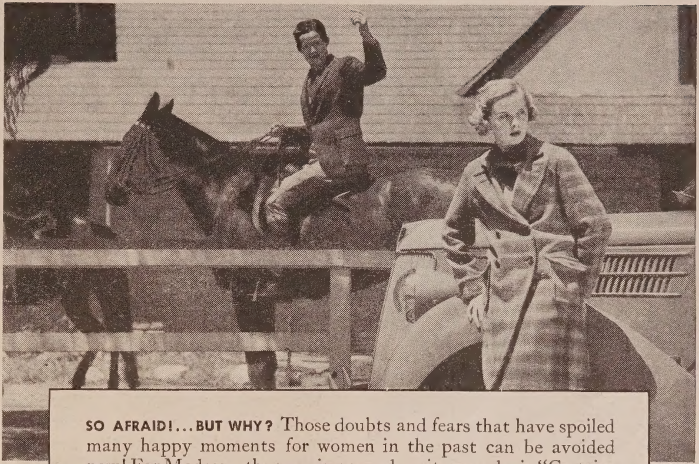
* * *

FOR weeks, now, Carole Lombard has been trying to convince Clark Gable that she should be allowed to come along on the hunting trip Clark has planned with a bunch of the boys. She hasn't had any luck. Then she heard, for the first time, about those red caps and scarlet jackets that most deer hunters wear to preserve life and limb. "An idea!" smiled Carole as she telephoned her modiste.

When Clark called that evening, Carole ordered him into a large comfortable chair and informed him that she was about to put on her first "Hunting Wardrobe" show. Red hats

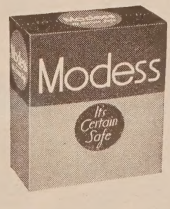


Hank Fonda's new bride is the former Mrs. Frances Seymour Brokaw—young, attractive and high-society.



SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!

NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.



End "accident panic"—
ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!
The Improved Sanitary Pad

● *Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.*

Now You'll Like Yeast!
YEAST FOAM TABLETS
YEAST

HERE'S a yeast that makes yeast eating a pleasure! Yeast in convenient tablet form! Yeast that stays fresh!

You will really enjoy taking Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a delicious, nut-like flavor everybody likes. They are pasteurized, hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. Anyone, young or old, can take them safely.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast—that's why they are so effective. This is the yeast that is used in vitamin research conducted by certain laboratories in many leading American universities.

You buy this yeast in a ten-day supply. Yeast Foam Tablets keep fresh for months. Keep the handy bottle in your desk. Take it with you when traveling. Then you will never fail to take your yeast regularly.

Thousands of men and women are taking Yeast Foam Tablets for indigestion, constipation, headaches, nervousness, loss of energy. When such disorders are caused by lack of Vitamins B or G, you should get gratifying results through a short course of Yeast Foam Tablets. Try a bottle today.

Your druggist sells Yeast Foam Tablets —50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this easy-to-eat, non-fermenting Yeast Tablet today!

Mail Coupon for Trial Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Av., Chicago, Ill.
Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) RG 12-36
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*Address*________________________
*City*______________ *State*__________

Everybody loves to gossip! Even the film stars!

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

. . . red lounging pajamas . . . red sports outfit . . . red shoes and red handkerchief. Gable waited until the entire show was over, then he said:

"But we're not going *dear* hunting!"

* * *

WERE you one of the thousands who rolled in the aisles at the sight of Irene Dunne doing a cakewalk in blackface for "Showboat"? Well, you haven't seen a thing, believe us!

We wandered onto the "Theodora Goes Wild" set the other day and got Irene's personal topper to that first gag. In the scene, she is supposed to be a lady in the process of getting very hilarious on champagne. Well, we've seen ladies training on Scotch and soda, but Miss Dunne certainly gets goggle-eyed faster and smoother than anything we've seen to date. And, when you see the picture and catch that particular surprise scene, just remember:

Irene drinks straight ginger ale.

* * *

WE'D have liked to see the look on Dick Powell's face when he walked into the bridal suite aboard that boat he and Joan Blondell were taking for their honeymoon. The gags that were thought up by the gang at Warner Brothers would make your hair stand on end. If we could just print some of the signs which were painted especially for the room, it would be worth the price of admission. But—ah, there—this must go through the mails.

* * *

BOB TAYLOR makes rather a terse statement: "I shall travel *alone* on my trip to Europe!" Which is one way of saying that Bob and Barbara Stanwyck aren't planning marriage for a few months yet, anyway. He also says, with confidence, "I won't have any trouble with the crowds . . . I can take care of myself . . . I doubt if anyone will even recognize me . . ." And *that*, brothers, in confidence, *deluxe*.

* * *

Bobby Breen, Cantor's young protege, and his father spent fathers' and sons' day out at Al Green's ranch with Eddie.

When Mrs. Temple was interviewed during a recent broadcast, daughter Shirley was one of her most interested listeners-in.

Elizabeth Livingston and Virginia Wicks obtain a first-hand Bartholomew autograph from Freddie, at the play, "Everyman."

Who said Fred Astaire was too shy? Look at that friendly smile as he enters the Warner Brothers theater!

"I MISS the telephone . . ." was the gist of a letter received by a friend of Lili Damita who is now "enjoying" her first vacation a la trailer. Husband Errol Flynn wanted to try Lili out on the comparative ease of an auto trailer hunting trip through Oregon before he submitted to her plaintive cries about accompanying him into the jungles of Borneo. P.S., Lili: Very few telephones in Borneo, lady.

* * *

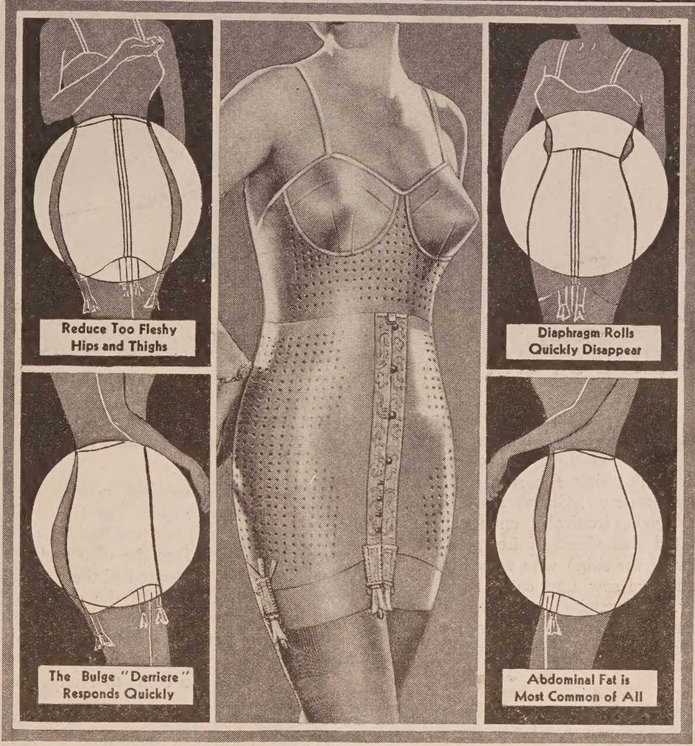
HOLLYWOOD was just a bit flabbergasted when Loretta Young sailed away for Honolulu. First: she went alone . . . and the trip was originally rumored as a honeymoon jaunt with director Eddie Sutherland. Second: she left just a few days before the preview of her latest film, done in technicolor, "Ramona". But here is a little good news for Loretta, way over there in the Pacific:

Your Eddie was among those present at the "Ramona" showing and he came with your sister Sally Blane and Norman Foster. Nice? Also, Loretta, we personally watched at least two hundred fans mob Sally for *your* autograph! Must be swell to sit on the sands in Honolulu and have your sister go through the crush of autograph hounds for you. Oh, yes! Mr. Sutherland looked lonely. Or had you guessed as much?

* * *

LEW AYRES was standing at the magazine counter in Grand Central Airport when Ginger Rogers walked through with a girl friend. Ginger put the girl on the plane and then

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!



Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE . . . *it will cost you nothing!*

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the sure, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we know that we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION DOES IT!

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 2812. 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
*Name*____________________
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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

The audience at Ruth Chatterton's air derby this year was a regular Who's Who of Filmland. Above are Fred and Lillian Lamonte MacMurray and George and Gracie Allen Burns.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

stood next to the fence to watch the take-off. She was looking intently at the sky when Lew stepped aboard, so we don't think she saw him. As the plane took off, Ginger stood waving at the girl (ironically enough, she was seated just ahead of Lew on the same side of the ship) who waved back. Suddenly we saw Lew catch sight of Ginger. He watched her wave for a moment, then he slowly raised his hand. One of life's tragic moments.

* * *

A TIP for Hollywood visitors: Sooner or later, during your stay in Movie Town, you'll wind up at the Brown Derby for a late snack. Chances are, you'll see your favorite star sitting on the opposite side of the room. How to talk to said favorite without making yourself conspicuous is the problem.

It's easy if you know the Brown Derby trick.

We caught on to the secret by watching the stars themselves converse across the huge room without raising their voices above a whisper. The Derby has a "barrel ceiling" and the boys discovered that if they face the wall and talk very distinctly, the sound of their words goes up over the top of the room and can be heard without any trouble at all by a person sitting on the opposite side of the room.

Try it when you come to Hollywood.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD has a very frugal streak that shows itself occasionally in little ways. For instance, the lawn furniture. Joan likes to keep it fresh looking and is afraid the sun will fade it. We had a grand time watching Joan and Franchot battle it out, unknowingly, the other afternoon.

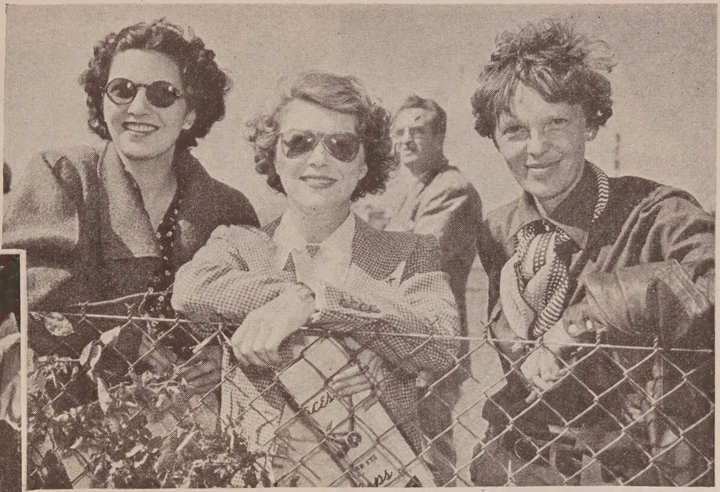
Joan was in the house when Franchot dived into the pool. Just before he dived, though, he moved two lawn chairs near the edge of the water for a comfortable sun bath later. While he was swimming, Joan walked into the scene and carefully dragged all the chairs back into the shade of the nearest tree. She was gone again when Tone got out of the water and he scratched his head as he dragged the chairs back into the sun. Then he ran into the house for a big turkish towel and when he came back, the chairs were in the shade again. I left before the last act was played.

* * *

THE main event, the other night at Hollywood Legion Boxing Stadium, was between Wally Hally and Pete de-Grassee. Wally is managed by Tom Gallery and Pete is managed by George Raft. At the ringside sat the two ladies who spell romance for Tom and Georgie. Theirs was a battle of "looks" during the entire bout. In fact, the

More of the film colony's elite at the air races. (In circle) Jackie Cooper and his best gal, Judy Garland; (right) Franchot Tone, Sandra Shaw and her husband, Gary Cooper.

Ruth Chatterton, one of the most enthusiastic of amateur pilots (though she's not permitted to fly while working on a picture), gets a great kick out of her annual air races. Right, with Kay Francis and the noted aviatrix, Amelia Earhart. Below, with Cliff Henderson and the grand prize (won by Frank Spreckels)



main event should have been Madge Evans vs. Virginia Pine.

* * *

IT couldn't happen anywhere but Hollywood.

When newcomer John Galladet reported for his first day's work on "Come Closer, Folks," Director D. Ross Lederman decided that he should meet his leading lady before they started to work on the love scenes. He took John by the hand and led him over to a beautiful girl, Wynne Gibson, standing on the edge of the set and asked:

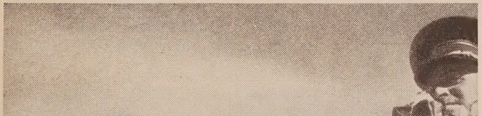
"Do you two know each other?"

"Rather," smiled Miss Gibson.

"Yes," mumbled Gallaudet, "we used to be married."

And Director Lederman's face has been a mild red ever since.

"My pet hate—*powder that shows up chalky in strong light*"



WE asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is *showing* too much!

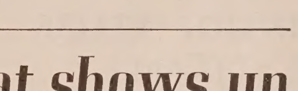
And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

***"Glare-proof" colors*—The reason is in Pond's colors. "Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.**

Low prices. Decorative screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery—It clings

—voted the 2 most important points in a powder



FREE 5 *"Glare-Proof" Shades* (This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. M-132, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name

Address

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(Above) Mary Astor, Mark Goodrich and his mother at the preview of Mary's most recent film, "Dodsworth," at Warner Brothers Theater.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

IRENE DUNNE was so anxious to move into the new home she is building in Hollywood that she took over the completed dining room for a master bedroom, awaiting the completion of the upstairs suites. All in all, it isn't a difficult arrangement except that every morning when Irene steps out of the left side of her bed, she lands on the dining room buzzer (located under the rug) and has had to warn the servants not to come running . . . not just yet.

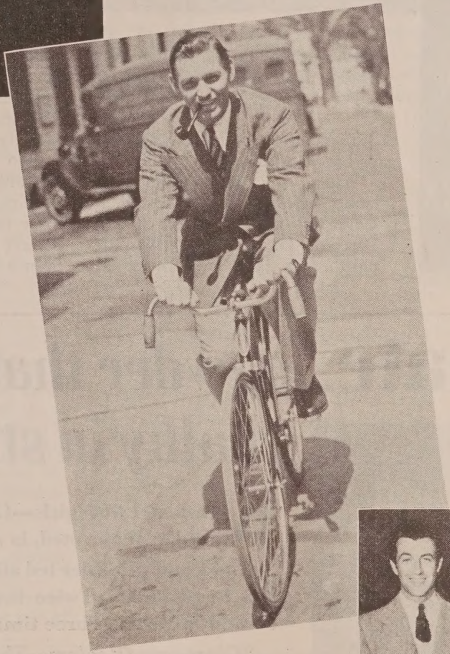
* * *

BING CROSBY gave a party recently by remote control. The crooner was in Honolulu, but the party was held at his Rancho Santa Fe, near the Mexican border in California. Over one hundred guests were invited and the crowd consumed four hundred bottles of soda pop and fifty gallons of ice cream. It was this way:

During the making of "Pennies From Heaven," several scenes called for an orphanage background. Being asked that the studio use real orphans for the picture and all the kids from the Los Angeles Orphanage became actors. They had such a whale of a time on the picture that Bing wanted to show his appreciation for their work and the party at his ranch was the answer. You should have seen those kids go to town! They were given horses to ride, tennis rackets, baseballs and bats, and a swim suit for every guest. Of course, the kids didn't realize it, but they also had the honor of initiating Bing's new barbecue pit—and did those little tikes eat!

In Bing's absence, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry L. Crosby, acted as hosts and Pop Crosby refereed all the games.

* * *



Hollywood's gone wheel-crazy, and Clark Gable has discovered that the shortest distance between two points can be covered with a bicycle.

WE walked in on Myrna Loy the other afternoon in the house she and husband Arthur Hornblow, Jr., have rented awaiting the completion of their new ranch house. Myrna was knee-deep in curtain materials and several salesmen were vying for her attention. Later, she told us all about her clever scheme. She has had drawings made of the windows of each room in the new house and is having all the glass curtains and draperies finished in advance. There's a new idea.

* * *

SOME of the chaufeur clan were standing around together near the entrance to the Trocadero the other evening. Among them was a very handsome high-yellow boy in tricky livery—Connie Bennett's new driver.

But were we stunned, as we turned to enter the nitery, to hear one of the gang call to Connie's chauffeur. What do you suppose the boys call him?

"Marquis."

* * *

MERLE OBERON is saying that she and David Niven will leave for England in time for the coronation of King Edward. It's just a hunch with us, but the light in her eyes as she told of the trip made us wonder if she and David won't middle-aisle it while they are in England. Their love deserves a coronation, too.

* * *

A YEAR ago, Leslie Howard said: "If a producer can hire actors, writers and cameramen, why can't actors, writers and

Right, on the way to a broadcast—Bob Taylor (that's his miniature camera he's carrying), Gladys Swarthout and husband Frank Chapman.

cameramen hire a producer?"

Now his scheme is taking definite shape. Howard has joined with Hugh Walpole and several others in a company called Associated Artists, Ltd. In place of working for a salary, the united workers will split the gate receipts.

* * *

WE could have predicted at least one result when Director John Stahl joined the Universal line-up, and it was the first thing that happened: Stahl demanded John Boles on a contract. Despite the division of time demanded by John's other picture assignments, and several weeks of personal appearances, he wired his acceptance of "two a year" with Stahl. Remember "Back Street," their first combined triumph? It was also a hit for Irene Dunne. Thus you'll be happy to learn that Irene and John are to be together for their next Stahl production, "Madame Curie."

* * *

WHEN we saw Louise Brooks at Arline Judge's party and then at the Derby several nights later, we began wondering if this star of yesterday was returning to pictures. Yesterday, we wandered onto the set of a Buck Jones western out at Universal and there was Louise Brooks in all her glory playing leading lady to Buck in his newest horse opera! The name of the skit is "Empty Saddles."

* * *

A WRITER and a reporter accompanied a member of the M-G-M publicity staff to the set of "Love on the Run," Gable's and Crawford's new picture. It was the day of Irving Thalberg's death and a silence prevailed throughout the set. Seeking out Gable for a statement, they found him alone in a corner, silently weeping.

One of the greatest brother teams (off-screen, alas!), Frank and Ralph Morgan at the tennis meet.

WHILE Anne Shirley was making "Ann of Green Gables," her friend George Nichols, Jr., the director, gave her a dainty silver anklet to wear. "Promise me, Anne, you will never remove it until you are making one thousand dollars a week," he said and Anne promised.

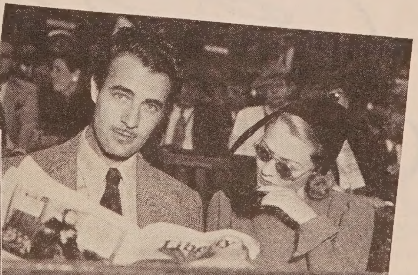
Anne is still wearing the anklet but from all the favorable reports one hears, Miss Shirley may be able soon to remove it.

* * *

VIC McLAGLEN is still wondering. A vivacious little lady was introduced to Vic on the set of "The Magnificent Brute." "Oh," she oh-ed, "you play the lead, don't you, Mr. McLaglen?"

"Yes," said Vic, "I do."

"Isn't that wonderful!" she cooed. "And you certainly won't need much make-up for the part."



Right—Gilbert Roland and Connie Bennett do a little reading between tennis matches.

CLOSE upon the announcement that Francis Lederer and Mary Anita Loos have decided it was only a friendly feeling after all, comes the news that Mr. Lederer openly states that Margo, the Mexican dancer, is the eighth wonder of the world.

The two are seen dining nightly and it looks—no promises, mind — but it looks as if Francis may have finally succumbed.

* * *

SOMETIMES a romantic screen pair emerges a romantic pair off the screen. At least after "The Tattler" was made with Ross Alexander and Ann Nagle as the two in love, Ross and Ann were married.

* * *

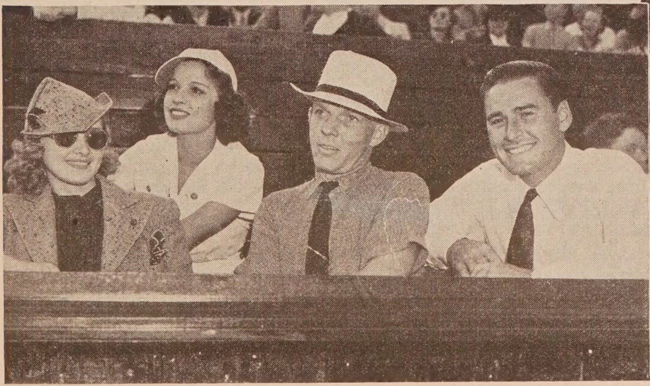
WHEN a director walks out on a picture to be replaced by another, there is usually bitterness and ugly words to accompany the deed. But not when Director Howard Hawks left his cast half way through "Come and Get It."

"I think," said producer Sam Goldwyn, "we should have more of Edna Ferber in this story. After all it is her story and her ideas should be more closely incorporated."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Hawks, "but I can see the story only from this angle. Any other approach would weaken it."

"Perhaps we should both call it a day, then," suggested Goldwyn, "and maybe someone else will feel as I do about it."

With gentlemanly assent, Mr. Hawks walked off to be replaced by Director William Wyler. The finished product will tell which was more nearly correct.



The Pacific Southwest Tournament drew a big crowd to the Los Angeles Tennis Club. Left—Marian Marsh, Lili Damita (Mrs. Errol Flynn), Al Scott (Marian's about-to-be husband), and Errol Flynn.)

GLORIA MACK WILL WRITE YOU PERSONALLY!

Bring her your beauty problems, after you have listed them as she suggests, and she will give you definite ideas on what to do. Don't go on worrying about blackheads, too-ample curves, a really becoming coiffeur—things like that! Mail your letter directly to her personal desk in our Hollywood Office, at no charge. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Joan Crawford in her latest picture, "The Gorgeous Hussy."

THE GIFT OF Beauty

By GLORIA MACK

CHRISTMAS time's coming and the Spirit of Giving is in the air all around us! From the planning of the simplest greeting card to the most perfectly wrapped present, happy, generous thoughts are uppermost in our minds. For gifts bring with them a double joy, part to the giver, and part to the recipient. And who is to say whose is the greater pleasure?

It is no wonder that children sigh, "I wish Christmas came *every* day." And grown-ups, even counting the time and expense of holiday needs, will take down the wreaths and store away the Christmas tree ornaments with a feeling of regret.

"To give" follows closely "to love" as the most important verb in the human vocabulary, and you can do neither without evoking a beauty which springs from the innermost altars of the heart.

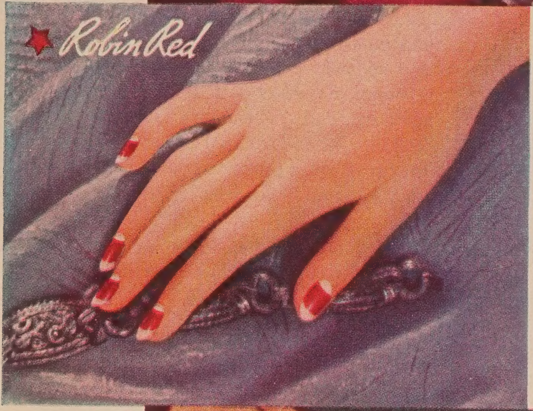
And now, perhaps, you are saying to yourself, "Yes indeed, this is all very true, but what has it to do with a beauty department?" It has everything to do with a beauty department, because I'm going to talk about the gift of beauty. While you are planning presents for friends and loved ones, delightful surprises and welcome packages of nice things to be opened with such pleasure on the morning of December twenty-fifth, think a little about a gift which can give pleasure every day in the year—the pleasure of looking at you!

Right here, some person (I hope not one of my regular readers who know so well how I mean that phrase) is going to exclaim, with a self-righteous snort, "My goodness! That's the most conceited thing I ever heard."

It is this strange and mistaken attitude toward pride of personal appearance which keeps many otherwise splendid women from doing themselves justice. It is echoes of the same idea which prompt some of (*Continued on page* 106)

THEY STARRED AT SOCIETY FASHION SHOWS

—these 3 new "Smoky" Nail Shades



At Society's most exclusive Fashion Benefits this Fall, the new "Smoky" Cutex nail shades made a tremendous fashion hit.

The season's newest crop of debutante models doted on these subtler, softer nail shades. "They make ordinary one-tone polishes seem harsh by comparison," they said. "They're divinely flattering, as well as smart," and "go with many more costume colors." "Smoky" nail shades are definitely in!

OLD ROSE is utterly feminine—true soft rose, but in the new smart smoky key. Irresistible with evening pastels and just made for the new wine shades!

ROBIN RED is a new softer red that goes with anything and is wonderful with the new autumn browns and greens.

CUTEX RUST is a fascinating smoky pink, with a soft, brown undertone. It's equally flattering to still sun-tanned hands or the dark elegance of velvets and sable.

You're sure of brilliant lustre and long wear with *any* Cutex color. And the wonderful new formula positively refuses to fade—and never thickens—it's usable right down to the last drop!

Even if your income doesn't run to Paris frocks, these "Smoky" nail shades will make you glamorous! You can afford them all—a mere 35¢ a bottle, at your favorite shop.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

Costumes by Germaine Monteil

CUTEX
Crème
POLISH
CREME POLISH
RUST
CUTEX Crème POLISH
RUST

Cutex Introductory Set containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢

★ **Mauve**
A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray, and all pale colors.

★ **Rust**
Pink with an undertone of brown—made-to-order to wear with autumn-leaf colors.

★ **Light Rust**
A paler Rust with a golden undertone. Very delicate and glamorous.

★ **Old Rose**
A pale, dusky rose. Intriguingly feminine. Especially lovely with pastels.

★ **Robin Red**
A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with practically all costume colors!

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 6B12
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)
I enclose 16¢ for the Cutex Introductory Set with 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Light Rust ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name______________________________

Address____________________________

City State

Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

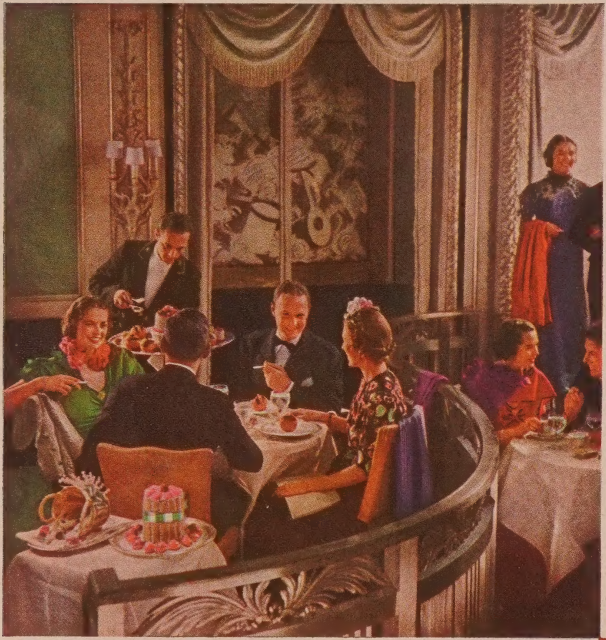
Mrs. Alexander Black of Los Angeles recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...upcountry hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premières*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, *Baltimore*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*



The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maître d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

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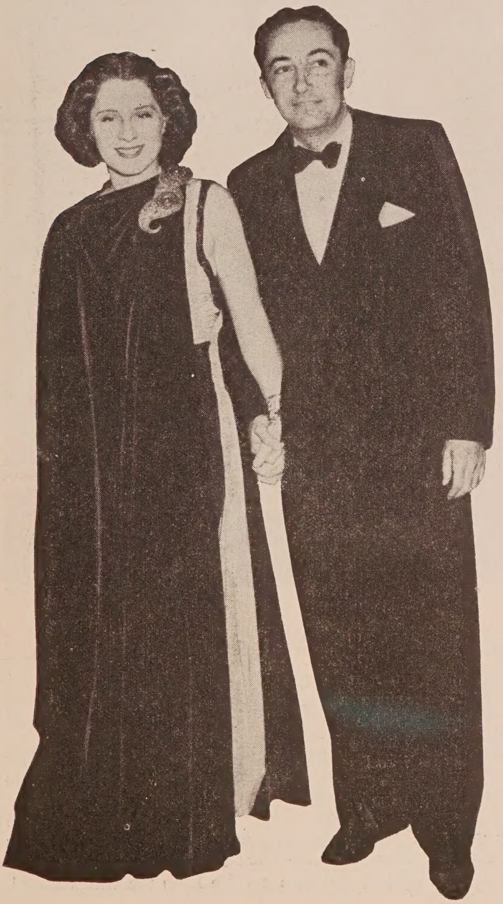
— for Digestion's sake ... smoke Camels

How NORMA SHEARER Faced Her Darkest Hour

In the death of her husband, Irving Thalberg, Norma has met life's greatest tragedy

By HOWARD SHARPE

Norma and Irving faced life hand in hand. Theirs was a true love story as great as "Romeo and Juliet," their last production together—with an ending just as tragic.



NEWSPAPER headlines screamed recently the news of Irving Thalberg's death.

To the motion picture industry, to those who possess an abiding faith in pictures and their future, the passing of the greatest producer in the business was a loss to be counted in digits of genius and progress and dollars.

To lovely Norma Shearer, his wife, it represented a personal tragedy so overwhelming that no one could possibly appreciate it without the special knowledge of how much, in life, he meant to her. Irving Thalberg was, literally, two-thirds of Norma's existence and all of her happiness.

Yet in the face of the cruelest blow life can deal any woman, she has shown to the world and to Hollywood a dignity, a poise, a control—unexpected qualities under the circumstances—which are difficult to describe. The sheer courage with which she accepted the loss of her great love; of her husband; of the father of her children; of her best friend; and of the man who created and sustained her career, has been in itself a beautiful thing.

Wherefore Hollywood is now more proud than ever of Norma. They said, and it was true, that she had everything one could ask from life—beauty, love, money, children, fame and a great career, youth, intelligence, complete happiness.

All but the young loveliness were because of Irving. Their marriage, aside from its glamorous romance, so exemplified universal ideals that fickle Hollywood was a little awed. It was a genuine, real thing, without ballyhoo or publicity.

But for nine years Norma Shearer has lived in the constant shadow, the eternal fear, of her husband's death. The genius and abounding ambition that made him the world's most brilliant producer at the age of thirty, left him slender and ill at thirty-seven; and he had never been strong. She helped him hang onto life as long as he did. At the risk of her career, then unsettled and insecure, she went to Germany with him for month after month while he rested from "breakdowns." She cancelled a picture, "Marie Antoinette," to have his second child, because his happiness needed that.

They had spent their honeymoon in beautiful Del Monte, and each year, as a sort of sentimental pilgrimage, they returned on the anniversary for a renewal of vows once made and a celebration of promises kept. This year on Labor Day Irving came back from an afternoon of golf with a cold. When they returned to Santa Monica it was worse; then it became pneumonia.

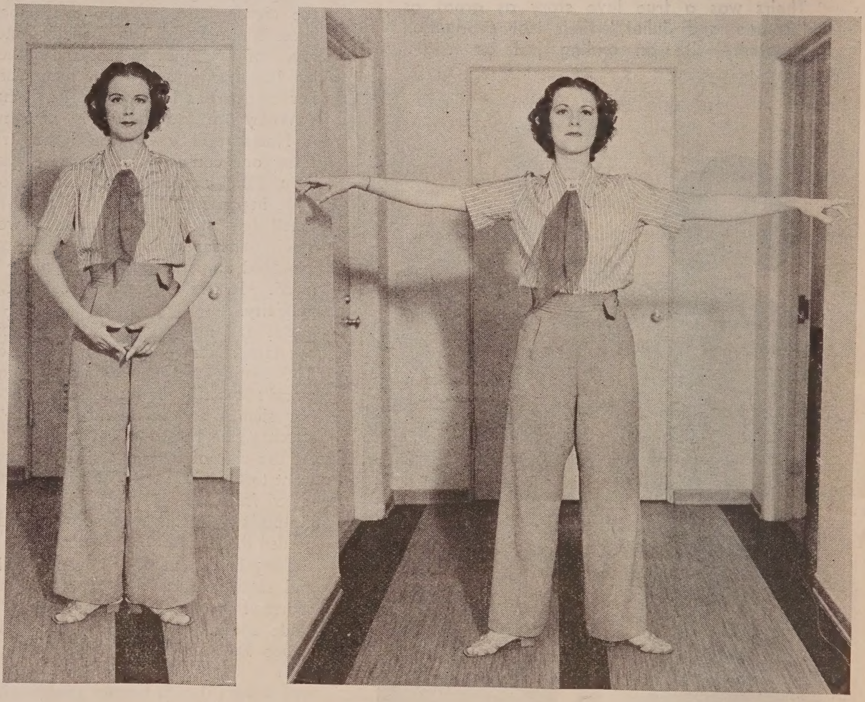
Norma sat by his side for two days, knowing he would die. The evasion of the doctors, the weary acceptance in Irving's eyes, the tired fighting for breath under an oxygen tent, an inexorable voice within herself told her the truth and somehow she found the courage to face it.

So that on the morning of his death, finally, there was no need for hysterical grief. She signalled the waiting family and spoke of the children—more inestimably precious than ever now. "I think they'd better not know about it just yet," she said. "I can tell them later."

Hollywood, because Irving was beloved and because he was very valuable to motion pictures, gave vent to its sorrow audibly, visibly. Norma, who had sustained the loss of her personal happiness, wore (*Continued on page* 82)

LET Eleanor

The first of a series of concise, learn-at-home lessons on ballet, ballroom



Ballet is the basis of study for every type of dance routine. In learning ballet, the first point is to master the five fundamental positions of the hands and feet, as illustrated here by Eleanor herself, and explained in detail on the next pages. Some more advanced steps are shown on page 68.

MY manager barged into my train compartment one afternoon about three years ago while we were on our way to keep an engagement at the Century Theater in Washington, D. C. "Boy, have I got an idea!" he yelled, looking immensely smug.

I remembered ideas he'd had before. "All right," I said skeptically. "Go ahead."

"You're going to teach dancing to the young of America," he told me. "We've wired ahead that for an extra quarter the patrons can bring their children and come an hour earlier—and you'll show them how to tap and do ballroom steps and even some ballet if you want to. Then they can stay on for the regular evening performance. Isn't it a pip? Publicity in all the papers and twice as much box-office."

"No," I said simply.

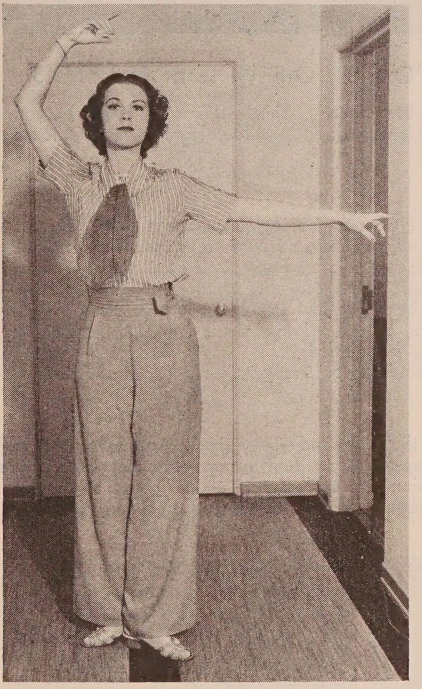
"Now listen, Babe," he began; and argued all the rest of the way into Washington.

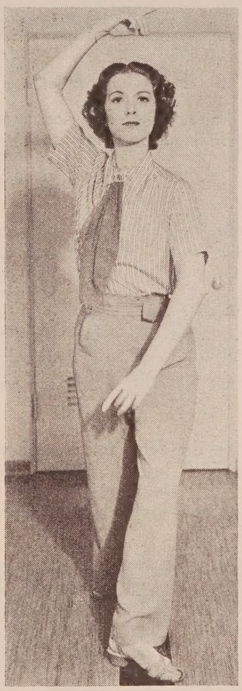
So that evening I stood on the Century stage waiting for the curtain to open, expecting at least twenty people in the house for my dance lesson.

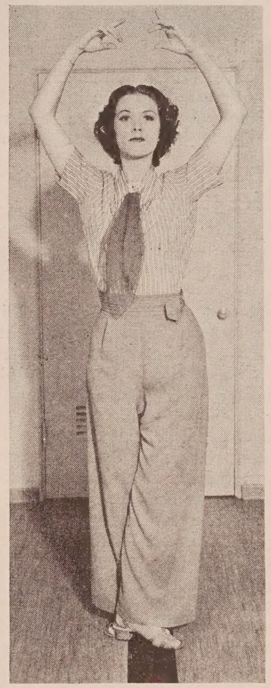
I might have known. The auditorium was crammed to the galleries, with people standing in the aisles and sitting on laps and craning to see from the lobby. I didn't know what to do at first, and then a voice from the wings hissed, "Get going!"

Powell TEACH YOU TO DANCE

and tap-dancing by a great dancer By ELEANOR POWELL







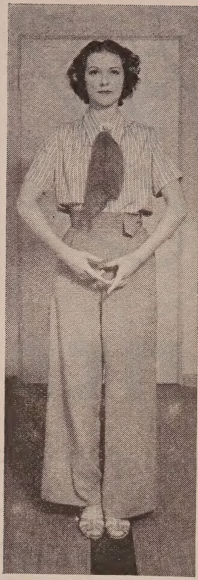
There wasn't anything to do but call them up one at a time, as long as the period lasted, and show them the fundamentals of tap, but that night, in my hotel, I sat for five hours planning out a course for future afternoons. And somehow it worked. I still get letters from mothers all over the country stating proudly that little Helen or small Richard won the Silver Loving Cup in a local contest as the result of my teaching.

This series of articles is that course on paper. I'm offering it because half of my fan mail is from young people asking for the information, and because it's a good thing for anyone to know how to dance. In the first place it might lead to a career, if you're good enough—although heaven knows there are 27,000 professionals in the United States with only about 10,000 making a living at it. Still, the 10,000 have to be replaced pretty consistently.

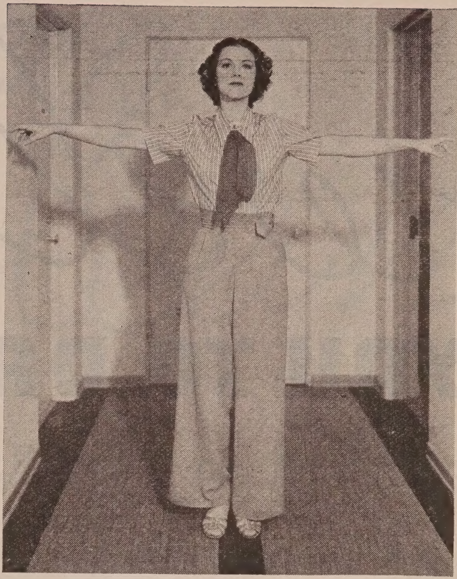
But even if you can't crash Broadway or the studio gates, an ability to do a tap routine or to fox-trot respectably on a dance floor is a decided social asset. I know that any man in Hollywood, at least, will date even an unattractive girl if she can follow his rhythmic little wanderings through a cabaret crowd without catching her heels in his trouser-cuffs or tramping on his toes.

And then the exercise is extremely good for your figure. The strenuous bending and stretching necessary as basic foundation for any superior dancing technique will

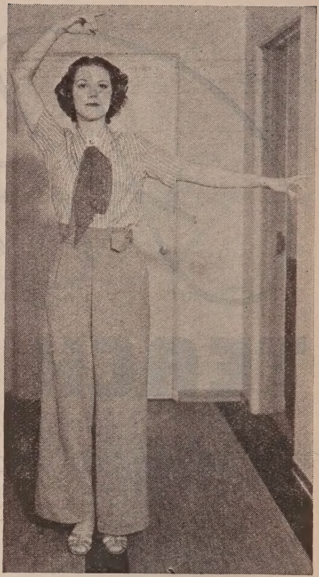
THE FIVE POSITIONS OF THE HANDS



First—hands hanging at rest, and touching gracefully and lightly before you.



Second—hands held out horizontally at either side but relaxed and soft; not tense or rigid.



Third—left arm as in second position, right arm overhead.

automatically lengthen the muscles of your legs and slim the hips and wear off excess poundage on the tummy. You'll achieve a grace that will repeat itself in the way you walk and move.

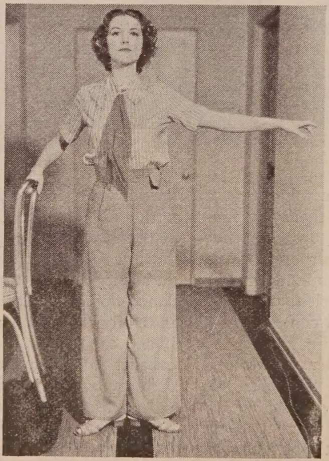
Aside from all this, it's fun. I'll bet there's not a girl reading this who hasn't, at some time or another, stood in front of the radio and listened to a hot band and wished she knew a simple clog to do, if only for her own satisfaction.

A hoofer specializes, a good dancer is versatile; and this is the theme on which all the information on the following pages is based. I've sat in theaters and watched four-a-day troupers patter wearily through stock, conventional routines—the steps essentially correct, but the performance dull and monotonous. And I've talked with them afterward and listened to their genuine astonishment that excited producers hadn't offered them contracts at huge sums for their services.

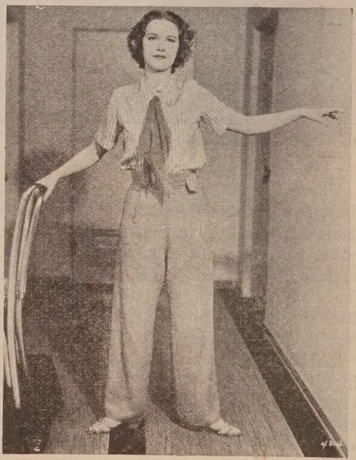
If you are interested in these articles from a career standpoint, then admittedly they must be only the beginning, the first advice and the first fundamental teachings, before you begin seriously to study with competent teachers in competent schools. But for the social advantage they will give you, for the slimming exercise and for the sheer enjoyment, these three articles in themselves will be sufficient.

So far as my own career is concerned, I went to dancing class at first simply because I was inherently bashful and Mother thought the association with people and the necessary self-exhibitionism dancing implies would help. No one, Mother thought, could keep on being shy if she had to whirl about in front of thirty giggling and gaping fellow students four times every afternoon. She was quite right.

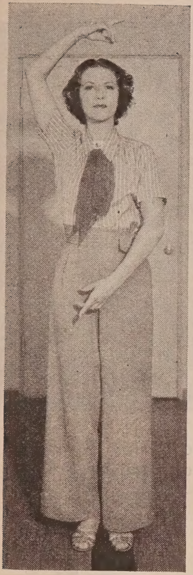
I studied ballet for five years—tap for six weeks. Yet



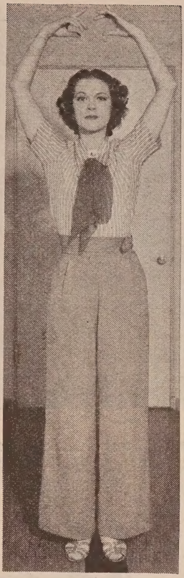
First—the feet are placed with the toes well turned out and the heels together (in somewhat the fashion Charlie Chaplin has made famous).



Second—very similar to the first position of the feet, except that now the legs are straddled and there should be a space of several inches between the heels.



Fourth—right arm as in third position and left arm as in the first position.



Fifth—arms lifted overhead, describing an arch, fingertips nearly touching.

the reason I can tap well enough to star in films is because of those five years of persistent, back-breaking work; and Fred Astaire, as well as every other really good modern dancer, owes his success to the same foundation.

Please understand that you don't have to spend any five years, or even one year, twirling and posing and worrying about the positions of your feet in order to be a really excellent tap or ballroom dancer. The value of the classic dance form is merely one of foundation, and I advocate it because it will exercise your figure into supple beauty and teach you absolute balance and grace at the same time; because, if you want to tap like a professional instead of an amateur, you need the training it will give you. In six months you will have found most of the fun and all of the benefit in its uses.

Ballet is the initial structure for every type of dance on record. It is an uncompromising, mathematical sort of language, with the figures and positions as severely intact as they were at its inception as an art; but when you know your ballet a little practice in tap or ballroom dancing will make you superlative in either. Personally I practice my ballet steps for an hour every afternoon to keep the muscles of my legs and arms and torso smooth instead of bunchy.

You may have noticed that most of the movement of my body is from the waist down during any number, while my head and shoulders and chest stay on an exact level; whereas the usual hoofer moves like an animated cartoon. Then too the movements of my arms, no matter what the routine, are always graceful and relaxed—again because of my ballet training.

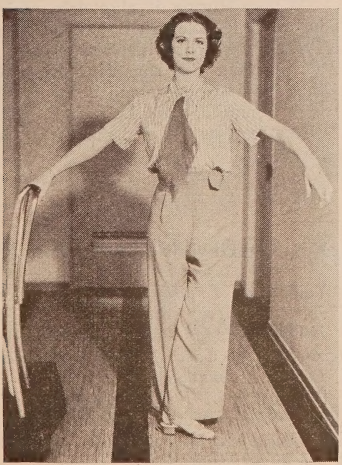
So this first article will deal with primary limbering exercises which you must practice faithfully if you want to be a better-than-usual dancer, and with the fundamental steps of ballet which you will learn as a basis for tap and ballroom.

"The Split," as it's called, is the best exercise to achieve litheness that I know. You'll see the heavy flesh on the inner thighs melt away almost immediately and at the same time the lines of both legs will assume graceful symmetry. Don't try it unless you're pretty used to exertion, and don't expect success too quickly. I warn you it's hard to do. Support yourself by holding on to the backs of two chairs, if you like, or stand in a doorway and, facing one door jamb, put your right leg up above your head with the heel on the jamb. Then keep trying until the inside of your right leg and the outside of your left leg are both level to the jamb and touching along the entire length.

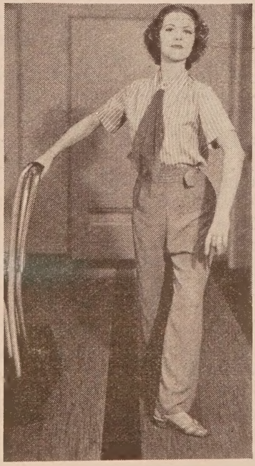
Ballet itself has its origin in the early French school of dancing and if you want to take it up seriously I'd advise getting a history of its forms and uses from the library and doing a bit of reading. Any attempt at real detail or explanation of the why's and

(*Continued on page* 68)

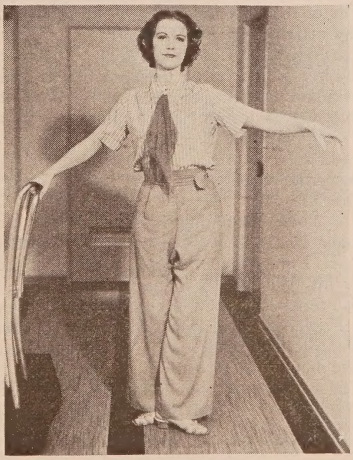
THE FIVE POSITIONS OF THE FEET



Third—left foot brought in from second position so heel touches right instep.

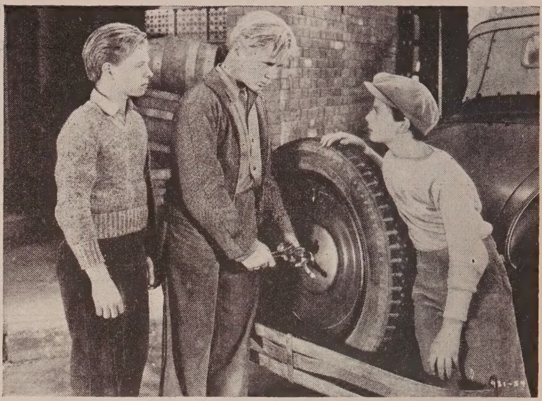


Fourth—move left foot six inches forward from third.



Fifth—bring left foot back from the fourth position until heel touches right toe. Now try the foot and hand positions together (refer to first pages)

"Ramona," though slow, has gorgeous color and touching performances by Don Ameche and Loretta Young.



Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew make "The Devil Is a Sissy" a grand boys' film.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

Ramona (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Don Ameche, Kent Taylor, Pauline Frederick, Jane Darwell, Victor Kilian, Katherine DeMille, Carrol Naish, John Carradine, Pedro de Cordoba.*

It's About: *The love story of* Ramona *and her Indian lover* Alessandro *against the colorful backdrop of early days in California.*

This technicolorful pageant of gorgeously beautiful scenery will thrill you.

The story, in its third screen appearance, tells of the beautiful romance and run-away marriage of *Ramona* and her handsome Indian lover *Alessandro,* their home life in a fertile valley, the birth of their child and the invasion of the white men who take the Indian lands by force of "law" and finally kill *Alessandro* when he borrows a horse to ride for a doctor in a desperate attempt to save their baby's life.

Loretta Young, stunning in a black wig, makes of *Ramona* a sensitive and fragile girl. Don Ameche as *Alessandro* scores a hit. We predict a fine future for this refreshing new personality. Pauline Frederick, Jane Darwell, Katherine DeMille and Pedro de Cordoba contribute much to the picture in smaller roles. The photography is excellent.

But we have a constructive criticism to offer Hollywood on its use of color: begin now to use color just as you have learned to use sound—as an element of a *moving* picture. Color, as now seen, is still being allowed to slow down the action while the audience is asked to "thrill" to its beauty. Let's make color do its job, not ask it to be the whole show. Color must be used to "paint" action, not pose in "stills."

Your Reviewer Says: A beautiful picture, lacking in pace.

✓✓ Dodsworth (Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Walter Huston, Ruth Chatterton, Paul Lukas, Mary Astor, David Niven, Gregory Gaye, Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya, Odette Myrtil.*

It's About: *What happens to the happy marriage of a big executive and his middle-aged wife when she finds "new love" among the hand-kissing gentry of Europe.*

An exceptionally fine picture. Walter Huston, after playing the leading role on the New York stage "Dodsworth" for two years, finds his complete triumph on the screen. Sophisticated entertainment, yes, but something we believe will thrill every adult picture goer.

Sam Dodsworth is a big automobile magnate in a small U. S. town. His wife, after twenty years of marriage, convinces him that he should retire, go to Europe and "start life again" at ease. Sincerely believing that she is too young for her husband, *Fran Dodsworth* begins a flirtation on the boat. Then another in Paris. Still another in Berlin and at length tells her husband to go home without her. She is planning a divorce so that she may marry a youthful title-holder. *Sam,* traveling through Europe alone to forget, meets *Mrs. Cortright* (Mary Astor) whom he knew on the boat. She brings him back to his old-time way of thinking and makes a new, ambitious man of him—just as *Fran's* title walks out on her. You get a real kick out of the ending.

Walter Huston is absolutely perfect in the title role. Ruth Chatterton as *Fran* is excellent while Mary Astor is a revelation. She runs Huston a close race for first honors and is breath-takingly beautiful. Paul Lukas and David Niven score as two of the men in *Fran's* life.

Your Reviewer Says: Sophisticated entertainment of the hit class.

✓✓ The Devil Is a Sissy (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper, Mickey Rooney, Ian Hunter, Peggy Conklin, Katharine Alexander, Gene Lockhart, Kathleen Lockhart, Jonathan Hale.*

It's About: *A little English boy who came to live on New York's tough East Side and how he finally became a member of the gang.*

A fine picture with an equally fine cast is Ruth Chatterton's and Walter Huston's "Dodsworth."

"Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" features Jackie Moran, stage star Gladys George, Charlene Wyatt.

A fine picture! Fine performances! Excellent story! Certainly one picture that every member of every family should see. Really great comedy and intense drama, laughs and tears so perfectly mingled that one must cheer the cast and director alike.

All about a little English boy who is being brought up by two divorced parents. After six months in Europe, learning to be a gentleman, the boy is brought to the East Side of New York to spend six months with his father. His manners, his dress and his exceptional speaking voice set him apart from "the gang;" he becomes a target for all their pranks. Finally, though, he forces them to accept him and he becomes one of the trio of pretty tough boys. Their graduation from tire stealing into housebreaking so that one of the boys can earn $80.00 for a down payment on a headstone for his father who has just been electrocuted for murder is the basis for one of the greatest boys' stories we've ever seen.

Freddie Bartholomew, Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney share honors as the trio of boys. If there be any slight choice between them, we are bound to hand the palm to Mickey Rooney; his is an inspired performance. Ian Hunter as his father, Peggy Conklin as Mickey's aunt and Jonathan Hale as the Juvenile Judge head an excellent cast. Perfect direction!

Your Reviewer Says: Don't fail to see this picture; it's great.

✓✓Craig's Wife (Columbia)

You'll See: *Rosalind Russell, John Boles, Billie Burke, Jane Darwell, Dorothy Wilson, Alma Kruger, Thomas Mitchell.*

(*Continued on page* 94)

The offerings this month are so varied that everyone can find this favorite type of picture. There's a new Shirley Temple offering, "Dimples," not quite up to Shirley's standard but very good nevertheless. There's "Ramona" for the color enthusiasts, though the story drags a little. "Dodsworth" is the best drama and "Craig's Wife" the most provocative one. "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" and "The General Died at Dawn" are for people who think. "The Devil Is a Sissy" and "Wedding Present" are the most fun of the lot.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Theodora Goes Wild. **Irene Dunne plays a light, comedy role in this lively film about a small-town girl who meets wealthy playboy Melvyn Douglas.**

SAMUEL GOLDWYN

Come and Get It. **This picture, based on Edna Ferber's best-seller of the same name, should be one of the high lights of the fall releases. Joel McCrea, Edward Arnold and Frances Farmer head the cast.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Born to Dance. **Eleanor Powell returns to the screen with plenty of dancing in this film story of a country girl who makes good in the big city. James Stewart, Una Merkel, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Virginia Bruce and Buddy Ebsen round out the imposing cast.**

Libeled Lady. **If advance reports are true, this Jean Harlow-William Powell-Myrna Loy-Spencer Tracy comedy will be knockout entertainment. Jean is Bill's girl, until wealthy Myrna sues Bill's paper for libel.**

PARAMOUNT

Champagne Waltz. **Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray in a romantic comedy with Vienna as background. With Jack Oakie and Lyda Roberti.**

RKO-RADIO

Winterset. **This screen drama, taken from the successful New York stage play, has Burgess Meredith and Margo in the leading roles. The story deals with a miscarriage of justice which takes an innocent man to the electric chair, and the efforts of the son to clear his father's memory.**

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Ladies in Love. **Here is the Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young and Simone Simon film which caused so much excitement in the making. With Don Ameche.**

WARNER BROTHERS

God's Country and the Woman. **George Brent and Beverly Roberts in a James Oliver Curwood story about the playboy owner of a lumber mill.**

Green Light. **Errol Flynn forsakes costumes and swashbuckling in this well-known Lloyd C. Douglas story. Anita Louise is opposite.**

THE DRAMATIC HOME-COMING OF THE COUNTRY DOCTOR'S 3000 GROWN-UP "BABIES"

A society woman nearly stole him from her.

An orphan boy ended the strange heartache in their lives.

The fading movie star tried to recapture fame—and found love.

In this reunion, they almost parted forever.

Inseparable comedy pals . . . the Father of the Quints and the would-be Father of Sextuplets!

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

Yvonne Cecile Marie Annette Emelie

in REUNION

with

JEAN HERSHOLT

ROCHELLE HUDSON HELEN VINSON SLIM SUMMERVILLE ROBERT KENT
DOROTHY PETERSON JOHN QUALEN ALAN DINEHART J. EDWARD BROMBERG SARA HADEN
TOM MOORE GEORGE ERNEST MONTAGU LOVE

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production • Directed by Norman Taurog
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson

20th CENTURY FOX

"Tarzan Escapes" will mark the return of Tarzan and Jane and their exciting adventures after an absence of some two years from the screen. Incidentally, this is the same film which M-G-M has been working on for almost all those months. Now they believe it's ready for release, and you'll be seeing it soon. It's been a long, long time, but Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan shouldn't really mind—they've been drawing their salaries every week!

Movie Mirror's Personality Parade

John Boles' performance in "Craig's Wife" for Columbia has audiences cheering when he overthrows Rosalind Russell's domination. It seems to more than justify his decision to give up his nice 20th Century-Fox contract because he wasn't satisfied with the roles he was getting.

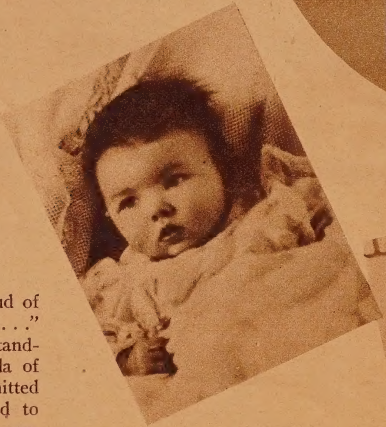
Jean Arthur's relaxing after her recent bit of temperament about interviews and such, and is herself again—a very nice self indeed—though she and her husband still live very quietly. Looks as though she's going to be a knockout, too, in "The Plainsman," opposite Gary Cooper.

Simone Simon is another European importation who, like Anna Sten, was built up to be a star before the American public had ever seen her—but she actually proved a big sensation! This is very nice for 20th Century-Fox, who had no feminine stars except Gaynor. Now Hollywood wonders if they'll re-sign Janet, if Simone's popularity grows. Both are in "Ladies in Love."

Charles Boyer really wasn't at fault in those rumors of trouble on the "Garden of Allah" set. Dietrich—the eternal feminine—was anxious to photograph well, while Charles was worried only about his acting. He needn't have worried, though, because he's said to be superb in it.

MYRNA LOY Reveals HER OWN MYSTERIOUS LIFE

By WALTER RAMSEY



"MAMMA! There's a cloud of dust down the road and . . ."

The young lookout standing on the wide veranda of the ranch house was never permitted to finish. A buxom lady rushed to the doorway and stood, with one arm outstretched to shield her eyes from the merciless rays of a Montana sun. She stood there for a long moment while the little boy watched her face eagerly. At last the scowl on her face was relieved by the suggestion of a smile. She said:

"Thank Heaven he's coming at last; there's barely time." Then she turned and walked into the ranch house once more.

Two hours later, the family doctor got back into the buggy again beside David Williams and started the return trip to the city. On the way to Helena, the two men fell to talking about the close call they had had with the stork.

"It's always been that kind of close shave with Della and me," smiled the new father. "When we were married, about a year and a half ago, it was the same way. The wedding took place in Helena and we rushed through so that we could hustle to the bedside of my father who lay dying at his ranch about fifty miles from Helena. Remember what a winter we had? Well, our sleigh hardly made it through the blizzard that blew up during the trip. But we got there just in time to receive Father's blessing before he died. That was a close shave like today."

Back at the ranch house, the buxom neighbor woman was just bringing a little bundle of humanity into Della Williams' room. The young mother looked for a time in utter silence, then she said: "Why, she has red hair."

By mid-afternoon of the following day, most of the kinfolk of the Williams family were arriving in buckboard and buggy to view the new arrival. The comments of two of the visitors should be registered here; the first, spoken in jealous rage by the only (to that time) grandchild in a large and rambling family. It was little Laura Belle Wilder who said:

"I hate it. I *hate* it! I'll drown that pink little thing!"

The second comment of note came from Grandmother Johnson. She looked closely at the baby; then with a little frown said:

"That nose, how it tilts. That's the first nose like that in the entire family." It might be mentioned, too, that Grandmother Johnson never missed a secret opportunity during the next two years to press the offending member closer to the baby's face. But, with a seeming personal effrontery, the little nose continued to rebound to its snub position. Grandmother Johnson never got used to that nose.

What with the ranch house in a state of nervous prostration, it was nearly a week before a conference was held for the purpose of naming the red-headed arrival. Mrs. Williams was anxious to name her Annabel, after grandmothers Anna and Isabel. Mary Platt, the nurse, thought Sue would be a perfect name. After listening to the two women discuss their suggestions a bit, Mr. Williams sent Nurse Platt from the room and sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Della," he began, "I've got a big favor to ask. You remember when I took that load of cattle back to Chicago last year? Well, I was standing in the cattle car watching the scenery and all at once we passed by a flagstop and I saw the name of the little station posted on the side of the building. I thought it was the prettiest name I'd about ever seen. I want to name our baby *Myrna*."

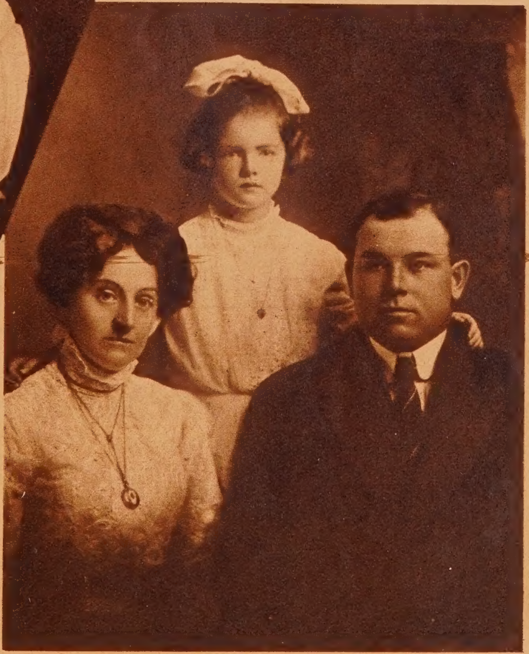
Thus began the curious history of a funny-looking little red-head who was such a tomboy that she always played the role of the father in the kid shows; of a freckle-faced young lady who got her first start as an extra in pictures because she looked so starved the casting men felt sorry for her; of a young actress about whom Rudolph Valentino once said, "The screen will discover its greatest actress when love finally comes to Myrna Loy."

Yes, Papa Williams got his way: it was to be Myrna Williams. Unusual name for an unusual baby. A baby who cried when she was held or cuddled. A baby who was, by a strange series of events, to bridge the gap from Montana ranch girl to Hollywood and stardom.

A HARSH gust of wind blew the last brown leaves from the trees and Montana lay in the grip of winter once more. Montana prays for its summer babies as they face their first winter. Blizzards . . . drifts . . . hidden roads . . . heavily-banked fires that stretch out feeble arms of warmth to hold back the sweeping swirl of howling snow that rage across frozen fields. But the first born of the Williams family was healthy and strong; thus, when little Myrna pointed out the first spring robins the following May, Papa Williams was so overjoyed that she had been spared sickness during the hard winter that he brought her his first gift: two tiny kittens named after his two finest crops, "Timothy" and "Alfalfa." And when, a few weeks later, Timothy tried to run away, Mrs. Williams was thrilled to watch baby Myrna attempt to walk for the first time to catch the kitten. No, she didn't get far; in fact, she fell after one tiny step. But most of the relatives were excited with the news. All except Grandma Johnson who, after she had heard the facts of the trial and the resulting fall on the face, inquired, "How's the nose now?"

Then, with the end of the long, hot summer came Myrna's

Here's a scoop we're proud to present! Beginning the fascinating, authorized biography of a great and beloved star



Far left—recognize Myrna's wideset eyes in this baby picture? Next, with cousin Laura Belle Wilder (in overalls—don't miss the grand story about her!). Above, with the brother whom at first she didn't want to see.

This is the most precious of all the rare pictures from Myrna's own album, reproduced for the first time on these pages. It's Myrna (do you know how she got that name?) with her father and mother, David and Della Williams of Montana, the state where she was born and reared.

Myrna and her brother, David Frederick, grew up to be the best of pals. Here they are in their early Hollywood days.

first birthday party. She had a tough time blowing out the single, pink candle on the cocoanut cake, but she finally made it. As a surprise, Papa Williams took her on a tour of the ranch. After she had been hoisted into the saddle, Myrna watched with eager eyes as her father showed her the various points of interest as they jogged along on the big old plow horse. Later, when he brought her into the ranch house and laid her in her mother's arms, David Williams confessed, "I don't think she'll ever make much of a rancher, Della. Didn't take to it. Went to sleep while I was telling her about the south forty."

Nor did Myrna Williams, who was to become famous as Myrna Loy, fail to bring her father's solemn prediction to pass. She didn't make much of a rancher; but during the long summers while she was growing into a funny-looking little six-year-old " . . . with at least a million freckles . . ." she came to love the Williams ranch. She loved it most when she was allowed to roam alone over the broad acres, either afoot or on her horse, "Dolly." She would ride Dolly to the farthest corners of the ranch in search of beautiful wild flowers that grew on the banks of the prairie streams. Late in the afternoon she would return loaded with sprays of blossoms with which to fill the rooms of the house.

Sitting in the knotty-pine library of her present home in Beverly Hills, wearing a linen sports dress of cool green, she tossed her red hair in laughter as she turned back the hands of her clock-of-life and daydreamed aloud in memories of those early days in Montana:

" . . . used to be alone most of the time . . . that's great for the imagination . . . remember swimming in the little stream early in the spring. Gosh, that water was cold. And there is nothing quite so provocative of childish philosophy as lying in the middle of a huge field of swaying grain, just looking up at the clouds and wondering or sitting on a big boulder in the middle of a rushing stream, trying to count the fish that swim by, or trying to think of something that is as lush in its greenness as the water reeds near the bank on the meadow side.

"I must have been training, then, for the aloneness that I was to live through during those first years in Hollywood. Because of my Montana ranch background, I never knew the crushing hurt of that aloneness in California. I was prepared for it, you see. And I think I was rather well prepared for the defeats I was to face in gaining a foothold as an actress. After all, as a little girl in the kid plays I was always cast as the man or the prince or maybe as a cowboy. All the kids thought I was too funny looking to play the heroine, just as Hollywood was to take a long time overcoming the same first impression. Why, even when the make-up men almost went crazy trying to hide my freckles, I wasn't at all chagrined; after all, Auntie Wilder had once tried to wash off a 'big speck' from my nose until I informed her that it was a freckle and wouldn't wash off. I knew—I'd tried to wash it off myself! So I have Montana and ranch life to thank for handing me some of life's little bumps early enough so that I was able to take them and come back for more."

BUT before Myrna had grown to a lean and lanky seven-year-old, David Williams sold his ranch and moved his family to a house near Grandma Johnson's rambling home on Fifth Avenue in Helena. The Williamses were beginning to worry about the effect of ranch loneliness on their child; and there was another very special reason. One day when Myrna broke her favorite doll and cried as though her (*Continued on page* 80)

Right—Myrna at the age of twelve, when she began to study dancing and first developed the ambition to have a theatrical career.

Alice Williams, another cousin (at left), and Myrna—whose freckles and tiptilted nose were the despair of all her relatives.

Bob is a true master of the art of comedy, but he knows the full meaning of tragedy.

The Lonely Heart of Bob Burns

For years, Bob's wife cheered and encouraged him on the road to fame —then death took her in the hour of his triumph

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

IT was three o'clock the morning of August 2nd, 1936. In a small house in an unfashionable section of Hollywood, a nurse, a doctor, and a husband kept their last vigil. On the bed was the still white figure of a woman in her late thirties. On her left hand was a plain gold wedding ring. On her face was a smile that spoke pleasure in her going.

Just the day before they had said she would get well, so in the back room a boy, aged sixteen, slept peacefully, unmindful of his mother's passing.

Thinking of that boy, Bob Burns—now a terrific hit on the radio, now in demand in Hollywood following his smash picture debut in Bing Crosby's "Rhythm on the Range"—went into the dark living room, groped his way along the wall till he found his chair—the chair that Betty had had made especially for him, to fit his raw-boned, long-legged frame. The comfort of it as it oozed up around him was the first peace he had known in a month. He ran his rough feverish hands along the cool smoothness of its leather sides. He leaned his head back, and the red rims of his eyes released their tears.

It was because of that boy, the love he bore him, and the love the boy bore his mother, that within four hours Bob Burns faced the greatest ordeal of his life: simply, how to tell him that his mother had died. When the boy came out of his room, dressed and ready for breakfast, he found his father already in the car, waiting for him in the drive. "Thought we'd like to get a little air and sunshine, son."

"Is Ma still better?"

"Much better." A pause. They backed down the drive and out into the street. "Kinda (*Continued on page* 88)

Stand-In For Love

By ROY SOMERS

He was a handsome taxi-driver and she was a stand-in for a star, then—well, Hollywood is a city of magic, you know!

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

It's nice to be told that one looks like a movie star, but lovely Sheila Grant looked so much like the famous Charmien Chase that it got her into trouble. First of all, it meant that the only work she could get in Hollywood was a stand-in for Chase; nobody wanted to make a movie star of an inexperienced player who looked exactly *like an established film favorite. Then Charmien, speeding recklessly from a quarrel with her sweetheart and director, Neil Hart, had a collision with a taxi. Charmien refused to appear in court, so Sheila was forced to impersonate her in real life as well as on the studio set.*

All might have gone well, even then, if Sheila hadn't felt sorry for the nice-looking cab driver, who was being bullied by all the attorneys for both sides at the same time. When he socked his own lawyer for insinuating that Charmien Chase was drunk at the time of the accident, and the other lawyers retaliated, Sheila felt impelled to leap to his rescue—and the resulting furore made a newspaper holiday. Result: Sheila Grant lost her job as a stand-in and Patrick Shannon lost his job as a taxi-driver.

But the worst was still to come, for Sheila found that she had been blackballed by all the major studios. This was really adding insult to injury, for Charmien had been unaccountably nasty in her dismissal, and Sheila found herself bitterly (and vainly) seeking revenge. She had not seen Patrick since the scene at court, she didn't even know his name or where he was; only one thing she knew—she was in love with the stranger who had come to her defense, even though he had *thought she was Charmien Chase.*

Her opportunity to repay him, with interest, came when she discovered him in a dogwagon, unable to pay for his meal and locked out of his rooming-house. She settled his bill and brought him back to her little bungalow (hers for only one short month more, until the next installment of the rent was due!) A magnificent plan had formed in her mind. Justice for Patrick, who had lost his job through no fault of his own, and revenge for herself—both to be obtained from Charmien Chase. Patrick was not to know, for she had kept up the pretense of being Charmien herself, and now that was an important part of her plan. But sudden doubt assailed her as they said goodnight and she suddenly realized the strong undercurrent of feeling between them. Was his regard all for Charmien Chase, the movie star he thought she was, or for Sheila herself?

A WARNING bell clanged somewhere within her. "Well," she said, hastily, "good night. I'll see you in the morning."

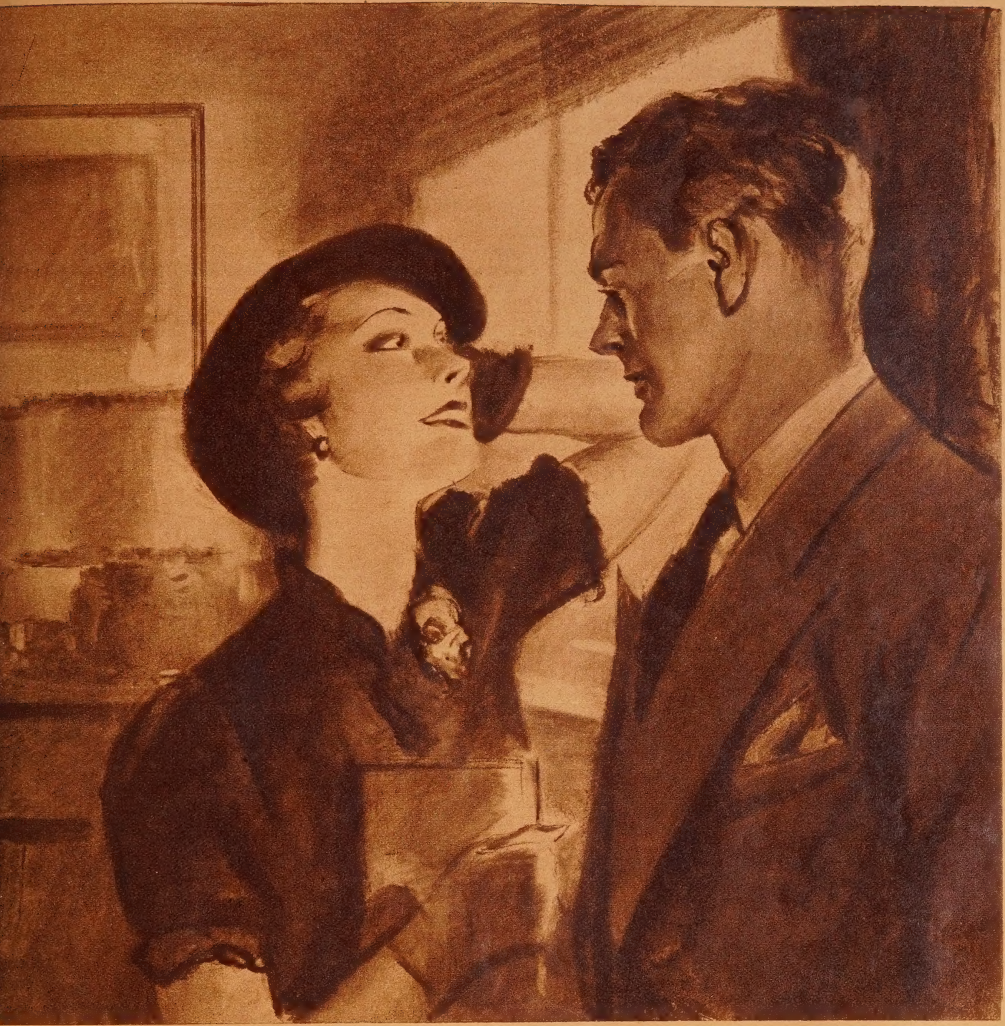
He said good night and entered the bedroom she had indicated, closing the door abruptly behind him.

She sat in silence after that. What had come over her? Was she actually in love with him? Did love happen like that—all in a minute? Wasn't love, then, a cultured growth, as she had always thought; something that took time, propinquity; an opportunity to discover mutual likes and dislikes, common meeting grounds? Or, did it happen like this—all in a minute?

Well, whatever it was, she would go through with her plan which now developed clearly from its nebulous haze. She stood committed now. She'd give him a letter to American Films, National's chief rival, ostensibly from Charmien Chase. As far as Pat Shannon knew, she *was* Charmien Chase. Perhaps a letter would prove an open sesame at American, and they would give him a job as an English coach, although he was better leading man material. Perhaps they'd see it, once he was in.

And, if they did, and he made good—in either capacity—trust American Films to crow, in print, that Charmien Chase had sent someone she was especially interested in, to American, instead of her own studio. American would broadcast it to the world and that would put Charmien Chase on the spot with National, just as Charmien Chase had put Sheila Grant and Pat Shannon on the spot!

And, if Pat Shannon didn't make good, American would use the incident as a publicity weapon to take a shot at its chief rival, National—if she knew anything about American! And, again, it would put Charmien Chase in a bad



Trying to be business-like, she told him, "When I get back, we'll talk over your plans. You see—I'm leaving tomorrow." His smile died a little; his spirits dimmed. "Yes, I know—I saw the paper."

light with her studio, National—and, incidentally, with Hollywood.

And that was exactly what Sheila wanted—wanted awfully—to do, something retaliative, to hurt Charmien Chase, It was the nucleus of her plan. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth! Even Biblical lore sanctioned that! But, either way, Pat Shannon would get a break, and Charmien Chase would, unwittingly, give it to him. The thing had a grim humor.

If Pat ever saw or met Charmien Chase, which was extremely doubtful, he'd never be able to tell the difference between them. Anyway, Charmien Chase would be in Europe for three or four months, and, by that time, the little deception would have been accomplished and over. Charmien would get a set-back that was coming to her; Pat would probably have another job, and Sheila Grant would have the satisfaction of paying a debt, in full. Fine! It would work out perfectly! The pieces fitted together beautifully.

She went into her bedroom, undressed, thoughtfully locked the door, and sat by the window, her lovely face troubled and dusky. She watched the dawn deepen and gild the Hollywood hills, then she tumbled into bed and fell into a deep sleep.

And it seemed to her that she had hardly closed her eyes when the alarm clock rang. Seven o'clock. She jumped out of bed. There was much to do, today!

She dressed swiftly. She would make one more try, she concluded, just to finally convince herself; and if it was true that Charmien Chase's arrogant edict was excluding her from a job in pictures, she *would* go through with her bizarre scheme!

When she walked out into the living room, she heard Patrick Shannon stirring in his (*Continued on page* 83)

"SO you have decided to change my name for me, have you?" The voice was clear, decisive and the mouth from which it came was curved in a pleasant, enigmatic smile. There was a knife-edge to the voice which should have warned the important Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer executive who sat at the big desk, but it didn't. That smile had disarmed him completely. Just a nice, clean-cut young chap, he believed. The executive worked his black cigar over to the other side of his mouth.

"Sure we're going to change it. We got to, in fact. With a name like it was one of the Rover Boys, where, I ask you, will you get in the picture game? We will change it to something like. . . ."

"Oh, no, you won't!" The smile was still there but it had somehow subtly changed into one of menace. There was now a whip-cracker snap in the voice. "You'll change it over my dead body! The name Franchot Tone is the one my parents gave me and Franchot Tone it stays and if any So-and-So on this lot doesn't like it, he can get another actor. Do I make myself quite clear?"

Franchot Tone, smiling rebel, was putting on his first Hollywood revolt. At that time, he was new to the screen, new to Hollywood, fresh from New York. He was not married to Joan Crawford—did not even know her—and he had no such fine performances as those he later gave in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Mutiny on the Bounty" under his belt to back up his words, but no studio executive was going to work any razzle-dazzle on Franchot Tone, even at that. His name remained Franchot (pronounce it Fran-cho) Tone.

This was Franchot's first rebellion against the powers that be in Hollywood, but the business of being a rebel goes back to 1790 when an Irishman, by the name of General Theobald Wolfe Tone, started something that rocked Erin's Isle to its very foundations. The hawk-nosed general was one of Franchot's ancestors.

FRANCHOT TONE
Smiling Rebel

There's a great deal of his grinning, Irish revolutionary ancestor in this young man, as these gay anecdotes reveal

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Franchot never loses his monumental poise —but there were two amusing exceptions, soon after his marriage to Joan Crawford.

Franchot started his first rebellion at the age of two. He's been revolting against something ever since—and with excellent results, so far.

His family home was, and is, in Niagara Falls, New York. Young Franchot noticed with approval that the goldfish, in the big glass bowl, were very, very pretty. He reached in with one chubby fist and caught one, becoming so engrossed in admiring it that the fish finally gave one last despairing gasp and died.

"My mother spanked me, between rest periods, for two hours, trying to make me say I was sorry," Franchot Tone told me, with that smile working overtime. "But I was not sorry, so why should I say I was? When spanking failed to do the work, she locked me up in a dark closet and still I wouldn't be sorry. At last she concluded that either it was the Irish in me or that I was too young to know any better and let me out and I'm still not sorry."

Franchot's French mother was the first, but not the last, to run into Franchot's stubborn streak. He has the courage of his convictions and, when convinced that he is right, will fight to the last ditch. He has proved that more than once during his brief but hectic career.

"My next revolt came when I was fourteen and father sent me to a fashionable and exclusive school for boys, the Hill School, at Pottstown, Pennsylvania. It was a nice school, I thought, until I found out that they had rules."

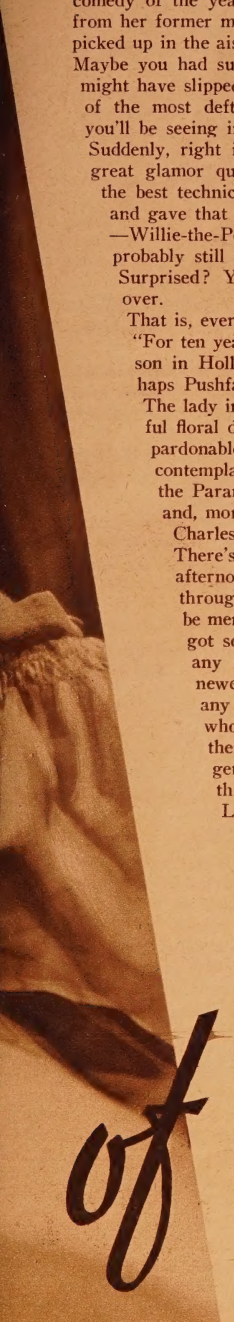
Rules, according to Franchot's code, are made to be broken so he proceeded to pick out the four which the school enforced most stringently and smashed them to smithereens. The rules said he must not smoke, drink, swear or talk to the town girls. Franchot did all four, and with a vengeance. He organized the upper class boys in a revolt against rules of any and all kinds, and soon the school was in a state bordering on revolution. When the management sought the culprit, Franchot's frank and disarming smile fooled them but they caught him at last, marked him as the instigator of the riot and kicked him out, politely but firmly.

By the time Franchot reached Cornell, both the famous Tone smile and the equally famous spirit of rebellion against the established order of things were quite well developed. Franchot's smile is his sword and buckler, for with it he can disarm you, strike you neatly in a highly vulnerable spot and have you completely at his mercy. He also uses it for defense against bores—and most people do bore him—and against life itself. Hollywood, or most of it, is still worried because it cannot fathom him. And Franchot's smile widens, simply because he likes to keep people guessing. He is a disturbing element, an iconoclast, an image-breaker, and he smiles at people who take life and its problems too seriously. Never in his entire life, with just two exceptions, has he been nonplussed or thrown off balance enough to lose his monumental poise. First was the time when he and Joan had just entered their new home, after returning from their marriage, and the baggageman asked Franchot where to put *Mrs. Tone's* trunks! Franchot swallowed, looked completely embarrassed and gulped at last:

"Why, why, put my wife's trunks in her own room, of course." He had not yet become accustomed to knowing her as *Mrs. Tone*. The second time Franchot was ever devastatingly surprised, astonished and at a total loss for words was when, on their first Christmas Eve at home, Joan led him blindfolded into his newly decorated room. It had been done over, especially for him, in thirty minutes while he wrapped Christmas packages in the music room.

But to get back to Franchot Tone, (*Continued on page* 70)

The Evolution



# of a Wow!

"For ten years," says Carole Lombard, in this frank interview, "I've been the only person in Hollywood who believed in me—except Pushface Lombard, who is a Pekinese"

By GEORGE MADDEN

SHE began to threaten with that hilarious comedy of two years ago, "Twentieth Century." When "The Princess Comes Across" came across, the suspicion was planted. But when Carole Lombard practically wrapped up the swellest, screwiest, craziest, most insane comedy of the year and all but stole "My Man Godfrey" from her former man, Powell, I was just one of many they picked up in the aisles!

Maybe you had such a good time looking at "Godfrey" it might have slipped your mind that you were watching one of the most deft and devastating comedy performances you'll be seeing in many a long shot.

Suddenly, right in front of everybody's eyes, one of the great glamor queens of Hollywood turned into one of the best technicians of this, our fourth largest industry, and gave that past master at the fine art of timing, etc. —Willie-the-Powell—such a run for his money he's probably still dog-trotting around the circuit.

Surprised? You could have knock-knocked Hollywood over.

That is, everyone was surprised but Carole Lombard! "For ten years," said Carole, "I've been the only person in Hollywood who believed in me, except, perhaps Pushface Lombard—who is a Pekinese."

The lady in the bright pajamas splashed with colorful floral designs wiggled her sockless sandals with pardonable pride as we sat in her dressing room contemplating the California sun (as advertised), the Paramount flowers blooming outside her door, and, more important, the terrific strides a former Charleston dancer has made in a ten-year career.

There's nothing I'd rather do on an early fall afternoon than contemplate Carole's career through her own fearless eyes—unless it would be merely to sit and contemplate Carole. You've got something when you look at Carole, from any angle. She's the smoothest. She's the newest. She's the latest. Even before she was any of these things, the late Florenz Ziegfeld, who knew more about beautiful women and their appeal than any other man of his generation, once said of her, "I'd give anything to have enough money to put Carole Lombard in a Ziegfeld chorus!"

And that wasn't because Carole could sing or dance so well! Nor did he want her to take Eddie Cantor's place. And before Ziegfeld got around to her, Hollywood was filled with males who never let a hay wagon go by without wishing for Carole.

After many years pleasantly spent in dissecting the Lombard for home consumption, I've come to the conclusion that this overwhelming appeal of hers wasn't purely physical, either (or are you going to be squeamish and call sex appeal by some other spade?). She had all she needed of that, plus humor and a gift for being utterly herself no matter how many times they took up her option, that all added up to make her the real feminine menace of Hollywood.

But just between the entire circulation of us, I'd never considered Carole any great shakes as an actress.

A private wow, yes! An artiste, no!

I suppose I was prejudiced. You seldom expect that fiddle-sawing kid next door to one day grow up and be invited to conduct a symphony concert. And back in the old Cocoanut Grove days, Carole was just about as close to a Hollywood local as you'd care to see.

At sixteen Carole looked twenty-seven. Even on the hottest summer days she wore black satin fitted over her slender chassis like a bathing suit, and her expression was in keeping with her costume. There was always a tragic look on her beautiful pan, probably brought on by the tight strands of pearls about her throat nearly choking her to death. It was no odd sight to glimpse Carole in her seam-splitting black satin riding a Wilshire bus loaded down with dancing trophies. No, she wasn't taking them home. She was returning them to the Grove management for a cash consideration. It was a beautiful racket. She usually won them back the next night!

Even when she was graduated from Sennetts into a Paramount contract with a dressing room on star-row and a town car, I always had the feeling Carole was putting something over on the customers. She told me she was taken out of three pictures because she didn't know what to do with her hands. "I was always hanging onto something. If there wasn't a handy chair, or a railing, I'd drape both hands over one hip and wait (*Continued on page* 100)

Irene Dunne has her own "magnificent obsession," ensuring poise and serenity — while ever-popular Leo Carrillo has invaluable advice for you on the subject of making friends and keeping them.

Help Yourself to Happiness

By DORA ALBERT

WHAT do you want out of life? Write down your answer.

I know what you've written. Travel? Romance? Independence? Success? Sum it up in one word: happiness.

Nine out of ten of us are looking for the same thing. Movie stars and filing clerks alike. Both King Cophetua and the beggar maid wanted the same thing.

Why do we fail then to get what we want? Why can't we find the gateway to happiness?

Recently five Hollywood stars told me of their search for happiness.

"The first thing you must do," said Sylvia Sidney, her strange green eyes glowing, "is to stop looking for happiness outside yourself. We literally create heaven or hell within ourselves."

"But what do you mean?" I asked. "Isn't our happiness often dependent on circumstances, on other people?"

Sylvia laid aside the sweater she had been knitting and looked straight into my eyes.

"Other people," she said, "can do very little to make or destroy our happiness. Nothing in comparison with what we can do for ourselves.

"I know. A few years ago I found the world an ugly and wretched place to live in, although I had a lovely home, a fair measure of success on the stage, and loyal friends. Always I was at odds with myself.

"That was the real reason for my unhappiness. I had no control over my own emotions—particularly over my temper.

"When I was making my first picture in Hollywood, 'Through Different Eyes,' things went wrong. For five days in succession we had to shoot the trial scene over and over again. Day after day I repeated my lines, 'I must get inside. I must hear this trial.'

"Finally I went berserk. I jumped up yelling, 'I'm through. I'm through with pictures.' Then I began to throw things. And finally I walked off the set, still yelling."

I remembered Sylvia Sidney in those days. A hot-blooded, impetuous young person who was always getting into trouble. Certainly she wasn't the charming individualist she is today.

"What was the first step you took towards overcoming your temper?" I asked.

Sylvia brushed away a stray lock of hair. "The first step," she said, "was analyzing myself and realizing why I was so unhappy. As an actress I live a life four times as emotional as that of the average woman. For every emotional role I play takes something out of me. If, in addition, I work havoc with myself by losing my temper, how can I expect to stand the strain?

"So I learned to relax. When you're angry, you naturally tense your body. If you refrain from doing this, you gradually reduce the tendency to get angry.

"Instead of flying into a tantrum, I talk matters over as quietly as I can.

"There was, for instance, the time when a woman associated with the production of 'The Trail of the Lonesome Pine' suggested that I wear a red costume in the funeral scene.

"I gasped. 'I can't wear

How to be happy in six lessons, taught by stars who have learned what it means to fight the world (and themselves!) to achieve peace of mind and contentment

red in that scene,' I said. 'In it none of the actors will count. The central character will be the huge coffin, and the only wise thing for us to do will be to make ourselves as inconspicuous as possible.'

"'What about bright blue?' asked Mrs. X hopefully.

"In the end I wore exactly the costume that I thought was right for the scene—a dark green suit. In the old days I would have walked off the set ranting, 'I insist on wearing green.'

"Not," said Sylvia, laughing, "that I've gotten complete control over my emotions. If I could do that, I probably wouldn't be an actress at all. For actresses are naturally darn fools. Women who reason logically, who are always perfectly right and perfectly self-assured, don't make good actresses.

"But I do try to resist the temptation to get riled by little things." Rule One, then, if you want to help yourself to happiness is: *Learn to control your own emotions.* When you lose your temper, you're not merely getting angry at the people who annoy you. Actually you are causing chemical changes in your own body, which harm you and not any outsider.

LEO CARRILLO almost bounced onto the huge desk in the publicity office of Columbia Pictures. His exuberance was like a living thing in that room, imperceptibly changing the tense, formal atmosphere of the place.

"Go out and mingle with people," boomed Leo Carrillo. His hands described a half circle. He gestures constantly, never sits still. "Have loads of friends. Never hesitate to make friends with anyone because of his station in life. You can't be happy unless you can get along with people, and you'll never be able to get along with them unless you meet all kinds of people: rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief.

"During my early days in New York I knew few people and was very lonely. Then through a friend I met a young writer. It was he who taught me what happiness really is. Frequently he took me with him to a rathskeller in New York, to which came some of the most amazing people in the city, including men and women of questionable character. This writer invited them to his home, where he entertained them like ladies and gentlemen, sending them home in hansom cabs. His name was O. Henry, one of the greatest of short story writers, and he was happy because he understood people and loved them."

So, Rule Two: *Mingle with people.* Join clubs. Keep in circulation. Try to understand people and not to judge them.

Which brings me to Jeanette MacDonald. Jeanette always mingled freely with people, but she had one trait which threw a dark shadow over her whole life. In her weary struggle for success, she was often hurt by other people; and she hugged every grievance to her heart. When she achieved success, she made up her mind to revenge herself on everyone who had ever treated her shabbily.

There was the actress who had once snubbed her while she was appearing in the chorus of "Night Boat." Perhaps you remember the story. Years later, when Jeanette became a leading lady on the stage, the actress came to Jeanette's table in a hotel dining room with her escort and began to gush over her. "Oh, Miss MacDonald," she raved, "you're just marvelous. I've admired your work for years."

Jeanette cut her short. "I remember you very well," said Jeanette, "when you were (*Continued on page 76*)

Sylvia Sidney and Jeanette MacDonald (above and at right) learned their rules for a richer life by trial and error and bitter experience. Jean Hersholt and his wife (below) are experts on how to have a happy home.

Virginia Bruce's First Beau Tells All

Virginia Bruce
of Hollywood and
international fame.

Virginia Briggs
of North Dakota
and high school days.

How does it feel to have a Hollywood date with a star you used to go out with when she was a girl back home?

By H. A. BOYD

BACK in Fargo, North Dakota, Virginia Bruce was my girl. Now she is a glorious Hollywood star with fame and wealth and all that goes with them. Has the transformation from small town belle to her present throne among talented people made her the aloof, haughty, extravagant, vain and temperamental artist? Is she now given to excesses which would be cause for the folks in Fargo to start praying? Has she "turned in" several husbands? Has she a house full of servants and a milkpail full of diamonds? What about her father and mother? Is she ashamed of them now?

I'm going to tell the plain truth about Virginia Bruce as I knew her in Fargo. And how I found her to be when I saw her in Hollywood for the first time since our high school days.

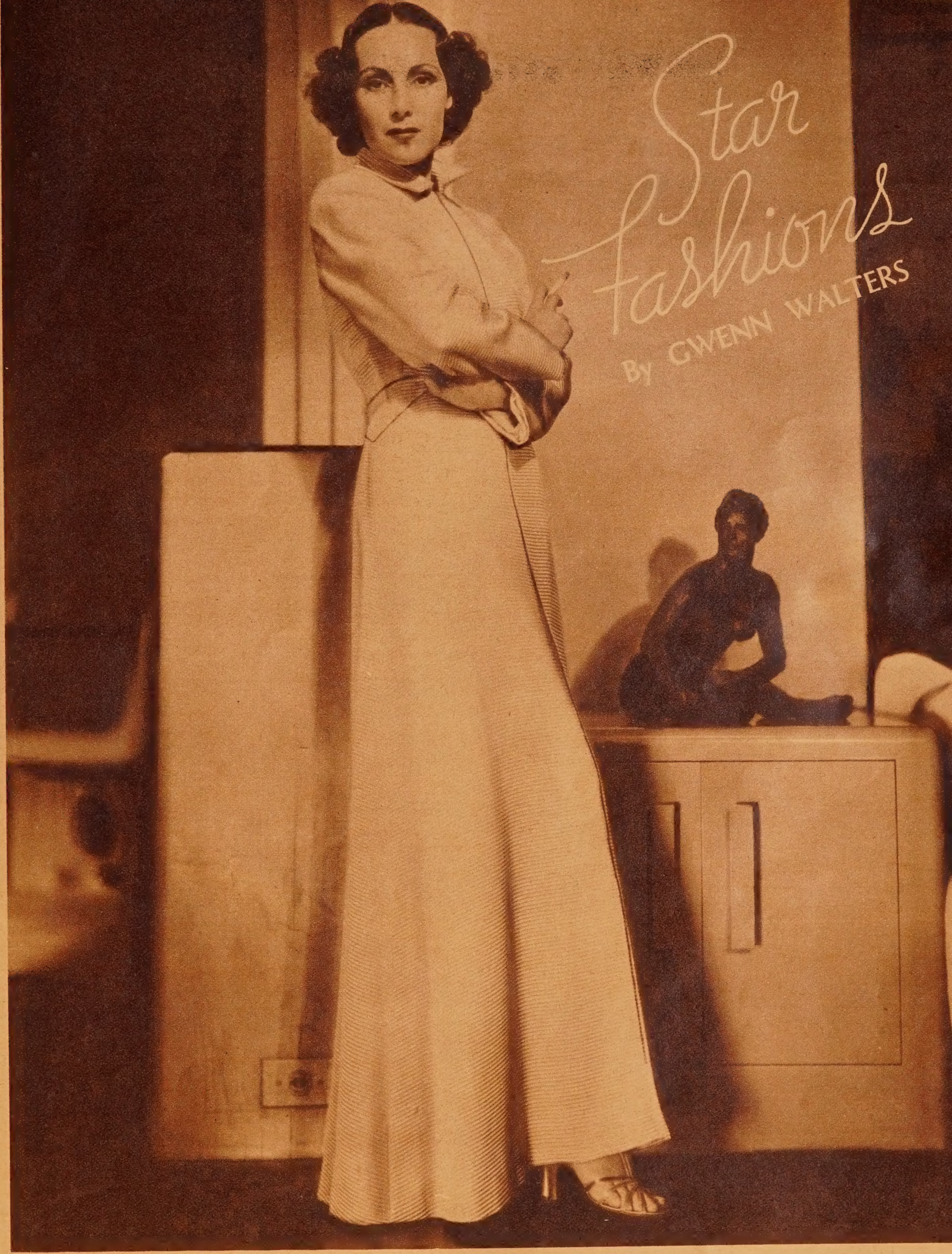
IT came about this way. I had two weeks' vacation coming to me and I had at last saved enough money to make the trip (driving my old rattler) to California. It took me several years to get both courage and money together. I guess you can gather from that last sentence I am still a little bit fond of Virginia; remember she was my high school sweetheart. What is it they say about first love? There had been no correspondence between us for a long time so I decided to surprise her with a visit. I am ashamed to admit I was afraid she would tell me not to come if I wrote to her in advance.

In Los Angeles I began to feel jumpy. The palm trees and tile roofs made me think I was in a strange country. The people, hurrying about their business, paid no attention to me whatever and I had driven fifteen hundred miles. Maybe my clothes and manners would embarrass Virginia. I had my good blue suit with me as well as a new pair of white shoes. After a bath and shave, and wearing my best clothes, I collected my nerve and started out in search of the Briggs family. The telephone book gave me no help. I asked policemen, gas station men, cash girls and grocery store keepers how to find my friends. It was hopeless. Some of the people I asked just laughed at me. One wisecracker said I ought to broadcast, "lost in the big city, come and get me." It was only by accident I mentioned to a man behind the lunch counter, where I had stopped to get a hamberger, that I was trying to find the address of Mr. and Mrs. Briggs, parents of Virginia Bruce. His eyes popped. "You like Virginia Bruce too, huh? She sure is a darb." Mention of that magic name, Virginia Bruce, had given me the first friendly response I had received in California.

(*Continued on page* 91)

Star fashions

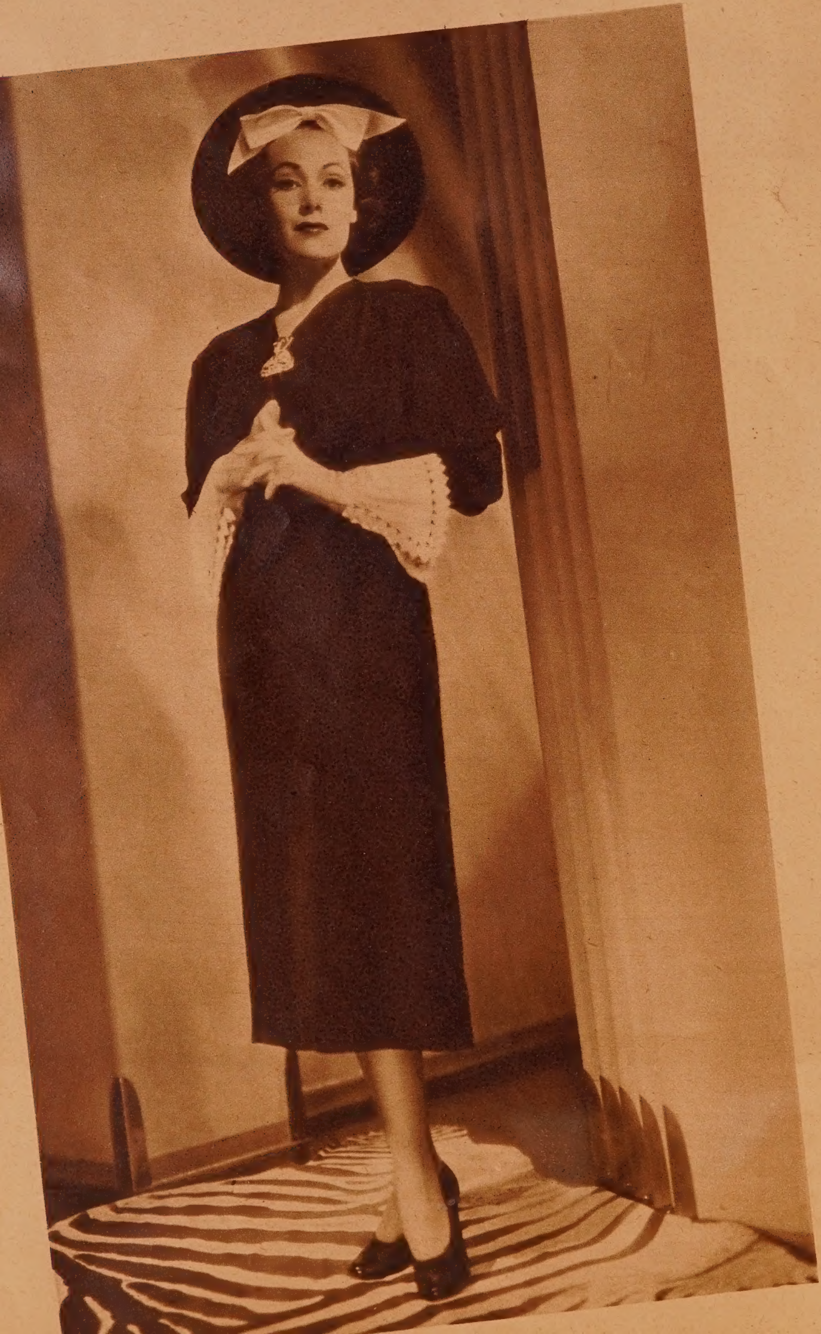
By GWENN WALTERS



Lippman

The unusual interest of Dolores Del Rio's house coat, created for her by Irene of Bullock's Wilshire, lies in its simplicity of line, its corded fabric, its full length front zipper closing and its delicate coloring of shell pink. A tailored collar finishes the neckline, and the skirt, cut on circular lines and gently molded at the waist, falls in graceful folds which touch the ground in back and sweep triumphantly upward in the front to reveal dainty sandals of matching satin. Miss Del Rio, who has just returned from a trip to England, in which she combined picture-making with a European holiday, will be in Columbia's "The Depths Below."

Below—Dolores Del Rio has given a new meaning to the classic color combination of black and white in this stunning street costume. A gracefully tied bow of white wool ornaments her halo hat, over which falls a gossamer nose-tip veil. Miss Del Rio has repeated this theme of white wool accent in her gauntlet gloves edged with rick-rack trimming of the same fabric. Her simple frock of sheer black wool has a softly draped bodice and sleeves that boast a fullness above the elbow which is gathered into a shoulder epaulet. Her only jewel with this smart ensemble is a clip of rubies and diamonds. On the opposite page—Schiaparelli copied this exotic square-shouldered monkey fur cape from one of her own, as a special favor to Miss Del Rio. It has a lining and scarf collar of black sheer wool. Mauve suede hand-sewn gloves and bag match the throat scarf of her simple black crepe frock, which is held by a handsome clip of diamonds and amethysts. Lily Dache used stitched sheer wool (in black, of course) to create Miss Del Rio's attractive hat, and contrasted it with a tailored grosgrain bow.

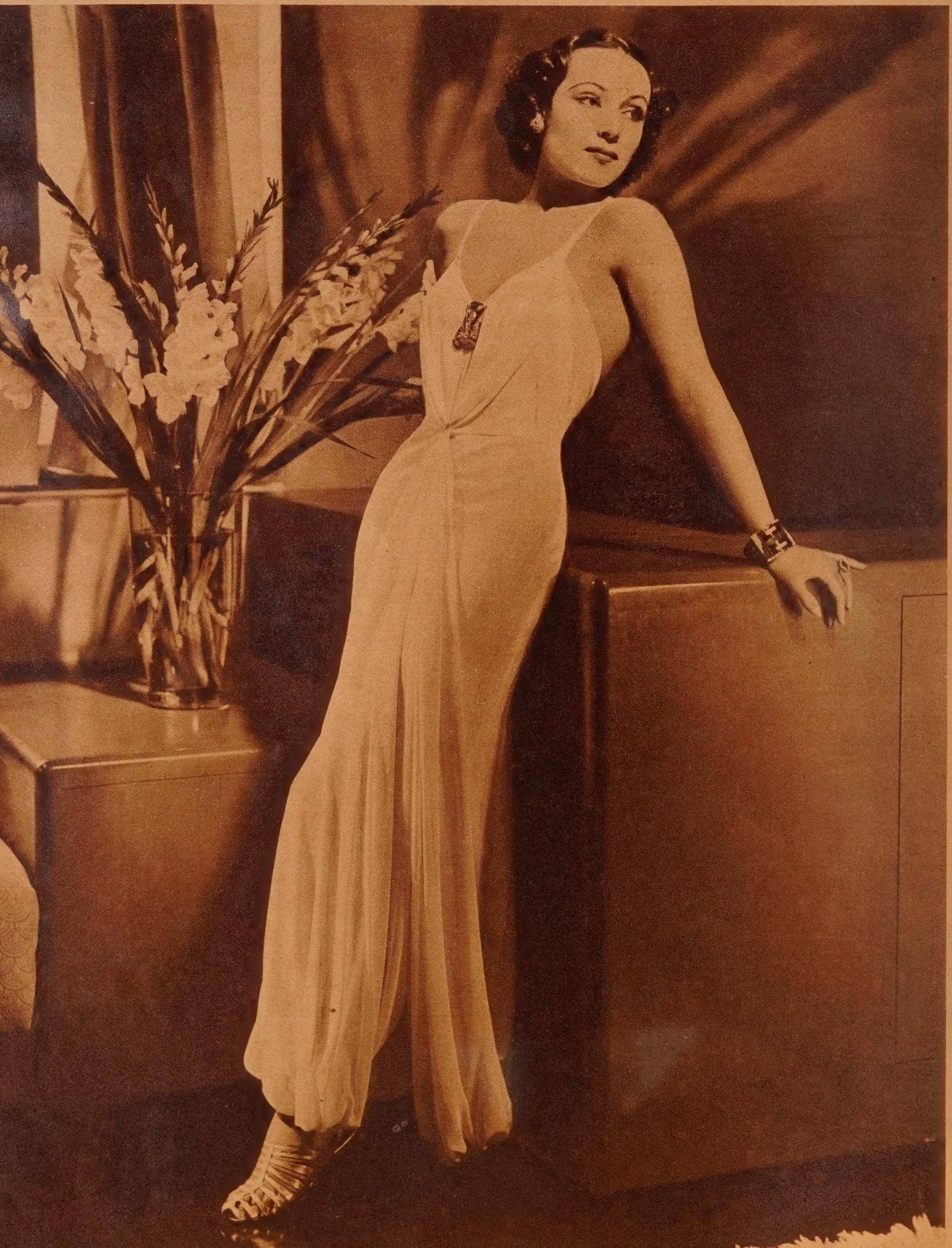


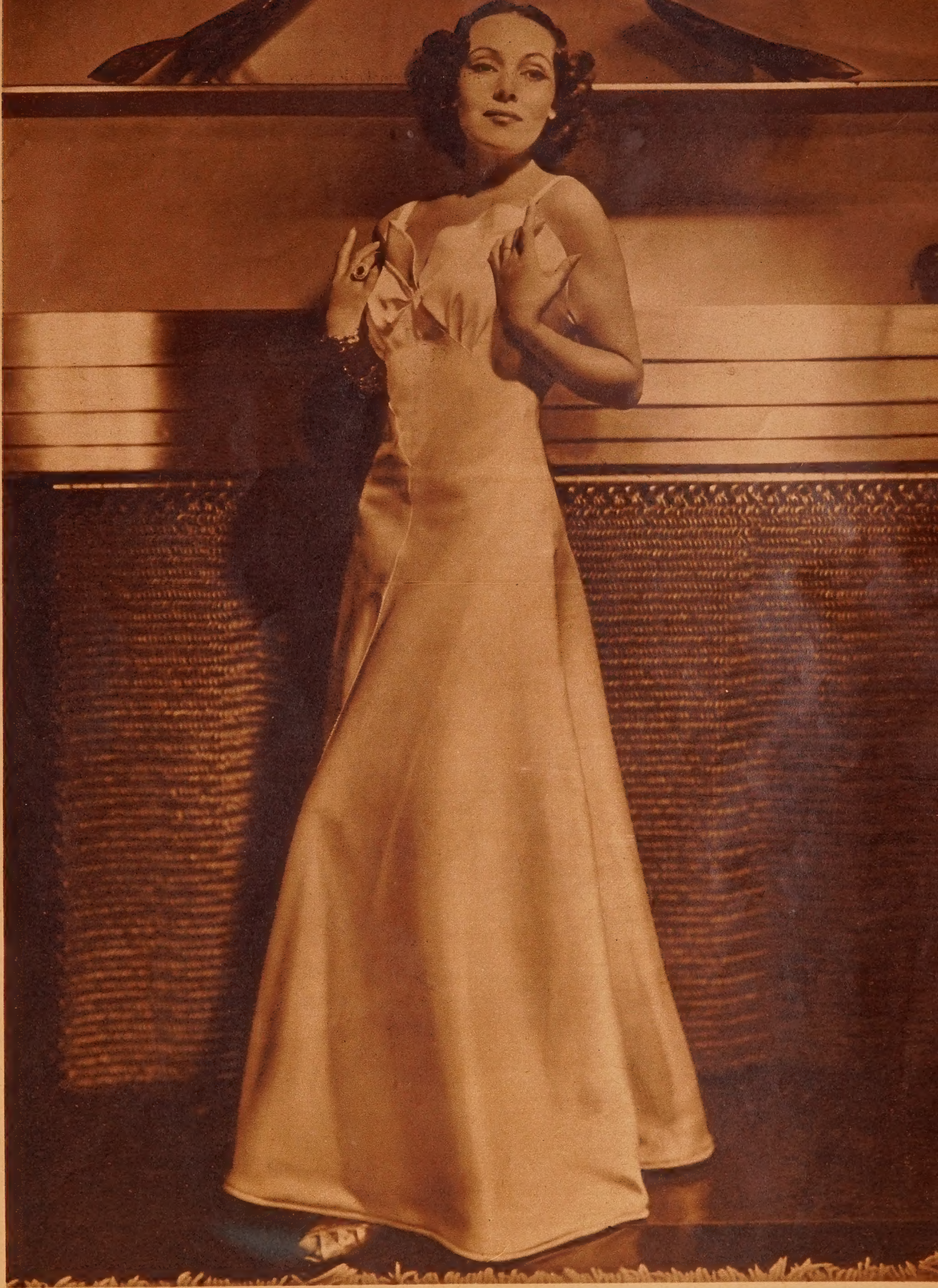
There is never such a demand for well-studied cocktail, dinner and evening costumes as during the holiday season. If you would like to know what the cinema stars plan for these gala occasions, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7551 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Lippman

Alix, internationally renowned for her exquisitely draped creations, executed this gown of white chiffon for Dolores on her recent trip abroad. The gathered fullness of the blouse, caught at the center of the front waistline, is released from there to form a skirt drape that falls under at the hemline and is returned to the center back waistline, where it meets an extremely low back decolletage. With this arresting gown, Miss Del Rio wears a diamond and emerald clip and a matching ring and bracelet. She endorses the Continental vogue for low-heeled evening sandals, and those she has selected here are of silver kid.

Schafer





Schafer

White is always Miss Del Rio's first choice for formal evening wear. This gown of heavy white slipper satin was designed for her by Irene of Bullock's Wilshire. The skirt, which is a complete circle corded at the bottom to give it added flare, has a petal-shaped bodice set on a triangular front yoke. Her bracelets and ring are of diamonds and emeralds, and her satin sandals repeat the petal motif of the bodice.

The Married Life of Mr.

What makes their unusual marriage so happy? The answer to that is the only thing on which Helen Gahagan and Melvyn disagree!

By DUDLEY EARLY

THE hero of this marital and domestic tale is really Master Peter Gahagan Douglas, because the very successful Douglas-Gahagan marriage centers around him. But, as Petey was preceded by his parents in the natural order of things, so shall he be in this story.

Though they disagree in agreeing, Petey's parents are well qualified to speak on the subject of marriage in the theatrical world, for his father is Melvyn Douglas and his mother Helen Gahagan, whom Heywood Broun, New York dramatic critic and columnist, once called, "the ten most beautiful women in America." Both occupy places of honor on the American stage and screen; both are intelligent, successful in their work, happy in their marriage, and quite pleasantly pixilated.

In a town like Hollywood, hectic, sometimes riotous and unreasonable, the Douglases are bound to be pointed out as "different," for their home life bears a close resemblance to that of Mr. and Mrs. America—quiet, domestic and well managed. In fact, they don't even live in Hollywood, Beverly Hills, or any of the centers of star-habitation; they occupy a large, roomy house in Los Angeles proper, a house built around a wide patio with a great expanse of yard in the rear, in which Petey can romp and tear around to his heart's content. Yet there is that quality to some of their past actions which certainly would brand them as unconventional and, from the viewpoint of some, slightly—ahem—nuts.

During that afternoon when I sat in the patio quaffing cooling drinks and admiring everything about me, particularly Miss Gahagan, she made proud reference to the fact that she and her husband saved a great deal of money by going around the world on a freighter several years ago, instead of lolling in luxury on a palatial liner.

When the subject of Hollywood marriages and divorces came up, and a comparison was made between their own successful marriage and a few recent notable failures, Miss Gahagan expressed the opinion that there were no rules by which a marriage, in or out of the theatrical profession, could be made to be successful. And Mr. Douglas, in the very best of husbandly traditions, contradicted.

"But, darling," he said, "isn't it true that we live by an older tradition of marriage than most of the people out here?"

Miss Gahagan was quite definite in her reply. "There can't be a formula; whether a marriage is successful or not is just caprice! How can anyone lay down rules for such a thing? You and I just happen to have within us something which has made ours work out well. But it's the height of impudence to think that anyone can *make* a marriage successful!"

"The French have gone about it that way for many years," persisted Melvyn, her husband. "They have a rather definite plan of marriage."

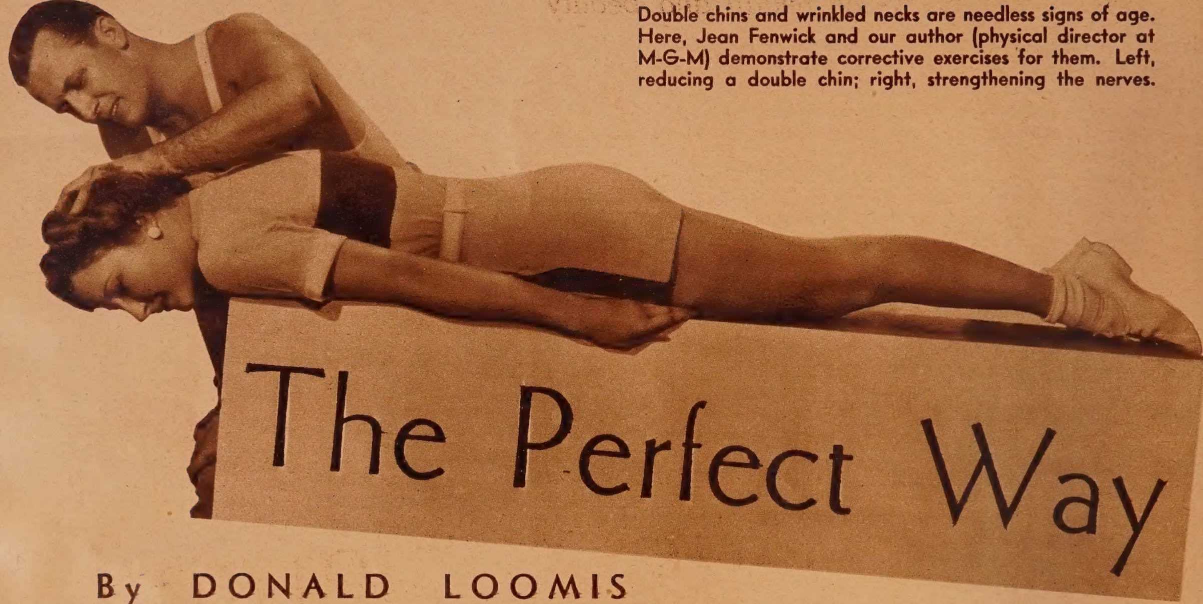
The French people, it seems, build their marriages about family, the acquiring and developing of a family, and family as the first consideration at all times, even in the choice of a mate.

But Miss Gahagan had no patience with this system of cut-and-dried matrimony, and stated her objections plainly and certainly. Obviously, she preferred the romantic variety, with the attendant caprices of Chance—which has treated her kindly.

Mr. Douglas subsided into silence, (*Continued on page* 74)

Maxie, the engaging cocker spaniel of our story, barks a welcome to you from the gates of the new Douglas home. Across the page, Melvyn and Helen, breakfasting in the patio and, below, sharing their afternoon tea with young Peter Gahagan Douglas, lord of the household—and also of their happiness.

and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas



Double chins and wrinkled necks are needless signs of age. Here, Jean Fenwick and our author (physical director at M-G-M) demonstrate corrective exercises for them. Left, reducing a double chin; right, strengthening the nerves.

The Perfect Way

By DONALD LOOMIS

AGE is a luxury few women can afford. To be comfortably old necessitates a large income, a devoted (and slightly near-sighted) husband, and a passion for knitting—three things that are, in the way of things, not to be had for the asking. Entirely aside from that, it's an established truth, I think, that no woman can face the first ravages of age in her mirror and not shudder; or that several million woman in these United States would not willingly expend a little effort and any amount of time if in return they could be assured of looking five years younger.

In the course of my work I've had to analyze the various causes of age, outside of the passing of years, in order to answer the frantic questions of countless and often nameless Hollywood women who come to me. If you think those few wrinkles at your throat are a tragedy you should see the look in the eyes of any actress who knows that for her the price of getting old is the loss of her contract, the loss of her living. Make-up artists can do just so much and no more. After that they stop trying.

These are the women who knock on the door of my office. In the course of two years I've worked out the physical and psychological remedy for many of the ills caused by middle-age, and prescribed the treatment for some of the most famous stars in Hollywood, with gratifying results.

I don't promise that if you are eighty, and follow my methods, you'll look thirty in a month or two. I don't even promise that if you are fifty you may startle your friends in three weeks by winning a beauty contest.

But whatever your age (unless you're a centenarian, in which case you're proud of it) my routines will wash away at least five years in a few weeks, if you follow them religiously and devotedly. I state the fact unequivocally, and my successes with stars are bases for my statements.

THE result of being old, then, shows first in two things: attitude, which I shall discuss in a moment, and personal appearance. Under personal appearance you can list successively: posture, the stiffening of joints, the lack of any agility in walking or in movement, wrinkles on the face, loose crepe flesh on the throat, eyes that appear dim and unenthusiastic; and too-fat or too-thin waists, busts, upper arms, hips, thighs or ankles. In addition, a small hump usually develops at the top of the spine between the shoulders, at the base of the neck.

Each one of those things has a remedy. It will be obviously impossible to discuss them all in one article, but so far as this month's space will allow me I'll begin; you can catch the rest in a later issue.

If you're just beginning to notice these signs in yourself, then you're very lucky and my task is easy. Your case will be one of prevention more than of cure. If the faults are already established in you the campaign will be harder and take a longer time. But in any case you can overcome them if you'll *work* hard.

Age is reflected in attitude, first. If your husband has been complaining lately that you'd rather stay home and tend the hearth than do a little honest gadding, you're getting old. If your personal way of life has become habit-ridden, grooved itself into a clean but monotonous rut, you're getting old. If your children laugh that your opinions are out-dated, that the way you dance belongs in the crinoline era, you're getting old.

I DON'T suggest that you forget your adult dignity and caper outlandishly in an attempt to appear twenty when you're fifty. That's a matter of taste, safely relegated to your own good breeding.

But if you recognize these uncomfortable attributes in yourself, have a mental housecleaning and adopt a younger, less established attitude. If you worry, stop worrying; and before you deliver the inevitable blast that I'd worry too if I had your problems, let me remark that worry is an unnecessary habit, even if you can't pay your taxes and Junior smashed the family car last week. A little systematic thought will convince you that a carefree attitude toward your troubles will discover the solution to them quite as quickly as any amount of brow-furrowing. And, in any event, you'll look younger if you take my advice.

Go by all means with a crowd that's more youthful than yourself. The example they set will help you in your battle against age, even if it's only sheer envy that motivates you. If you belong to a lot of fusty women's clubs festooned with jet and concerned with politics and the

This month's article on health and beauty will show you exactly how you can look at least five years younger than your real age

to a Perfect Figure

redemption of the modern young, drop them if you possibly can. They do little for the young and less for you, especially so far as mental health is concerned.

Buy your clothes with an eye to youthful lines and colors, and exchange your conservative Queen Mary hat for an absurd beret with a feather on it.

Go dancing on the nights you have free from the movies or a party. Give dinners and don't follow them with a game of hearts afterward. And never for an instant say comfortably to yourself, "Well, I hope I can grow old gracefully. You won't catch *me* complaining and fussing and acting like a school-girl when I'm practically ready for the grave." You don't have to grow old, anyway.

OF course I can hear your immediate answer to my little sermon on attitude. "A pretty sight I'd look," you sniff, "wearing clothes like that and dancing and going to parties when my face is full of lines and my arms are fat and my ankles don't bear showing—I'd be a laughing stock."

Very well, the wrinkles can be erased and the ankles slimmed and the arms shaped. The other things that worry you can be fixed, too. It's merely a question of concentration, of methodical work, of intelligent analysis of your own difficulties, and of valiant courage. The latter depends, of course, on how old you are.

Since wrinkles and the appearance of the face and throat are the most obvious signs of age—and since they seem to matter more to you than anything else—I'll handle them first. The remedy is in two parts, one concerned with massage and one with exercise.

Sagging skin is the result of muscles softening from disuse and from tissue that is drying and dying from lack of oil. If you've a naturally oily skin you may turn two cartwheels and breathe a small prayer of thanksgiving, despite the fact that it has always been your greatest trial. The shining moisture of it can be covered with powder, even if it is a nuisance to drag out your compact every six minutes; but be assured of this: you will have fewer wrinkles, and they will take longer to appear, if your complexion is of the generally hated oily kind.

The muscles that are connected with mouth and chin you can exercise, and this is of inestimable value; for the rest you must give yourself treatment with massage and oil. Double chins I have ignored so far in my discussion because they are so unnecessary, so absurdly simple of correction, that it seems almost waste to consider them seriously. Of course they are indubitable forerunners of age but when you do the exercises I prescribe for wrinkles you can take a minute or two out for the assault on whatever number of extra chins you may have—I'll explain what to do later.

For the nonce: you may discover that your throat is losing its smoothness while your face is still as unlined as Pythian marble. To correct this condition you must execute the following routine (before a mirror so you can see that you are doing it correctly) morning and night.

1. Sit erect in a chair and stretch your head backwards as far as it will go. Try to look over your head and behind you. You will note that when you do this your mouth will open automatically and the lines of your throat will be taut. Now, without moving your head in the least, close your mouth by bringing your lower jaw and your chin up; clench your teeth, open your mouth again, relaxing, and then repeat the exercise.

2. Sitting erect with your head in normal position, open your mouth as far as it will go. Now pretend that between your teeth is a huge stick of soft wood; and bite into it. In other words strain to close your mouth while resisting the action at the same time; resist with your jaw muscles. When you do this the muscles in your neck will stand out perceptibly. Repeat until you are tired.

3. Still sitting, bend your head forward without losing your erect posture. Clasp the back of your neck with your hands, and force your head up while at the same time you pull it down with your arms. It sounds silly, but the principle is one of resistance to force, and again the neck muscles will stand out. Do this exercise as rapidly (*Continued on page* 105)

THE STORY OF KATHARINE HEPBURN'S NEW PICTURE

"Portrait of A Rebel"

(FOR COMPLETE CAST SEE PAGE 79)

1. "Woman's place is in the home" in the Victorian England of 1869. Judge Thistlewaite is horrified when his 18-year-old daughter, Pamela, demands (of all things!) an education, and Pamela is punished.

4. Swiftly, tragedy comes to both sisters. Young Alan is killed on board his ship while trying to save his men during an explosion—and Pamela discovers she is going to have a baby, Gerald's child.

5. Flora is going to have a child, too, but the shock of her husband's death is too great. Dying, she makes Pamela promise to take Gerald's daughter to England as the orphan baby of Flora and Alan.

8. Just then, a protege of Pamela's—a girl in the same predicament—is driven to suicide by the resultant scandal. Pamela refuses Lane's proposal, realizing that if the truth about herself is ever discovered, it will ruin his career as a diplomat.

9. Years pass. Flora, the "niece," is grown. For the first time, Pamela tells Thomas why she has always refused to marry him. He insists that the possibility of scandal does not matter to him and finally persuades her to consent to his proposal.

2. To stop this nonsense, the Judge introduces his two charming daughters to society to find suitable husbands—of his choice. Flora is lucky and marries the eligible Alan Freeland, whom she really loves.

3. But rebellious Pamela gives her love to Gerald Waring, only to find he's married. So she flees to Italy, where she finds happy forgetfulness with Flora, Alan, and Thomas Lane, a rising diplomat.

6. So Pamela returns to England with her "niece." At the Calais customs, she again meets Thomas Lane. He is also on his way home—ostensibly on business, but actually because he is so eager to see Pamela.

7. To everybody's horror, Pamela plans to work and support the child herself—and she does find work, on a woman's magazine. Then Thomas asks her to marry him, but she hesitates, although she loves him.

10. Meanwhile, young Flora has met Gerald's son, her own half-brother. Fearing the consequences, Pamela goes secretly to Gerald to get his help in keeping them apart. His wife hears of the visit and sues for divorce, naming her as corespondent.

11. Gerald and Pamela refuse to defend themselves by involving Flora, and his wife wins. But Thomas remains loyal to the woman he loves and is rewarded by her consent to marry him—and the two look forward to a happier life in America, with Flora.

THE MILLION DOLLAR BOY *from the Five and Ten Cent Store*

MICHAEL WHALEN is a song title come to life. He looks like a million dollar picture bet and hails from a five and ten cent store. Sweeping close to movie stardom now, once his job was sweeping up a dime store stock room.

You may hold an humble position. You may nurse a secret ambition. You may not be free to strive to achieve it. Your soul may be sick with frustration and with the dullness of your labors and the drabness of your surroundings. You may be praying for the break to come. You may have resolved that when it does come nothing will stand in your way.

If this is your story, it is also part of the story Michael Whalen lived.

Michael Whalen's story must start at the end, to date, rather than at the beginning. Until early this year Michael was unknown to movie goers for the very good reason that previously he had never been anything more than one of the blurs in a crowd scene. And he has leaped into focus so abruptly that even now to many his face may be more familiar than his name.

But since the first of the year this brawny young Celt has crowded in six big roles. He has played the romantic leads in a quintet of important pictures—"Professional Soldier," "Song and Dance Man," "The Country Doctor," "Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Sing, Baby, Sing." In his other picture, "White Fang," Whalen won top billing over such established favorites as Jean Muir, Slim Summerville and Charles Winninger.

But to get back to that five and ten cent store.

Michael was only sixteen and was plain Joe Shevlin when he swept the stock room, unpacked boxes, stacked goods away—only to take them out again—and shuttled back and forth between stock room and counters with great baskets of merchandise. And young Joe Shevlin hated the sight of his small world of brooms, packing cases, and merchandise bins.

Late one afternoon the youth paused in his sweeping. It had been a trying day. Customers in throngs had bought furiously and the boy was just catching his breath after working like mad for hours. Leaning dreamily against his broom he conjured up a vision of bright footlights and a hushed audience, fancied himself delivering some dramatic line. It was the closest Michael could come to the world of which he longed to be a part.

Suddenly, a harsh call rasped out. The voice spoke just his name—Shevlin!—but that one word bespoke withering condemnation.

Footlights and audience dissolved as Michael whirled about. There in the door stood the superintendent of the stores in that area. Casting a meaning glance about the stock room, he barked, "Why is this room all littered up? Why are those merchandise bins empty? What do you mean by loafing on the job?"

Michael gasped indignantly. A torrent of words poured from his lips, angry words. "We've had a big day. We've been rushed. I couldn't help it if I got behind. I just now got a chance to start catching up. You can't expect me to do everything at once!"

The superintendent gave the boy a knowing look. "Son," he said cocksurely, "you're going to have to learn to take calling down. You're too touchy, too sensitive."

Michael's superior turned away, satisfied. The man did not know that back of Michael's outburst was a seething volcano of discontent.

It all started when Michael, like so many young persons, was sidetracked from his own choice of career. He had taken piano lessons since he was six and had set his heart on being a concert pianist. But

Michael's father said that while playing the piano was all right for knocking off a few rough Irish edges, when it came to a career he wanted Michael to join him in his construction firm. However, concrete, bricks, plaster and boards held no interest for young Michael, and the upshot was a compromise on dime store work.

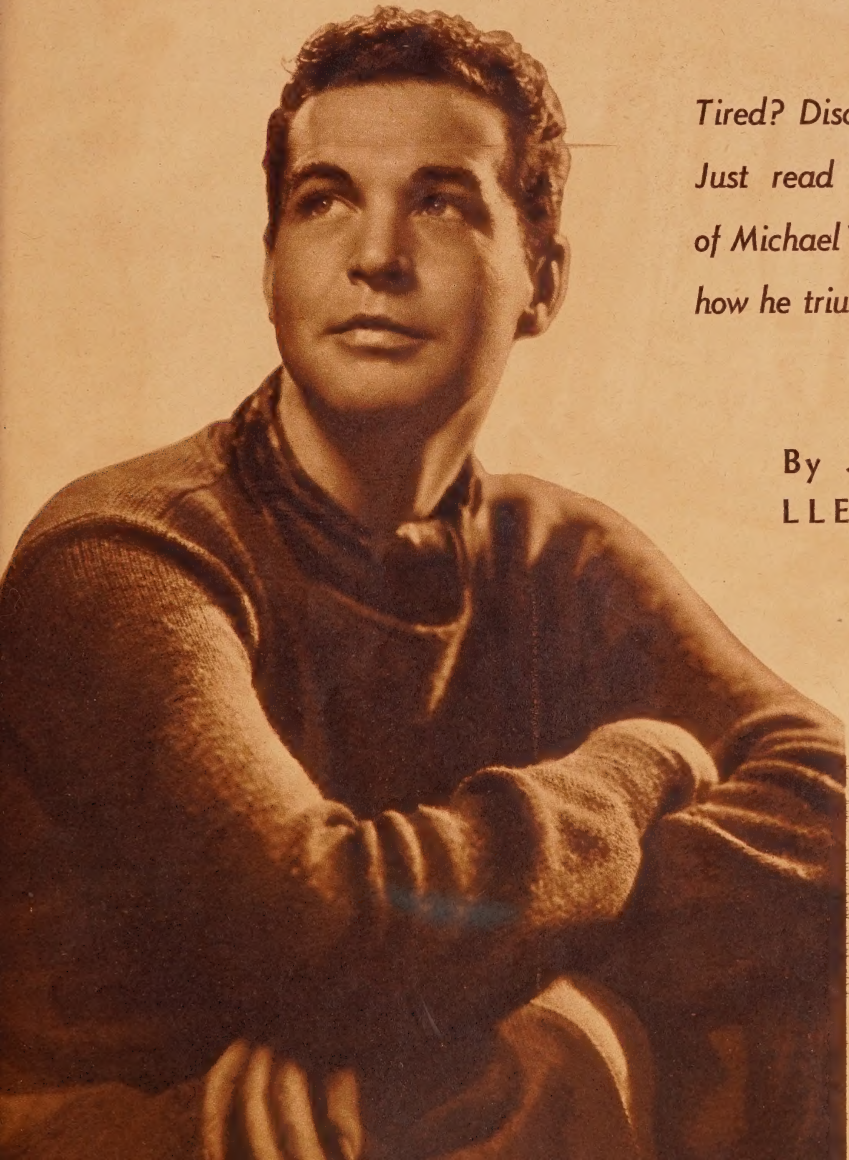
Within a year the boy had clambored to the dubious heights of assistant manager of the little Pottsville, Pennsylvania, store to which he had been sent. Seven years later, at twenty-three, he was manager of one of the Philadelphia stores, had been for two years.

In the eyes of his superiors Michael had ascended a mountain. But to Michael himself, as to all who have been denied progress in what really lies next to the heart, it was a molehill. From sweeping the stock room floor to planting his feet beneath a desk it had been the same dreary scene—counter after counter of nuts and bolts, fly swatters, picture frames, bottles of nail polish, and the thousand and one other five and ten items.

Michael's duties had changed somewhat with each upward step, but there was ever about them a monotonous routine and he got no real satisfaction in performing them. It was all the harder, too, because during his first year at work the youth had made a great and heart-sickening discovery.

"I had always liked the movies and during those days they were about my only pleasure," said Michael. "Somehow—I can't explain it—I found myself paying close attention to the actions of the players. One day at work it struck me with a jolt that I would like to be up there on the screen. I forgot all about the piano. From that moment I felt that I had never had any other ambition and that nothing else would ever satisfy me but to act."

It was impossible for Michael to take any steps toward realizing his new-found ambition. For the first several years there was the matter of showing his father that he could succeed on his own. Then there came a time when his father's fortune was swept away. The elder Shevlin died shortly thereafter, leaving Michael in the position of so many ambitious persons—that of having dependents whose care takes precedence over anything (*Continued on page* 103)



Tired? Discouraged? Unlucky? Just read this inspiring story of Michael Whalen's career and how he triumphed over his fate

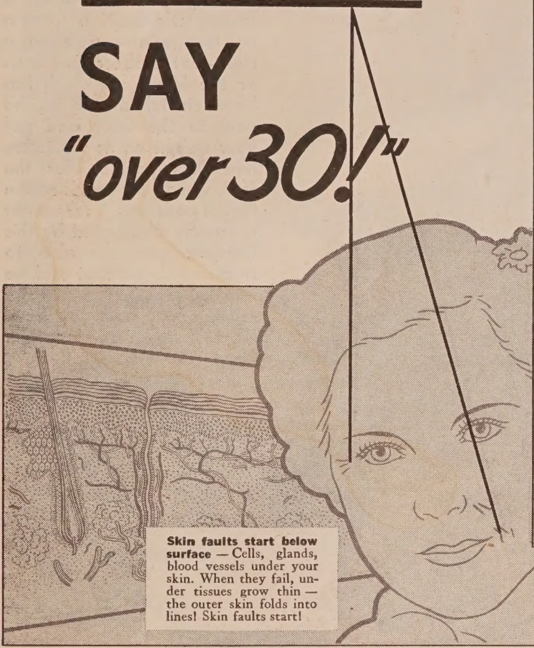
By JOE WILL LLEWELLYN

With all the breaks against him, working hard at a job which he detested, young Joe Shevlin (that was Michael's name in those days) clung to his desire to act—and won, against tremendous odds. On the opposite page—with Alice Faye in "Sing, Baby, Sing."

A Little Glass Temple for Shirley

Only our Shirley, so universally loved and admired, could live in the proverbial glass house! Her new playhouse of translucent (but not transparent) glass blocks is being built next to the Temple swimming pool. It will have a living room, bedroom and kitchen. It's the first of its kind in the world, and Shirley is so excited about the whole idea that she's trying to help them construct it.

LINES SAY "over 30!"



Skin faults start below surface — Cells, glands, blood vessels under your skin. When they fail, under tissues grow thin — the outer skin folds into lines! Skin faults start!

Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under* tissues at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly balanced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. M131, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

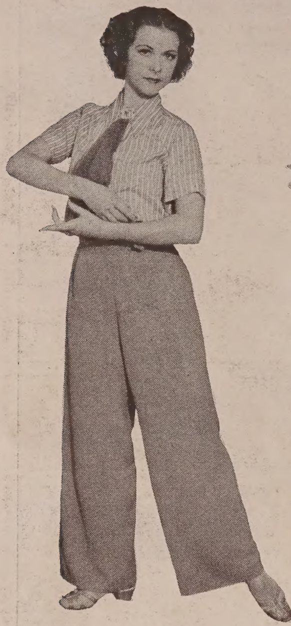
Street____________________

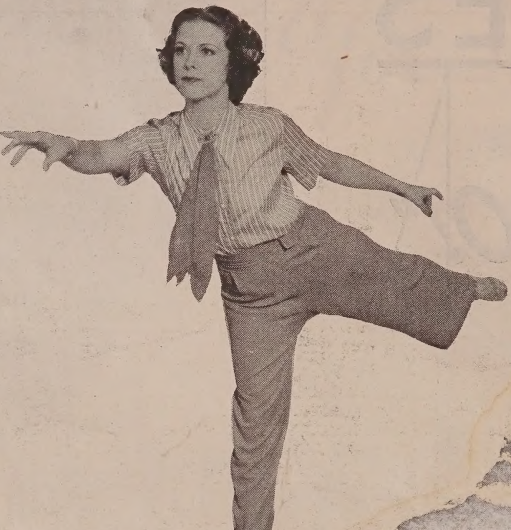
City____________ State________

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company

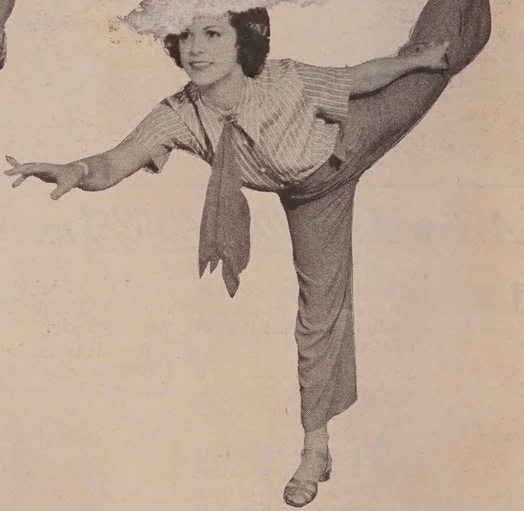
Let Eleanor Powell Teach You to Dance

(*Continued from page 31*)





After the arabesque comes the "glissade," which is merely a transition from a left-foot arabesque to a right-foot arabesque. Lower the left foot (which has been stretched out behind you) to the floor and put your weight on it; then slide into fifth position for the feet, while your hands return to first position. Your weight is equally distributed by this time, so you are able to step on the left foot and go into an arabesque on the other [illegible]. Then you have the first ballet combination.



The "arabesque" is purely a matter of balance. With hands in second position, stand on your right foot, keeping the left toes pointing very straight. At the same time, bend your body forward as your leg comes up. The left arm follows the line of your left leg and the right arm moves up and points straight out before you. Your eyes look ahead and every line of your body must be rigid throughout. When you've done this, turn and repeat, standing on the left foot. Above, Eleanor illustrates the proper position for starting an arabesque. Above, center, a low arabesque. And at right, a high arabesque.

wherefore's in this article would fill most of MOVIE MIRROR and incidentally bore most of you into paralysis.

"Bar Exercises" are the first concern, to teach you balance and the positions of the feet and hands. At the beginning of the article you'll find a gallery of photographs in which the five various positions are illustrated, with explanations below. Study them until you know them by heart and then find a heavy chair the top of which is exactly level with your hips. You can forget your hands for the time being.

Holding to the chair-top with your left hand, stand with chest out, hips in, shoulders back—like a soldier at attention—and place your feet in the number one position. Now, still maintaining the erect posture, and without changing the position of your feet, bend your knees and very slowly squat down until your haunches touch your heels. Keep the weight on the balls of your feet and see that your knees are kept as far out as possible. Then, just as slowly, rise until you are standing again.

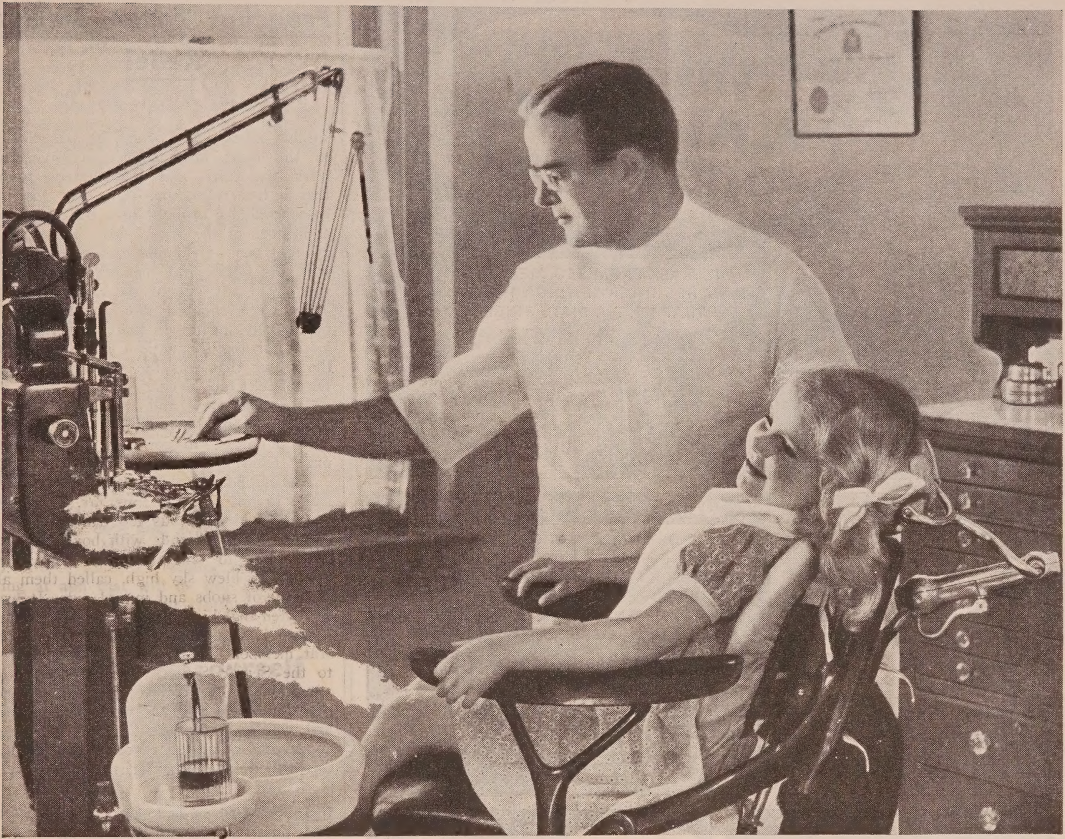
Do this ten times, then turn and repeat the exercise with your left hand on the top of the chair. After that place your feet in number two position and do the same thing, continuing through all five stances.

When you've achieved a certain amount of balance and find the muscles of your legs have lost their stiffness, try posing in the various positions, this time matching the five hand positions to the five feet positions; and then after you have learned the arabesque and the glissade (see illustrations) you will have enough of the basic knowledge of ballet to keep you busy until you feel that you are ready to learn tap.

Remember, a month of this sort of exercise will give you a control over the muscles in your legs and arms which will not only make tap an easy form of dancing to learn, but which will make you potentially a great performer. If the posing and stretching seems a little silly to you in the process, remember Fred Astaire and all the other top-notchers.

And then go valiantly back to your chair-top, for you have begun to learn to dance.

Be sure to practice these simple but effective exercises faithfully, for next month the girl who has been acclaimed by critics as "the greatest female tap-dancer in the world" will continue her teaching with instructions (illustrated, too) in the art of tap! In January MOVIE MIRROR, *out November 25.*



Special...for a Little Lady

SPECIAL TREATMENT
...SPECIAL CARE
...EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

HERE WE SEE a little lady getting her regular dental examination...*special care* her mother seldom got when she was a girl.

One reason why children thrive better today than 20 years ago is because of *special care* like this. Their food...their clothes...even their playthings are *specialized* for them.

Your doctor will tell you that this new thinking applies to laxatives, too.

They say a child should get only a laxative made *especially* for children—a laxative that can't possibly harm the tiniest and most delicate infant system.

That's why so many physicians recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For here is a child's laxative pure and simple. *Never do we recommend it for anyone else.* Fletcher's Castoria is exceedingly mild in action. Yet it is thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel—not in the stomach.

Quickly and completely it clears away the waste in a baby's system...without the painful griping and digestive upsets some harsh laxatives cause. Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, purging drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could upset a baby's delicate system. *A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription himself!*

You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria tastes good, too. Children take it willingly—without forcing. And doctors will tell you just how important that is. For often the act of forcing a child to take a laxative he hates completely upsets his entire nervous system.

So, mother, reflect a bit before you next buy a laxative for your child. Always make sure of these two important things: (1) That it's made especially for children. (2) That your child will like its taste.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Why not play safe and get the economical Family-Size Bottle today? The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made *especially* for babies and growing children

THE BOSS PLAYED ME A DIRTY TRICK-
MR. TRASK PROMISED ME THE JOB. NOW HE'S INTERVIEWING OTHER GIRLS! IF THAT ISN'T A DIRTY TRICK...
THEN SHE FOUND HER NAME IN AN OFFICE MEMO
JANET SEES HER DENTIST
YES, MOST BAD BREATH IS CAUSED BY DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
ONE MONTH LATER
MR. TRASK SAYS YOU'RE THE BEST SECRETARY HE EVER HAD, JANET!
THANKS, ANN!
AND THANKS TO COLGATE'S!
NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH SO BRIGHT AND CLEAN!

OFFICE MEMORANDUM

TO : Office Manager
FROM: Mr Trask

I have changed my mind about taking Miss Lane as my secretary. I still think she's capable, but I have noticed that her breath—well, frankly, Miss Lane should see her dentist.

Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

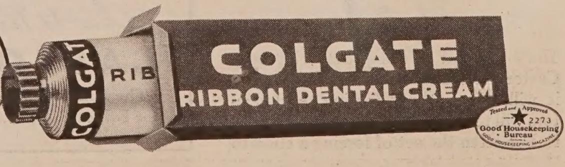
WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special *penetrating* foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!

20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢


COLGATE
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE
RIB
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

Franchot Tone—Smiling Rebel

(*Continued from page* 47)

smiling rebel. At Cornell, he was elected to the most fashionable, exclusive and ultra fraternity and immediately found that it had rules, too. One was that no co-ed could be brought to a frat dance by a member of the frat. Tone immediately brought one. He found that one lost cast with his fellow frat members, if one did not go in for one of the college sports. They were shocked like anything when he casually mentioned that he intended to go in for the Dramatic Club. Go in for the crew; that was the thing to do; the Dramatic Club, never.

"Join the crew and work myself into a lather, pushing a little boat around? Not on your life. I'm going in for the Dramatic Club!"

And he did. He had managed to use his smile to get by with thus far, but when they told him he was too democratic because he made friends with boys who actually had to *work* their way through college, he blew sky high, called them all a bunch of snobs and moved out. It was predicted that his college career was ended then and there, but he knocked his former frat members for a loop by being elected to the Senior Society, the highest honor possible for the college to bestow. He was graduated in 1927 with high honors and went to New York to begin his career as an actor and a revolutionist against established law, behaviorism and order.

HE rebelled against the semi-communistic theater group with which he first allied his talents. Then followed more rebellions, first against the Theater Guild, after playing on Broadway, opposite Katherine Cornell, in "The Age of Innocence." He next rebelled against a small theater group, the Group Theater, and then against Broadway dramatic critics and theater audiences. Not a soul paid any attention to his last New York rebellion, against audiences and critics, so he hopped a train for Hollywood. Several studios had been after him to make screen tests for months so he chose M-G-M, took a test and signed a contract.

Franchot rented a house at Santa Monica beach and lived there, apart from Hollywood, with a man Friday, named Tommy Thompson. Tommy was a rebel, too—against working for a living—and soon after Joan Crawford put her official stamp of approval on Franchot, he and Tommy came to a parting of the ways.

"I went to Hollywood only to make money," said Franchot, "and look what I found—Joan Crawford."

Then came his role in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," and for the first time Hollywood realized that it had a *real* actor in its midst. Joan's divorce from the scion of Hollywood's Royal Family, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., became final and she and Franchot slipped off to New York and then to Jersey, where they were married.

Today, the smiling rebel is almost as famous as his famous wife. Never, under any circumstances, will he lose his individuality in hers and become known to the world merely as "Mr. Joan Crawford."

Joan is a strong character, but Franchot has influenced her life far more than she has his, although neither tries to dominate. They form that rare and ideal marital combination, two people in love, both definite in character and both able to retain their own individuality. More power to them!

They live their own lives as they choose to live them, and Hollywood, with its tinsel glitter, its pretense, its sycophants and its established customs, can go hang, for all they care. Rules, Franchot and Joan both believe, were made to be broken. They entertain only their own friends, people who interest them and whom they enjoy and not those who might "do them some good." They have an enduring mutual respect for each other. Joan, with her highly emotional nature, and Franchot with his somewhat sardonic, cynical outlook on life and his unruffled calm, form good balance wheels for each other. I would not be so rash as to say that here is one Hollywood marriage that will endure but I sincerely hope and believe that it will.

Someday, Hollywood will discover what Franchot Tone, the smiling rebel, is smiling at and that will be just too bad, for he is really smiling at Hollywood itself.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 8)

not going to that show, although I did want to see the last picture, because the first one can't be any good."

When you go to the ball games you don't know what you're going to see. You might see a swell first game, a punk second one; maybe both will be rotten. You might even get hit with a ball if you're in the bleachers. If you go to the show you know what you're going to see and if you don't think you'll like it, don't go. Only thing to hit you in the show is a peanut somebody upstairs throws at you. Let all those who don't like the double feature go to another show and let peace reign for the double feature fans.

Emma Eanes,
New Orleans, La.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Arkansas Traveler

We were glad to see "Rhythm on the Range," in which our own Bob Burns reached the top of the heap. It reminded us of Bob's recent visit to Little Rock, during which he dispelled much of the home town animosity created by his hillbilly characterization of the great state of Arkansas.

His parade of honor down Little Rock's Main Street gave such an indelible impression of his character! Heading the parade were the governor, the mayor, and other dignitaries, imposingly erect in their long, shiny, sixteen-cylinder cars. Then, in the place of honor, came bazooka-tooting Bob Burns, his huge frame crammed into the back seat of a rusty, 1925-model Ford!

"So that's Bob Burns!" we said. "Just a Model T boy who made good!"

Mrs. Josephine Smith,
Little Rock, Ark.

SPECIAL OFFER!
60¢ VALUE FOR ONLY 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap, 10¢
Both for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion
Colgate

TO INTRODUCE OUR MARVELOUS NEW

Cashmere Bouquet

LOTION

Never have you used a lotion that keeps your hands and face so satin-smooth, alluring!

YOU will prefer Cashmere Bouquet Lotion, first because it is so much more *soothing!* Its healing ingredients smooth your skin at once. Chapped, red-looking hands grow soft and whiter, as if by magic . . . even with one application of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Then, you'll prefer it too, because it vanishes quickly and completely . . . never leaves the slightest feeling of stickiness! You can pull on your gloves without any difficulty, immediately after using Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

And last . . . but certainly not least . . . you'll adore the fragrance of this lovely creamy lotion. It is lightly scented with the famous Cashmere Bouquet perfume . . . the same costly, lingering perfume used in Cashmere Bouquet Soap!

So use Cashmere Bouquet Lotion regularly. Every time you wash your hands, and always before exposure to cold, wintry winds. Use it on your face, too . . . at night before you go to bed, and as a powder base during the day.

Why not put one of these attractive bottles of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion on your dressing table right away?

Cashmere Bouquet
Introductory Package
60¢ Value for 39¢
Cashmere Bouquet Lotion 50¢
Cashmere Bouquet Soap 10¢
Total Value 60¢
Cashmere Bouquet Introductory Package 60¢ Value for 39¢

GET THIS INTRODUCTORY OFFER AT YOUR DRUG OR DEPARTMENT STORE!
Remember, for limited time only!

What Every Woman Desires!
LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth

A BODY BEAUTIFUL with
the LINIT BEAUTY BATH

Just dissolve some Linit in a tub of warm water and bathe as usual. After drying, feel your skin—it will be delightfully smooth and soft—And the Linit bath does away with the damp or semi-dry feeling of the skin that usually follows an ordinary bath . . . Make it a habit to take a Linit Beauty Bath and join the many thousands of women who daily enjoy its refreshing luxury.

Linit is also unequalled for all fine laundering.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Lament

I rise to protest; I want to complain;
From the house-tops I want to shout it—
That movie news-reels are becoming a pain—
Can't something be done about it?
I know, beyond doubt, when the news-reel comes on,
Just what I am going to see:
Some cuties in bathing suits, doing their stuff
Beside the sad waves of the sea.
An auto race and a steeplechase,
And, of course, a new revolution;
No news-reel could ever be quite complete
Without this contribution.

It's getting monotonous—do something, please;
I'll be wild as the goofy Mad Hatter,
If I see one more bathing beauty's knees,
Or another yachting regatta!
Is there no variety under the sun?
Surely there's *something* to do
About the sameness of movie news-reels—
Can't they dig up some news that is *new?*

Willie Mae Jackson,
Columbia, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
"Now He Belongs to the Ages—"

"The China Clipper" is an epic of the airways, driving, forceful. But the thing that went through me like a knife was seeing the tragedy that was Henry B. Walthall. If ever a man was dying on his feet, he was when he made that picture. What indomitable courage it must have been that kept him working in such a condition!

His death brought back to memory the time four years ago when I saw a re-issue of "The Birth of a Nation." A change had come over that cherished masterpiece. It was cut and jumpy. The subtitles were over-sentimental. The photography, lighting, make-up betrayed their pioneering. The acting was mostly outmoded and Griffithesque. But out of the welter one part rose like a lighthouse. It was the performance of Henry B. Walthall, brilliant with the timelessness of perfection. And I thought how unchanged was real acting.

So it's farewell to the Little Colonel, probably the most famous role in all the history of motion pictures. And a gesture of tribute to the spirit which held him at his work until the night came.

Jamie F. Hess,
Louisville, Ky.

HONORABLE MENTION

If theaters for the children are out of the question, it would be grand to set aside a day or days specifically for the showing of children's pictures with child stars. I am sure the children will find more happiness in a shorter show than they do now in the double feature shows that last for approximately three hours and more, seeing pictures that scarcely mean a thing to them. Give them a real treat with something they can call their own.—Mrs. Hope Steele, Clifton, N. J.

Hello, Simone Simon! I really feel like

I know you after seeing "Girls' Dormitory." I think you are grand. You have won a big place in my heart, as I am sure you have in the hearts of others—Esther Lee Badger, Conroe, Tex.

I believe the movie industry deserves praise for already releasing decent, inspiring films. The movies take a smutty best seller (no one seems to worry about the decency of the American novel) or a risque Broadway play and turn both into entertaining films which the whole family can enjoy—M. S. W. Wilson, Gulfport, Miss.

Had Fredric March grown up into the man young Billy Mauch's interpretation promised he would be, in "Anthony Adverse," his would have been the outstanding performance of 1936—Evelyn Trevor, Glenside, Pa.

I think the American theater-going public should register a protest against being expected to enjoy looking at angles and hollows being paraded on the screen. Give us men and women of the Edward Arnold and the Mae West proportions—Edna Scolley, Hollywood, Calif.

MAY the day soon come when our boys and girls can see such plays as "Henry VIII," "Mary of Scotland," "Disraeli," "Elizabeth the Queen," "Cleopatra" and other historical plays before their very eyes in the schoolroom. It certainly would be welcomed by every harassed teacher of history in the land—Margaret Snyder, Dickerson Run, Pa.

I would like to ask you if the movie theaters should not try and do something about slowing down the speed with which signs are flashed on and off the screen. How can persons with poor optic nerves or defective vision read these signs when they are flashed off when only read halfway through?—Paul E. Sadlemire, Berne, N. Y.

The movie fans will agree, I think,
That it surely would be a treat
If the sweeties who have to sit so close
Would only take a back seat—Olive R. Shoppe, Mountain View, N. J.

After a serious survey, I have picked out a player who I think should be crowned "Picture Stealer Number One." He's a grand comedian and his mere appearance on the silver sheet suffices to bring on the hysterics; I would bet even Ned Sparks cannot hold a dead pan in front of him. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Donald Duck—R. M. Grenon, Quebec, Canada.

I would rather see Jimmy Stewart in stereotyped roles than not see him at all. But why doesn't he get a decent, meaty, emotional role? He can handle it—Olive M. Peach, Pittsburgh, Pa.

If there was a law against getting too much entertainment from a picture, I'd be in the jailhouse all the time. We have six pictures a week at our two theatres and I see them all—Rupert Bryant, Henryetta, Okla.

I would like to suggest something which I think would be much appreciated by the women-folk. We have interesting "shorts" on the screen such as the demonstrating of golf, tennis-playing, and other sports, but why can't we have some demonstrating "Beauty Hints"?—Daisy Thomson, Regina, Sask, Can.

Delicate Skins

thrive and grow ever lovelier
with the care of these

GERM-FREE BEAUTY CREAMS

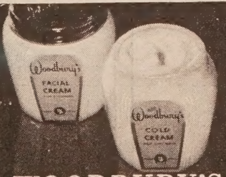
Germ-free element helps protect skin from Blemish... Vitamin D quickens skin's youthful breathing process

CLEAR, lovely skin! That's the complexion Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream will bring you! It helps guard your skin, however sensitive, against the blemishes that germs can cause.

There's always the chance that germs may get under the skin through some crack or scratch and cause a blemish-infection. But Woodbury's Cold Cream, which stays permanently free of germ-growth, helps to safeguard your complexion against this beauty hazard.

One ingredient of this famous cream is now irradiated with kindly rays which create Sunshine Vitamin D in the cream. This new element helps stimulate skin cells to breathe more quickly. And only when the skin breathes *rapidly*, takes up oxygen at a rapid rate, does it retain its youthful vigor. Vitamin D in Woodbury's does this for *your* skin!

For finishing, use Woodbury's Facial Cream. It blends powder and rouge with even smoothness. Each, 50c, 25c, 10c in jars; 25c, 10c in tubes.



WOODBURY'S
Germ-free Creams

SEND FOR 9-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!
Contains tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap; 6 shades, Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10c to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7472 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name__________

Address__________

The Married Life of Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas

(*Continued from page* 59)

then, and sipped his drink, as thousands of husbands in hundreds of American cities and towns would have done under similar circumstances. But these are the facts:

The romance of Melvyn Douglas and Helen Gahagan was short and quite exciting, so it is no wonder that one of them should defend Chance instead of Plan.

IT was in 1931. Miss Gahagan was prepreparing to star in the play, "Tonight or Never," for David Belasco. A leading man was needed and Belasco suggested Melvyn Douglas, whom Miss Gahagan did not know. Belasco was enthusiastic about Douglas, but she was skeptical; she had had much experience with leading men, and had not a very high opinion of any of them. Douglas was a blonde, she was told, and she had a prejudice against blond men, in the theater and elsewhere. But Belasco suggested that she see Douglas, and she consented. He was summoned.

The tall, handsome, blond young man and the tall, beautiful brunette young woman talked for a few minutes, then Douglas left. And Miss Gahagan said demurely to Belasco, "He will do." She was already in love with him.

It was what is popularly known as a "whirlwind courtship" and they were married just a few weeks later, on April 5, 1931. Belasco took all the credit for the romance, saying, "Who can say that I don't know how to cast a play? I select the players so well that they fall in love and get married!"

Following the marriage and the run of "Tonight or Never," Miss Gahagan starred in two plays directed by her husband. In one of them he was again her leading man.

Then they came to Hollywood. It was Melvyn Douglas who had attracted the attention of the motion picture producers. In his blond handsomeness they saw an ideal leading man for the female stars. And it was at this point that the Douglas-Gahagan marriage, according to the best Hollywood formula, should have crashed, for suddenly their respective positions were reversed.

Melvyn Douglas' first excursion into motion pictures was successful; in fact, he got more work than he wanted, and finally rebelled. The trip around the world was suggested to Miss Gahagan, and she was only too happy to go, there being a lull in her own activities about that time.

The progress of a freighter is slow and mainly uneventful. But surprise was reserved for them upon arriving in France. Miss Gahagan found that she was going to have a child. Now, like many another beautiful woman, she had always looked upon such an eventuality with distaste, for the obvious reason that it temporarily spoils feminine beauty. However, upon being informed by a French doctor of the impending event, she suddenly found that not only did she not mind, but that she was actually thrilled! She could hardly wait for the end of the time prescribed and insisted upon by nature.

Future-father Douglas behaved immediately like the rest of stock screen characters: he wanted to do everything but charter the *Ile de France* in order to rush her back to New York. But she insisted upon resuming the trip. All the fear for her safety was lodged in her husband's mind, none in her own.

Arriving in Italy, Melvyn was almost beside himself with anxiety. They *must* return to America, he said. But Miss Gahagan consulted an Italian doctor, who told her, "I've never heard of a woman in your condition going around the world, but I see no reason why it can't be done."

THEY continued, the harassed father-to-be fast losing his anxiety at the sight of his wife's continued well-being and happiness. They toured the Orient without mishap, then started home, taking a Japanese boat, on which was a swimming pool. Miss Gahagan insisted upon a daily swim, with the ship's doctor sometimes hovering over the pool, begging her in broken English not to take such chances. But, swim she did; and Melvyn, by this time, had adopted the attitude of "The heck with it! She knows what she's doing!"

IT'S ALL SPOILED
READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST TURNED POLLY'S DREAM INTO A NIGHTMARE
WHY POLLY— WHAT IS THE MATTER DEAR?
HARRIET'S LETTER – Y-YOU READ IT – SHE W-WANTS TO D-DRIVE OVER D-DURING VACATION AND BRING HER B-BROTHER J-JACK
HERE POLLY — I WANT YOU TO TRY EATING THIS YEAST FOR AWHILE. MRS. AMES SAID IT CLEARED JEAN'S PIMPLES RIGHT UP!
WELL, JEAN CERTAINLY HAS LOVELY SKIN, DO YOU THINK THERE'S REALLY A CHANCE FOR ME?
LATER
IT SURE WAS A LUCKY BREAK I LEARNED ABOUT THOSE YEAST CAKES IN TIME. THERE'S NOT A SINGLE PIMPLE LEFT! OH, I DO HOPE JACK WILL LIKE ME

Arriving home, with the blessed event just around the corner, Miss Gahagan was as proud as a peacock. She says:

"I'd look at other women, not in my condition, and think, 'I feel sorry for you. I'm going to have a baby, and you're not.' "

Everyone she knew was giving her advice on child-bearing and child-rearing, but she went blithely along. Melvyn was perhaps the only one who offered no suggestions. He had tried that in France and Italy; if she had come this far along without mishap, having her own way, she could surely go the rest of the distance!

When Petey was born, the Douglas household devolved into eccentric circles, centering on the young Laird. Petey has lived a quite normal life, no doubt seeing as much of his parents as any kid in the block.

Recently, Miss Gahagan took him to the theater in Los Angeles to witness her singing and playing in "The Merry Widow." It was his first trip to the theater (he has never seen a movie), and when his mother made her first appearance, Petey spoke up—but very quietly, just audible to her and to a few about him: "Hello, Mommy!" But later, when a character was wrestling her around in the play, he said loudly, "You let my Mommy go, you nasty man!"

As yet he has no idea what his father does for a living.

I got my first look at young Mr. Douglas just as the shadows were deepening in the patio. He had just had his dinner, and came tumbling out the door. We were introduced, and I was greeted with a very affectionate hug. He wanted to talk, and went on at great length about the play to which his Mommy had taken him. He was fascinated by the clown, and his ambition now is to be a clown when he grows up.

During a lull in his monologue, the question was put to Miss Gahagan whether she thought the proximity of handsome leading men and beautiful leading ladies to actors and actresses was a menace to happy marriages in the theatrical profession, and she answered, with one hand on Petey's arm:

"There's no reason why it should be. There are things much more important than being made love to on the stage. That doesn't matter."

Melvyn agreed heartily. Petey, though, wasn't interested. Maxie, his cocker spaniel, had been tossed a dog biscuit, and Petey just had to investigate. He walked over and started to reach for Maxie's meal. Now, Maxie is unquestionably an intelligent dog, but it was undoubtedly instinct which made him defend the affinity between himself and that biscuit. He took Petey's small ankle in his mouth and growled warningly. He didn't bite, but Petey was shocked beyond his childish belief. And, quite normally, he wailed.

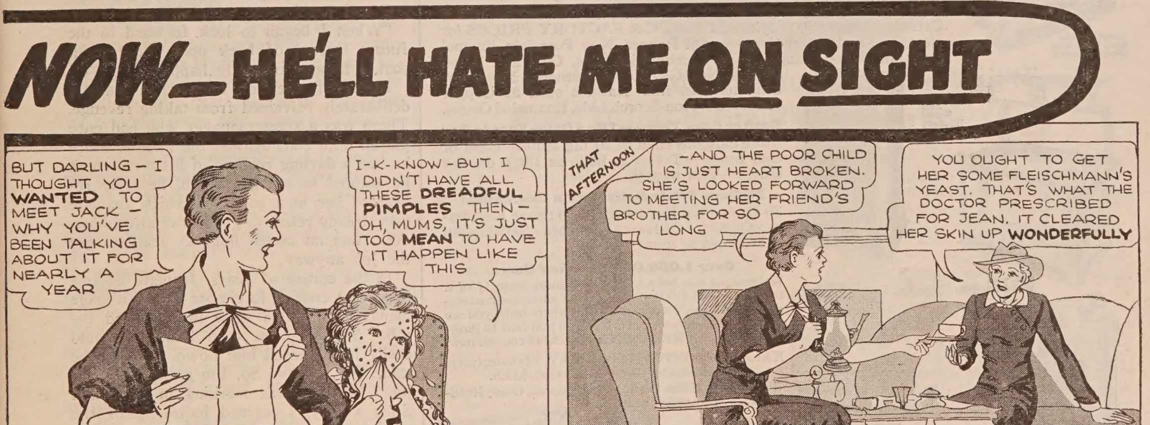
Instantly his father and mother were beside him. Maxie got a purely perfunctory smack with a brittle stick, and Petey a lecture on behaviorism in dogs. The question was put up to him plainly: how would he like for Maxie to try to take his dinner from him?

The question was a poser, and Petey stopped crying. Maxie was pulled out of the bushes and deposited in Petey's lap, where a reconciliation ensued. Once more, the Douglas household was serene.

Our debate of intelligence versus instinct was unsettled, as in that household it will, no doubt, forever be, simply because each has had its effect. They fell in love and got married, each fully aware of what they were facing. *Score one for intelligence.* They have remained in love. *One for instinct.* Along came Petey, and Miss Gahagan did an about-face in her attitude. *That's a smashing blow for instinct.* They endeavor to lead a quite normal life, unaffected by public adulation and large sums of money. *Intelligence again.* You figure it out.

But it seems to me that their secret is probably this: first of all they hold the realization that they are people—human beings, not minor gods set apart from the rest of humanity by virtue of talent and profession—and live normally. They are artists by chance, and do not glorify themselves as such; nor do they deify Career, itself. They love each other and Petey, and Petey loves them. And, as further cement to hold them together—Maxie loves them all.

Which combination makes a happy marriage anywhere, even in Hollywood.


NOW—HE'LL HATE ME ON SIGHT
BUT DARLING – I THOUGHT YOU WANTED TO MEET JACK – WHY YOU'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT IT FOR NEARLY A YEAR
I-K-KNOW – BUT I DIDN'T HAVE ALL THESE DREADFUL PIMPLES THEN – OH, MUMS, IT'S JUST TOO MEAN TO HAVE IT HAPPEN LIKE THIS
THAT AFTERNOON
–AND THE POOR CHILD IS JUST HEART BROKEN. SHE'S LOOKED FORWARD TO MEETING HER FRIEND'S BROTHER FOR SO LONG
YOU OUGHT TO GET HER SOME FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST. THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR PRESCRIBED FOR JEAN. IT CLEARED HER SKIN UP WONDERFULLY

GOOD BYE–GOOD BYE
OH MOTHER–HE'S EVEN NICER THAN I THOUGHT HE'D BE
–AND DON'T FORGET – YOU HAVE A DATE WITH ME FOR THE NEXT PROM
I KNEW YOU'D FALL FOR HER, JACK
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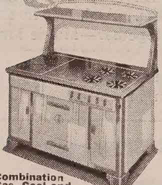
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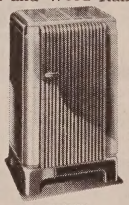
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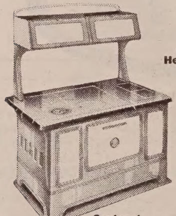
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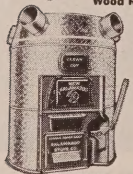
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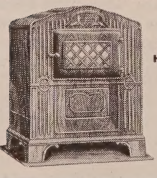
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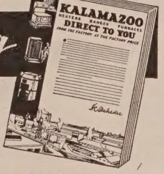

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Help Yourself to Happiness

(*Continued from page* 51)

one of the leading ladies in 'Night Boat.'" The woman inflated like a balloon with pride.

Then Jeanette let her have it right in the jaw. "Unfortunately," she said, "I remember you very unfavorably, as a woman too high and mighty to condescend to be kind to a chorus girl in your company. I know your kind very well. If you had thought that I might ever amount to anything, you would have behaved very differently.

"I was very cruel in those days," Jeanette told me, her eyes pensive, as if she were regretting the past. "Cruel not only to other people but to myself. For I was wasting some of the precious energy I should have spent on my work in thinking up ways of hurting other people."

"What made you realize that you were wrong?" I asked.

JEANETTE smiled sadly. "One day," she said, "I saw an extra woman standing on a long line near the casting office. With a start I realized that she was a woman who had once been important and prominent—a woman, incidentally, who had once hurt me rather badly.

"I discovered that I had no need to revenge myself on the people who had been unjust to me. Life did that. I found that the law of compensation really works, that the scales of life have a tendency to balance. The people who have been ruthless and cruel meet with ultimate defeat.

"When I began to look forward to the future instead of back upon the hateful past, I became infinitely happier."

Eventually the time came when Jeanette deliberately refrained from taking revenge. There was a stage manager who had once played both ends against the middle. Since he had a darling relative of his own whom he wanted to see get a job, he slyly rehearsed her in a role, for which Jeanette was already rehearsing. The relative, however, was an awful flop, so Jeanette got the job anyway.

In the course of years, Jeanette became important enough to choose her own stage manager, and this same man wanted the job. To get even with him, she could easily have turned him down. Instead she said, "Mr. So-and-So, I'm giving you this job. When I was working in Such and Such a play, I learned indirectly of the tactics you were using. I don't want you to use methods like that in my company."

Rule Three, then: *Don't cherish old grievances.* For hatred and revenge are boomerangs. They may hurt the other person; but they are much more likely to hurt us.

NO story about Hollywood people who have learned how to find happiness would be complete without mentioning Irene Dunne. I never meet Irene that I am not impressed with her apparent serenity. Of all Hollywood women she seems to be the one most at peace with herself.

I said as much to her. "I suppose," I said, "there was never a time in your life when you were unhappy and discontented."

She set her tea cup quietly on the table.

"You think not?" she said. She smoothed her skirt, though it was impossible to detect any flaw in it. Just as it is always impossible to detect any flaw in the neat and orderly arrangement of anything in Irene's apartment.

Then she said, "I used to make myself unhappy all the time by demanding too much of life. When I first started to make pictures, I was dissatisfied with my work; I felt frustrated because my husband and I had to be separated by a whole continent. And even when we were together I made myself unhappy by being foolish and petty about little things. There was the time, for instance, when during a visit I made to New York, he stopped to take care of my baggage, and I had to elbow my way through a crowd of curiosity seekers. Childishly I thought, 'Why does he leave me alone like this? Why isn't he at my side now when I need him?'

"Eventually common sense came to my rescue. Don't expect the impossible of people!

"Most of us build up ideas of what life should be like, of what the people we love should be like. Then, when they turn out to be quite different, we grow indignant about it. Why couldn't they live up to our ideals, we demand. Why should they? John Jones is just John Jones, and thinking that he ought to be Clark Gable won't make him Clark Gable. Few of us are so perfect that we have a right to expect perfection in other people.

ANOTHER secret of happiness lies in doing something for someone else and not talking about it.

"There was a fairly wealthy society woman whom I knew, who had done everything and been every place, and who became bored and despondent. Finally she hit on the idea of trying to do something for someone every day. Each morning instead of waking up with the thought, 'Oh, what in heaven's name shall I do today?' she woke up with the idea, 'What can I do for someone today?'

"When I'm in California there are times when I sink into the same mood of depression. The minute I feel a spell of the blues coming on, I, too, try to think of something I can do for someone. Of course, it usually isn't enough to walk along the street and give something to the first beggar you meet—as Robert Taylor did in 'Magnificent Obsession.' You have to give of yourself, and not merely of your money."

Rules Four and Five, then: *Don't expect too much of life or of other people.* Happiness consists of being content with what you have when you have it. *Do something for someone.* Unhappiness results from thinking too much about yourself and your own problems. Try to help someone less fortunate than yourself.

Jean Hersholt waved me into a seat in his apartment at the Hotel Warwick, where he was stopping during a recent visit to New York. Something about this kindly, middle-aged man reminded me irresistibly of the role he portrayed in "Country Doctor," and it was all I could do to refrain from calling him "Dr. Hersholt."

"How can people expect to be happy," he said, thumping his fingers on his chair, "if they don't try to live within their in-

"TAKE A NUMBER, PLEASE!"
1 DARK BRUNETTE
2 RACHEL
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NATURAL 5

See if the Shade of Face Powder You Have Been Using is the Right One for You!

By *Lady Esther*

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But I want to give you the surprise of your life! I want to show you—at my expense—that you probably belong to the vast army of women who habitually use the *wrong* shade of face powder—a shade that never permits them to look their loveliest or their youngest!

The reason women make this mistake is that they choose face powder shades according to old-fashioned notions of "type." But you *aren't* a type. You're you—an individual! No two skins are alike. Even the same skin alters with the years, the seasons, the state of health. Doesn't this check with your own experience?

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The only way to find the most becoming, flattering shade of face powder for your skin *now*—is to try on all five basic shades. Any other way doesn't give your complexion the ghost of a chance to show which shade it demands. I don't expect you to buy 5 big boxes of powder for this test, when one box will be all you'll need afterward. Just send me your name and address, and by return mail I'll dispatch all 5 shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge.

When the five shades arrive, do this: First, look at them all and, just for fun, guess which shade you think is most flattering to you. Keep that shade in mind. Then try on every one of the five shades. Give yourself plenty of time. Be sure to remove each shade completely before you try the next. But the important thing is to try *all* five, before you make up your mind which is most becoming. Then compare the one you select by *actual test*, with the one you *guessed* at—you'll get the surprise of your life to find your guess was undoubtedly wrong.

Prepare for a Surprise!

Do you know what is quite apt to happen? *A complete reversal of everything you thought you knew about yourself and your face powder shade.* Why, thousands of women have told me that the shade they guessed in advance as the winner—didn't win at all! Often the winner has turned out to be the very shade they thought couldn't possibly suit them! This shade added life and vivacity not only to the skin but to their whole personality—and made them look years younger! Write today for all 5 shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Then make the test I suggest and see for yourself how right or wrong you have been in your selection of face powder shade. Mail coupon now!

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comes? If I have achieved any sort of happiness I think it is largely due to the fact that I have never spent a penny more than I have made.

"When I first came to this country my first movie job was with Thomas H. Ince, at fifteen dollars a week. On that fifteen dollars I had to support a wife and baby. It wasn't easy, but somehow we managed."

Jean's wife came into the room just then, a vivid, striking woman but at the same time the type of woman whom you would never associate with Hollywood. It was easy to imagine this woman struggling to make both ends meet in a tiny flat.

Their eyes met . . . remembering. She listened quietly while Jean went on, "We never piled up any debts. We never had a mortgage on a house. During our first five years in Hollywood we owned no car. I traveled from place to place by bus or trolley car. When I finally bought a car, I paid cash for it."

Just then a bellboy walked in, carrying a tray with gin bitters. Since it was only ten in the morning, Hersholt, his wife and I looked at each other in surprise.

"We didn't order the gin bitters," said Hersholt, and then turning courteously to me, "Did you want some?"

I suppressed a giggle. "No," I said. It turned out, then, that the bellboy had walked into the wrong apartment.

JEAN chuckled. "I'd like to see the man who ordered the gin bitters so early at four o'clock this afternoon," he said.

I thought I was getting a pretty good picture of what the Hersholts are really like, why their lives are so sane and normal in the midst of a mad town like Hollywood.

"I was making $250 a week before I bought my first home for $3900," continued Jean. "I paid for it in two months, and after adding many improvements to the house and practically rebuilding it, I sold it for $12,500 seven years later.

"I was a star at Universal when I bought my second house. I was earning a splendid salary by that time, and I paid $42,500 for a house—and paid it all within six months.

"I think it's pitiful to see a star who once made $10,000 a week begging for roles as an extra—and I have seen just that happening in Hollywood. I am going to do the best I can to prevent that kind of fate from happening to me. I think that a man who makes $3000 a week ought to save $2000 out of it."

"Yes," I murmured, "I think you're right. Have you read, 'If I Have Four Apples?' It's the story of a family that is always getting itself involved in debt. The members of that family can't resist a high pressure salesman, and so they are always buying things they don't really need—and trying to pay for them on the instalment plan."

"Yes, that's it. That's it exactly," Hersholt nodded. "You can't buy happiness on the instalment plan. You have to pay cash for it. Bickering constantly about money is horrible, and often it is caused, not by poverty but because some member of a family has an extravagant standard of living, out of keeping with the income of the family.

Which brings us to our sixth and last rule: *Live within your income.* Try to save a little money regularly. Don't buy anything that you can't pay for easily.

Learning to be happy is, after all, a simple process. For happiness depends, not so much upon what happens to us, as on how we react to it. It's really a product manufactured in our minds. So let's

1. Learn to control our own emotions.
2. Mingle with people.
3. Forget old grievances. Stop holding grudges.
4. Stop expecting too much of people. They're not responsible for the fact that we have highfalutin' ideals.
5. Do something for someone to take our minds off ourselves.
6. Live within our incomes, and save when we can.

"PORTRAIT OF A REBEL"

(An RKO-Radio Picture)

Pamlea Thistlewaite	KATHARINE HEPBURN
Thomas Lane	HERBERT MARSHALL
Flora Thistlewaite	Elizabeth Allan
Judge Thistlewaite	Donald Crisp
Aunt Serena Thistlewaite	Margaret Seddon
Pamela's governess	Eily Malyon
The Thistlewaite cook	Lucille Watson
Gerald Waring	Van Heflin
Alan Freeland	David Manners
Young Flora	Doris Dudley

Screen play by Anthony Veiller and Ernest Vajda from the novel by Netta Syrett

Directed by Mark Sandrich

(For Picture Story See Page 62)

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says Walter Winchell
(Your New York Correspondent)

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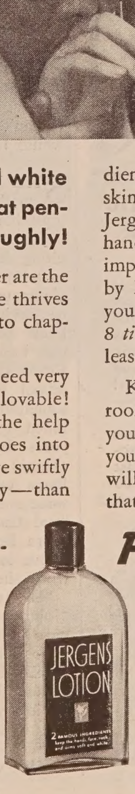

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau Good Housekeeping Magazine

Myrna Loy Reveals Her Own Mysterious Life

(*Continued from page 42*)

heart would break, her mother soothed her with the mysterious words: "Don't worry, darling, soon you will have a real live doll to play with!"

And a week or so later, Grandma Johnson came to call for her at Miss Mattie Hibbard's School with the surprising invitation to stay overnight with her.

But it was the next day that the Big Blow came. Came in the form of a school chum screaming the exciting words: "Oh, Myrna! Oh, Myrna Willums, you have a little baby brother over at your house!" Myrna was so angered at getting such marvelous, yet such private news from other than her own family that she refused to look at the baby for two days. But the moment she looked at red and squirming little David Frederick Williams, there was born that deep devotion and pride that Myrna has held for her brother all through the years. She was particularly delighted when she saw his dark hair. "He can wear pink," she yelled with happiness in her voice, "He can wear *pink!*"

Pink was an obsession with Myrna. She loved it above all colors. More than anything else in the world, she wanted to wear pink on her red braids. But her mother's sense of beauty was jarred. She warned: "Little girls with red hair do not wear pink! You want to be pretty don't you, Myrna?"

Yes, Myrna wanted to be pretty—but she wasn't quite sure how this was possible. There was something so different about her looks. Other kids didn't have her funny coloring. She had red hair to begin with, then a sort of green color to eyes that slanted up and there were bright yellow freckles across her face. She couldn't see that the wearing of pink would hurt much, one way or the other.

SHE began to hope that maybe her mother would relent and let her wear pink hair ribbons for her seventh birthday party. But the plans were so exciting that she forgot to ask. It was going to be quite a party! Not only all of her playmates, but some "older kids" were to be invited as well. For instance, she knew her mother had invited the son of the local judge; the boy's name was Frank Cooper and he was going away to school in England very soon. It was something of a disappointment when he failed to show up—and it wasn't until years later, in Hollywood, that Frank (Gary) Cooper and Myrna (Loy) Williams eventually met. "And it was at some sort of party, too," laughed Myrna, "and Gary was desperately in love with Clara Bow."

But for Myrna, love came into her life when she was eleven.

"His name was Johnny," she smiled. "Johnny Brown. He was the only new kid in the class when we came back from our vacation trip to La Jolla, California, that year. I fell in love with such a bang that I literally bounced for weeks. I tried every way I could think of to make him notice me. I watched him during classes. I waited for him after school. But he, well . . . he had other ideas. *Her* name was Ruth Ray. She was my best friend. Not only did she hold the heart of the boy of my choice, but her hair was long, blonde and lustrous and she wore pink hair ribbons! I *knew* it was the color that had made Johnny fall.

"I was quite shameless in my devotion. When Johnny would lift Ruth onto the handle bars of his bike and start taxi-ing her home, I would run along behind them in the forlorn hope that when he had deposited her, he might take me for a ride. But he never did.

"Then one day, having tried all the ruses at hand, I decided I could make Johnny forget Ruth and fall in love with me if I could inveigle him to our basement while I was appearing in a play. We had put on many plays in the basement, but in this particular case, I was willing to 'shoot the works'. I chose 'The Sleeping Beauty' and, as usual, I played the Prince, not the Beauty. But the role of the Prince offered me quite a chance for parade. I spent hours on the costume. First, long silk stockings over which I wore a pair of Dad's socks stuffed with paper in the toes to make them appear pointed. Then a pair of short pants, borrowed from a neighbor boy, a plumed hat I found in Mother's closet and a coat-of-many-colors that I found in the attic.

"As the curtain was pulled back for the opening performance, a howl went up from the audience. They were screaming with laughter at my costume. I glanced hurriedly at Johnny and found him standing on a chair bent double with hysterical laughter. I got so mad I pulled down the curtain and refused to go on with the play. I also refused to continue with romance."

Then, for a long time, Myrna had ideas about going to a convent.

MRS. WILLIAMS was many years regaining her health after the birth of David. Because of her prolonged illness and the need of sea air and sunshine the Williams clan spent many months in California, particularly at the beach towns of La Jolla and Santa Monica. It was so beautiful after the ruggedness of Montana. Besides it was the home of the movies. On one of their visits Mr. Williams had obtained a pass through the Universal Studios. Myrna stood goggle-eyed as she watched Dorothy Davenport, Jack Pickford and William Farnum at work.

When they returned to Montana, Myrna was convinced her destiny was the theater.

But how to go about it? She wasn't pretty; how could she get a chance? Dancing. That was it. And so for weeks she pestered the family for dancing lessons. At last she was sent to Miss Alice Thompson for instruction. Thus it was that months later when a stage producer named Jensen arrived in Helena with the clever idea of putting local talent on the stage, Myrna Williams was given quite a build-up. In fact, Miss Thompson was so outsproken in her praise of her star pupil that Producer Jensen decided to put her in the top spot of his vaudeville variety show.

Myrna was a sensation in the show; her "Bluebird" dance number caused so much applause that it had to be repeated for the audience. For the first time she began to believe it might be possible to hope for a professional career. The United States had just entered the war, and dancing for the soldiers at nearby camps gave Myrna plenty of chance to flaunt her new talents. Mr. Williams was anxious to join the Army; the news excited the family and little Davey was almost bursting with pride.

But David Williams' ambition was never to be realized. It was the year of the dread "flu" epidemic. First little Davey caught it, then Mrs. Williams and Myrna, finally Mr. Williams. Three days later, he died.

Even now, the vague dull ache of her father's death is almost unbelievable to Myrna. He was such a vital, strong man that it was difficult to think of him as gone forever; rather, he seemed "away for a while on one of his many trips to Chicago." But since Grandma Johnson, and now Papa Williams were both gone from the little family group, it suddenly seemed as though all of the really familiar things were gone and everything and everyone else around them seemed strange. California being the only other home they knew, Mrs. Williams decided to sell most of her property and go South. It was a sad little caravan of Myrna, Davey and Mrs. Williams that rode away from Montana that night.

The next five years in Culver City, California, were feverish ones for Myrna; restless ones, too, because she was so anxious to be done with the business of schooling and growing-up so that she could assume some of the financial responsibility she realized was becoming more and more difficult for her mother to carry. And that period was a time in which names stood out more clearly than events. One year meant nothing but the Westlake School For Girls—which Myrna hated. Then, a more pleasant year that was the Union High School at nearby Venice. Myrna liked it much better. She enrolled in the drama class and also took up sculpture under Professor Weinbrenner. Finally, and most important of all, her dancing reputation brought her an offer to teach children at the Ritter School of Expression—and receive instruction in acting in exchange. Sundays always meant the eager little class she taught at the Presbyterian Church. And then there were the names of chums: Lou Bamberger and Jean Chessler, who had a brother, "Truman Van Dyke," who was an actor.

There were even some moments of glory; such as when Professor Weinbrenner was commissioned to do a life-sized statue for the school and chose Myrna for his subject. It was flattering to represent "Youth" on the high school grounds.

But mostly she remembers the dullness of dragging through years waiting for her girlhood to fall from her, trying as best she could to help carry the burden of the small family but always frustrated because she wasn't old enough. Then one day Lou Bamberger, her closest friend, pulled Myrna over in a corner of the Culver City Girls' Club (of which both were ardent members) and confided that she was now a married woman! Lou, this constant friend with long curls just one year off her shoulders . . . married! It didn't seem possible to Myrna. But it opened her eyes to one important fact: if Lou, who was her own age, was old enough to be married, Myrna was old enough to go out and look for a job. She was sixteen. Why, life was half over, almost.

Despite maternal protests and tears, Myrna never went back to Union High after that. One of her friends mentioned that Sid Grauman was looking for dancing girls for the prologue of his next picture at the famous Grauman's Egyptian Theater; Myrna went along, too. Two weeks later—two weeks of grinding rehearsal under Fanchon & Marco, the dance directors—Myrna slinked out on the stage in her exotic costume, a professional at last! And with a glowing $30.00 weekly salary, too.

EXCEPT for the beautiful money, she hated the Grauman job. She thought the routine dances stiff and mechanical, and she went through them without heart. This lack of interest called for frequent tongue-lashing from Fanchon at rehearsals. "You ought to be in pictures," the director once said. "You aren't a dancer!" This might have made Myrna angry if it hadn't been for the reference to pictures. You had to be pretty to get in pictures. One day, looking at her reflection in the dress-

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ing room mirror, she realized that she was no longer the gawky and funny-looking kid she once had been; her hair had turned a burnished copper color, her freckles weren't quite so numerous and her eyes seemed to slant upward at the corner to give her a sort of "different" look. After a long moment of reflection, she suddenly made a face at herself.

"Don't you like what you see?" inquired a nice baritone voice behind her. "Well, I do. I've been wondering if you would pose for some photographs for me." It was Henry Waxman, one of Hollywood's most famous photographers, and when Myrna accepted the flattering offer, she expected nothing more from it than, perhaps, a set of nice pictures. She did not know that Waxman was so delighted with his studies of the girl with the unusual-face that he proudly showed them to the important artists and movie stars who came to his studio daily. One afternoon, he showed them to Rudolph Valentino.

THE great Valentino! The famous lover of the screen, whose vogue has never been equalled by any male star, looked through the pictures and was immediately interested. "Send for that girl," he told Waxman. "I want Natacha to meet her." Never will Myrna forget the thrill of going to the studio and waiting in Rudy's own dressing room for an audience with the screen hero and his stunning wife.

The following day, in Natacha's own clothes, she took a camera test for them. Surely it wasn't going to be *this* easy to get to the top! Surely she, an unknown little dancer in Grauman's prologue, wasn't going directly to great movie success as Valentino's leading lady. It was too good to be true.

And it was too good to be true.

The test, when she saw it, was indisputably, unforgivably terrible! She had been told to move slowly in the scenes and here on the screen she was hopping around, jumping up and down so rapidly that it looked like a fast-action comedy; and it wasn't until weeks later that she found out that the projectionist had speeded it up that day so that he could get off early for lunch. Her heart was broken. She had had her chance and failed.

Weeks of nothing, after that—weeks of discouragement so great that she didn't see how she could keep on at Grauman's. Finally she could stand it no longer. Though she had no other job in the offing, she quit her dancing routines. What now? New York and the stage, perhaps? But instead, she began haunting the casting offices of the various studios . . . waiting. Had she made a mistake?

One day, after hours of waiting, the casting director called inside the glass-paneled room. "Go out to stage Number 5," he ordered, "and see the director about playing the Madonna in 'Ben Hur.' "

"Ben Hur!" The biggest picture being produced in Hollywood! If she could get into "Ben Hur," she was made.

SLOWLY, Myrna edged her way around the darkened set. A man sat at a little table with a light over his head.

"What is it you want?" he said in a preoccupied manner.

"They told me you might want to cast me as the Madonna," Myrna whispered in fright, so excited she could barely speak.

What was the outcome of this interview? Did Myrna get the coveted role? Did the incident mark the beginning of her successful career? Continue the enthralling account of her climb to stardom in January Movie Mirror. *Learn the true facts of her romances, and how the one big love story of her life culminated in her recent marriage.*

How Norma Shearer Faced Her Darkest Hour

(*Continued from page 27*)

a staunch dignity that allowed for no tears and no melodrama; she's that kind of person.

"Please," she said to the eager press, "I'd rather you wouldn't take pictures of me and spread them through all the rotogravures. I want everything about the ceremonies and the funeral to have taste and simplicity, as a favor to me." And for the first time in newspaper history, photographers trained their cameras past the "spot figure" to concentrate on the crowds, a courtesy that they had not accorded even to presidents' widows.

The services she arranged without ostentation and without pomp. The famous Rabbi Magnin, Irving's close personal friend, spoke to assembled, invited guests, an organ mourned softly, and Grace Moore sang for Hollywood a farewell to the dead.

Shortly after Miss Moore returned home, emotionally spent from attending the funeral of the man all Hollywood had loved, her maid announced a caller.

Norma Shearer came in quietly. "I thought I'd stop on my way home and thank you," she said to the wide-eyed diva. "Your song was very beautiful."

She stopped at Irving's parents' home, too, and said a word of sympathy to them.

Then she went quietly back to the beach home she and Irving had shared.

Later that afternoon a group of peering neighbors watched her trot out of the door to the beach with laughing little Irving, Jr. The faintly bewildered, but unsuspecting child wanted his romp in the sand as usual. The two of them wandered down to the ocean's edge and Norma, pointing, drew small Irving's excited attention to a low flying gull. She said something and then smiled at the little boy.

I don't know what these things signify to you, but to those of us who know Norma they have created a new respect and an eternal admiration. The greatness, the personal integrity of a woman who can take in such a manner the complete collapse of her private world is boundless. Irving Thalberg is gone, carrying with him her love and her happines, but he left Norma Shearer, besides their children and a fortune and an established career, the inspiring memory of nine beautiful years to aid her in the revision of her life.

Stand-In for Love

(*Continued from page* 45)

room. She tapped lightly on the door.

"Last call for breakfast," she intoned. "Dining car ahead."

Pat called through the door, "Hello! I'm up. Save me a seat. What time is it?"

"Seven bells, suh. Just time for breakfast before we pull into Podunk." She heard him chuckle, and smiled.

And then he came out and they stood staring at each other. Again his rakish good looks arrested her abruptly; and Pat Shannon gazed on Sheila Grant's dewy morning freshness, his lips taut. He asked, "Time for a shave before breakfast, porter?"

She nodded. "Yes. It'll take about ten minutes. Shall we eat in the kitchen? It's sunnier in there."

"Swell!" he agreed.

Over the breakfast she prepared they chatted happily, confidently. Sheila sensed, then, that these were shimmering moments of happiness which must soon be dimmed by parting. His gray, unfathomable eyes kindled a curious tumult in her. She checked herself abruptly and explained her plans for the day.

TRYING to be business-like, she told him, "I'll leave you some money. Please ransom your clothes and bring them here. I have several calls to make in town. I'll be back in the afternoon. Have your lunch and I'll meet you here, about four. We'll talk over your plans. You see, I'm leaving tomorrow."

His smile died a little; his spirits visibly dimmed. "Yes, I know," he said. "I saw the paper." He continued, with a crippled enthusiasm, "Look, Miss Chase—I want the chance of a job too much to be a prude. I—hate this, but, maybe it will—"

"All strictly business," she interrupted, her perceptions acutely attuned to his male dilemma. "You can pay me back, with interest, if you like."

"Compound interest," he promised, his face darkening. "I'm not going to be stopped, this time. I'm going to make good."

"I'm sure you will," she agreed. "Will twenty dollars be enough, just for this morning?"

"Plenty," he assured her, huskily, and his eyes were suddenly too bright. "And I think you're the grandest—the most gallant little person in the world. And God bless you!"

She turned away abruptly, stirred. Something was constricting her throat. "I'll be back before four," she told him. "That will give you plenty of time. Then, we'll talk. There's a bus line."

"I know Hollywood," he grinned. "I'm a taxi driver."

"You *were* a taxi driver," she corrected gently.

As she drove toward Classic Studios, her mind was racing. She would make this try and see what happened. Dan Wright would tell her the truth. Then she'd know what to do.

She got into his office without difficulty, and he greeted her with a friendly smile; but when she explained what she wanted, he shrugged.

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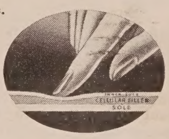

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by Jane Heath

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"Look, Sheila," he said, "you know what the attitude of the studios is. They can't take on new people who too strongly resemble existing stars. What chance would we have to put you over, even if your voice did register well? There are too many others in the same fix—and there is nothing that can be done about it."

"I see," she said. "Then, that's the reason you can't use me? Not because Charmien Chase let it be known that she didn't want me to have a job in pictures? Tell me the truth, Dan. There are reasons why I *must* know."

He shrugged. "Of course, no one wants to offend the high and mighty Charmien Chase—or National. We all know you and she split. A pity, too, Sheila, because that job might have led to substitution—if anything ever happened to Chase. But, now—"

"What am I to do, Dan? Just because I look like Charmien Chase's twin sister, must I be without a job?"

"Why not wait a little?" he counseled, slowly. "You know, many of the big stars are talking about limiting the number of pictures they'll make each year. The studios may reverse their attitude, when their production plans fall short. But, you know how it's been—the studios have felt that the public would resent substitutes for their Hollywood dream children. But if the stars limit the number of their pictures, the studios may wake up to the fact that they're losing a lot of box office. Then, they may consider starring another Colbert or another Gable or Chase."

"And, in the meanwhile, I'm supposed to sit and twiddle my thumbs, I suppose?"

"Look, kid," he told her kindly, "your voice doesn't register any too well, and we both know it. And, just now, it might be a good idea to stay out of pictures. You know Chase'll get over her huff, after awhile."

"I see," she said, soberly, rising. "Thanks, Dan. I think I understand."

"I'm booked for dinner tonight," he said, "but I'll be free after nine. How about the Vendome or the Troc or a cool place, like Long Beach—you and me?"

"Thanks, Dan, some other time."

She drove into town and withdrew the seven hundred dollars she had in the bank. A burning resentment poured through her veins. This gave rise, in turn, to the contemplation of the fantastic scheme she had hatched to right the wrong Chase had done Pat Shannon, and, at the same time, make it prove a boomerang for the star. And the more she thought about it, evolving the details, the better she liked it.

Evidently, the word had already gone out—"Keep away from Chase's stand-in!" But Sheila was determined to keep on trying. She *had* to find a job—somewhere. Somewhere, she felt, there must be a niche for her in pictures, despite what Dan Wright had told her.

She decided to risk the extravagance of lunching at the Brown Derby, on the chance of meeting someone she knew, away from the impregnability of the studios.

She did. Neil Hart strolled over to her table, sat with her, eyed her with a veiled intentness, a curious hunger, and told her how lonesome he would be for Charmien. Then, he wanted to know exactly what had happened in the courtroom that caused the newspaper stories and the split between her and Miss Chase.

Sheila told him, simply, as much as she thought he ought to know, leaving out all reference to her subsequent meeting with Patrick Shannon, or what she had in mind for him.

Hart shook his leonine head. "She's temperamental," he defended. "I'll see what I can do about it when she returns. Of course, those newspaper stories were bad for her. I'm going on location. I should be back in two months. Call me after that. I'll see what I can do."

"Thanks," she said, gratefully. "At the studio?"

"No, better make it at my home. And don't nurse a grudge. Nature meant you and Charmien to be twins."

Sheila smiled, wryly. "Everything casts a shadow, I suppose. She's the star—I'm the shadow."

"Now!" he admonished, kindly. "No bitterness. See me when I return, and we'll see what can be done about it." He paid her check and walked out abruptly. And that was that!

She did not attach too much importance to his vague offer "to see what could be done about it." Neil Hart would be guided by the will of Charmien Chase, as everyone in Hollywood knew. As the crowd thinned, she walked out, disappointed.

She went to look at a cheap, furnished kitchenette, that was advertised in the paper. The address was within walking distance of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street. It proved to be livable, so she rented it at once.

Then, deciding to overlook no bets, she went to Central Casting to register for work as an extra. Anything, she thought, was better than standing all day behind a chair in a beauty parlor and depending on the capricious largesse of customers.

However, Central Casting was not registering every applicant who wanted work as an extra. It seemed that there were over 20,000 names registered, and only about 800 extras got work, a day; that 100 people applied, every day, merely to be registered. Miss Grant, of course, would be difficult atmosphere to place at other studios than National, because of her resemblance to Charmien Chase. And National, Sheila knew, was out.

However, she was told, if she'd schedule her experience and her wardrobe, leave her name, address and telephone number, etc.

Sheila did. She walked out, taut-lipped. Not much hope there! She was disturbed. She had an uncomfortable feeling of doors closing on her, shutting her out. She got into her battered coupe and drove aimlessly. Going by the Roosevelt, a girl called to her.

"Sheila! Oh, Sheila!"

It was Ann Prentiss, a girl she had met when she first came to Hollywood; a girl she liked. Ann was pretty, with a chiseled perfection of nose and chin and wide, dark eyes. Sheila parked the coupe and joined her. Ann was, she said, working in a mob scene at American. "Atmosphere," she explained, with faint bitterness.

Her face was pale. "Let's go in and sit in the lobby," she suggested. "It's so hot. How about an iced drink?"

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The girl was under some pressure. Sheila sensed it. She agreed, and they walked into the hotel. They sat in one of the lobby divans and watched the pageant about the Blossom Room. The orchestra was playing something stirring, a rhumba with an undertone of Africa in it. Ann leaned forward suddenly, then Sheila saw why.

Arthur Kent, newest sensation, was entering, with the bewildering Sally Gardner on his arm. Ann arose, her face drenched with heartbreak. "Shall—shall we try the grill?" she asked, her tongue clumsy with emotion.

Sheila nodded. She knew, now, why Ann was here; why she wanted someone—anyone—with her. She wanted it to seem that she was here quite casually, not for surveillance—if Arthur saw her. Before his elevation to stardom, Ann and Arthur had been inseparable, were seen everywhere, together; now—

"Wait for me here, Sheila," said Ann, abruptly, and left. Ten minutes later, alarmed because Ann didn't return, Sheila arose and went to the powder room—in time to see the unconscious Ann being spirited away on a stretcher, through a side entrance, to a hospital. She had tried to take poison.

Shaken, trembling, Sheila walked out. Stirring music came to her jarringly. The Hollywood High School Band, practicing somewhere nearby. She got into her coupe and drove off. A telephone call to the hospital, thirty minutes later, gave her the information that Ann was all right and would be out in a few days. No visitors would be allowed, for the present. Sheila hung up, downcast and unaccountably depressed. Ann's story, she felt, presciently, epitomized something, she wasn't quite sure what it was.

APPARENTLY, however, those at the top forgot all about those at the bottom. Success was the yardstick by which all things were measured, she thought cynically. Everybody loved the winner; and where there was a winner, there had to be a loser! A glance at her watch dissipated her vagrant thoughts. It was time to take up the threads of her own life again—and that of Patrick Shannon!

Pat was waiting for her in the little bungalow. He looked up, his eyes widening. He was reading a newspaper, and she saw a likeness of Charmien Chase. Pat pointed to the newspaper.

"I see," he said, "that you're leaving tomorrow morning for New York, and sailing on the *Normandie*." His eyes went to the newspaper again. There was, too, a picture of the Chase mansion. "Can't see why you like this," he ventured, "when you have a home like that! For that matter, I still don't understand why *you* bother with *me* at all, Miss Chase."

"Skip it, Pat," she directed. She would have to work fast. There was a lot to do. Charmien Chase was at the studio this time of day, and this was her opportunity.

"I have to run home for a few minutes, Patrick," she said. "Something important. I'll be back shortly, then we'll talk."

He said, eagerly, "Let me drive you over Miss Chase! I'm a good driver, really, much as appearances are against me."

She pondered this a moment. She had

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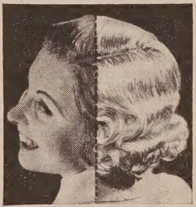

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never felt so desperate, so reckless, so impotent before. He *could* wait outside while she went into the Chase home for her clothes. "Fine!" she agreed, heedlessly. "Come on, Patrick!"

He drove her swiftly, yet carefully. At the Chase home, she said, "Wait for me here, Patrick. If I run into interviewers, or other pests, I'll want to get away in a hurry."

He nodded, his eyes puzzled.

She entered the house with a quirky grin tugging at her lips as she used the house key Charmien Chase had given her. Pat would be sure to believe, now, that she *was* Charmien Chase! Few outsiders knew anything about such things as stand-ins and screen doubles.

Miss Hughes met her and smiled in her faint, weary way. "Hello, Sheila!" she greeted. "What are you doing here?"

"Came for my few clothes, up stairs in Miss Chase's room. I undressed there, for the last fittings. And I want to turn in this key. Mind if I go up and get my clothes?"

Miss Hughes accepted the key and said she didn't mind.

SHEILA sped up the stairs with a sigh of relief, her heart beating rapidly. She collected her few belongings, and then sat down at Charmien Chase's desk. Chase's personal stationery was in a tooled-leather holder, daintily embossed, crested vellum, imported from France.

Rapidly, Sheila Grant typed a letter on Miss Chase's own typewriter, to Carlton Shires, mighty head of American Films, highly commending Patrick Shannon and his ability as an English and elocution coach. She also suggested, in faint textures, that Pat Shannon might make a splendid leading man, if given an opportunity. She, Charmien Chase, considered him excellent leading man material. She managed to convey the thought that Pat Shannon was something very precious to Charmien Chase; and that was the reason she was entrusting him to Shires instead of to National. And discreetly, she asked Mr. Shires to keep this request confidential. Let Charmien Chase explain this, later, she thought.

Between the lines, it was a slap at National. Then, Sheila signed Charmein Chase's name. It was an excellent imitation of Miss Hughes' official signature for Charmien Chase, traced from the favorite autographed publicity still of the star. Sheila consoled herself with the thought that this was not really forgery. It was Miss Hughes' fancy autograph signature. Charmien Chase never signed anything but contracts. Then, Sheila addressed a vellum envelope and walked out, her heart thudding.

Pat Shannon drove her back to the bungalow in silence. She felt the sense of strain in him, and her own excitement quickened. He parked the car and followed her into the tiny living room. She handed him the letter.

"This should help," she told him, with hardly mustered tranquility. "It's a letter to my friend, Carlton Shires, of American Films. Give him this letter, in person, and tell him I have faith in you and your ability. You can stay in this bungalow until the end of the month, if you like. After that, my lease runs out. I am leaving tomorrow morning, so I'll have to look after a lot of details between now and then." She was, she told herself, sardonically, the fabulous Charmien Chase, in his eyes. She would have to imitate so wealthy a sponsor. She had the seven hundred dollars she had drawn from her bank. Five of the bills were in hundred dollar notes. She selected these from her purse and handed them to him.

"That ought to see you through until you land a job," she told him, somewhat fumblingly. She wasn't equal to meeting his smoking, moody eyes. "I'll be leaving now, after I collect what effects I have here—and I'll drive myself back home."

He eyed the bills incredulously, looking from the letter to her, to the bills. His lean jaws tensed and a dusky pallor spread to his gaunt cheeks.

"I wonder," he said, "if you know what a swell human being you are? I'm accepting this five hundred as a loan," he added, level-eyed. "I'll repay you ten times over—and that's a promise! I'll give you a note for this."

"Please!" she said, gravely. "No notes. Whenever you are able, you can return the same amount." She never expected to see any of it again, but that didn't matter; only prudence held her from giving him the entire seven hundred. She wanted to.

"I'll repay you ten times over," he said. "I swear I will. And I'll never stop being grateful to you—all my life. You've given me something more than money—a chance. I won't muff it. Actually, Miss Chase, I'm standing before you in a profound salute—as a man stands before his flag, or a shrine."

"Please!" she interrupted, again. There was wistfulness and tenderness in his eyes, and her hands were trembling. She was so terribly aware of him, standing there, so grateful for the doubtful "chance" she'd given him.

"I wonder," he hazarded, "if you'd be kinder still? Would you drop me a line from Europe, now and then, a postcard?"

"Perhaps I'd better not," she decided, hastily. "I have reasons—I'd better not. I'll be busy up to the moment I catch the train tomorrow, so I'll say good bye to you now." She stopped. "I'd advise seeing Mr. Shires in a few days, after I leave."

HE fell back a step, abruptly. "Of course," he said.

She packed swiftly and came out again with her single grip. He stood there, looking at her. The bronzed face was too perfect, she thought, with its arrogant crest of black hair, and gray eyes. They were usually glowing, but now they had gone bleak and cold.

She felt that blind stir in her blood she had felt when she had first seen him. She wondered if his intense, masculine spell lay in his eyes or in his voice. Suddenly, he stepped closer to her. There was some terrific quality of excitation about him, something primitively male that drove everything from Sheila's mind except the fact that she was a woman. And suddenly, she was afraid.

Instinctively, she knew why she was afraid. Patrick stirred something in her that hammered at her throat. Sheila knew something about that mysterious inner force that was making it difficult for her

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to breathe. If he kissed her—and she knew he was going to—he was bound to know what was going on within her.

And then his big arms closed around her and he kissed her lips, possessively. Her mind became a glowing tumult in a sea of drowsiness. Her lips were clinging to his. Frantically she pulled herself away.

"I love you, Charmien! Oh, I know it's crazy—but I can't help it!" He looked down at her, caught in the spell of the moment, seeing nothing of the famous movie star, but a lovely young girl, with dusky, adoring eyes.

"Pat!" she whispered, fearfully. "Pat! *Don't!*"

But he did, and this time his kiss flooded her with a tingling fire. Back in her mind was a fear—an ancestral terror that caused her to break away from him. She had been kissed before, but this was different. Her face was suddenly ravaged by tears. Fear, too, shook her. What had happened to her? Was she crazy?

"Charmien!" said Pat. "I—oh, I don't know what to say! It's crazy, but I love you! I've loved you since the first moment I saw you, in the court room. I don't know what to say."

"Please!" she whispered. "I'll—I—just say nothing more—please. This is—mad, Pat!"

BUT, Charmien," he insisted, with winning, boyish eagerness, "isn't there a chance? If I made good—is there a chance? I'd work my fingers to the bone for you—I'd do anything!"

She felt clumsy with an overpowering emotion. She searched desperately, for words. "I—I—this—a kiss doesn't mean anything, Pat. I—really don't care—about—you—" She stopped, hearing within her the hooting of the fates.

He said, with sudden harshness: "Doesn't mean anything! You can *tell* me what you please—but every other part of you is telling me something else! I know it's crazy, but it's a fact—and it's true—and you *do* care! I dare you to look at me and tell me you don't!"

Her heart wept in the nervous pause that followed. She didn't dare meet his eyes. All this time, she reminded herself, he thought she was Charmien Chase. He took a quick step toward her—and panic swept over her.

An ironic fate, indeed, for little Sheila—unable to find work because of her resemblance to a great and very successful star—and now unable to claim the love she recognizes, because of that same fatal resemblance! Don't miss the startling developments in the next instalment in Movie Mirror *for January, at newsstands everywhere, November 25th.*

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Next month's fashion department will show exclusive views of the newest ensembles of one of the best-dressed women in Hollywood, the star who is internationally famous for her exquisite taste. Watch for them in January MOVIE MIRROR, out November 25th.

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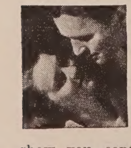

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The Lonely Heart of Bob Burns

(*Continued from page* 43)

purty out this morning, ain't it, son?"

They drove up through Cahuenga Pass, turned on to Mulholland Drive—"Hollywood's Thirty Miles of Scenic Wonders." They drove along its summit. To the right, the Warner studio, most beautiful in Hollywood when seen from a distance against a backdrop of mountains, came gleaming through the morning fog. Before them San Fernando Valley was just beginning to peek through the mist. The dew-dissolve on the car's hood caught the sun and mirrored it in a thousand directions. Looking at its glitter the boy was reminded of something. "Say, Pop, you know those new goldfish you got me. Well, I been thinking of putting them in the pool in the yard and getting tropical fish for my aquarium." Bob Burns seized on this gratefully as something to talk about. But he wasn't thinking of what he was saying. His voice droned on. Once he brought the car to a stop. Once he resolved to say what he had to say, say it now, get it over with. But the stillness up there in the mountains, the salamanders coming out in the road to bake in the sun, the Yucca trees already wilting in the first heat of the day—the deadly summer warmth of it delayed him, told him this wasn't the place. Quickly he started the motor again, backed around, headed back.

WHERE are we going now?" asked the boy.

"Thought it'd be cooler and purtier over by the lake." They came down off the drive, continued up Cahuenga, turned right up into the hills behind the lake—Hollywood's reservoir really, but beautified to resemble a lake. The blue stillness of the water reflected the hills. About its border, freshly planted trees made shade. Bob Burns pulled up under one of them, looked away to steel himself, and saw the tremendous sign "Hollywoodland," which topped the highest hill a mile away. He shuddered, and started the car again. The boy's eyes had followed his. "Did you ever hear about that girl who jumped from the sign and killed herself, jumped from that letter H? The thing that gets me is how did she get up there? Must be an awful climb. Where are we going now? What's the matter with you, Pop? Aren't you hungry? I am!"

But still they drove on. Finally the Arkansas philosopher found a spot that looked like Arkansas. A rolling meadow, a tiny stream tinkling through. Gray rocks against the summer yellow of the weeds. He drew the car off the road, followed wagon tracks. "Let's get out and walk a piece," he said. They stopped a moment to watch a ranchman's cat stalk a bird through the grass. The man put an arm around his son. "I think maybe you oughta have a pet to look after now—a dog or a cat—something live. Every boy should have something live. Something more live than goldfish, f'rinstance."

"If I had a cat I'd put a bell on him to warn the birds."

His voice hollowed by emotion, the senior Bob struggled on. "Course, you're gonna have your hands purty full lookin' after me from now on. Maybe you wouldn't have time for a pet. I'm gonna need you, Bob. I'm gonna be awful lonesome for a spell. You are, too, but it's gonna be harder on me than it is on you. Bob—your Mother's gone."

Had he put it another way, the boy might have fallen, broken, in his arms. As it was, it was the boy who put strong comforting arms around the man.

THOUGH no one in Hollywood knew Betty Burns, the announcement of her death was a close and tragic thing. To her funeral in The Little Church of the Flowers, hundreds came. Hundreds in their hearts said, "Poor Betty Burns. What a premature end." Seventeen years of struggle and heartbreak; seventeen years of push and strain and reaching for the top; seventeen years of doing without; seventeen years of fighting for daily bread. That had been their marriage. And now, when Bob Burns has at last found his acclaim, she is no longer here to share his glory.

But it wasn't the glory she was working and waiting for. It wasn't the money. That's what people don't understand. Only Bob knows. There was only one thing she ever wanted and that was for the world to know her faith in him wasn't wasted. Always she just sat there in the background . . . never had her picture taken with him, never went any place with him. She was what she wanted to be, his silent "pardner," as he would say. And he admits that he couldn't have done anything without her. She was his push and go. She believed in him. Believed he had something to give. She kept telling him they couldn't keep him down. She told him so much and so often that he began to believe it, too. That's the most any woman can do for any man.

That's why Bob knows that she wasn't unhappy when she passed on. Then there was that brief heartfelt conversation they had, two days before she died. The doctors had said she would get well, but she had a premonition. At the time Bob was allowed to see her for only five minutes a day, but that day she said it wouldn't matter if he stayed a little longer—she had something important to tell him. She told him what a perfectly rounded-out life she had had—because they had been through so many things. She said she knew that the big thrill was over. "We've had that, Bob. It's only a little step from where you are now to the real high top. It was getting to the first little top that was hard . . . that was the thrill. Everybody knows you now. From now on it only means more money, and you know I never thought much of that." Then she smiled, and it was the last smile of hers he ever saw. She smiled and took his hand. "What's a lot of money when there's still the change drawer?" she said.

There was a catch in her voice when she mentioned the change drawer, and only carnival people, perhaps, will understand why. A change drawer is a symbol of carnival life. To explain its importance in the life of Bob and Elizabeth Burns, I'll have to go back. . . .

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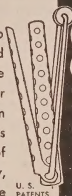

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ALICE WHITE MOVIE ACTRESS WEARING WILKNIT HOSIERY

In the summer of 1919 Bob Burns landed in Atlantic City, broke and looking for a job. For a week he slept on the beach daytimes, and kept moving at night, just one step ahead of the cops. He kept himself washed and clean in the public rest rooms. He existed mostly on popcorn, the remains of unfinished boxes left around from the departed picnic parties. Under his arm he carried a long, peculiarly-shaped instrument case. It was a burden at night, a pillow by day. He had it with him only because it couldn't be hocked. He had tried, but pawn brokers had no use for a Bazooka—whatever that was.

One evening he had luck. He saw a larger-than-usual crowd around the horse racing game and elbowed through. It was a bigger crowd than one man could manage. To that one man behind the counter Bob said, "C'n I give you a hand?" The answer came back, a harsh threat in its tone, but a promise, too. "If you can keep that hand out of the change drawer, you can!"

THAT was his first introduction to the citadel of Carnival Land. His first entry into the world of banners, blares, hooplas and joints. His first cognizance of the carnival code, "Treat the change drawer right, and it'll do right by you." But this warning was unnecessary. Even if the proprietor hadn't threatened him it would have been the same. At the end of the evening the boss took him on, for good. Robin Burns' honesty has always stood him in good stead.

In a month, by a strange quirk of fate, the concession was his. The boss, an old circus man, had an offer from one of the big shows to join up. He wanted to clear out, so he took Bob's note for the rest of the season's rent—which had already been paid—wished him success, and left.

It was strange that on the same day that Bob looked around those twenty-odd feet of "space" and beamed because it was his, till September at least, that a girl came along. Not just any girl. But a girl whose name was Elizabeth. She was attracted by his smile, and stopped. "You're new here, aren't you? Can I wish you luck?"

"Won't be any fun in competition with you!" drawled the lean Arkansan. "I know you. You're the girl who has the hoopla stand just down the way. I almost asked you for a job once, exceptin' you were so purty."

She laughed. "It's too bad you didn't, because I'd have given you one."

Bob soon found that what he had said lightly he meant in truth. It was no fun running in competition with her. It was no fun doing anything, being anywhere, without her. How smart she was. How sweet and full of advice. She knew the carnival business like a man, like a man who had been in it a long time. He used to think how nice it would be if they had a partnership; used to think of what happiness it would be to be married . . . used to think these things as he stood there in front of his stand, playing his Bazooka to attract the customers. He played "Margie" mostly, because that was what the Bazooka played best, but he often wished there was a song called Betty. If there were he'd play it all the time. He

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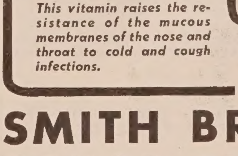

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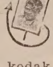

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knew she was listening down there, behind her counter.

Others were listening, too. The Bazooka made a great hit along the boardwalk. Strollers caught its haunting appeal, moved closer. The Bazooka brought the dimes in by the hundreds. By the end of the summer season, much to his surprise, Bob Burns had cleared $8,000. Now he could ask her to marry.

THEY were married that fall. The next summer they decided to get out of the small time stuff into the big time. They joined bank accounts, and together put $14,000 into an open air dance hall, the largest of its kind in Atlantic City. Five weeks after they opened Bob, Jr., was born. Seven weeks after they opened, they lost their last dollar. An open air dance hall can't survive in the rain, and that year the Heavenly Plumber had caused rain to beat down unmercifully.

"There was sixty-two cents in the change drawer," Bob says, recalling those days. "We got a lift to a small town in South Carolina where Betty knew the manager of a carnival. He let us take over a Hoopla game. We began all over again. 'Three for a nickel, seven for a dime. Three for a nickel, seven for a dime!' It was the lullaby that our boy was raised to. He used to lie in a little hammock in the corner. The joint was open all around, only had a canopy over it. There was dust and the odor of frankfurters hour after hour, the scream of the sirens, the tin music of the merry-go-round. Glare and blare. But he survived. There was, at least, money in the change drawer for his food. That was what mattered.

We had that joint for six months. After a while we took on another, and the next year a third. Three joints all together. I hired a kid to help me. It went on like that year after year . . . addin' more joints, more help. After four years we had our *own* carnival, twenty-six people on our payroll. We traveled it all over the country. That was our life. Betty managed everything. Betty did the banking, knew just how much to keep loose in the change drawer. As long as there was money in that we never worried. That's what I mean when I say it's been a symbol. Why even up to a year ago, till I started givin' him his own money, the boy was brought up to know that we could never buy nothin' if we couldn't buy it out of what was in that drawer. And when he'd go to school, and take money from it for lunch, he always came back with the change, and put it back in that drawer. It's been our—our security. Sometimes there wasn't more'n a dollar and eighty cents in it. But a dollar-eighty is always enough to live on till tomorrow.

"After a while, though . . . after a while Betty thought I should be beginnin' to do something more—important. Somethin' more worthwhile. She thought I ought to go back to the work I'd done before, before we met when I was broke. Thought I oughta go back onto the stage with my Bazooka, and spreadin' my jokes and philosophy like before. So we came to California where I thought I could get in the movies. I did, but it wasn't much—just playin' an extra and sometimes not gettin' a chance to talk at all. But then, I got on the radio out here, on a coast program. I was Soda Pop on the Gilmore Oil program for a while. We had a purty little apartment, paid twenty-two-fifty a month. We lived there until just about two months ago.

"You know . . ." he paused and looked around him. "What does it matter where you live so long as it's clean and comfortable and got fresh air, and your own chair to sit in? We only moved here so the boy could have a yard. My movie friends always kid me; they say I'll wind up in one of these Hollywood mansions before long. But I won't. Cause I like a little place like this best. It's more like home. I feel like Betty did. What good can a lot of money do you exceptin' spendin' it on others? You can only wear one suit at a time, sleep in one bed, sit in one chair, in one room. From where you sit you can't see the other rooms, can you? If this one room was all there was, it would be enough.

"So you see, Betty didn't keep urgin' me for that, not to have more, just to *be* more. It was her who put the bug in my head about goin' East and gettin' on the Rudy Vallee program. She said she knew I could do it, and I guess that's why I did. And that led to bein' on the Paul Whiteman program, and that led to my contract for two years on the same program with Bing Crosby. And that led to my bein' in pictures, doin' that one, 'Rhythm on the Range' with Bing, and now 'The Big Broadcast of 1937,' and now I've got a regular contract with Paramount, and one picture to do for RKO. But I tell you honestly, I'd just as soon give it all up now—now that she's gone—except for the boy. And except I don't want to let her down. She'd want me to go on."

BUT in spite of his amazing philosophy we know it is hard. It must be hardest those first few minutes after Bob's broadcast on Thursday nights. The thing he always looked forward to most was hurrying home afterwards to get his little pat on the back from her. And if he couldn't go home, if he had to go somewhere else first with the boys, he'd phone her just the same, to find out what she thought of it. "Only sometimes," he admits, "when I knew it wasn't good I wouldn't call her, but she'd tell me the truth anyway, when I did get home. She'd say, 'Well, Bob, you stumbled around a little bit tonight, didn't you? But it'll be better next time!'"

It must be hard to think of that, gone.

But at least now you can see why it isn't such a tragedy as many people think it is. It's a tragedy for the two Bobs, but for her—well—Elizabeth Burns wasn't like other women. She wanted nothing for herself, and as she said—her job was done.

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Virginia Bruce's First Beau Tells All

(Continued from page 52)

"But how can I find out where she lives," I asked.

The sandwichman rubbed his white cap over his black, shiny hair. "Well I guess you better ask M-G-M," he replied. On this advice I wound up in front of the M-G-M studios in Culver City. The guard eyed my car and walked over to ask what I meant by stopping at the entrance. I told him I had driven from North Dakota to see Virginia Bruce. "In that car?" Then he laughed, "Fellah you couldn't get in here even if you came from Ethiopia." He wouldn't even tell me whether Virginia was in the studio or not. By this time it was late in the afternoon. My white shoes were streaked and my blue suit was dusty. My collar looked as if I had stood out in the rain. I still had hopes but sure felt low.

AS I stood there thinking what to do next, a car approached from within the gates. As the car passed I stepped to one side without looking behind me. A low chain around a small grass plot tripped me and down I went. A spray to wet the grass was turned on so I got a ducking along with the fall. Before I could get to my feet someone called me by name. Through the spray I could see Virginia. Through that mist she looked like an angel in one of those trick shots they show on the screen. I just wanted to lie there and look at her. "Are you hurt?" she called out as I sheepishly got to my feet. She was driving the car I had stepped away from. My fall drew her attention and she had recognized me. Of course I was glad to see Virginia. But for her to see me sprawled on the grass under that shower made me wish I had stayed in Fargo.

The sparkling eyes I knew so well and her clear vibrant laughter soon fetched me around. I forgot all about the fall and my wet clothes. Darned if it didn't remind me of how we used to meet "accidentally" at the grocery store at home. Virginia had convinced me she was glad to see me as only Virginia can. She called the guard (he was very polite and smiling now) and asked him to take my battered car into the studio garage. I got into the car she was driving and off we went. Just like old times, off for a hilarious spin into the country. Virginia did all the talking at first. How long could I stay? Why hadn't I written? How were my parents? "Dad and Mother will be dying to see you." It did not take me long to find my tongue and soon we were laughing and gabbing as if we had never been separated. In no time at all we drove up to a large Spanish house, surrounded my palm trees, with a view of the mountains on three sides.

Once inside Mr. and Mrs. Briggs were so friendly and hospitable I felt at home right away. They gave me dry clothes to put on. By the time I was dressed again dinner was ready. While we ate we talked about the people we all knew in Fargo, about the drought and relief. About everything. I could hardly believe it was real. Here I sat eating and talking in the home of a great Hollywood star. Except for the

do your fingers
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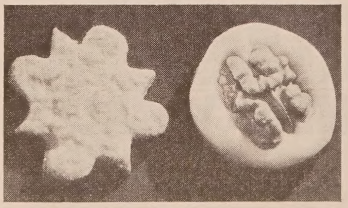

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size of the house and rich furnishings, I was just as much at home as I was back in Dakota with these same people. Oh, yes, another thing. There was a colored butler. There is no such thing in Fargo. Here was not the extravagant luxury I had heard about. Virginia and her family treated me in the same friendly way they had always treated me in Fargo when I went to their home for Sunday night supper. In fact, if she had not really wanted to see me, Virginia could have driven on when she saw me fall. Hollywood had not changed the happy brightness in the girl everybody loved in Fargo. Nor had success and wealth changed her wonderful loyalty to people she liked.

Toward the finish of the meal Mrs. Briggs turned to me and said she would not hear of me going to any old hotel room in this heat. "And we'll go some place where we can dance tonight like old times," said Virginia eagerly.

"AND I promise not to recite poetry," I added.

"Remember," said Virginia, "the time I fell asleep while you were reading to me?" Did I? I still know that poem by heart, it was John Keats' "To Fancy." It goes like this:

Ever let the Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home . . .

No! Hollywood had not swallowed the Briggs family as I had known them back home.

After dinner we went into the parlor. Mrs. Briggs and Virginia (she was knitting a flashing red sweater) took up their work. I was a little nervous about going out to dance. Beside a beautifully dressed woman I would not cut much of a figure. My clothes were all right for Fargo where style was not noticed so much. But here in Hollywood it was different. Did Virginia want people in Hollywood to know she was from a country town? The butler had brushed and pressed my blue suit and it looked as good as new. Yet if Virginia had on one of those long low cut dresses I saw in the movies I would look like the farmer I am. Maybe she was joking about dancing, I thought. Here it was nine o'clock and they were still knitting.

About nine-thirty Virginia laid her knitting aside and said she would be ready to go in a few minutes. I was going to take the most beautiful girl in Hollywood to dance. You read things like that in books but I never thought it would happen to me. I had always been proud of Virginia's friendship but I was a thousand times more proud to go out in Hollywood with a star who was my high school sweetheart. In a short time Virginia came into the room wearing a little dress with a design in flowers over it. On her head was a funny shaped hat almost as flat as a pancake. It looked wonderful on her though. Where were the diamonds? I thought all stars wore a lot of jewelry. That dress looked the same to me as other dresses I saw on women. Would it cost a lot to take a Hollywood star out for an evening? I could afford to spend ten dollars in one night for once in my life but suppose it would take twenty-five?

As we started out, Mrs. Briggs cautioned Virginia to be in by twelve-thirty as she had to be at the studio in the morning. Virginia told me she rarely went out in the evening when she was working on a picture as that required all her strength. That was a big surprise. I always had in mind the gay times stars in Hollywood have. Then, too, when I knew Virginia in school she was never tired. That girl had more energy than any one I ever knew. Anyway, for this evening, her plan was for us to go to a few places just so I would have an idea of what the "go places" were like in Hollywood.

THE first place we stopped, as we drove through Beverly Hills, was called the Trocadero. Outside it looked something like one of our road houses in Dakota, only better lighted and painted. The interior was very grand. A man in uniform hurried out to open the door of our car as we drove up. You might be interested to know that the car we were riding in was not a big car of foreign make but a Ford sedan. We were hardly out of the car when a crowd of young boys and girls ran over to ask Virginia for her autograph. I had to stand around while she wrote her name for every last one of them. When we got inside a man wearing a tux came up and asked where we wanted to sit. Virginia told him I was an old friend from North Dakota and she would like to show me around before we sat down.

Just like Virginia of old; sassy, independent and a queen, all at the same time. I believe if she wanted to go through Buckingham Palace she could bring the guards to salute as she passed the gates, with her winning eyes. One time the high school principal kicked Virginia out of school because she had been expelled from five classes at various times for writing notes and whispering. Three days later that principal had to go to the Briggs home to ask Virginia to come back to school. They had to have her back because the school choral society could not find an accompanist as good as she and the state contest at the University of North Dakota in Grand Forks was to be held the next week. Fargo High School won the contest and the president of the university asked Virginia to present the silver cup to the school. He also said he was sorry he could not give her a cup as the best accompanist in the contest. We always needed Virginia because she was everlastingly doing something. She was the only pupil in school who had her own car. Every evening she went to the football field to drive the tired players home. That old bus—we called it "puddle jumper"—looked like a basket of celery, with arms and legs sticking out in all directions as she loaded all of us in.

AFTER walking around the place for a while we sat at a table and ordered lime squash. While we were waiting for our drinks Greta Garbo passed the table. It was one of her rare nights out. You never saw any one get so excited as Virginia. After she had passed Virginia stood up to get a better view. She was almost angry with me because I did not show special interest. How could I care so much about Miss Garbo when I was with a girl like Virginia? It was quite a while before she calmed down again. She told me she would never feel that she was a part of Hollywood until she had met Garbo. The same old enthusiasm for everything about

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her. The same girl who put on boxing gloves with her brother and myself and licked us both. There was almost a family feud the time she beat up the banker's sons, Hal and John Wooledge

Her boxing ability was no accident either. Mr. Briggs used to put up a prize of twenty cents to the winner of the boxing bouts between Virginia and her brother And, time and again, I have seen Virginia floor her brother with one swing, to win the twenty cents.

As we sipped our drinks I reminded Virginia of the good times we had in their big brick house in Fargo. The barn and hay loft where we played hide-go-seek. The roller-skate races we had on the sidewalks and the bicycling at night. We met under the arc light at the corner and then we would wheel around the town and forage for apples or peaches. Her eyes shone, as I related those adventures, and I almost started to get sentimental again. I guess she knew what I was thinking because she suddenly reached over to take my hand. "Let's not talk this way," she said. Gosh, what a girl!

IT would have suited me fine to stay right where we were to dance to the marvelous music but Virginia wanted me to see some of the other places. After we left the Trocadero we stopped for a few minutes at a place called the Casanova. Another swarm of autograph hunters was there and Virginia signed her name for all of them. What patience! The place was filled with a lively crowd of merrymakers but we only stayed long enough for Virginia to introduce me to a few of her friends. From there we went to the Club Esquire. This was a small room with tables and a bar. A man named Guy Renee sang a song and a marvelous pianist, Peggie Riat, played swing music. They begged Virginia to sing one of the songs she will sing in the picture she is making now, called "Born to Dance."

At home we were always getting a bunch together for harmony. During the year Virginia was a Methodist and went to that Sunday School (when she didn't take us for a ride in the "puddle jumper"). But on Christmas it was something different. Somehow, she found out the Congregationalists had a big Christmas tree and a Santa Claus and gave nice presents to all young people. So Virginia became a Congregationalist on Chistmas Eve. She said she earned her present by singing Christmas carols with the children. I guess she did, for each year they welcomed her back and gave her a present. As we drove away from the Club Esquire we started to sing together some of the old songs we used to sing at her home when the bunch was together on cold winter evenings—"In the Evening by the Moonlight," "Down by the Old Mill Stream," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and a lot of others. When we had finished our harmonizing the girls would make a pan of fudge—which we ate with a spoon sometimes. There never was a girl with Virginia's vivacity.

Driving down Hollywood Boulevard is an experience all by itself even if you are not with the prettiest girl in Hollywood. The lights seem one solid flame and there are theaters and restaurants by the dozen. At a night club called the Seven Seas, an Hawaiian girl in a grass skirt dances while

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rain seems to be pouring down outside false windows which face a tropical forest setting. Another place known as Sardi's has hundreds of caricatures of famous Hollywood people hung on the walls. Some are in colored crayon and others in black and white. I could spend a whole day looking at them they are so clever. Virginia used to draw pictures of all of us, too, but hers were not funny ones. Before I forget; the one thing I ever knew which made Virginia angry was to be called "Swede." When she was very small the delivery boys and store-keepers called her that because her hair was practically a taffy white. It is still very light which likely shows her Scotch-Irish ancestry. Her family is partly Welsh also which may account for her natural musical talents.

After stopping to look at Al Levy's Tavern and the Brown Derby across the street (more autographs), we drove down Wilshire Boulevard to the Cocoanut Grove. Wilshire Boulevard is a beautiful and wide thoroughfare, lined with the strange combination of business places, parks and large homes. The Cocoanut Grove is a large ballroom in the luxurious Ambassador Hotel. The room is planted with cocoanut palms from which it derives it's name. There were at least a thousand people seated at tables and a superb orchestra accompanied a woman singer. We stayed for two divine waltzes and started for the last place we were to go that night. It may sound childish to you, but I got an awful kick out of waltzing in the famous Cocoanut Grove with the same beautiful lady I had seen in "The Great Ziegfeld." And I can assure you readers she was far more beautiful that night with me than she was in the picture.

The Palomar, the last place we went to, is a huge dance floor with Benny Goodman's orchestra. I have never seen so many people dancing at one time in my life. And the position some couples take on the floor! But they call it dancing and seem to be enjoying themselves. Virginia and I danced until midnight and then had to start for home as we had fifteen miles to go through traffic. I was glad to be alone with Virginia again as the crowds of people and the autograph hounds prevented me from getting a good long talk with the girl I had come to see.

I DON'T remember much of anything about my three days in Los Angeles except Virginia. I remember everything we talked about and every look she gave me. It was the most thrilling experience I ever had. If you were to ask me what Hollywood has done to the small-town girl I knew I would tell you it did nothing but improve the natural charm she always had. There are likely many pitfalls for young girls in Hollywood. But I am convinced that if a girl has the right natural inclinations she will not be tempted by cheap flattery and gaudy display.

Vivacious, charming, kindly and above all, lovable. Virginia Briggs was like that when I was her boy friend in Fargo, and Virginia Bruce of Hollywood possesses all those qualities and more.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

It's About: *A wife whose intolerant love of her home above husband or friends finally wrecks her marriage, leaving her only the house she guarded so jealously.*

The artistically beautiful manner in which this problem play is presented will thrill any intelligent audience. Maintaining relentlessly the unusual mood of the prize winning play of the same title, feminine director Dorothy Arzner builds a picture that every husband should ask his wife to see. It's an exceptional story.

It's about a wife who has married a man primarily for security. She places her home above everything; love, marriage or friends. Her belief that her husband may fail her but the home will always remain causes her to become fanatically dominant in managing it. No smoking in the drawing-room, no sitting on the arms of chairs, no parties. Anxious to avoid any circumstances that might tend to alienate her husband's romantic interest in her and her home, she even succeeds in driving away his friends and associates.

Rosalind Russell, playing a role absolutely devoid of sympathy gives a four-star performance that should elevate her several rungs up the ladder. Her portrait of the domineering wife is superbly honest. John Boles is a perfect choice for the romantic husband and does well. The remainder of the cast is fine. Best shot: Boles breaking a vase in the holy drawing room and smoking a cigarette at last.

Your Reviewer Says: A famous play becomes an exceptional picture. Go.

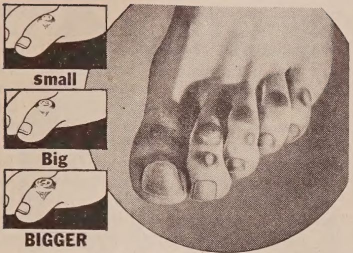
✓Valiant Is The Word For Carrie (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gladys George, Arline Judge, Dudley Digges, John Howard, Harry Carey, Isabel Jewell, Jackie Moran, Charlene Wyatt, John Wray, William Collier, Sr.*

It's About: *The regeneration of a small-town "bad woman" when she adopts two children.*

A superb attempt to screen a masterpiece of censorable material interestingly, yet inoffensively, that, while it's no longer objectionable, falls slightly short of its mark through over-length necessitated by the narrative style of the story.

Carrie is the shunned woman of a small town. Though unwanted, she lives in her cottage on the outskirts of the town and spends her spare time in a tiny garden. The town threatens to "ride her out of Zenith" when she makes friends with a small boy. She leaves. But later, when the boy is left alone by the death of his parents, she returns for him, gaining another run-away, a little girl. *Carrie* leaves her old profession and goes into business. She prospers and, as a result, the boy and girl are both accorded fine educations. Through all this, however, runs the love of the little girl for the boy. He doesn't



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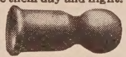

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realize her love until his great sense of obligation has driven him to the brink of marriage with a girl who wants nothing but his money. *Carrie* lands in jail when she tries to get rid of the unwanted girl—and elects to stay there rather than ruin the lives of the kids in a court trial examination.

Stage actress Gladys George gives a fine performance as *Carrie*. Arline Judge and John Howard are the older kids and Jackie Moran and Charlene Wyatt are superb as the small children.

Your Reviewer says: Adult entertainment.

The Longest Night (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Robert Young, Florence Rice, Ted Healey, Julie Haydon, Catherine Doucet, Janet Beecher, Leslie Fenton, Sidney Toler.*

It's About: *A playboy who inherits a department store only to find it harboring thieves, murderers and romance with laughs.*

"Whodunit for Fun" might have been a better title for this bit of rowdy, comical mystery fare. One of the first pictures ever to kid the conventional mystery drama, it comes up smiling.

Robert Young, a playboy, inherits a large department store and decides to manage it himself. After he has fallen rather completely for Florence Rice, one of the clerks, he discovers that his shop has long been the hiding place of a lot of stolen property. Come the police, and the fun and chasing begin. Trouble comes when it is learned that the son of an old and trusted employee is one of the bad boys and that his sweetheart, a sister of pretty clerk Florence Rice, is also in it up to her neck. The whole funny mess might have turned out unhappily had not someone thought to turn on the over-head sprinkling system in time to rout all the hunted ones from their hiding places.

Bob Young and Florence Rice head the cast and do their stint well, but the real honors go to Ted Healy and Sidney Toler as the screwy policemen. Julie Haydon is rather emotional as the sister who goes against the law and Janet Beecher deserves more breaks than she is accorded in her role. The rest of the cast is okay.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad entertainment at all, at all.

✓ The Captain's Kid (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *May Robson, Sybil Jason, Guy Kibbee, Jane Bryan, Fred Lawrence, Gus Shy, Dick Purcell, Mary Treen, Maud Allen.*

It's About: *The friendship of a little girl for a tall-tale-telling old coot and how her faith almost hangs him for murder.*

This is kid-stuff, all right—and no pun intended—but we have a strong hunch that youngsters will get a big kick out of it.

Sybil Jason, a seven-year-old snoop-body from New York, goes to a small vacation town for the summer. There she meets the old codger who rents the fishing boats (for bar money) and they become inseparable pals. Guy Kibbee, the oldster, spends most of his time spinning yarns for

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the kid about being a "pirate" who has killed " at least a dozen men." When the story reaches that point of climax where Kibbee is actually up for murder, the kid's honest recounting of his tall tales almost sends him to the electric chair.

Sybil Jason is a grand little actress! Not once does she resort to the usual overflowing of sticky sentimentalism indulged in by most child actresses. Guy Kibbee gives a swell characterization but May Robson does a little over-acting as the child's grandmother. The cast is okay.

Your Reviewer Says: Walk as far as the ticket window with the kids.

✓ Without Orders (RKO)

You'll See: *Sally Eilers, Robert Armstrong, Frances Sage, Charlie Grapewin, Vinton Haworth, Ward Bond.*

It's About: *Romance in the air-lanes when a beautiful stewardess is loved by the pilot and a speed flyer.*

Here is a thrilling, bang-up air picture with enough action, suspense and romance to assure you a grand hour's entertainment.

When the regular transport pilot loves the beautiful and vivacious stewardess, that's romance. But when the son of the line's president, a weak-kneed playboy with a mania for speed and loops, not only makes the girl fall for him but gets his father to allow him to pilot the big ship, that's drama stuff. And when the weakling son gets the jitters when the transport plane hits a blizzard, goes coward and bails out, the real high point of the show is reached. We'll promise you a thrill when the stewardess (a pilot, too) takes over and, by means of perfect radio directions from the regular pilot (who has been fired and is radioing without orders), saves the ship and the passengers. It's exciting stuff.

Sally Eilers gives a fine account of herself and is surprising in the dramatic sequences. Bob Armstrong, as the tried-and-true pilot, is good. Many scenes, however, are stolen from these troupers by a newcomer from radio, Vinton Haworth. He does an excellent job as the weakling son. We must credit the director with a fine job, too. The cast is good and the air photography is exceptional.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrilling entertainment in the air.

✓✓ Wives Never Know (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charles Ruggles, Mary Boland, Adolph Menjou, Vivienne Osborne, Claude Gillingwater, Fay Holden.*

It's About: *A happily-married couple whose life is turned upside down by the advice of a clever writer on love.*

A very funny little picture indeed. The comedy team of Boland and Ruggles haven't had quite such good material for a long time and they make the most of every turn.

Mr. Ruggles and Miss Boland are so happily married that it hurts until along comes a house guest (Adolphe Menjou) whose latest book, "Marriage, the Living Death," has become a best seller. Menjou proceeds to make the couple very unhappy by showing them that they are living a "starved life" . . . that Charlie should "raise a little cain" so that Mary would not be cheated out of the fuller life and the chance to "forgive him." So perfectly does this propaganda work on them that Charlie starts out to hit the high spots. Of course there is the complication of a big merger for Charlie's business that is based upon the fact that he is a fine family man. You'll laugh your head off when the Big Shot arrives with his blue nose wife to sign the merger only to find Charlie mixed up with an actress and Mary on the verge of a divorce.

Boland and Ruggles are just as funny as usual and we think you will get a kick out of their story. Menjou is excellent and Vivienne Osborne as the actress steals enough scenes to make her dangerous. The gal is really beautiful, too.

Your Reviewer says: A comedy with plenty of laughs.

✓ The General Died at Dawn (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gary Cooper, Madeleine Carroll, Akim Tamiroff, Dudley Digges, Porter Hall, William Frawley, and J. M. Kerrigan.*

It's About: *An American soldier-of-fortune in China who is tricked by a beautiful blonde when romance weakens his usual cunning.*

Laid in bandit-ridden China, this adventure story is reminiscent of "Shanghai Express" with Gary Cooper and Madeleine Carroll instead of Marlene Dietrich and Clive Brook.

The plot concerns an American soldier-of-fortune (Cooper) who is trusted with the money to buy guns for a down-trodden people who are under the heel of a Chinese war lord. Tricked out of both the money and his freedom by the wiles of a beautiful blonde agent of *General Yang*, Gary vows to escape, regain the money and "get" the blonde. How he does all three becomes the last half of the film. The *General*, by the way, dies in the middle of the night but that's too long a title.

Gary Cooper's sincere, two-fisted performance rates your cheers. Charming and beautiful English Madeleine Carroll couldn't resist the temptation to ape her predecessor, German actress Dietrich. Akim Tamiroff as *General Yang*, Porter Hall as the weakling father of Miss Carroll and Dudley Digges as *Mr. Wu* all add greatly to the final result.

Your Reviewer Says: A bit slow moving but good.

✓✓ Dimples (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Frank Morgan, Helen Westley, Robert Kent, Stepin Fetchit, Astrid Allwyn, Berton Churchill.*

It's About: *A rich little poor girl who becomes a child actress in 1850.*

Here is the reverse-English of "Poor Little Rich Girl" and Shirley Temple fans should go for it in a big way. Shirley sings cute songs, dances the steps Bill Robinson taught her and looks sweet in her 1850 costumes. But we have to admit the picture drags a little despite this.

Miss Temple is the granddaughter of a

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reprobate oldster, the *Professor* (Frank Morgan). Unwilling to believe that her grandfather is a thief, Shirley goes to bat for him until a stolen cuckoo clock strikes the hour just after he has sworn he didn't steal it. Shirley returns the clock to the wealthy home of its owner who falls in love with the little girl and offers to give the professor five thousand dollars to allow her to adopt the girl. He refuses. Later, when he loses a large sum of money entrusted him by the producer of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (in which Shirley is playing *Eva*), Shirley offers to live with the old lady and the drama begins.

Shirley does the best she can, which is a charming best always. Frank Morgan is grand. Helen Westley makes a fine lady of class and Stepin Fetchit is funny.

Your Reviewer says: Shirley Temple's presence is a big recommendation.

✓The Magnificent Brute (Universal)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Binnie Barnes, Jean Dixon, William Hall, Henry Armetta, Edward Norris, Billy Burrud.*
It's About: *Two tough guys who battle it out for first honors in Steel Town and the hand of the lady who likes winners.*

Lusty, gusty and trusty. Steeltown drama mixed with romance, fist fights and comedy excitement that fits McLaglen to a T.

Vic McLaglen arrives at Steeltown to take a job only to find that his old rival (William Hall) is already running the show. A beautiful-though-shady lady (Binnie Barnes), famous for marking any man who becomes top dog as her own, goes for Vic—even before he assumes complete command—but his landlady (Jean Dixon) is also in his heart. Of course, Vic gets mixed up in a few double-crosses and a flock of missing funds, but Jean and her little son (Billy Burrud) rescue him.

Vic McLaglen in his customary "I'll make 'em tremble" role is quite as delightful as usual and handles his switch from fists to love with hardy finesse. William Hall, late of radio, shows promise. Billy Burrud scores a hit and Jean Dixon shares feminine honors with Binnie Barnes. The shots of the steel mill in operation come close to perfection.

Your Reviewer says: Gusty drama, low comedy and he-man stuff. Good.

✓Daniel Boone (RKO)

You'll See: *George O'Brien, Heather Angel, John Carradine, Ralph Forbes, Clarence Muse, Dickie Jones, Huntley Gordon.*
It's About: *That man in the fur cap who floated through the Indian Country with the greatest of ease some years ago.*

All about Indians, scalping, wagon trains and fighting. When Daniel Boone (O'Brien) makes an enemy out of "white traitor" John Carradine, he does a good job. What an enemy is John. He plots with the Indians to attack Boone's great wagon train bearing the little band of whites into the Indian Country. O'Brien has instructed Ralph Forbes to go ahead and bring three wandering youngsters back to the fold, but Ralph would rather stay behind and court Heather Angel, so vil-

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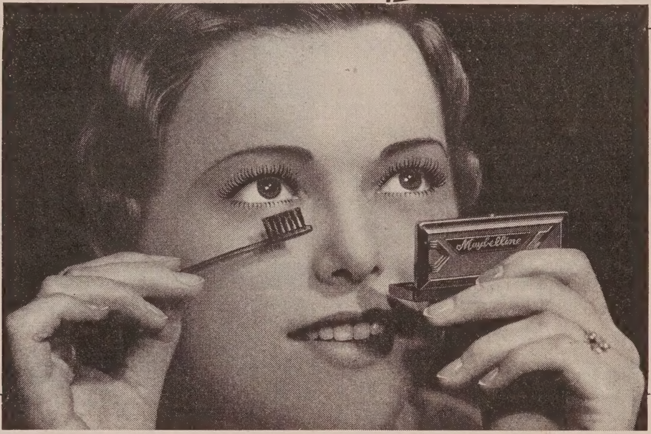
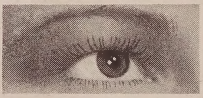
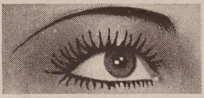




COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.

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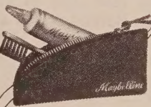

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lain Carradine scalps the three lads with dispatch (and a tomahawk) and then the fighting starts in real earnest.

John Carradine steals the acting honors with a fine performance. You'll hiss him plenty. Mr. O'Brien is out over his head and Heather Angel is pretty and fragile.

Your Reviewer Says: A "natural" for the kids. Let 'em go.

The President's Mystery (Republic)

You'll See: *Henry Wilcoxon, Betty Furness, Sidney Blackmer, Evelyn Brent, Barnett Parker, Mel Ruick, Wade Boteler, John Wray.*

It's About: *The regeneration of a big shot lawyer who fakes his own death to right his wrongs under a new identity, only to face a murder rap.*

Splicing the thread of an ordinary whodunit with bits of New Deal economics, this story suggested by President Roosevelt and originally written by a group of famous writers for *Liberty* emerges as a good hour in the theater.

Henry Wilcoxon, a lawyer, decides to fake his own death and assume a new identity, so that he may right some of the wrongs he has helped perpetrate against "the little fellow." His new life in a small canning-factory town is full of excitement and romance until radio reports warn him that his wife (Evelyn Brent) has been killed and that he is suspected of the murder and his own suicide. His butler comes through with the solution to the murder in time to save his neck for a new-found sweetheart (Betty Furness) and small business.

Henry Wilcoxon, out of costume at last, gives a sincere and moving performance and makes you like the lawyer. Second honors are divided by Betty Furness, Sidney (villain) Blackmer and the butler-detective, Barnett Parker

Your Reviewer Says: Better go.

✓ East Meets West (GB)

You'll See: *George Arliss, Lucie Mannheim, Godfrey Tearle, Romney Brent, Ballard Berkeley, Ronald Ward, Norma Varden, John Laurie, O. B. Lawrence.*

It's About: *An Indian prince's efforts to prevent a revolution and save his son from marrying some one else's wife.*

Once again gone Eastern in a celluloid cause, George Arliss dons a potentate's jeweled regalia with his usual brilliant savoir faire. Subtle and clever dialogue enhance the action which depicts the attempts of two powers to ensnare the crafty rajah in a treaty in which they expect to get the large end of the deal. Mr. Arliss' wily and at times diabolical squirmings and intrigue make up the suspense, underlined by an exciting romance between his son, just returned from Oxford with new ideas on marriage, and the unhappy wife of a dipsomaniac English officer. The glamor and color of the East are displayed as only the British know how.

Arliss does his job with gusto—it's obvious he liked the role. The cast is fine.

Your Reviewer Says: Better see it.

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✓✓ Wedding Present (Paramount)

You'll See: *Joan Bennett, Cary Grant, George Bancroft, Conrad Nagel, Gene Lockhart, William Demarest, Edward Brophy.*

It's About: *The rival girl-and-boy reporters who can't forget their practical jokes long enough even to make love seriously.*

An hilarious farce-comedy, in what is now aptly termed "the Godfrey manner." For laughs, it's tops for the month.

It's about two reporters on the same newspaper who are rivals by day and romantics by night. Joan Bennett would have married Cary Grant except that he's a great practical joker and won't relent even long enough for the ceremony. When their gags get Editor George Bancroft fired, Grant is given the job. But without his usual jokes, Joan doesn't like him so well and leaves for New York and romance with a crackpot writer of success stories (Conrad Nagel). This is too much for editor Grant who goes to the big city to re-vamp his old sweetheart.

Joan and Cary are a grand team for hilarious goings-on. William Demarest and Edward Brophy, as the two gangsters who want to help Cary to repay an old debt, will keep you in stitches. Conrad Nagel and Gene Lockhart head the remainder of a swell cast. Best scene: when Cary and gangster Demarest have failed to win Joan back by force and get drunk to drown their sorrows—only to remember Joan's penchant for following fire engines. Their three-alarm does the trick.

Your Reviewer Says: High fun, lots of laughs. Go.

✓ Polo Joe (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Carol Hughes, Skeets Gallagher, Joseph King, Gordon Elliot, Fay Holden, George E. Stone, Olive Tell.*

It's About: *Joe E. Brown as a "polo expert" who knows nothing about polo.*

If you go for Joe E. Brown, you'll like this. It's just more of the same, but the gags are funny and you might have some extra fun trying to decide whether the horse has a bigger mouth than Joe.

This time, Joe is a wealthy playboy in love with a gorgeous gal who loves horses. Joe doesn't. In fact, horses make him sneeze. But in order to win the girl, he gets himself into the spot where he must play an entire game of polo—without knowing which end of the mallet to hit the horse with. That's the story, which warns you that it isn't very much, as usual; but the laughs are just as funny as always and, in the end, you'll probably decide that the less story Joe has to worry about, the more time he takes planning gags that will throw you in the aisle.

Joe Brown is Joe Brown, and ever the twain shall eat. He is a very funny fellow and as a polo expert he is almost hilarious at times. Carol Hughes is the leading lady . . . and that's all. The rest of the comedy honors are grabbed by an oldster, Fay Holden, who giggles her way into your heart.

Your Reviewer Says: That man's here again, mama, and kinda cute.

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The Evolution of a Wow!

(*Continued from page 49*)

for the director to have hysterics."

As long as she continued to get by on her face and figure, it didn't seem that the Lombard cared about anything else.

But all that time Hollywood was wrong. All that time Carole, the wow-to-be, was going through agonies because she was just plain "inadequate," and she knew it.

"All the time I was making seventeen flops in a row, I was scared to death they were going to call my bluff before I had a chance to really learn something about this business. There is no one else on the screen who has had more consistently bad pictures than I.

"I doubt if anyone will ever know what I went through those first five years. I managed to survive the first two without knowing a thing about acting. I merely stood there in front of the camera and did what the director told me, and tried to keep my mind blank so I wouldn't interfere with his thought transmission. Something seemed to give forth on the screen, but I never knew how it happened. It was all an accident.

NEXT, I developed mannerisms! I learned that lifting my head and tilting it back like a pouty peacock, or lifting one eyebrow, or wearing a certain type of gown was Lombardesque. I was so pleased with these developments I ran them through every performance. Characterization and madame were as far apart as the poles at this stage of the game. Shop girl or society dame, I played them both alike. Of course, it was all wrong, but I was developing something I badly needed, confidence in my little bag of tricks.

"After mannerisms, came realism with a bang! If I was supposed to cry, I howled. If I threw something, I heaved it! Put me in a fight scene with an actor, and I tore him to pieces. Poor Eddie Lowe! They told me to tear into Eddie one day, and I practically tore him to shreds! To this day, Eddie can't see me without ducking. For awhile, I overdid realism too, but at least it was a step in the right direction away from posing.

"And then Paramount loaned me to Columbia to make 'Twentieth Century' with John Barrymore!" Carole ran her fingers through her hair, tossing her head a little as she does when she's really enthusiastic. "Don't let anyone ever tell you that John Barrymore isn't the greatest actor of his day. Perhaps he isn't now the great star he once was. But star or not, he knows more about acting than most of us will ever learn. He taught me more in the six short weeks it took to make the picture than I had learned in five years previous. It would take a book to cover all the things he did to help. But perhaps the greatest was the subtle way he built my self-confidence and flattered me into believing I was good. In place of wandering away after he had completed his own scenes, he'd stay on the set and watch me go through my paces. The picture was a comedy, you remember, and I'll never forget how swell I'd feel to hear that booming laugh of his. It was the most subtle flattery in the world. I worked like a dog to earn those laughs of John Barrymore's.

"All at once it seemed to come to me what this acting business was about. It wasn't a bag of tricks in the routine of a glamor girl. It wasn't your last portrait, sitting in a daring gown, or what the fan writers wrote of you. It was digging down deep into your understanding of the human being you were attempting to create, and living and thinking and being that character every moment the camera was turning. I have been a movie star for some time. But it took me ten years to learn that simple truth about acting."

Carole grinned. "In a way, I'm glad I made it the hard way. This overnight movie success must be terribly confusing to kids like Robert Taylor and Fred MacMurray, who never saw a movie studio until two years ago. There are so many angles to this stardom racket. There are so many angles other than the salary checks and the swimming pools that the public never knows about.

"Belief in yourself, and even the hardest work, aren't enough! You've got to know the tricks of this trade, besides. You've got to know the difference between a Class 'B' picture that takes fifteen days to shoot and a Class 'A' that takes from two months to six. Through painful experience you've got to learn that though you may be starring in six pictures a year it doesn't necessarily mean that your career is on the upgrade. Take Fred (she referred to MacMurray). He is a pretty confused boy right now. He's starred in one picture and featured in another. He has just about come to the conclusion that the only thing he can count on is his salary check. 'I don't get any more for being the star and taking the rap,' he told me one evening while we were waiting for a broadcast. 'I might just as well remain a featured player and let somebody else carry the burden of responsibility.' In a way he's right, and in a way he's wrong. You can't afford to allow your career to remain static in this business. Once you've gained an objective, you've got to advance from there! The trouble is, we actors know less about what is happening to our careers than anyone else.

THE other day one of our first, foremost and finest feminine stars said to me, 'Carole, darling, your last comedies have been successes, but why don't you do an *important* picture, something in costume?' Well, I just looked at her, and all the time I was looking I was thinking about the financial returns on *her* latest picture, a costume picture what was a costume picture. Maybe there had been a lot of prestige and actress-vanity in playing her historical character, but the result was one of the most important box-office flops of the season.

"After all the years I've been in pictures, I hope by this time I know what I am fitted to do, if I haven't learned anything else. I know for one thing that Lombard is a modern personality. I belong to my own age and generation. In hoop skirts, what have I got? I don't mean I expect to do hectic comedies all

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the time. That would be a mistake. People would get sick of it. But there are plenty of good modern dramas to be done, and I'd just as soon be the gal to do them!

"I'm not vain about my career any more But I want to be able to be proud of it. I'd much rather make a good picture than a so-called important one. Harold Lloyd has had one of the longest careers in films making *good* pictures. Even when he branched out, calling his own shots on stories and producing his own films, he never dashed off into costume pictures just to prove what an important star he was.

"After all, how important are actors? We dress the stage, I grant you. But we're awfully lucky, too. We get ninety per cent of the glory when the credit should be divided among so many. You think 'Godfrey' was a good picture? Then credit seventy-five per cent of it to Gregory LaCava who directed it, wrote all the dialogue and literally gave birth to it. To me, LaCava is the great directorial genius of Hollywood. I'm not saying there aren't other great ones. But when you see a LaCava production, you're seeing a one-man creation.

"He used to arrive at the studio every morning at six o'clock and write the dialogue we used that day. There he would be, toiling away in his office while Powell, Alice Brady, Gene Pallette and I waited on the set for our 'laugh lines.' When you are working with a man like that you can't help wanting to give the best performance of your life just to show him how much you appreciate what he's doing for your career. I know everybody in the cast had the same feeling."

NO wonder it turned out to be the comedy sensation of the year. And feeling the way she did, no wonder Carole's ex-husband and co-star, Willie Powell, pulled her off the set one day and whispered in her shell ear, "Well, I can hardly believe it's you!"

That goes for Bill, and Hollywood, and everybody else but Carole—and maybe Pushface.

Right now Carole is on the crest of the wave. She's been given a new deal contract by Paramount that allows for a hand in her own stories, direction and production. That has proved dynamite for other stars. But in Carole's case, just remember she's been ten years learning her way about the movie business.

Personally, I haven't heard of any heartaches in her private life, either. If I had to stand up in a crowd and point a finger at the star I believed had had the most fun out of stardom, Carole would be the target. There's that grand new home of hers in Brentwood, there's that European vacation in the offing, and, oh yes, there's also Clark Gable.

What more could even a wow want from life?

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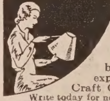

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If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

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MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

The following letter from Mr. Aron M. Mathieu, business manager of Writer's Digest, was extremely pleasing to receive and we hope will encourage you to take part in this contest.

Macfadden Publications, Inc.—An editorial discussion of contests appears in the April issue of Writer's Digest. The following sentence appears in this discussion: "All Macfadden contests are always fair and square." I know that it must be pleasant for your staff who worked so hard on this contest to know that the literary trade believes in you and has complete faith in the fairness of your work.—Signed, Aron M. Mathieu, WRITER'S DIGEST.

HERE ARE THE RULES READ THEM CAREFULLY

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

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You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Names of prize winners will be published, but not in a manner to identify the writers with the stories they submit.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Monday, November 30, 1936.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 27C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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The Million Dollar Boy from the 5 & 10c Store

(*Continued from page 65*)

else. Michael, practically a boy, had a man-sized job—the care of his mother and his two sisters.

With the cards stacked against him all during those seven endless years Michael ate his heart out over his longing to be an actor. At first the movies were some consolation, but as the flame of his ambition burned more fiercely within him pictures served only to whet his imagination the more.

"For several days after seeing a picture," declares Michael, "I wouldn't know what I was doing half the time. It is a good thing my work was routine, the way I moped around, dreaming about the stage and the movies. I would go pushing through the aisles without being conscious of the people. But something hateful to me always brought me to earth with a thud—something like a fat woman asking where to find garter elastic!"

With movies and stage shows leaving him so sick at heart, Michael finally determined not to attend them. Artistic though his inclinations were, there was a practical streak in him. He knew he could not do justice to his work if he was unsettled for days at a time.

THIS resolute move left Michael with no way to slake his thirst for the world of drama. In the small cities in which he was located for the most part there were no little theater groups. Had there been he could have participated only sparingly, if at all. Those who aspire to a dime store career must dedicate most of their waking hours to it. Michael did that, faithfully. But in the privacy of his Catholic communion he dedicated that sacred rite to his real ambition.

When he was transferred to the Philadelphia store he found a kindred spirit and an understanding soul in the cashier, a woman named Susie.

Susie was about ten years older than Michael. She had worked at the candy stand in the lobby of a local legitimate theater. There she had seen and become acquainted with many of the big stars of the stage. She had the feel of the theater. To her Michael could talk "show talk," to her he confided his burning desire to become an actor. Susie kept saying, "Don't worry. Your time will come."

And finally Michael's time did come. His mother re-married. He was free to take the long anticipated first step toward an acting career. He had no idea what the second step would be, but he knew that the first step was to resign from his job.

One afternoon Michael wrote his note of resignation. Handing the envelope to Susie, he said, "Put this in the mail tonight. I'm going out now, but when I return don't let me have it back." Susie, guessing what it was, said that he would get it back only "over her dead body." Michael did not ask for it.

The next morning an ex-dime store manager drew his total savings of $1,800 from the bank and took a train for New York. The first thing he did in that city was attend a performance at Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theater. For several years Michael had found some solace in worship of Eva LeGallienne. He had compiled a thick scrapbook of pictures of the great actress. It was natural that he should go to worship in person at her shrine.

As Michael was reading the program some words at the very bottom leaped before his eyes. They said that the Civic Repertory maintained a junior group open to the public and that anyone interested might apply.

Michael was the first candidate in the theater the next morning. From the rear of the dark house he saw, far back in a corner of the stage, a dim light hanging above a small table, and beside the table the vague form of a woman. Haltingly the youth made his way down the aisle, onto the stage, and across the bare boards. The woman raised her head and as the light fell upon her face Michael saw that it was the great LeGallienne herself. He began to tremble, so unnerved was he at coming face to face with one who had existed only in his dreams.

LeGallienne observed and said kindly, "Sit down, young man." Then, picking up a small book, she opened it and said, "I want you to enact the part of the old miser in this play. You will read the lines on these two pages."

Michael had never delivered a line in his life. He took an indicated position and then, striving to interpret the assigned role, he shuffled across the stage, the while uttering in exaggerated fashion the lines of the character. The interpretation was so far wrong that it was comical. Even Michael realized it and laughed at himself.

With laughter his fright vanished and Michael derided himself aloud. He expressed his disgust with his performance so amusingly that LeGallienne, in turn, laughed heartily. But with the insight born of her years of experience she saw something in the youth, something that Michael's present large measure of success has vindicated.

Miss LeGallienne gave Michael a part in the next play and, under her tutelage, he made good. Soon he became a regular member of the group.

IN time Michael's thoughts inevitably turned to the movies. For a year or more there was in his mind only the hazy thought, "Some day I'm going to Hollywood." Then one morning there flashed into his mind the mysteriously formed decision, "Today I leave for Hollywood."

In the film capital Michael made repeated—and futile—screen tests, appeared in countless little theater plays, did extra work. His income had to be spread pitifully thin. Many days he was down to eating stale bread and coffee—and glad for that! Finally Michael struck bottom— he went to work for a private family for room and board.

When the family sold the house and moved away Michael thought the end had come at last. He was standing forlornly in his empty room, packed luggage about him, with only twenty-seven cents to his name, when the phone rang. It was a call

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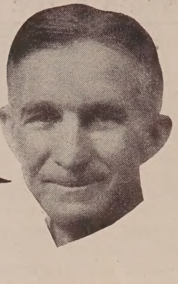
IT'S to treat both the irritated throat and inflamed bronchial tubes at the same time! With double-acting FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR, one ingredient-group coats the raw throat, quickly relieves tickling, hacking and coughing . while the other actually enters blood, acts on affected bronchial tubes, loosens phlegm, helps break up cough, speeds recovery. To check your cough before it gets worse, before others catch it, for *speedy relief* and *speeded-up recovery*, insist upon - - -

FOLEY'S HONEY & TAR COMPOUND

Kidneys must *clean* acids from your *blood*



DR. W. R. GEORGE
Former Health Commissioner of Indianapolis

Your System is Poisoned

And May Cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, and a Run-Down Condition When Kidneys Function Poorly

Your health, vitality and energy are extremely dependent upon the proper functioning of your kidneys. This is easy to understand when you learn that each kidney, although only the size of your clenched fist, contains 4½ million tiny, delicate tubes or filters. Your blood circulates through these tiny filters 200 times an hour, night and day. Nature provides this method of removing acids, poisons, and toxins from your blood.

Causes Many Ills

Dr. Walter R. George, many years Health Commissioner of Indianapolis, recently stated: "Most people do not realize this, but the kidneys probably are the most remarkable organs in the entire human anatomy. Their work is just as important and just as vital to good health as the work of the heart. As Health Commissioner of the City of Indianapolis for many years and as medical director for a large insurance company, I have had opportunity to observe that a surprisingly high percentage of people are devitalized, rundown, nervous, tired, and worn-out because of poorly functioning kidneys."

If your kidneys slow down and do not function properly and fail to remove approximately 3 pints of Acids, Poisons, and liquids from your blood every 24 hours, then there is a gradual accumulation of these Acids and Wastes, and slowly, but surely, your system becomes poisoned, making you feel old before your time, rundown and worn out.

Many other troublesome and painful symptoms may be caused by poorly functioning Kidneys, such as Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Frequent Headaches and Colds, Rheumatic Pains, Swollen Joints, Circles Under Eyes, Backaches, Loss of Vitality, Burning, Itching, Smarting, and Acidity.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Druggists and doctors in over thirty-five countries throughout the world think that the proper way to help kidney functions is with the modern, up-to-date Doctor's prescription. Cystex, because it is scientifically prepared in strict accordance with the United States and British Pharmacopoeia to act directly on the kidneys as a diuretic. For instance, Dr. T. J. Rastelli, famous surgeon and scientist of London, says: "Cystex is one of the finest remedies I have ever known in my medical practice. Any doctor will recommend it for its definite benefit in the treatment of many functional kidney and bladder disorders. It is safe and **harmless."**

And Dr. T. A. Ellis, of Toronto, Canada, has stated: "Cystex' influence in aiding the treatment of sluggish kidney and bladder functions can not be over-estimated." And Dr. C. Z. Rendelle, of San Francisco, said: "I can truthfully recommend the use of Cystex," while Dr. N. G. Giannini, widely known Italian physician, stated: "I have found men and women of middle age particularly grateful for the benefits received from such medication. A feeling of many years lifted off one's age often follows the fine effects of Cystex."

GUARANTEED 8-DAY TEST

If you suffer from any of the conditions mentioned in this article or feel rundown, worn out, and old before your time, poorly functioning kidneys may be the real cause of your trouble. And because Cystex has given successful results in thousands of cases throughout the world after other things had failed, you should put this doctor's prescription to the test immediately, with the understanding that it must prove satisfactory in every way within 8 days, or you merely return the empty package and the full purchase price is refunded.

Because Cystex is specially and scientifically prepared to act directly on the kidneys as a diuretic, it is quick and positive in action. Within 48 hours most people report a remarkable improvement and complete satisfaction in 8 days. Cystex costs only three cents a dose at druggists. Put it to the test today. Under the guarantee you must feel younger, stronger, and better than you have in a long time—you must feel that Cystex has done the work thoroughly and completely, or you merely return the empty package and it costs nothing. You are the sole judge of your own satisfaction. You can't afford to take chances with cheap, inferior or irritating drugs or any medicine that is not good enough to be guaranteed. Telephone your druggist for guaranteed Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) today.

I'll PROVE in 7 Days I Can make YOU a *NEW MAN!*

Even in the first week I will prove I can give you a powerful body of might and muscle—with my quick *Dynamic Tension* method!

Mail coupon below—and I'll send you *absolutely free* my new book "Everlasting Health and Strength." Reveals secrets that changed me from a 97-pound weakling to twice-winner of title, "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

I've taken thousands of flabby, no-muscle men and given them big, powerful muscles, increased measurements, amazing strength, vitality, pep! My *natural Dynamic Tension* method develops real men, inside and out! Banishes constipation, bad breath, pimples.

Send NOW for free copy of my book filled with pictures and body facts. Find out how I can make *you* the husky, big-muscled NEW MAN you can be! Mail coupon TODAY. CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 58M, 115 E. 23 St., N. Y. City.

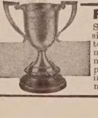
FREE BOOK
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 58M, 115 E. 23 St., N. Y. C.

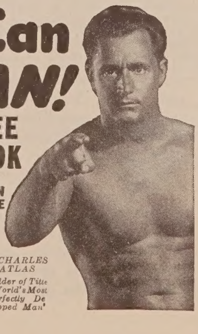
Send FREE BOOK showing how *Dynamic Tension* can make me a NEW MAN.

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .



FREE
Sterling silver cup to pupil making most improvement in next 3 months.



by CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of Title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

from 20th Century-Fox studio, not from the casting office for a day's work, but from the office of Darryl Zanuck, production head of the company. Zanuck, impressed by Michael's performance in a little theater play, gave him a long contract.

There's Michael Whalen's story to date. If it is partly your story here is what Michael has to say to you out of his years of marking time and struggling for recognition:

"If you are tied down—if you are still in the hoping stage of the game—don't lose hope! The break will come. But don't just wait for it. Move heaven and earth to make your own break. In the meantime study and practice along the line of your ambition every possible minute.

"If you are already trying to reach your chosen goal—keep on trying! Life has to be lived and you might as well be living it your way. The practice you are getting, though it may not be bringing in much money or winning you much recognition, is making you a better artist, writer, actor, or whatever you may be. Some day—maybe tomorrow—you'll get there!"

Movie Mirror Jr. Prize Winners

MOVIE MIRROR is happy to announce the following winners in the Freddie Bartholomew Cut-Out Contest. To each of the winners an autographed photograph of Freddie Bartholomew has been sent.

Jim Lemkuhl, 4242 Ashland Ave., Norwood, Ohio.

Ada Homewood, Route No. 6, Burlington, N. C.

Mary Jo Philen, Ben Wheeler, Texas.

Jane Murray, Box 194, Burgaw, N. C.

Mary Lee Jeter, 61 Fiske St., Waterbury, Conn.

Dorothy Barclay, 222 N. E. 35th St., Miami, Florida.

Anne Arnholt, 2688 Deming Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Jeanette Trippet, 519 East E. Street, Bartlesville, Okla.

Uleland Starnes, 540 Crest St., Rock Hill, S. C.

Henry A. Wiatt, Chickasaw, Alabama.

Emilie Bohrer, 1418 West Onondaga St., Syracuse, N. Y.

Anna Marshall, 3545 Wellington Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

Start a POTATO CHIP BUSINESS

IN YOUR KITCHEN and MAKE MONEY!

BIG profits for Ladies in this Sensational "Home" Business. No experience needed. I show you how to cook and sack a wonderful new "Greaseless" Potato Chip; how to get stores to sell all you make. Small investment buys complete equipment to install at home.

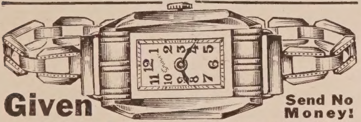
Buy Potatoes for 2c a POUND Sell them as VITA-SEALD Chips for 35c A POUND
Think of the profit. One machine makes enough to bring $23.50 a day. Costs nothing to get information, pictures, prices, and terms. Send name on postal card and see how easy it is to make money with this big-profit, Home business.

I FURNISH EVERYTHING
I send you everything including speed-slicer, cooker, oil-extractor for making new "GREASELESS" Chip), big supply of printed bags, and free advertising material.

G. H. HARDT, 325 W. Huron St.
Dept. B-4412, Chicago, Illinois

ENLARGEMENTS

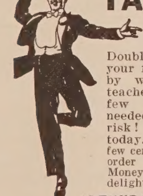
Amazing results from your own film
Size 8x10 inches 60c each
Size 5x7 inches 35c each
Beautifully hand colored 50c each additional
C. O. D. or send coin or stamps with your color instructions and films
All films safely returned—SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
REX PHOTO COMPANY, 509 Madison Ave., New York



Given **Send No Money!**

LADIES' & GIRLS' **SEND NAME AND ADDRESS Latest Shape High Grade**

7-Jewel Movement WRIST WATCH with metal bracelet and beautifully designed chrome plated case. Or big cash commission. **Yours** for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** big colored pictures with well known WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per premium plan book. Choice of many other premiums. 42nd season. We are fair and square. Write today for Salve and pictures sent postpaid. **Wilson Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. 24-Z, Tyrone, Pa.**



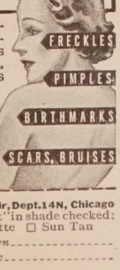
LEARN TAP DANCING IN 5 HOURS

Double your popularity and surprise your friends. New easy picture course by world-famous dance authority teaches you tap dancing at home in few hours! No exceptional talent needed. Prove it for yourself without risk! Send for this amazing course today. Pay postman only $1.98 plus few cents postage or send $2 with order and save 24c postage. Money back in 5 days if not delighted.

$1.98

ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio T-3, E. 43 St., N. Y. C.

SKIN BLEMISHES CONCEALED!



NOW! Make skin blemishes invisible in a few seconds time! Amazing "HIDE-IT" perfectly conceals Pimples, Birthmarks, Liver Spots, Freckles, Bruises, Scars, Dark Circles Under Eyes, Discolorations, etc. Won't rub off. Lasts until removed with cream. Waterproof. Harmless. Gives skin marvelously smooth, clear look! $1 at Dept. and Drug Stores. Or, send 10c for generous trial.

Hide-it

TRIAL **CLARK-MILLNER CO., 666 St. Clair, Dept. 14N, Chicago**
I enclose 10c for trial-size "Hide-It" in shade checked:
☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Brunette ☐ Sun Tan
Name.............................. *Town*..............................
Address.............................. *State*..............................

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page* 61)

as possible and in quick repetition.

4. In the same position, lay your head well back, place your hands on your forehead, and then force your head forward while your hands push against it. The principle is the same but the routine involves the use of different muscles. Do this rapidly too.

5. Now let your head rest on your left shoulder, put your right hand over your right ear, and try to raise your head against the resistance of your hand. It's absolutely necessary that in all of these exercises you strain as hard as you can to get your head up, or down, as the case may be, and that you push as desperately as you can with your hands. The harder you work the more exercise the muscles will receive, and the quicker you will notice results.

6. Repeat number 5, except that the head will rest on the right shoulder and you will employ the left hand.

7. Lie on your back on a padded table, or bed, and allow your head to hang loosely over the edge so that you are looking at the wall behind you. Now raise your head and touch your chin to your chest, keeping the shoulders flat. Let the head go back slowly, count two, and repeat.

DO each routine until you are tired, and allow yourself at least ten minutes of work both in the morning and at night. This isn't as easy as it sounds. If you do it correctly you will observe a decided strain on the cords and muscles in your throat, and for a day or two after you first follow my instructions there will probably be a soreness there. Don't let it deter you; it will go away.

And so will the wrinkles.

The exercise you must do for the face will probably scare you out of your wits when you stand before your mirror but that's all right, too; the only thing is, don't let anyone watch while you're at it or you'll find yourself explaining bleakly to some hastily called psychiatrist.

Watching carefully to see that you do it correctly, stand or sit in a normal position and—very slowly—open your mouth as far as you can, at the same time bringing the lips back over your teeth as if you were snarling, and pulling the corners of the mouth back as far as they will go; then close your mouth, again slowly, at the same time bringing the lips together and out, so that they are pursed. Strain your mouth during the exercise, and when you have learned how, speed up the procedure. Repeat until your face is very tired.

The rest is merely a matter of massage with oil. No matter what expensive preparations you have been buying and spreading on your skin as a remedy for wrinkles, there is no better restorative for sagging flesh than pure olive oil; this is a treatment accepted by physicians and skin specialists as the quickest and safest, and is the one used by the Hollywood stars who come to me with their troubles.

Before you go to bed each night spread

Be a RADIO EXPERT

Learn to Make $30, $50, $75 a WEEK

I'll train you at home in spare time

Chief Operator Broadcasting Station

"When I completed 20 lessons, I obtained my Radio Broadcast Operator's license and immediately joined Station WMPC, where I am now Chief Operator."—HOLLIS F. HAYES, 85 Madison St., Lapeer, Mich.

Own Business Pays $300 a Month

"I now have my own Radio business, which shows three hundred dollars a month profit—thanks again to National Radio." FRANK T. REESE, 39 N. Felton St., Philadelphia, Penna.

Earned $50 First Month in Spare Time

"I knew nothing about Radio. After four lessons I began servicing Radios, earning $50 the first month. Last winter I made as high as $100 a month in spare time."—G. F. WALTON, 808 West Olnev Road, Norfolk, Va.

Do you want to make more money? Broadcasting stations employ engineers, operators, station managers and pay up to $5,000 a year. Spare time Radio set servicing pays as much as $200 to $500 a year—full time servicing jobs pay as much as $30, $50, $75 a week. Many Radio Experts own their own full or part time Radio businesses. Radio manufacturers and jobbers employ testers, inspectors, foremen, engineers, servicemen, paying up to $6,000 a year. Radio operators on ships get good pay and see the world. Automobile, police, aviation, commercial Radio, and loud speaker systems offer good opportunities now and for the future. Television promises many good jobs soon. Men I trained have good jobs in these branches of Radio.

Many Make $5 $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Practically every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs that you can cash in on quickly. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that have made good spare time money for hundreds of fellows. I send special equipment which gives you practical experience—shows you how to conduct experiments and build circuits which illustrate important Radio principles.

Find Out What Radio Offers You—Mail Coupon

Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television: shows you actual letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; tells about my Money-Back Agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 6NT
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

Rich Rewards in Radio

J. E. SMITH, President.
Dept. 6NT,
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME...AGE..........
ADDRESS...
CITY...STATE....................

the oil lavishly on face and neck, immediately after you have finished your exercise, and then massage until all oil has disappeared into the pores. Spread on more and continue rubbing until the skin is saturated.

The longer you massage the better results you will have. Always work your hands upward toward your eyes, don't neglect your forehead and when you have finished leave the oil on over night. It will disappear by morning.

One more important thing: never use any water on your face unless it is ice-cold; you can wash your pores clean with a good cleansing cream and rinse with water from the refrigerator.

Wrinkles, as well as the other results of age, are caused too by poor circulation, and they will fade rapidly when you begin a routine of proper and regular exercise which I shall include in a later article. In addition to these things it would be well if you regulated your diet to include a predominance of vegetables and fruits and lean meats.

Sleep is such an important factor in the campaign against being old that I have left it until the last, and now despair of being able to stress it enough. Aside from the fact that ten hours of absolute rest each night are beneficial to anyone, young or middle-aged, you must understand that it is doubly necessary if you want your face to lose its washed-out look and your eyes to regain their brightness.

Dimming eyes are probably the first fore-runners of all the hideous age-signs that we discussed earlier, and there is only one remedy; sleep, sleep, sleep, and more sleep.

If you follow the routines set forth in this issue your face and neck will have a running start on the other faults which you will attack next month; in the meantime, buy a bottle of olive oil and a new hat, as young and ridiculous as possible.

One is quite as important as the other.

In next month's article, Mr. Loomis will give you more of his invaluable advice on figure-control—this time, those all-important problems of posture and reshaping the upper arms and thighs and ankles. Don't fail to get your copy of January Movie Mirror *the day it goes on sale, November 25!*

The Gift of Beauty

(*Continued from page* 24)

you to write me about such problems as these:

"Please don't think I'm conceited, but my eyes are my best feature and I want to know how to make them as lovely as possible."

"My family laugh at me and say I am terribly vain about my looks. But I'm so overweight. Isn't it right to want to reduce?"

And then the query I get over and over again: "Do you think it's wrong to wear make-up?"

For the last few months, I've been writing about special beauty problems, because they were topics you had asked for. But it's a good thing, every once in a while, to go back to the fundamental reason why beauty problems are worth the time and thought we spend on them. It is *to give pleasure to others.*

A long time ago, a very wise, older man made a remark to me which is such a perfect illustration of this that I want to tell you about it. We were having luncheon. He suddenly broke into what we were talking about, with, "That is the most conceited woman I ever saw." I followed his glance to look at a middle-aged woman. Her dull, unattractive hair was skinned back any old way. She had a shiny face with a not particularly good complexion and the most unbecoming (but not inexpensive) clothes. When she spoke, her voice was harsh and repellent.

"Whatever do you mean?" I asked. "Why, it's obvious she doesn't care a hang *how* she looks."

"That's just it," he answered thoughtfully. "She is so intolerably conceited that she feels no need of giving people the pleasure of looking at her. Her appearance says plainly that if you don't like her as she is, you can look somewhere else. *She* doesn't care." And he went on, "You will learn, my dear, as you grow older, that the very *lack* of conceit is what makes us wish to please others."

Can I add anything to that? I don't think so. It is the perfect answer to the charge of being conceited, which is sometimes levelled at girls and women who are meticulous about their appearance, particularly at young girls, who, in their first eagerness, may seem to be taking the question of how they look, much too seriously.

It's the perfect answer to that surprising question about cosmetics. What could possibly be wrong about using anything that makes you prettier and more attractive? It is, indeed, a breach of taste to use make-up, or anything else for that matter, in an ignorant, careless way, but there is nothing wrong about even this.

Think of the gift of beauty you can make to your loved ones! The sight of you, with a trim, graceful figure; becomingly arranged and well-kept hair; your features attractive no matter what their basic design, because you have cleverly accented your best points, and toned down others; and because (just as important) you have an inner beauty of love and tolerance and understanding (remember the time you found Marie Dressler's picture in this department?).

"Easy to look at" may be a slang way of putting it, but it tersely expresses a truth. Are you making life a little pleasanter and happier for those around you, by being easy to look at? Do you realize that when you don't try to look your best, your appearance is saying, "I have no wish to please anyone but myself. If I'm hard to look at, that's my business." But you see, in this world of ours, we can do very little unto ourselves alone, and certainly our appearance simply can't be our own business alone since other people have to look at us. That's why we have an obligation to prepare our gift of beauty as well as we can—because it's for other people—and why we must never, never make the mistake of branding this desire as conceit.

There! That's something I've been wanting to thresh out for a long time. I knew from my mail that it needed to be said, and no better time to say it than now.

Right above the title of this article is a picture of Joan Crawford as she is today, and the title might almost serve as a caption for the picture. How truly she has given beauty to us all; how much richer is all the world because Joan Crawford wasn't so conceited as to be complacently satisfied with herself just as she was. Do you think we would have her exquisite performance in "The Gorgeous Hussy," her latest triumph, if there had been one atom of wretched conceit in her nature?

Look at your own daily "personal appearance." Does your performance entirely satisfy you? And if it doesn't, do you know what to do? Begin, as Joan must have, to list your assets and liabilities True, she had a good profile, but she was also overweight and had some unattractive features. She was shy and self-conscious. Hard to believe, isn't it, when I assure you that the Joan of today is even lovelier off the screen than she is on it.

None of us have identical problems, but we can approach them as Joan did, which is to emphasize the assets and work on the liabilities, and to acquire the perfect grooming and poise which are essential to real beauty.

Incidentally, if one of your problems is too much hips, as it is with so many of us here is a simply miraculous new exercise I think we'll call it "The Agitated Milk-Bottle." Hold a milk bottle by both ends. stiffly at arms' length, shoulder high. Now. keeping arms straight and exerting no part of the body except the hips and torso, shake the bottle from side to side. Just a few seconds the first time (it is more strenuous than it sounds), then work up to a minute three times a day.

I *would* work something practical into all this uplift and inspiration if only to remind you that the wish is the foundation of all accomplishment, but only the foundation. Begin right now to *do* something about your own individual gift of beauty.

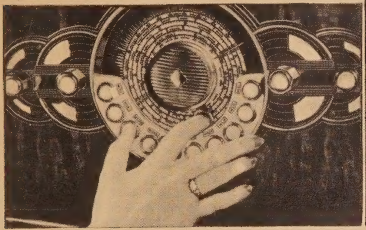
I couldn't end without sending you all my best and biggest Christmas Greetings—new friends and old. Merry Christmas to the "buckeroo" in Nevada who learned how to protect her complexion while riding the range; and to the flaxen-haired Dutch girl who admires American girls so much that she wanted to know "how they did it" (and I only wish my Dutch was as good as her English though she has never been out of Holland); Merry Christmas to my Australian friends under the Southern Cross and to my Canadian and Mexican neighbors; Merry Christmas to all the school girls learning to preserve their glorious youthfulness; Merry Christmas to the clever housewives and business women always interested in practical beauty regimes.

A very Merry Christmas to all my readers, friends everywhere who have made my year such a happy one, with the precious gift to me of their enthusiasm and appreciation of what I've tried to do. I only hope you enjoy this department one-half as much as I enjoy writing it!

SAVE UP TO 50% at Factory Prices!

You'll Be Excited over MIDWEST'S DIAL-A-MATIC Tuning and Exclusive ELECTRIK SAVER!

Your radio enjoyment is doubled with Dial-A-Matic Tuning, the amazing new Midwest feature that makes this radio practically tune itself. Now, even a child can bring in ten perfectly tuned programs in ten seconds! It's a big thrill to whirl the dial . . . and then hear the station you want . . . come in instantly, automatically, perfectly. Zip-zip-zip . . . the programs roll in perfectly tuned . . . as fast as you can press buttons! This new Midwest feature will perform new miracles of radio for you.



New 1937 AIR-TESTED 5-BAND

16-Tube MIDWEST Radio

9 to 2200 METERS

Only $49.95 COMPLETE WITH GIANT THEATRE SONIC SPEAKER (LESS TUBES)

TERMS AS LOW AS $5.00 DOWN

30 Days FREE Trial!

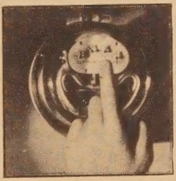
Send for big FREE 40-page 1937 Midwest catalog — before you buy any radio — and see for yourself why scores of thousands of radio purchasers have saved up to 50% by ordering the Midwest factory-to-you way since 1920. Learn why Midwest radios are preferred by famous movie stars, orchestra leaders, musicians, sound technicians, and discriminating radio purchasers everywhere.

Once again, Midwest demonstrates its leadership by offering this amazingly beautiful, bigger, better, more powerful, 16-tube, 5-band world-wide radio — a startling achievement that makes the whole world your radio playground. Out-performs $150 radios on point-for-point comparison. Powerful Triple-Twin Tubes (two tubes in one) give 20-tube results.

BECOME YOUR OWN RADIO DEALER

Save the jobber's-retailer's profits that often amount to 50% of ordinary retail prices. Become your own radio dealer and buy at wholesale prices direct from the Midwest factory. Never before so much radio for so little money! Why pay more?

This super deluxe Midwest radio is so amazingly selective, so delicately sensitive, that it brings in distant foreign stations with full loud speaker volume on channels adjacent to powerful locals. You'll thrill over its marvelous super-performance . . . glorious crystal-clear "concert realism" . . . and magnificent world-wide foreign reception. Scores of marvelous Midwest features, many of them exclusive, make it easy to parade the nations of the world before you. You can switch instantly from American programs . . . to Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts . . . to the finest, most fascinating world-wide foreign programs.



ELECTRIK-SAVER

This exclusive Midwest feature cuts radio wattage consumption 50% . . . results in Midwest radios using no more current than ordinary 7-tube sets . . . enables them to operate on voltages as low as 80 volts.

Before you buy any radio, send for our big FREE 40-page 1937 catalog—and take advantage of Midwest's sensational factory-to-you values. You have a year to pay and terms are as low as 10c per day — and you secure the privilege of 30 days' FREE trial in your own home. In addition you are triply protected with Foreign Reception Guarantee, Full-Year Warranty and Money-Back Guarantee.

Only MIDWEST Gives You 16 TUBES • 5 WAVE BANDS

9 TO 2200 METERS • ELECTRIK SAVER

• DIAL-A-MATIC TUNING •

• AUTOMATIC AERIAL ADAPTION •

DUAL AUDIO PROGRAM EXPANDER

A COMPARISON CONVINCED ME I SHOULD HAVE A MIDWEST. IT IS A SPLENDID PERFORMER.
Fred MacMurray

NO SET THAT I HAVE EVER OWNED HAS BROUGHT IN FOREIGN RECEPTION SO CONSISTENTLY AND SATISFACTORILY.
Gloria Stuart

MIDWEST 1937

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.

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MOVIE MIRROR

JANUARY

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

CAROLE LOMBARD

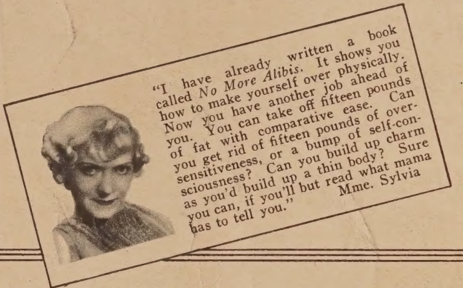
HOW THELMA TODD
IS HAUNTING
PATSY KELLY

NELSON EDDY
ANSWERS ALL
YOUR QUESTIONS

Now I'll Give You a Magnetic

PERSONALITY

Says Sylvia of Hollywood In Her New Book

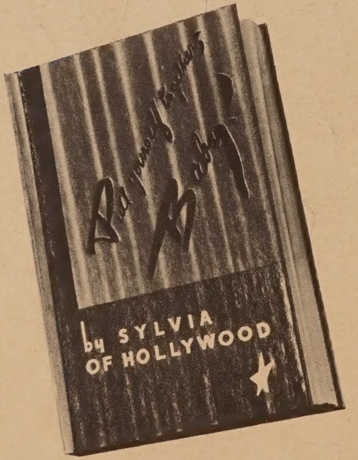


"I have already written a book called *No More Alibis*. It shows you how to make yourself over physically. Now you have another job ahead of you. You can take off fifteen pounds of fat with comparative ease. Can you get rid of fifteen pounds of over-sensitiveness, or a bump of self-consciousness? Can you build up charm as you'd build up a thin body? Sure you can, if you'll but read what mama has to tell you."

Mme. Sylvia

MADAME SYLVIA, the beauty adviser to Hollywood's famous stars and New York's elite, now reveals to you the secrets of a magnetic personality. You can be a most captivating and intriguing person if you will but follow the simple secrets of charm and personality as described in Sylvia's new book, *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!*

This stimulating and inspiring book by the author of that national best seller *No More Alibis* has already become the most talked about book of the year . . . and it has been on sale less than one month! Critics, book reviewers and women in every section of the country acclaim *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* It's a book that you will want to read and re-read. A book that you will want to live with, day after day, year after year.



Get Out of the Rut

Personality, as Sylvia of Hollywood defines it, is that magic touch which makes an ugly person charming . . . a pretty woman fascinating . . . a beautiful girl simply irresistible. It is a combination of brains, character, physical attractiveness, manner and manners. It's the answer to the question, "How can I be popular?" It gets jobs, it wins friends, it draws beaux like a magnet. It keeps husbands in love with you. And make no mistake about personality . . . you can acquire it . . . you can develop it. Not by "acting up" or by any foolish frills or mannerisms, but by carrying out a few simple secrets of charm.

Magnify Your Personality

So many of us are blundering, stammering self-conscious folks that we really never give ourselves a chance to express our true personalities. We shrivel up into knots when in company of strangers and act as awkward as elephants in rubbers just at a time when we wish to radiate with loveliness. This need not be. For it is but an easy matter to acquire self-assurance and poise if you will but heed Sylvia's advice.

You are familiar with those persons who are bursting with personality. It's fun to be in their company . . . they have a host of friends and are always the center of attraction wherever they go. You've always admired them . . . wished you could be like them. Well you can! You can magnify your own personality. You can acquire and develop all those traits which you admire so much in others. Sylvia of Hollywood wrote *Pull Yourself Together, Baby!* to tell you these very things. This book is packed solid with valuable hints . . . secrets on charm and personality that Madame Sylvia has gleaned from studying the most dynamic personalities of the stage and screen.

Don't sit back and accept yourself the way you are, if you're dissatisfied with your looks, your sex appeal, your popularity. Don't hide at a time when you should radiate with beauty and personality. Read Madame Sylvia's new book . . . apply her secrets and you will experience a marvelous change in yourself. You will enter upon a new world . . . a world in which you are the master of your fate.

Only $1.00

Pull Yourself Together, Baby! is written in Madame Sylvia's typical rapid-fire style. It fairly bristles with enthusiasm and is brimful of amusing incidents. The clever cartoons which help to illustrate this book will give you many a chuckle. The price is only $1.00. If unobtainable at your department or book store, use the coupon below.

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The Personality Diet; The Personality Figure; Forget Thy Neighbor; Glamour is Glandular; From the Neck Up; The Personality Wardrobe; The Step-Children of Personality; How Are Your Company Manners?; Poise Under Pressure; The Art of Being a Good Sport; This Thing Called Love; Cure-For-The-Blues Department; Take a Chance!

Madame Sylvia's Other Book

If you haven't read *No More Alibis* by Madame Sylvia, get a copy of this national best-seller at once. This book contains *all* the beauty treatments which have made Sylvia a power in Hollywood. Price $1.00, postpaid.

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How Career Girls overcome the greatest handicap to success

BUSINESS . . . the stage . . . teaching . . . other professions . . . each is a field sizzling with fierce competition in which no quarter is asked and none given.

Who has the better chance of getting ahead — a girl whose breath is sweet and fresh or one whose breath is a continual offense to others?

* * *

Be Ever On Guard

Common sense gives you the answer. Today only the dull and stupid fail to recognize the threat of halitosis (bad breath) and the harm it can do. The fastidious, the intelligent appraise it for what it is — a constant menace that may be present one day and absent the next. They are continually on guard against it.

There has always been one *safe* product especially fitted to correct halitosis pleasantly and promptly. Its name is Listerine, and it is the pleasantest tasting, most delightful mouth wash you can use.

When you rinse your mouth with Listerine here is what happens.

Four Benefits

(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4) The breath itself—indeed, the entire mouth—is freshened and sweetened.

Imitations Fail

Many imitations of it have failed either because they could not do what Listerine does; because they did not meet standard requirements for an antiseptic; or because they were too strong, too harsh, or too bitter to be tolerated.

Of the imitations that remain, a very large number lack Listerine's speedy action and efficiency.

Don't Offend Others

When you want such freshening and deodorizing effect without danger, use Listerine. Use it every morning and every night, and between times before business and social engagements, so that you do not offend. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*

For HALITOSIS **use LISTERINE**

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10, NO. 2 • JANUARY, 1937

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Natural Color Photograph of CAROLE LOMBARD by James N. Doolittle

IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

(OUT DECEMBER 23)

How Fred Astaire Helped Ann Sothern Find Happiness

Ann Sothern

Fred Astair

One of the most revealing stories about two famous stars we've ever printed—how Ann's disappointment and despair were turned to victory through the inspiration Fred gave her in her darkest hours. You'll know a great deal more about both these great singing, dancing personalities when you've read this frank and personal story.

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REUNION—IN LOVE—BY REQUEST!

You asked for it and you'll be delighted you did! They're together again! Joan and Clark taking their "Love On The Run"—kissing and kidding their way from Mayfair to the Mediterranean in a transcontinental caravan of jollity!

Joan CRAWFORD · Clark GABLE

IN

LOVE on the RUN

A W. S. VAN DYKE Production

with

FRANCHOT TONE

REGINALD OWEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz

Movie Mirror Junior

Spanky McFarland

—GUEST EDITOR

That's a grand boat Harry Strang made for Spanky while they were playing in M-G-M's "General Spanky."

HI Girls and Fellars!

This is a new job for me, editing MOVIE MIRROR Junior. But, I've had a lot of different jobs since I got into the movies.

My mother says my first job was being a bread salesman when I was a year old. I don't remember about that, but I know I did sell bread. It was in Dallas, Texas, where I was born on October 2, 1928. A bakery used my picture on all the billboards advertising their bread. My name was Sonny then. But I've been Spanky ever since I came to Hollywood.

When I was two and a half, my Aunt Dorothy sent a little movie film the bakery had made of me out to Mr. Hal Roach. She thought I ought to be in "Our Gang." Mr. Roach agreed with her, I guess, for he wrote to my mother asking her to bring me to California. And I've been making "Our Gang" comedies ever since.

I started at the studio when Dickie Moore, Wheezer, Echo, Kendall McComas and Stymie were playing there. Now, I'm the only one left at the studio out of that bunch. The first picture I played in was called "Free Eats," and it sure hit the spot with me because I like to eat.

Spaghetti with chicken livers and mushrooms in it is my favorite food. I like a great big plate of it so I can eat it just like the Italians do. I "ooze" it up in my mouth, so it goes in like worms go in the ground. Mother says that isn't polite eating, but it's sure a lot more fun. Besides, I think eating ought to be fun, too, don't you?

Alfalfa Switzer, the hill-billy in "Our Gang," just looked over my shoulder and started to make fun of me because I was writing about food. You know Alfalfa. He croons in our pictures. I asked him what he thought I should write about and he said music. He says he's just discovered an old song he thinks is swell. It's called "All Around the Water Tank." But, gee, he makes such funny faces every time he sings, I don't think people pay much attention to the song. Did you see the way he scrunched up his face when he sang "Just Before the Battle, Mother," in our latest picture, "General Spanky?"

I sure made a mistake in trying to write this at the studio. Darla Hood, our girl, just came in and said if I was an editor she thought she should be the fashion editor. She says little Princess Elizabeth over in England wears very tailored looking clothes and that it's the new style for little girls in this country. I don't know anything about that. Anyway, I guess Darla wants you to know she's following the styles.

Good gosh, now Buckwheat wants to say something, too. He says be sure to tell you that he wants to be a director when he grows up, and that he's practicing by being a cameraman now. He built a camera out of an old cigar box and took the tricycle the studio gave him for Christmas last year and made a "traveling camera," as he calls it. He rides all over the lot clicking something on that cigar box and acting just as if he's really taking pictures of things. He says now he's going to take the ladder off his fire truck and fix his camera on it to take the "tall pictures." Just like all little colored boys, Buckwheat likes to play around making things and then calling them by big names. But we have lots of fun together.

Thank goodness Baby Patsy can't talk very much or she would be asking me to tell you a lot of things, too. She's an awfully nice little girl, though. She's got a funny name for me. She calls me "Fupansky."

Gee, I guess I spoke too soon. Here she comes now with Porky. When Porky heard what I was doing, he said he wanted to be an editor, too. I tried to tell him he was too small, but he said "phooey" to me. Well, if he has to do something, I guess he might as well be the garden editor, because he knows most about that. You've seen him going around eating flowers and weeds and everything in our pictures, haven't you? He ought to know how most garden things taste by this time.

Porky says to tell you that you can have a nice plant in your house if you will take a sweet potato and put it in a dish of water. He says just be sure to keep water on it, and let it alone. Soon a lot of vines will start coming out of the potato. Gosh, maybe I'll try that one myself when I get home.

Well, I guess I can go on, since all the kids have cleared out. Where was I? Oh yes, I was telling you about the first picture I played in, "Free Eats."

I sure thought I had Mamma under my thumb when I was making that picture. She came to the studio every day with me and I pulled a lot of tricks on her. I would sneak over to the carpenter shop between shots so she couldn't find me and things like that. She scolded me at first, but I guess I went too far.

One day I did something naughty and didn't get scolded for it. Instead, I knew I was going to get something worse. She was going to spank me. But just as she got started, some lady came up and

(*Continued on page* 85)

Another GARY COOPER, JEAN ARTHUR Triumph
CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
"The PLAINSMAN"

Cecil B. DeMille brings you Gary and Jean in their grandest picture . . . the story of Wild Bill Hickok and Calamity Jane, the hardest boiled pair of lovers who ever rode the plains . . . a glorious romance set against the whole flaming pageant of the Old West . . .

Paramount
Pictures

"You've got courage enough to kill a dozen Indians . . . why haven't you courage enough to admit you love me?"

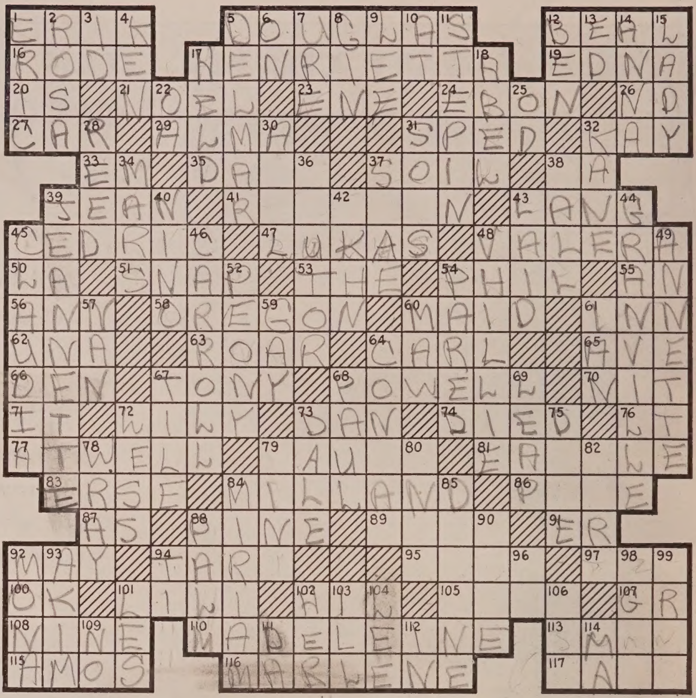
"Save your fire, boys, 'til they come close and then blast the varmints. There's got to be room for white men on these plains."

"Gentlemen, my name is Wild Bill Hickok and I think we can settle everything very . . . very peacefully . . . unless somebody wants to deal out of turn."

"Go ahead. Do your worst. We'll still be laughing at you. Laughing at a great chief so small he'd kill two helpless persons for spite."

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

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R	A	I	N	S		S	T	O	N	E		R	A	Y	E	S

HORIZONTAL

1. Phi Beta Kappa member who appears in "Second Wife"
5. "The Amateur Gentleman"
12. His latest picture is "M'Liss"
16. Was borne along
17. A featured player in "Girl of the Ozarks"
19. Mrs. Herbert Marshall
20. "The Devil - - - a Sissy"
21. Pedro in "Champagne Charlie"
23. Direction of the compass
24. Black
26. Western state (abbr.)
27. "- - - 99"
29. Late wife of Ricardo Cortez
31. Hastened
32. Star of "Stolen Holiday"
33. "Hold - - - Yale"
35. Take out in proof-reading
37. Dirt
38. Irene Dunne's home state (abbr.)
39. Wise-cracking maid in "My Man Godfrey"
41. Ruby in "Forced Landing"
43. Feminine lead in "Road to Glory"
45. M-G-M. art director
47. Has a flirtation with Chatterton in "Dodsworth"
48. Grace Moore's husband
50. "- - - Maternelle"
51. To bite; nibble
53. "- - - Adventures of Tarzan"
54. Star of "Laughing Irish Eyes."
55. Any; each
56. Mother of Jane Bannister
58. "The - - - Trail," stars John Wayne
60. "- - - of Salem"
61. Tavern
62. Hugh Herbert's wife in "We Went to College"
63. M-G-M's Leo greets you with one
64. Danish matinee idol of "Ship Cafe"
65. Hail!
66. Lair
67. The name of Tom Mix's horse
68. Male lead in "Stage Struck"
70. Wheeler and Woolsey are the "- - - Wits"
71. "- - - Happened One Night"
72. Star of "I Dream Too Much"
73. "The Calling of - - - Matthews"
74. Gary Cooper plays in "The General - - - at Dawn"
76. Deceased star who was once Hollywood's best dressed (init.)
77. The storekeeper in "The Harvester"
79. Mrs. Irving Asher
81. Henry Hunter and Ann Preston, newcomers, are featured in this
83. Gaelic
84. The other man in "Next Time We Love"
86. Unsullied
87. Like
88. George Raft's heart interest
89. Colored
91. "Little Caesar" (init.)
92. Grandmother in "The Captain's Kid"
94. Early screen vampire
95. Shakespere was called "The Bard of - - -"
97. "The Bitter Tea of General - - -"
100. All right
101. Belle in "Frisco Kid"
102. Producer of "Kelly the Second"
105. Dame rumor says he is engaged to Wera Engels
107. The baron in "Love on the Run" (init.)
108. Gaumont-British produced "- - - Days a Queen"
110. Stars in "The General Died at Dawn"
113. Winner of the first Academy Award
115. Half the team of Correll and Gosden
116. Star of "The Garden of Allah"
117. Popular movie queen during the silent era

V Phili

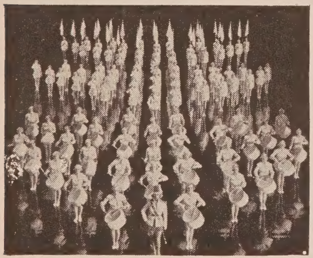
VERTICAL

1. Bob Montgomery's valet in "Piccadilly Jim"
2. Latest Metropolitan opera singer to join the movie ranks
3. "- - - Give My Life" features Tom Brown and Frances Drake
4. Star of Westerns
5. Kay Francis' constant escort
6. "Rhythm - - - the Range"
7. Hollow vessel
8. Alcoholic beverage
9. Star of "Panic on the Air"
10. Has the title role in "Thank You, Jeeves" (init.)
11. Negro comedian in "Dimples"
12. Star of "Down to the Sea"
13. "Nobody's Fool"
14. Garbo played this role in a Tolstoi classic
15. "Libeled - - -"
17. Rainer's name in "The Great Ziegfeld"
18. Trent in "The Witness Chair"
22. Singing countess of screen and radio (init.)
25. "Bunker Bean" (init.)
28. Handsome hero in "Klondike Annie"
30. Babe Wilson in "Mary Burns, Fugitive"
31. Without delay
32. Author of "Three Godfathers"
34. "The - - - of Zorro" was one of Douglas Fairbank's successes
36. The writer who originated the expression "It"
37. Regular diet of the little Wiggs
38. - - - Dane
39. Girl's name
40. Star of "The Gay Desperado"
42. Common Swedish name
43. Was placed
44. Horrid little girl in "These Three"
45. The girl in "Midnight Phantom"
46. Nancy - - - played in "The Woman Accused" with Cary Grant
48. Norman Foster's name in "Fatal Lady"
49. She'll be in "Reunion"
52. A flower
54. Peeled
57. Lili in "Dracula's Daughter"
59. "Let Us Be - - -"
60. Craw of a bird
61. One of the principals in "To Mary With Love"
64. Star of "The Girl From Mandalay"
67. Thin slab of baked clay
68. Star of "The Good Earth"
69. 1936 was this kind of year
72. Not so much
73. Fred's wife in "The Farmer in the Dell"
75. Nellie is her character name in "Charlie Chan at the Circus"
78. Mrs. John Monk Saunders
79. Belle in "The Final Hour"
80. Anne in Russian
82. One of Hollywood's stylists
84. "Becky Sharp"
85. Peter in "Romeo and Juliet"
88. "- - - Springs"
90. Beautiful star now retired
92. Jewel thief in "Here Comes Trouble"
93. Russian actor who did fine work in "Woman Trap"
94. Prefix meaning two
96. Ex-husband of Vivian Duncan (init.)
98. Girl with three Irish names who was born in Los Angeles
99. Rose in "Kind Lady" was played by - - - Luxford
101. Nickname of Ann Dvorak's husband
102. "A Feather in - - - Hat"
103. "The Way of - - - Flesh"
104. Wife of a crooner
106. Old vinegarpuss
109. "- - - One Man" with Carole Lombard
111. Louis - - -Pron, tap-dancer in "Three Cheers for Love"
112. Joan Bennett and Joel McCrea are "Two - - - A Crowd"
114. Elizabeth Patterson was - - - Brannan in "Small Town Girl"

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Glenda coos the new Gold Digger's lullaby—"With Plenty of Money and You"— to those dashing heartbreakers and champion funmakers—Victor Moore and Osgood Perkins!

Take a bow, Lee Dixon, for stealing the show from Hollywood's fanciest steppers with the dazzling dance stuff that made you the overnight sensation of Broadway's hot spots!



Busby Berkeley achieves a new pinnacle in rhythm as he introduces his 170 newest beauty discoveries in that stunning dame and ditty number—"All's Fair in Love and War"

And "Speaking of the Weather", it's fair and warmer for everyone concerned when Dick lets himself go with that grand new love song the tunesmiths made to order for his lady love!

Come On, Everyone

THE PARTY'S ON AGAIN!

RING out the old... SWING in the new! 1937 comes to town in a blaze of syncopated merriment as Warner Bros. go to town with a superlative new edition of "Gold Diggers". Mirth and maids and melody... lyrics and laughs and lovely ladies... packed with lavish profusion into a glorious show set to the split-second tempo of Warner Bros. musicals!

DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL

in

"GOLD DIGGERS OF 1937"

VICTOR MOORE • GLENDA FARRELL • LEE DIXON • OSGOOD PERKINS • ROSALIND MARQUIS • Directed by LLOYD BACON . . . A First National Picture with songs by Harry Warren and Al Dubin, Harold Arlen and E. Y. Yarburg

Warner Bros.

new flavors
FROM CANNED SOUPS

Photographs by R. A. Whitten; all accessories from Barker Brothers, Los Angeles, Calif.

FOR a suggestion of the wide variety of good things you can make from our modern canned soups, look at these pictures. Yes, that is a cake. Neither you nor our Art Department has made a mistake. Vitamin Cake got its picture taken for this article because it has a whole can of tomato soup in it!

Before you begin muttering, "Well, of all the crazy ideas—," let me assure you that I baked it myself, and that our Movie Mirror staff ate up every crumb of the cake when I brought it back from the photographer's studio. It's perfectly delicious, with an elusively different flavor and a fine, firm texture. It keeps moist and fresh, too. Really good new cake recipes aren't come by every day, so I'm pretty pleased about having this one for you.

Also look at the right-hand picture. That's a mushroom sandwich, another delicious soup product, believe it or not. It belongs in your cooking files both for flavor and because it's the perfect answer for that late supper snack. It's simple and quick to make, and always available if you remember to keep the soup in stock on your emergency shelf.

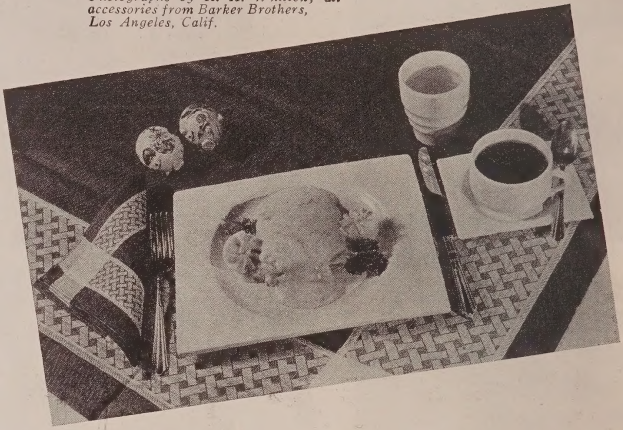
The reason canned soups blend so well to produce new delicious flavors, is just what makes them *good soups* to start with. You'll notice, that while I'm going to make suggestions on serving soups, I'm not saying a word about changing the original flavors. A good canned soup is made of the most carefully selected ingredients. Right down to the last little dash of spice, these ingredients are the best to be had. The recipes for the soups have been accepted only after the most expert testing and tasting. No wonder they make perfect additions to or even bases for dozens of new dishes, as well as being welcome on our menus for the soup course!

Remember, too, the various essences of meat and vegetables put up in cube and paste form. These were originally intended for quick, nourishing and delicious soups, but you can use them very interestingly as flavorings. Certain vegetables cooked with these soup essences are very delicious.

Did you ever use one of these essences in a fish recipe? Sounds like an old combination, but the result is to bring out the individual flavor of the fish with a surprising tang. Maybe this is the secret of that crab meat ramekin you had the other night, which was so good and which baffled you when you tried to guess what was in it.

I've included shepherd's pie and Spanish sauce recipes, and with these to start you off I'm sure you'll begin experimenting for yourself! Sometimes experiments turn out to be expensive, but these prepared soups are so low in price that we can afford to play around with them without upsetting the budget

(*Continued on page* 86)

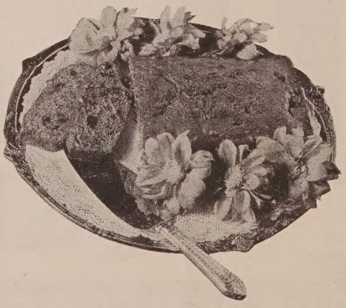


HOT MUSHROOM SANDWICH

2 tbls. butter
3 tbls. flour
1 can mushroom soup
Sliced bread, crusts removed
Sliced cold meat
Hard-boiled egg garnish if desired

Melt the butter, stirring in the flour gradually. When fully blended, stir in the soup and cook till thick and smooth, continuing to stir. Toast the bread and butter lightly. Make sandwiches of the meat, and pour the hot sauce over them.

Cooking Department Conducted by Pauline Nelson



VITAMIN CAKE

½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
1 egg
1 tsp. soda
1 can condensed tomato soup
1¾ cup flour
1½ tsp. clove
1 tsp. cinnamon
½ tsp. nutmeg
⅛ tsp. salt
1 cup sliced dates
1 cup finely chopped nuts

Cream together the butter and sugar. Beat the egg well and stir in. Dissolve the soda in the soup. (Do not do this until time to use it.) Sift together the flour, spices and salt. Add this alternately with the soup to the first mixture, stirring vigorously. Last, add the dates and nuts which have been very lightly floured. Pour into a greased baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about an hour, until thoroughly done.

PAULINE NELSON GIVES YOU, FREE OF CHARGE, this Movie Mirror Service. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write for more interesting recipes using famous canned soups and meat and vegetable essences; directions for making Potage Mongole, Consomme Bellevue and other distinguished and appetizing soups, and also the recipes for a new before dinner appetizer and for Crab Meat Ramekin.

Pauline Nelson
c/o MOVIE MIRROR
7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

DORIS
NOLAN
THE SCREENS NEWEST
& MOST GLAMOROUS STAR

TOP OF *the* TOWN

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Brilliant with Beauty! Dazzling with Dances!
Gorgeous with Girls! Looney with Laughter!
Sparkling with Splendor! Tingling with Tunes!

GIANT CAST OF 350!
LOOK WHO'S IN IT!

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The new fan topic of the nation!

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Filmdom's top comics together for the first time in one picture!

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They're nuts to everybody!

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Eleanor Powell's protege and dancer supreme!

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Where fun is—there he is!

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Famous stage comedian & March of Time star!

MISCHA AUER
Remember the gorilla man of "My Man Godfrey"?

THE WHOLE WORLD WILL BE WHISTLING THESE SONGS
"I Feel That Foolish Feeling Coming On"
"There Are No Two Ways About It"
"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where are you?"

SONGS AND LYRICS
By Jimmy McHugh and Harold Adamson, the greatest song hit team in pictures!

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By three writing Aces: Charles Grayson, Bob (Academy Prize Winner) Benchley and Brown Holmes!

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Walter Lang who gave you "Love Before Breakfast!"

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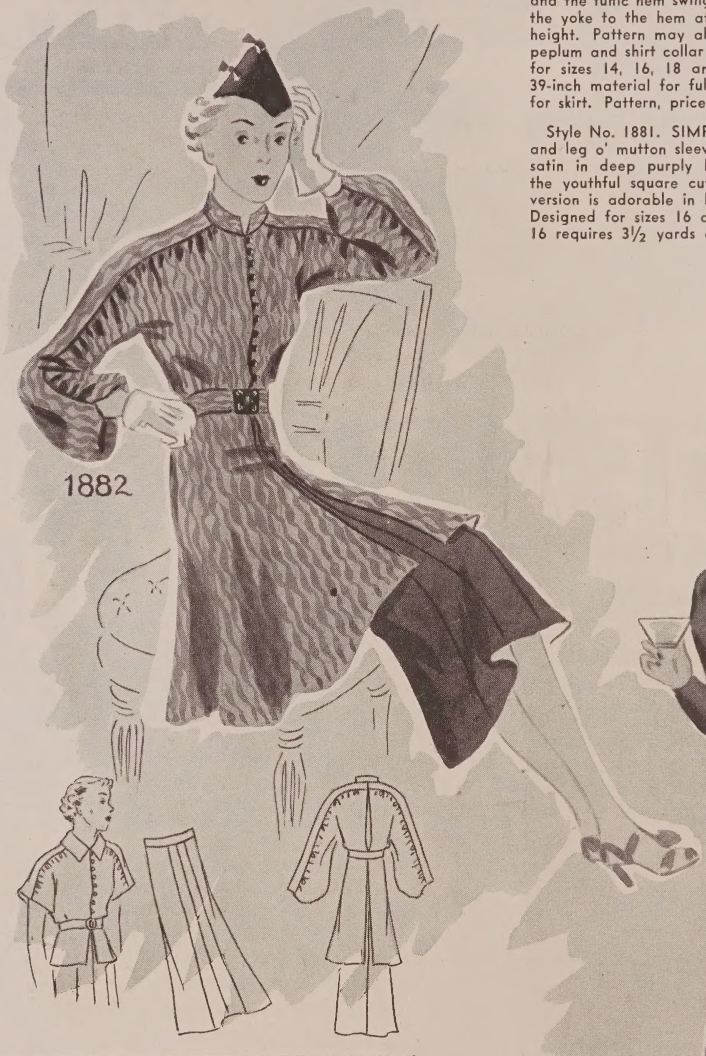
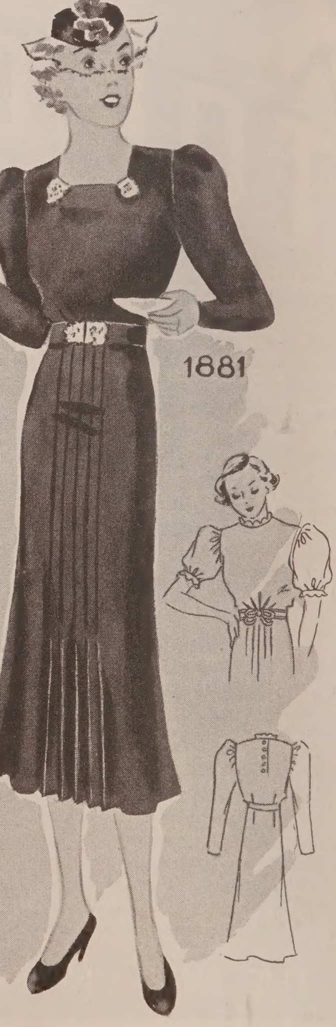


1882



1881

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This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

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You can't see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

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Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America's oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Cold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

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Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

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• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

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Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

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What Bad Habits Are Keep-

By GLORIA MACK

SOME of the pleasantest letters I receive begin: "Dear Gloria," and then the writer goes on to say that she is using my first name because she feels I really am her friend, though we have never met.

It is in this spirit, of friend to friend, that I want to talk to you about the little habits which will crop up to mar an otherwise charming ensemble. And I'm assuming the prerogative of a friend in speaking frankly and firmly!

You see, the devastating thing about these mean little habits is how they can grow without our being aware of them. At the start, they are scarcely noticeable, and they get worse so gradually that they don't obtrude on *our* consciousness until everyone else has been noting them for quite a while. So the first thing in correcting bad beauty habits is to find out what they are.

I'm going to take up a few of the commonest faults, but you will probably find that you have some completely individual little tricks of your own which you'd like to learn how to overcome.

Checking up on oneself isn't the easiest thing in the world. A good slow, candid inspection in a full-length mirror will often reveal things overlooked in a casual glance. When you do this, include the test of walking slowly toward the mirror. Other people invariably carry the memory of us in action, rather than in repose, the way we are most likely to visualize ourselves.

I wish that every one of us could have the movie stars' advantage of seeing ourselves as other people see us. The stories you read about players going home in tears after seeing their first screen-test are frequently true, so different are we from what we think we are. But do these clever girls stop here, with that first revelation? One of the reasons they become stars is that they use that shock as a stimulus to improve, not as a discouragement.

Another advantage which stars have is a wide critical audience which doesn't hesitate to write in and mention things it doesn't like. But each of us has an audience of family and friends who will criticize just as freely (ask them for such a criticism sometime and see what happens); and if we'll be honest when we use a mirror, we can see ourselves, if we *will*. The important thing is to build for ourselves the honesty, determination and patience which screen stars use in dealing with their beauty problems.

No Joan Crawford fan (and who doesn't admire the indomitable Joan?) needs to be reminded of how Joan has earned her place on the screen as lovely to look at, not to mention her great talent. She is especially an inspiration to every heavy girl, for the way she keeps her slender figure—not, mind you by drastic methods, but by the intelligent, everyday exercise of plain will-power. "No, I won't have that piece of candy. Yes, I will see to it that my meals are a balance of the necessary, healthful elements. No, I won't skip my exercises or sports just because it may be more convenient (or more fun) to be doing something else." These are good beauty habits, and congratulations to the girl who builds them into her daily life, in place of the bad beauty habits of laziness and careless eating.

If your weight is creeping up on you, just think of Joan the next time you meet that bad habit of two dessert helpings, or the afternoon milkshake. It is refusal to back-slide, even once, that makes you the victor. It's not easy, but few worth-while things are!

Another very common bad beauty habit is biting our nails. Oh, the letters I've had about that: "How shall I stop biting my nails?" If I were an old meanie, I'd write back: "The way to stop biting your nails is to stop biting them." After all, that's what it amounts to, but we all know it isn't quite so simple to break such a nervous habit.

Bring your pride to the rescue! That's what Anne Shirley did. When she was younger, Anne neglected her hands and bit her nails, just as so many young girls do. Today, Anne is famous in Hollywood for her beautiful hands and she accomplished this change

Madge Evans

Madge Evans' posture was once her worst habit, but a little study and work corrected that.

DON'T TRY TO WORRY ALONG BY YOURSELF

with some little or big beauty problem! Write Gloria Mack all about it, and get the benefit of her sympathetic advice and understanding. How to do your hair, complexion troubles, the best cosmetics for you, the annoying little bad habits that detract from your charm—anything that is bothering you. There is no charge for her personal, confidential reply, but please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Gloria Mack
c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Cal.

ing You from *Beauty?*

by being just so darned ashamed of her ragamuffin nails that she forced herself to care for them.

If you are biting your nails, stop and think how proud you could be of gleaming, perfectly-groomed finger-tips. Get yourself a good manicure kit and use it every day. Then, when you catch yourself "nibbling" *stop it,* because if you don't there won't be anything left to manicure! Another stunt is to look in the mirror and see just how charming you look when you are biting your nails. I know one girl who stopped for all time, after one glimpse of herself like this! And of course, you can paint the finger-tips with a bitter-tasting mixture, which automatically reminds you of what you are doing. And, oh, the real thrill when your nails come back to normal, and you can be proud of displaying your hands, instead of being ashamed of them.

Barbara Pepper, the rising young starlet, began her theatrical work as a Follies Girl, and, of course, had to learn what is called the "show-girl walk." This is fine for the stage, but perfectly ridiculous anywhere else, and Barbara's hardest job was learning to unlearn that exaggerated way of carrying herself. She says she did it simply by constant vigilance, never allowing herself to forget it for a minute, whether with other people or by herself.

Being conscious of her own posture made Barbara observant of how other people walked and stood, and she noticed an interesting thing: that many an otherwise lovely girl's charm was badly marred by a silly walk, not necessarily a poor posture, but some silly affectation which didn't gain sympathy as a real defect might, but simply aroused laughter, and of which the girl was totally unconscious. So watch your walk!

Madge Evans admits her worst habit was one of getting so interested in what people said that she leaned practically in their faces. She didn't know this until she saw herself on the screen, and realized how annoying it must be to the other person, as well as making Madge herself look round-shouldered. Notice Madge in her next picture, and see how her carriage adds to her charm, and remember it is no accident, but the result and the reward of a lot of hard work.

Still another fertile spot for a whole flock of bad beauty habits, is in our speech; our diction and speech habits are part of our beauty, never forget that. Don't let some speech affectation type you unfairly. Baby-talk, too much slang, the drawl and the machine-gun effect are all to be avoided like the plague, and they *can* be avoided, if you'll work on them.

Would you believe that Katharine Hepburn used to talk so fast and so emphatically that she was told she could never be an actress? Yet her speech today can be followed as a model. Just another example of what patience and determination will do.

Do you find lines forming on your forehead and between your eyes from habitual frowning? This frown may be due to eyestrain, so consult your oculist first, but if he says no, then get your friends to help you. Ask them to tell you every time they see you beginning to frown. After a few days of this, you'll be able to spot it yourself and then you are well on your way to conquering it. You can use this method with other habits, too, but it is necessary when dealing with a frown, of which we are almost always totally unconscious. I could go on and on with examples of these little detriments to beauty, and I'm sure you can think of many you have observed, any one of which can spoil a girl's appearance. Watch out for them in yourself and, begin now to correct them.

Anne Shirley

Not so long ago, Anne Shirley's big problem was—nail-biting! But, today, just notice her lovely, well-groomed hands in this recent picture. "Make Way for a Lady" is Anne's latest film for RKO.

Speak for Yourself

"The Golddiggers of 1937" are on parade for Warner Brothers, to the tune of "All Is Fair in Love and War."

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Fans on the Farm

I am an ardent movie fan—have been since I was a child. I intend to be as long as I can see and hear. I often wonder if you movie folks realize what the movies mean to the average citizen? People like myself with average or small incomes don't have many pleasures. We can't pack up a dozen trunks and go to the Hawaiian Islands for the summer or go yachting to Bermuda or wherever you go on a yacht.

Romance, adventure, travel, music. They are all ours. Through the movies. For intervals we are carried away from our drab, colorless lives. (That sounds bookish, doesn't it? But show me a better way to describe life on a middle-Western farm!)

What I am trying to say is "Long live the movies." They make life much more livable for most of us. You should have heard my 74-year-old aunt rave about Clark Gable while we were canning corn. She stood at the table, corn in her hair and spattered over her apron. Her eyes got bright, her cheeks got pink, as we discussed "Mutiny on the Bounty." She has spent her life on a middle-West farm and she told me she had enjoyed the latter twenty years much more than the former years. On account of the movies. So there you are! Keep up the good work.

Mrs. Catherine Wynant,
Pendleton, Ind.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Films for Finishing School

Why all the so-called better magazines are so sure that the movies are a bad influence is beyond my scope. They tell us that movies are produced for morons. Well, I resent that! I don't believe I am a moron. Yes, of course, I work in a ten-cent store. Did I get to go to a finishing school? Sure did!

No, I really didn't, but I do have an appreciation of the fuller life. I admire fine, strong character; a clean, healthy body; a clear, fresh skin; neat, conservative clothes; and a snug, comfortable home. Do they learn to love and respect more before they become debutantes?

The movies are the closest I ever came to a finishing school. They were my school. From them, I learned the love of fine things, some of which I've never seen. There, too, I learned a fuller understanding of the world and the people in it.

Still, perhaps, they have failed and are what they say, because some writers make my thumb reach for my nose. But, then, I saw a debutante putting the two together waving her mother's back goodbye.

Wilma A. Wayne,
Ann Arbor, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Change of Heart—An Open Letter to Joan Crawford

Dear Joan:

I have long been hoping (but not expecting) to be able to write you *this letter!* I have written others—bitter, accusing letters—but I could not mail them. For one thing, I knew my adored screen favorite, Jean Harlow, admired you in spite of your obvious dislike for her. Jean was only hurt and bewildered by your hostile attitude—but I HATED you! I read stories of your kindness and generosity—and dismissed them *as so much baloney.* Until . . . I read the story in Movie Mirror of your generous gesture toward the girl I so dearly love. I cried for joy as I read that story; it seemed too good to be true!

I realize now that you misunderstood Jean. You did not try to know the sweet girl, the *real* Jean Harlow. Jean did a splendid, an unselfish thing when she told Dorothy Manners of your kind act. She, in turn, deserves credit for telling the world what grand girls *you both* are. I hope to see you two become great friends yet. Joan, dear, won't you meet our Jean half-way? Nothing would please me (and fifty million others) more than to see you co-star in a picture!

Hopefully yours,
Lena Mae Northam,
Gibson, N. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Who Shall Decide—

Speaking of the capable group of masculine actors in "The Gorgeous Hussy," Lionel Barrymore strikes me as the major male hit. His impersonation of Andrew Jackson is masterly in every detail. His appearance, his resonant tone and inflections, the "Old Hickory" mannerisms and characteristics we have learned about in history books, even the slight limp of old age and past military campaigns, are startling true to the original—according to the many and authoritative records.

Andrew Jackson is vital, real and genuine in this screen play and another of Lionel Barrymore's fine portraitures. Such art and make-up furnish the movie fan with something more than mere entertainment. A vivid idea how our seventh president acted under varied circumstances is carried out with true fidelity and the proper regard for historical facts. Characterizations of this standard and excellence can never become too many in number. They emphasize the film art at its highest level and again and again point out what a truly remarkable educational factor the modern motion picture can be.

Charles A. Stein,
Larchmont, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

When Critics Disagree?

The impersonations of General Jackson, Tennessee's greatest citizen, and Mrs. Jackson (in "The Gorgeous Hussy") are unworthy of these great people. No more colorful or dynamic character has graced the pages of American history than Andrew Jackson. How anyone familiar with the life of Jackson could imagine him using that shambling gait, assuming these ungainly postures, and uttering that languid, drawling speech, is hard to imagine. He was tall, spare, quick and postive in speech.

It seemed a crime to have that really great actor, Lionel Barrymore, represent General Jackson as a bad-tempered weakling—just the opposite of what he really was—and the author needed only to refer to the reception given him in New Orleans after the battle to learn that the women who expected to meet a crude backwoodsman found him a polished and elegant gentleman.

The portrayal of that gentlewoman, the General's beloved Rachel, was a travesty and detracts from its value in no uncertain manner in the minds of any who are in the least familiar with her life and lineage. It is not justified by the description of her in Parton, and other biographies.

Maye Cobble Thomas,
Murfreesboro, Tenn.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Battle of the Century

Recently, one of my ex-friends and myself started what was thought to be a friendly argument on who was the best dance and song team, Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire, or Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler. My ex-friend is the Powell and Keeler fanatic and I was and still am a Rogers and Astaire fan.

The arguments lost bounds soon after, so we decided to finish it with fists, the winner's team to be the best in Hollywood. But I still think Rogers and Astaire are the best team in Hollywood!

Chester Wallace,
Wellsburg, W. Va.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Hooray for Our Side!

British films are said to be on the same standard as the American ones now. I am smiling a little. Within the past few weeks I have seen "Mutiny on the Bounty," "Fury," "The Great Ziegfeld," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" and "Rose Marie." I have seen the same number of British films, too, but there is only *one* which can be classed among the above. "It's Love Again" is the title, and I'm afraid that's about all.

I have also noted with interest your batch of new leading men, MacMurray, Taylor, Fonda, Stewart, Whalen, etc. And again I'm afraid we have only one who can be placed with them—Robert Donat.

Yes, Mr. Hollywood maybe in about five or six years you can begin biting your nails and worrying about British competition, but right now *you* hold all the trumps.

Fred Carr,
London, England

HONORABLE MENTION

Have just finished my November issue of MOVIE MIRROR and see that one reader wants to know why, if producers must make Westerns, they don't use real actors. I don't believe there is any better actor anywhere than William Boyd, who plays "Hopalong Cassidy" in the "Hopalong" Westerns, and Jimmy Ellison's worth as an actor has been proved, I think, when producers consider him good enough to play with Gary Cooper in "The Plainsman"—*Elma Rice Smith,* Worthville, Ky.

* * *

Hollywood, please quit plucking our he-men's eyebrows! We women like our men (bless 'em) as Nature intended them, and so we're voicing this emphatic protest. We don't want our Hollywood heroes with eyebrows modeled after those of Park Avenue debutantes—*Lois Green,* Williamson, W. Va.

* * *

It seems a shame that all the wonderful pictures which were made in the past are put away and forgotten about now. In addition to furnishing a pertinent commentary on some of the most fascinating and intriguing years of the Twentieth Century, the pre-war and post-war decades, they would, if reshown, afford great general interest and entertainment to the many who saw them in the past and to the many others who have never seen them at all—*Durant da Ponte,* Bay St. Louis, Miss.

* * *

There are just as many fans for the old stars as for the new ones. Writing fan letters was not the style in the days of J. Warren Kerrigan, Francis Bushman, House Peters and Bryant Washburn. But they had as many admirers as the Leslie Howards and Clark Gables of today. In fact, they still have them, a great host of them, only now we do not know where to write. Give us a chance and a place to write our letters and see what happens—*Lois Dean,* Scarsdale, N. Y.

* * *

Fans of today are pretty fickle. They change from one to the other, overnight. Us old timers, who were young 'uns in the days of the silent films, had our favorites and we were pretty loyal to them. Of course, I think the stars of today are fine, but it's good to see the old timers once in a while. It's like a letter from home when you've been away—*Rose Bertelsen,* San Francisco, Calif.

Inside Stuff

BY PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

A whole stairful of guests at Margot Grahame's cocktail party! From top to bottom (and also left to right)—Winifred Shotter, Carmel Myers, Adrienne Ames, Phyllis Clare, Walter Connolly, Paula Stone, Dennis Moore, Eric Blore and the lovely hostess.

HOT NEWS: Well, we were right about that **John Barrymore-Elaine Barrie** romance! Remember our story on "The Hollywood Love that Laughter Couldn't Kill"? And now John and Elaine have eloped to Yuma, just two hours after Elaine's hasty dash across the continent by plane.

Herbert Marshall has played Hollywood a clever trick. Given three weeks by his studio to visit England, Marshall now cables he intends to remain for Christmas and what are they going to do about it?

Unknown to his friends, **Fred Stone** has just emerged from hospital after a serious siege of arthritis. He takes the lead in "The Dawn's Early Light."

Newest married couple are **Sue Carol** and **Howard Wilson,** young Fox players.

Newest romancers are **Arline Judge** and **John Howard.** It looks like the real thing.

Robert Taylor's going away gift to **Barbara Stanwyck** was a small gold ring watch. Stanwyck shed tears when Bob took off for Nebraska.

Alice Faye, ill in hospital, receives a corsage of white flowers each morning from **Anthony Martin.**

Miriam Hopkins, back in Hollywood, is going around with **Austin Parker,** her ex-husband.

Grace Moore has joined the build-a-home-in-California group. Grace will establish legal residence in movietown after next season's concert tour.

Margaret Sullavan threatens to desert Hollywood for the New York stage for keeps.

Henry Fonda's little step-daughter arrived in Hollywood to make her home with her mother and her new daddy in their Beverly Hills home.

Francis Lederer has signed the bill for five years at Columbia. His first, "Chopin," is a Frank Capra special.

Palm Springs has its newest hotel manager in comedian **Bert Wheeler.**

Jean Harlow's new red fox cape is the envy of all Hollywood. The light tones match her new brownette hair and is she something.

Joan Crawford goes blonde for "Parnell," her newest with **Clark Gable.**

"In my new home by Christmas," is **Myrna Loy's** latest slogan.

The bicycle craze sweeps the M-G-M lot like wildfire. So far **Nelson Eddy** rides the swankiest machine; it's all metal and shiny. Nelson practices high notes while pedaling.

The **Jack Bennys** are moving bag, baggage and gag writers to Palm Springs for the winter.

Those daily singing lessons of **Carole Lombard's** mean something. Carole sings in "Swing High, Swing Low."

Kay Francis, ill with toxic poisoning, takes time out of "Another Dawn"—to recover just as **Errol Flynn,** her leading man, sprains his ankle. Warner Brothers give up.

Merle Oberon, signed jointly with Alexander Korda by Goldwyn for five years, is now a full fledged star in the big money. Half her pictures will be made in Hollywood, half in England.

Two young people, **Andrea Leeds** and and **Frank Shields,** are happy after their successful debut in "Come and Get It." Samuel Goldwyn has just signed both of them to long term contracts.

Wedding bells for **Glenda Farrell** and **Drew Eberson,** also **Martha Raye** and **Elsworth Hoagland.**

Saddest news of the month was the death of **Charles (Chic) Sale.** Famous on stage and screen for his grand characterizations of crotchety old men, Chic was only fifty-one when he succumbed to lobar pneumonia.

Robert Kent rides over seven miles of desert to Victorville while on location to telephone **Astrid Allwyn** in Hollywood. Yes, it's love.

Janet Gaynor is happy on her first picture since her Fox contract terminated, made for Selznick. Janet gets both technicolor and **Freddy March.**

Papa Dionne, father of the quints, is no longer peeved at **John Qualen** who plays their screen daddy. John has just received an autographed picture from

Dionne saying: "I wish you the same luck." Qualen hopes it doesn't mean what he thinks it does.

June Lang has just had her option renewed, got herself engaged to **Vic Orsatti**, and acquired a new home in Beverly Hills.

Virginia Bruce is off on her first vacation in two years. **Melvyn Douglas** is headed for New York and a play.

* * *

IT happened one recent rainy morning as Bob Burns, Paramount comedian, was hurrying to work. At a corner a car crashed into the rear of his car with a terrific bang.

Bob, who seldom burns, did this time. With fire in his eye he got out and walked back to the offending car. There sat a thin, timid looking youth in a dilapidated car.

"I'm sorry, I truly am," the boy said. "You see, I haven't been eating much lately and I—well—"

He had no chance to finish. Bob reached in his pocket for a bill. "And son," he said, "if you don't land a job today, look me up at the studio, will you?"

And with that, Burns drove his car to the nearest garage and hoofed it to work.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien are the happiest couple in Hollywood these days for the two have just re-

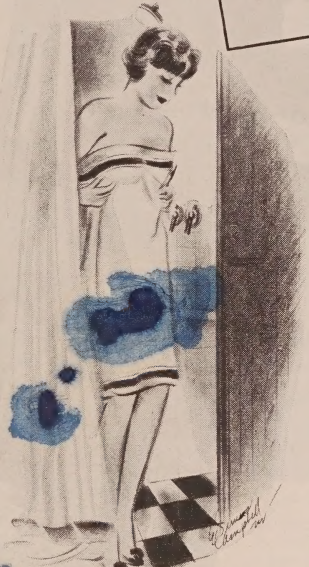
Mr. & Mrs. Tracy

Mrs. Tracy is proud and happy, accompanying Spencer to the Westwood Theater preview of "Libeled Lady."

"COLD WEATHER chaps my skin. Watery lotions don't smooth it, either!" Hinds isn't watery. Every *creamy* drop does chapped skin good. It's a vitamin lotion, too—contains Vitamin D!

SOFTEN RED, ROUGH "Sandpaper Skin" SOONER THIS WAY

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!



OUTDOOR WORK can ruin your looks! The cold bites into your skin, chaps it red, almost raw. But Hinds puts softness back again. Its *creamy* lubricants soak into the roughness. Chapped skin softens up *faster*.

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HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

FREE *The first One-Piece* DISPENSER

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Hinds comes in $1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone ...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E. S. T. over the WABC-Columbia Network.

QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

Here you are, folks—all the latest news and views of your favorites!

It takes a radio broadcast to bring together such bright but different picture personalities as Bob Burns, Madeleine Carroll and Jean Hersholt.

Meanwhile, those radio-film stars, George Burns and Gracie Allen, have invaded a favorite movie rendezvous, the Trocadero—but Ralph, the head-waiter, can't find a table for them!

INSIDE STUFF (Con't)

turned from The Cradle in Chicago where a new little brother, Patrick, was chosen for their adopted baby, Mauvoreen.

"Pat was almost unmanageable when we chose Mauvorneen," Mrs. O'Brien laughs, "but now, with a son, he's completely gone."

* * *

NOT only did director Eddie Sutherland meet the fair Loretta Young in San Francisco upon her return from Honolulu, but the two were glimpsed attending a bay city church on Sunday morning. And together.

Church bells will probably soon ring for these two.

* * *

THE most unique house warming to date belongs to the Bing Crosbys. Returning from their trip to Hawaii to their new Beverly Hills mansion, they decided to give a shindig.

All sorts of plans were thought up and then Bing hit on the ideal one. He merely invited his brothers and all their children, and then spent the evening playing hide and seek throughout the rooms of the mansion with his own and his brothers' offspring.

The house, one hears, was properly warmed.

* * *

COMES the happy news that everything has turned out for the best with George Raft after all. After so many years of frustration and unhappiness, too.

Two dazzling, sophisticated ladies of the film colony, Gloria Swanson and Adrienne Ames, talk it over at the Ambassador Hotel's Cocoanut Grove, while Bruce Cabot and Jan Garber, the dance orchestra leader, hover smilingly in the background.

George, separated from his wife, fell in love with Virginia Pine, and she with him, long ago. But when he asked Mrs. Raft for a divorce she demanded a larger settlement than he could afford to pay.

Then recently there was trouble over some assignment or other at his studio, which took him out of pictures for a time.

Now, quite suddenly, George's wife has announced she'll sue for divorce immediately, and at the same time Paramount raises the white flag. Which means that at last Virginia and George can marry and that he can take his place again on the screen.

* * *

WHEN his Metro bosses told Clark Gable he was to play the title role in "Parnell," Clark decided to follow the lead set by other actors (who take their work very seriously) and read up on the Irish hero.

Accordingly he rang a couple of book stores and asked them to send up every available volume on the subject. That afternoon no less than twenty-four were delivered by messenger.

Well, he could skim through them anyway, Clark thought. And he set to work that evening.

Next day additional copies began to roll in—until finally they numbered one hundred and twenty-seven, one of the most complete libraries on Parnell in the world. And only three days were left before the picture was due to start!

Still, "Parnell" being a John Stahl production, Clark undoubtedly will have plenty of reading time before the opus gets to the cutting stage.

* * *

THEY'RE still picking up the pieces at Lee Tracy's studio where the impulsive star decided to do stunts on a bicycle. He's probably pretty good, at that, only at the time he was wearing a top hat and tails. And it was the tails that ruined his day.

They caught in the spokes of the rear wheel.

* * *

WE'VE been doing a little on-the-side detective work this month, helping Metro clear up one of their most baffling "behind-the-scenes" mysteries. Like all good Hollywood publicity departments, the Metro offices devote one wall to magazine covers featuring their stars. A sort of "honor wall," as it were.

Imagine their embarrassment, one morning, to discover that some embryo artist had decorated most of the lovely cover subjects with trick moustache and heavy eyebrows. Every day or so, the artist returned to touch up another picture or two. But nobody could ever catch the humorist at his work. That is, until we took the matter in hand.

The moustache-cover-upper is none other than Nelson Eddy.

Metro Art Department please note.

* * *

MARION DAVIES has the best method yet for handling autograph fans, as you probably know if you have attempted to seek Marion's signature.

The blonde star has her chauffeur carry many small pieces of paper with him wherever they go. If fans besiege Miss Davies for her autograph, the chauffeur passes out a piece of paper to the astonished fan requesting that he, instead, sign his name and address. If he does so, the fan is agreeably pleased to find Miss Davies' autograph in the mail a few days later.

* * *

WHEN better bicycles are built Joan Crawford will have one to ride around the studio. Her present model is the kind kids dream about. It has fancy handlebars, three horns, two lights, special brakes, and just about every gadget that could possibly be

Play safe...take the doctor's judgment about laxatives

YOU choose your family doctor because you have *confidence* in him. He will never take chances where your welfare is concerned. Even with a little thing like a laxative, doctors have a definite set of standards which guide them in their choice. They know the dangers of using the wrong kind. Before they will give a laxative their approval, it must meet their requirements on these specific points:

WHAT DOCTORS DEMAND OF A LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Now, here's a fact that's significant—Ex-Lax checks on each of these specifications. Not merely on two or three. But on *all* these points that doctors look for in a laxative.

No wonder so many physicians use Ex-Lax in their own families. No wonder millions of careful mothers give it to their children with perfect confidence. For over 30 years the dependable, satisfying performance of Ex-Lax has created universal trust. Today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the world.

CONVINCE YOURSELF OF THE FACTS

Your first trial of Ex-Lax will be a new and pleasant experience. For Ex-Lax *is* mild and gentle. It *is* thoroughly effective. It does *not* over-act. Does *not* disturb the digestion. It allows your food to be properly assimilated. And these very qualities that make Ex-Lax so ideal for adults are *doubly* important in their relation to children.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Everyone likes Ex-Lax—particularly the youngsters. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. If you have been taking nasty, nauseating cathartics, you'll be grateful for the pleasant flavor of Ex-Lax. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. If you'd like to try a sample, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! ...Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and ***keep regular***—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-17
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name............
Address............
City............Age............
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Orchids to Errol Flynn for his grand performance in "The Charge of the Light Brigade," from his co-star, Olivia de Havilland, while Frances Langford looks on.

INSIDE STUFF
(Continued)

hung on a bike. She uses it, too, going from set to set and spinning around the whole back lot.

More fun!

* * *

AGAIN it's been proven that the finest actors are usually the finest men off screen. This time it was Walter Connolly who measured up.

He was sitting alone at his luncheon in the Brown Derby, all made up for an afternoon call at Columbia. Suddenly a young girl, lunching across the way, spied the actor and ran to him for his autograph. In her eagerness, the fan completely upset a glass of water over his suit, collar and make-up. Chagrinned, she just stood and stared at the havoc.

Connolly immediately came to her rescue and graciously signed her book. Although it meant much time would be wasted while he changed and a movie company probably held up for some time, he never displayed the least unkindness.

Even the waiters claim Walter the ace of gallant gentlemen in Hollywood.

* * *

USUALLY it's mother who basks in the limelight of daughter's glory in Hollywood. But it's the other way round with Josephine Hutchinson. Her mother, Leona Roberts, is scoring nightly in Margaret Sullavan's stage play and you should see the proud look on Josephine's face as she goes about saying, "Have you seen my mother's new play? Oh, she's wonderful!"

* * *

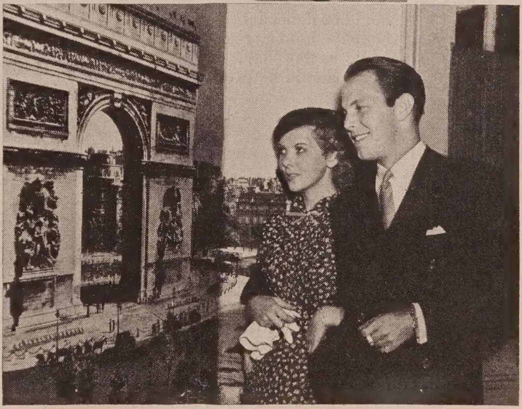
SINCE Fred MacMurray became a benedict life has been just one thing after another. His bride no sooner recovered from her recent illness than Fred practically got himself arrested for burglarizing his own house.

It seems he and Mrs. MacMurray decided to take in a movie and on their return home discovered they had forgotten the key. Fred decided to try the usual kitchen window and was half in and half out when a patrolman spotted the half-out portion of Mr. MacMurray and the fun was on.

It took Mrs. MacMurray, in tears, mind you, five minutes straight to convince the officer that Fred was not a robber.

"He's an actor," the bride kept repeating, and as the policeman strolled away, he was heard to mutter, "Yeah, and he's a bad actor, too, I'll bet."

* * *



Center—Barbara Sheldon and Nat Pendleton are escorted to tennis at Palm Springs' Desert Inn by their huge bodyguard, Sandow (remember Nat's role in "The Great Ziegfeld"?). Above—Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward admire the *Arc de Triomphe* wallpaper at the Trocadero. Maybe they're making plans for a honeymoon in Paris!

IRENE DUNNE has a complaint to offer, and against Hollywood, too.

"I don't know why," she says, "but really I have to go to New York to have any fun. Hollywood simply assumes I don't like fun and parties, that I'm dignified and stand-offish and that, like Garbo, I want to be alone. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Why I fairly revel in good times but Hollywood won't believe it."

* * *

IT began nine years ago when a little girl ran after Conrad Nagel, a great movie star then, and asked, nay begged him for his autograph. It was in the Santa Fe depot of Los Angeles and so thoroughly did the child trail him, he was finally forced to take a chance on missing his train and sign.

Nine years later Conrad Nagel was introduced to a lovely young lady at the Trocadero. "You don't remember me," she smiled, "but I'm Wilma Francis. I'm that annoying little girl who chased you madly through the Santa Fe depot years ago."

Conrad remembered and from that moment on, their friendship began. Miss Francis was here for movies and Conrad began coaching her in voice and diction. He helped her choose proper clothes, taught her poise and grace. And now it looks as if the little girl who ran after a great movie star is going to have a real movie ending to the story.

Conrad and Wilma are in love. So it does happen in real life sometimes.

* * *

IT may not be love but it's certainly a lot of fun. We mean those didoes cut by none other than Garbo and Robert Taylor of the "Camille" cast. The two have been glimpsed tearing madly about the M-G-M lot on bicycles of late, but imagine the astonishment of a prop man to find them perched atop a rail fence on the back lot, their bicycles beside them, and huge ice cream cones (tutti fruitti) clenched in their fists.

* * *

IF you think marriages and romances don't mean something to productions and box offices, why shame on you. Take Columbia's awful predicament, for instance. They have recently cast Buddy Rogers as a college hero, but if Buddy marries Mary Pickford before the picture is released, what happens to the college hero, they wonder, seeing that Buddy would then become stepfather to twenty-one-year-old Gwen Pickford?

Each morning before shooting starts on the picture, a little group meets in a certain office (and this is on the Q.T., remember) to discuss the delicate situation.

Keeping Buddy a college boy is worth money in the bank to the studio. Let's see what happens, eh?

* * *

IT'S a chapter in the great fairy tale of Hollywood.

It began with two actors, Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell, and their desire to play tennis at Palm Springs. Finding the hotel courts all crowded, the boys decided to buy a few acres and build their own courts. Before the cement was dry, however, their friends swooped down and annexed the court. They built another with the same result. "Let's charge them fifty cents an hour," Bellamy said, "and maybe we can play once in a while." The courts were more in demand than ever.

"Let's organize a club," Charlie suggested, "and go at this right." The boys built more courts, erected a small stand for drinks and sandwiches, and sent out engraved invitations to join by October 15th before rates advanced. On October 13th not one answer had come in and the boys were quaking, their investment fading before their eyes. On the fifteenth, thirty-four members joined at four hundred and fifty dollars each. By the middle of November, the memberships were all gone and one hundred and fifty people had joined the waiting list.

The boys then organized in earnest,

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

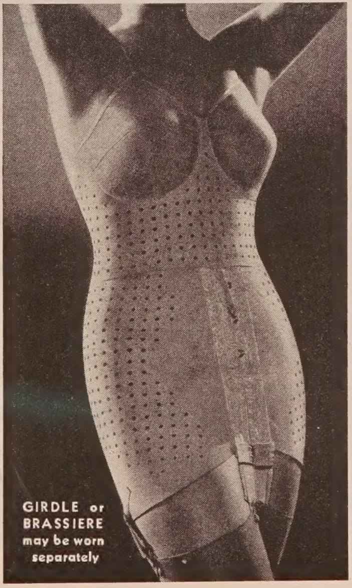
You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic, and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . you *actually* reduce at hips, waist and diaphragm . . . where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. Essie Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.



"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Notary Public

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 281, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name
Address
City State

INSIDE STUFF (Con't)

appointing a committee to pass on all members, thus eliminating hard feelings for themselves. The shack has become a club house with huge kitchens, dining rooms and bars. A swimming pool adjoins the courts and a twelve-mile paved road leads into the tennis club in the heart of a desert.

Today, either man could retire from pictures and live on the profits of a dream come true.

* * *

IT happened in the sleeping car of a train bound from San Francisco to Los Angeles.

A dewy young thing awoke from her night ride and, leaving her berth for the dressing room, ran headlong into a young man emerging from the next berth.

"Well—," she began, and stopped short. "Tell me," she gasped, "did you sleep in that berth last night?"

"Why, certainly," he said, clutching his toothbrush.

"Ooooooo," cried the girl, "and to think I slept all night when I could have lain awake and dreamed about you right next."

The astounded boy gazed after her as she went weeping to the dressing room.

The boy? Oh, he was just Robert Taylor. Home from the football game at Stanford.

* * *

CAME nine o'clock on the "Stowaway" set and Shirley Temple hadn't arrived. For the first time, the little star was tardy. Nineteen came and went, and the cast moved about restlessly. The director repeatedly gazed at his watch. Nine-fifteen, and genuine anxiety was expressed on every face. The doorman paced up and down before the stage door, looking. But no Shirley.

Nine-twenty and a messenger was dispatched to her dressing room. No Shirley. Alarm spread like a forest fire through the studio. Phones rang, wires hummed, executives shouted. And just when it became obvious to all that tragedy had struck, in drove Shirley and her mother, all out of breath.

It seems, Mrs. Temple gasped, that Shirley had decided to play seesaw with her kitten over the edge of the fish pond and, yes, it happened. The cat let Shirley down, her frock and make-up were ruined, the kitty practically drowned and, in the excitement, Mrs. Temple forgot to phone the studio.

A cast, limp from worry and excitement, then went to work.

Even the most happily wed couples in Hollywood must eat out occasionally, so Hymie got a chance to photograph a few husbands and wives seldom seen in the night spots and popular clubs. In the oval, Ben and Frieda Inescort Redman, at the Brown Derby; below, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan, Joel and Frances Dee McCrea, at Cafe Lamaze.

Mr. & Mrs. Nolan

Mr. & Mrs. McCrea

* * *

A NURSE in one of the local hospitals received the shock of her starched young life not long ago when she found Fred MacMurray in a corner of a room loudly exclaiming that that particular spot was a kitchen.

With wide-eyed alarm the nurse looked from Fred to Mrs. MacMurray, who was a patient in the hospital.

"No," Mrs. MacMurray smiled, "he hasn't gone crazy. We're building our first home, you see, and Fred likes to argue about the kitchen. He thinks it should be on that side of the house."

Well, sir, it was like a scene from a popular farce. The nurse took sides with Mrs. MacMurray, an interne was called in who promptly sided with Fred, more nurses and a doctor or two were summoned, and it ended with the kitchen hanging in mid-air.

* * *

IF you wonder, even in a vague sort of way, just why Loretta Young, playing a poor shop girl in "Ladies In Love" should wear such lovely clothes throughout the picture, there's a reason for it. And one we're telling out of school.

It seems Loretta walked on the set day after day to behold Constance Bennett, also in the picture, wearing the loveliest of frocks. The more Loretta thought it over, the more piqued she grew. At last she could stand it no longer and

And here Hymie has snapped some of the most interesting new combinations to be seen in the film colony these days. At upper left, Arline Judge and Jack Tavelan; top, right, Judith Barrett and Lyle Talbot — all four at the Lamaze. In the circle, Betty Furness, just back from New York, with Alan Lane, at the Trocadero.

frankly demanded more beautiful clothes or else.

She got them. Only at the last minute Connie added an intriguing veil to her hat and threw Loretta off balance again. But it was too late for protest then.

* * *

AN out of town visitor on a movie location has gone home with a new perspective on Hollywood and Hollywood marriages.

During the midst of a scene, a car drove up and a small blonde woman stepped out and stood quietly on the sidelines. The instant the scene was finished, the hero, Chester Morris, made for the girl and had her in his arms. "Gee, I'm glad, glad to see you," he kept repeating over and over. With his arm about her waist, he proudly introduced his wife to the cast, ran about securing her a chair in the shade and from that moment on, played every scene for his Sue.

"Well," said the visitor when she learned the Morris family had two children, "I wouldn't have believed it. It's certainly given me something to think about." Her eyes flashed. "Just wait till I get back to my bridge club, I'll tell them." Even Sue and Chester laughed at that.

* * *

IF you go into Bullock's Wilshire or the Hollywood Barker Brothers' these days you'll see a curious thing. There among the over-stuffed chairs and the bric-a-brac and the lamps Lew Ayres wanders vaguely, his eternally crazy hat askew, his eyes serious, his hands feeling of curtain materials and weighing chromium ash-trays.

He very seldom buys anything. Oh, an occasional wooden lamp or a vase. But never more. Whatever it means to you, to your commentator it has a certain sadness. Apparently, since he has separated from Ginger Rogers, the need of home and all home means has come to him; if ever there were a use for the word "wistful" it must apply to Lew just now.

* * *

THE nasty small-talk that during all the Rogers-Astaire pictures filled Hollywood reached the ears of Fred himself not long ago. "He never gives her a chance," the gossips said. "He steals every scene away from Ginger and in the end the picture is his."

So when "Swing Time" was announced, Fred made up his mind to do something about it. When the two of them were rehearsing the biggest dance number of the picture he devised the routine so that he might *dance behind her* all the way through! When you see the picture look closely—because it worked. When Ginger reads this, it will be her first knowledge of the incident.

* * *

INCIDENT of a Boy Growing Up: You may have noticed lately the publicity attendant on little Jackie Cooper's sudden rise to maturity. Tailored suits, a car of his own, occasional dates with pretty girls. . . .

Observers, remembering one Jackie Coogan, smiled to themselves and some were a little unhappy.

Last week, at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, one of the publicity girls said to the next desk, "Hear Cooper's going to high school pretty soon."

"Yeah," said the next desk.

The girl dialed a number. "Guess I'll call his mother and get an item or two."

"I wouldn't do that," the next desk yawned lazily. "If it interests you, Cooper isn't under contract any more—"

* * *

ON a boat off San Diego recently Robert Taylor went fishing for the first time. After two hours he caught a tiny little yellow-tail.

"Gosh," he said, staring at it in admiration. "My first fish!"

INSIDE STUFF (Con't)

The skipper of the boat came over and looked. "Elegant," he said. He reached out. "Give it to me—we'll throw it back. Or you can use it for bait."

"Why, nothing of the kind," Bob told him, outraged. "That's a trophy. I'm going to have it stuffed!"

And he did. It hangs, like a small bug, in an enormous frame on one wall of his library.

* * *

A NEW star looms on the Hollywood horizon. She is Madame Marie Pons, mother of the famous Lily, and she was offered a contract by Director Leigh Jason the other day.

Madame Pons, all through her daughter's current picture, has come to the set and bustled around. When Jason made his offer she pooh-poohed the idea, but Lily persuaded her to accept. "All right, then," she told the diva, "from now on you look to your laurels!"

And the check will go to charity.

* * *

TOUGH Luck Story: Warner Baxter had worked steadily for months, and when finally his vacation came around he decided to spend it bear-hunting in Pitkin County, Colorado.

But the first night of the trek he slipped on some rocks and broke his foot; they took him to Salt Lake City to a hospital there, and when the doctors had taken a look Warner asked for the verdict.

"When do you have to be back in Hollywood?" they wanted to know.

"I've only a month's vacation."

"Oh, that's fine, then," the physicians said cheerily. "You'll just have time to get well before you have to start work again!"

* * *

HE was bent, gray and pale and he stood in the line of extras on the "San Quentin" set.

"Quiet, now," the director called "while Mr. O'Brien goes through his dialogue," and Pat began calling out numbers in rapid succession.

"2-5-7-8-8," Pat barked. Suddenly, out of turn, the extra stepped out.

"Hey," called the director, "what are you doing there?"

The fellow looked about in pained bewilderment. "I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but you see that was my number up there for seventeen years and I guess I just automatically stepped out. I'm sorry."

Pat's voice had a strange choked sound when he began again.

* * *

FANS, please! The industry wants to know if you won't be nice and not send strange animals to the stars through the studios.

There are the three white mice a fan sent to Ann Shirley in care of RKO studios, for instance. Ann was in New York at the time and the white mice immediately became the problem of two mail room boys.

What to feed them? How to care for them? The boys grew positively hipped on the subject and finally the entire publicity department prepared a pamphlet on the care and training of white mice.

It didn't help much and two boys were certainly relieved when Ann came home and claimed her rodents.

* * *

THE cast of "Night Waitress" are still in hysterics. It seems Gordon Jones, a bashful new leading man, was to kiss Margot Graham in a certain scene.

The director called "action" and, embracing the lovely Margot, Gordon gave her a long kiss. But just when the scene looked like a perfect take, Gordon stepped back, a sheepish look on his face, and said to Margot, "Gee, thanks."

It ruined everything for the day.

* * *

AND now it's Tony Martin—oh, pardon, Anthony Martin—who is causing Hollywood hearts to flutter these days. Since "Sing, Baby, Sing" and "Pigskin Parade" the dark-eyed singer has been causing plenty of havoc.

It's Alice Faye, however, who seems to have the handsome lad sewed up, for suddenly on the Fox lot the other day, Alice stopped and gave Tony a resounding kiss. A kiss that echoed around the lot in nothing flat, for five minutes later all the little stenographers and bit players knew of the event.

"We might have known he'd fall for Alice," was the general chorus with a big sigh.

* * *

IT was so funny a member of Carole Lombard's household had to tell it.

On Carole's birthday, Clark Gable presented her with a pedigreed cocker spaniel and a leather sports bracelet. The next day a friend burst in to find a maid tugging and pulling at the dog.

"It's just no use," she sighed. "I've tried and tried but I can't get this collar to fit the dog."

In her hand was Carole's new leather bracelet.

Harold Lloyd has a weakness for cocker spaniels. He has fourteen —and he just bought this one from the Vendome "Dog Man." Below, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Chapman (Gladys Swarthout) like 'em, too.

Mr + Mrs, Chapman

MOVIE MIRROR
VOL. I No. I
JANUARY 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA L. BUXTON

THAT was some honeymoon Dick Powell and Joan Blondell had in Manhattan! From the moment they arrived, accompanied into the harbor by a noisy parade of whistling tugboats, pilot boats and gigantic airliners, they were the center of huge mobs, fans, press representatives and business associates. With Dick's regular Hollywood Hotel broadcasts and Joan's guest appearance on the Rudy Vallee hour, with daytime shopping excursions for furnishings for their new home and nightly trips to the theaters (where they saw, among other plays, "Three Men on a Horse," from which Joan's latest picture was taken), it was anything but a quiet little honeymoon away from the everyday, unromantic world.

The climax was the huge reception Warner Brothers gave for them at the very, very *Ritz* Towers. Anita Louise was there, too; that gal's so breathtakingly lovely every time you see her that it's incredible—more beautiful in the exquisite coloring of real life than in the most artistic angle shots on the screen. Bob ("Believe-It-Or-Not") Ripley was among the guests; Joan and Dick had attended his anniversary dinner only a couple of nights previously. But, most of all, it was fun watching people who should have known better bounce up gushingly to Regis Toomey, who was best man at the wedding, and congratulate him on his marriage—all because both Dick and Regis wore the same broad smile and similar moustaches! Toomey, by the way, is very excited about doing a Broadway play, hoping it will show film producers he can do different roles from the ones he has been portraying recently on the screen.

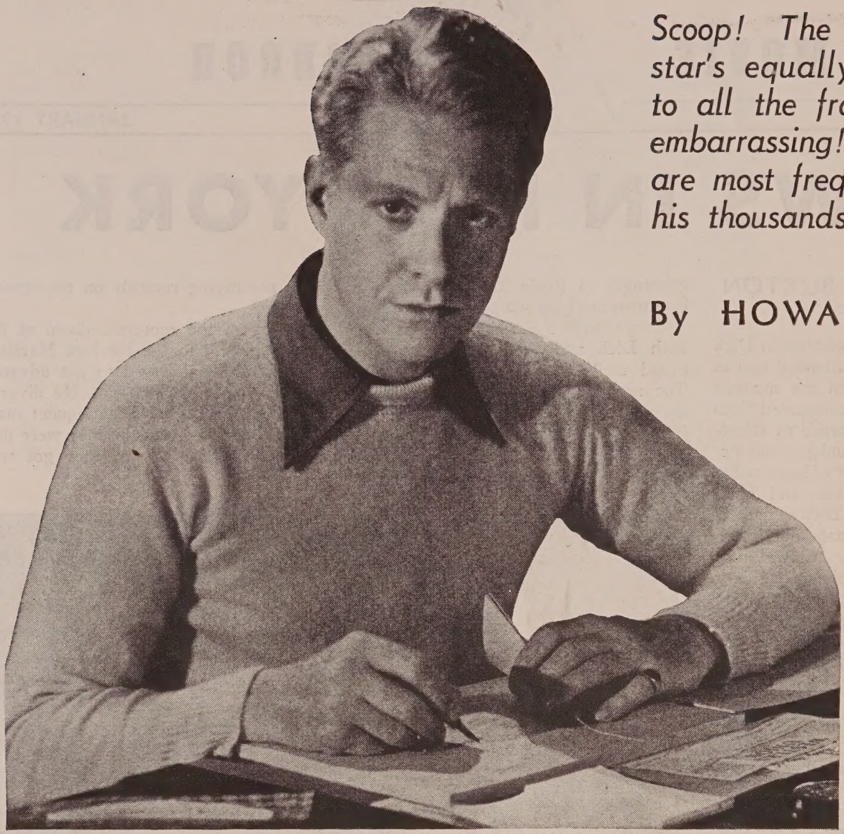
IF any of the reporters down at the *Aquaitania* to see Herbert Marshall off for England hoped to get advance information about that possible divorce from Edna Best and a subsequent marriage to Gloria Swanson, they were disappointed. The answer they got was to the effect that Marshall's business was making films, and as for his private life—well, that was his own affair, and his alone. At least, he admitted being very excited about returning to England for the first time in three years and three months, and said he expected to spend his three weeks there in leisurely visits to the English countryside. No mention at all of any arrangements to spend much time in London or to see his wife, Edna Best, who's very popular over there on both stage and screen!

While in Manhattan, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell paid a backstage visit to Kitty Carlisle and William Gaxton, who star in "White Horse Inn."

Herbert Marshall, sailing for England, was very pleasant to autografans who came to the boat, but refused to comment on those divorce rumors.

NEW YORK rains were rather unkind to visitors from California this month. Practically every star who arrived in town came down with a cold immediately. Poor little Anne Shirley, visiting her birthplace for the first time in thirteen (*Continued on page* 75)

Nelson Eddy



Scoop! The popular singing star's equally frank replies to all the frank (and often embarrassing!) queries which are most frequently found in his thousands of fan letters

By HOWARD SHARPE

On the opposite page—just a few of the scores of questions Nelson copied from his correspondence and discussed with our special reporter.

Nelson Eddy Answers All Your QUESTIONS

NELSON EDDY and I sat in the living room of his house in Beverly Hills chatting lazily of vague matters. There was a fire and there was rain outside the windows and the air was pale with cigarette smoke.

Nelson's secretary had a terrifying stack of neatly opened mail on his desk. At my quizzical look, because I know the very heavy schedule under which he works, he smiled—and she looked unperturbed and pleasantly cool in the face of this volume of work.

"It's really not that much of a burden on me," he laughed, and I noted that each letter was lined and checked; some sort of code was obviously in work. "Any new requests this time?"

"Basically, no," she replied. "But on these," indicating a lesser pile of letters, "you will want to give extra time."

"This evening, after dinner?"

"Right."

"And the fate of that awesome balance?" I intruded.

"We do it this way because I like to keep my mail directly in hand. But," he smiled, "broadly speaking, the public has exactly forty-six questions that they ask over and over. To date not a single one has been asked less than a hundred times and some of them have turned up thousands of times—I answer the ones that require individual thought or counsel, that's all."

I said, "If thousands of people write you, all asking the same questions, then apparently they want to know the answers and there's nothing egocentric about giving them at all. Now then supposing you scribble out the whole lot and dictate your honest replies to each and we'll not only give the public what it wants but we'll have a good portrait of your personal character as well."

And it was so.

Question: Why didn't you marry Jeanette MacDonald?

Answer: The main reason is that I've never been in love with her and she's never been in love with me. She's a very beautiful woman, but ever since I've known her she's been engaged. I'm old-fashioned enough to respect a betrothal.

Question: Why haven't you married *somebody*, anyway?

Answer: Again because I've never been in love with anyone enough to get married. I figure that any man who marries should be choosing a life companion, someone with whom he intends to spend the rest of his days. The idea of slipping a ring on a girl's finger and then getting a divorce in a year or two is out of the question with me. If I marry it will be for good, and that means I must find a woman who can fit in with my career and match my ideals. Simply, I've never found a suitable *life companion* and so I've never married.

Question: What is your real name? "Nelson Eddy" sounds as if it's made up.

Answer: It's real and you can find it in my family genealogy and in historical books and in previous social registers. Centuries ago the last name was spelled "Eddye" but the "e" was subsequently dropped.

Question: What is your favorite color?

Answer: Blue. It's restful and cool and it is the basic pigment of things I love: water and sky and mountains.

Question: What color are your eyes?

Answer: Blue, and that has nothing to do with the previous answer.

Question: What is your favorite song?

Answer: That's hard to be specific about; I change my attitudes a good deal in relation to the music I'm singing. Just now it's *Du bist so jung*—"Thou Art So Young"—by the late German composer, Erich Wolff. Because it has exquisite sentiment, a rise and fall of emotions, very unique harmony and a fresh, modern touch.

Question: In how many languages can you sing?

Answer: I have a reading and speaking knowledge of English, French, German and Italian. I read Spanish, Russion, Yiddish and Latin haltingly, but I can sing in them.

Question: Which language do you like most?

Answer: English because you can put over a song better in that tongue than in any other. I'm busy in my spare time just now trying to evolve good translations into English of several scores.

Question: How old are you?

Answer: Thirty-five.

Question: Where were you born?

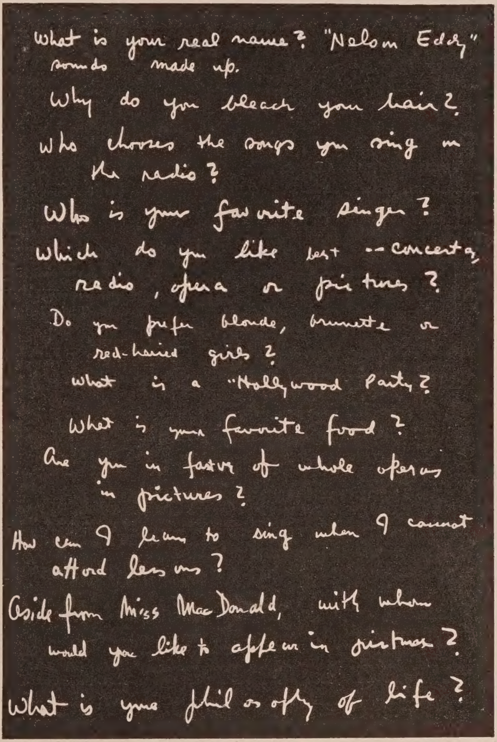
Answer: Providence, Rhode Island.

Question: Do you have a dog and what's its name?

Answer: Yes; an English sheep dog, nine years old, named "Sheba," a gift from Jeanette MacDonald.

Question: Why do you bleach your hair?

Answer: I've never dyed or bleached my hair in my life; it used to be red but what with over-work and one thing or another it's become streaked with white, and unevenly at that. So now it's a combination of white and red, not blonde, although it looks blonde in pictures.



What is your real name? "Nelson Eddy" sounds made up.
Why do you bleach your hair?
Who chooses the songs you sing on the radio?
Who is your favorite singer?
Which do you like best—concerts, radio, opera or pictures?
Do you prefer blonde, brunette or red-haired girls?
What is a "Hollywood Party?
What is your favorite food?
Are you in favor of whole operas in pictures?
How can I learn to sing when I cannot afford lessons?
Aside from Miss MacDonald, with whom would you like to appear in pictures?
What is your philosophy of life?

Question: Is the wave in your hair a permanent?

Answer: Darn it, the wave is my own and I'll personally pay $1,000 to anyone who can bring forth evidence that it's ever been permanent-waved, marceled or curled except once in my life, when I played the role of the curly-headed eccentric, Papageno, in *The Magic Flute*.

Question: Who chooses the songs you sing in concerts?

Answer: I do. I select them as I do because my aim is to get variety and not to have a monotonous program.

Question: Who chooses the songs you sing on the radio?

Answer: The sponsors of the program, but tempered by my suggestions. The choice is based on the fan mail and the public's requests, and fifty per cent of the time I give in, anyway, whether I want to sing a particular number or not.

Question: Have you ever sung in opera? (Nelson's mail says, over and over, "You have an awfully good voice. Why not try opera? I'm sure they'd give you a chance.")

Answer: I sang in opera for six years; first with the Philadelphia Civic Opera Company and later with the Philadelphia Grand Opera Company. I have also sung with the Los Angeles and San Francisco Opera Companies.

Question: How many operas do you know?

Answer: Thirty-five complete roles, and I've actually sung thirty-one of them.

Question: What is your favorite opera?

Answer: Again my preferences change with time. Generally, I like *Die Goetterdaemmerung*—"Twilight of the Gods"—first; secondly, the Russian *Boris Godounoff*, by Moussorgsky, and then *La Boheme* by Puccini.

Question: Who is your favorite singer?

Answer: Chaliapin, not because he has the best voice any more, but because he is still the master *raconteur*, teller of stories, in song. For women Kirsten Flagstad. She has one of the greatest living voices and has nobility of line.

Question: Who is your favorite composer?

Answer: Wagner.

Question: Do you like being a movie actor?

Answer: Yes. It's hard work but I'm reaching millions of people with my music and it's a good career.

Question: What do you eat before singing?

Answer: That may sound like a silly question but it's very important to singers. I've tried all the theories, but I can't stand on a stage or before a mike and sing for two or three hours when I'm hungry. I eat a normal meal, only I finish at least two hours before I'm due to sing.

Question: Which do you like best—concerts, radio, opera or pictures?

Answer: I'm not quibbling, but honestly I haven't a choice; I enjoy whatever I'm doing at the time.

Question: Who is your favorite actor?

(*Continued on page* 82)

How Thelma Todd Is HAUNTING Patsy Kelly

UNKNOWN to those with whom she laughs and clowns and works, Patsy Kelly is living through each day now in Hollywood with fear and loneliness tearing at her heart.

Behind the Irish mug with its grin and the Irish heart, too big for its own good, there lies a gnawing, growing ache that is wearing thin the edges of her nerves, stealing away the peace from her heart, the joy from her work.

For the one person Patsy loved in Hollywood, the one person who took her to her heart as a dear and trusted friend, the one person to whom Patsy inevitably turned in trouble, now comes back from the grave to visit her; now steals into her presence when Patsy least expects her, and attempts to speak words that Patsy cannot understand.

She is that lovely, golden girl whose name was Thelma Todd.

In life the two, so oddly different, were linked together by a chain of understanding, love and comradeship.

In death the chain still holds. For, from the hour of her death, Thelma Todd has never left the presence of Patsy Kelly. It's nearly one year since Thelma's death, and they are still together.

This is the weirdest, most tragic story Hollywood has ever known. And one for which we offer no explanation, no theories, no rea-

"We'll get together some time soon," said Thelma to Patsy, the day they finished work on their last picture, "All-American Toothache" (at left). And apparently her words came true on the very night Thelma died—and many times since their final meeting.

Thelma's tragic, untimely death has not separated her from the girl she helped, for Patsy believes that her friend is still near her!

By SARA HAMILTON

sons. Patsy herself has none to offer. But let me cut back to the past for a moment to give you the uncanny facts.

After weeks of riotous fun together on their last comedy, "All-American Toothache," Patsy and Thelma came to the final day of shooting. The set had been a madhouse of monkey business from beginning to end. The directors, the actors, the crew seemed to have caught the undercurrent of hysteria that eddied and flowed about the place.

The smile never left Thelma's face. The grin was never completely absent from Patsy's. They were up to pranks from nine in the morning until six in the evening. I watched the two of them together that last week and the banter and hilarity ran so darned high that, in no time at all, I, too, was caught up in the hysteria.

Lunch in the commissary together that day wasn't so much lunch as a three-ring circus. Everyone stopped at Patsy's and Thelma's table to get in on the fun.

"Well, fresh face," Thelma finally said to Patsy as she prepared to leave, "we'll get together sometime soon."

Three nights later Thelma was dead.

"I wakened that night with her beside me, as natural as she had been the day we parted," Patsy told me. "She wore a dark dress I had seen her wear many times. Her hair was curled the way she wore it the last day.

"We looked at each other a long moment. 'Don't worry,' she said, and even smiled a little, 'everything is going to come out all right. You'll know—' She tried then to tell me something more but I couldn't understand.

"At that moment I didn't even think it strange or odd that she should be there. It seemed right and natural somehow when we were so close, but I had a horrible feeling of having failed her in not understanding the thing she tried to tell me. Later, when the vision faded, I realized what had happened.

"She came again and again those first few months. She always looked the same and she always gave me the same message.

"At the studio Thelma and I had had adjoining dressing rooms with just a curtain hanging between the doors. I used to know when Thelma was in her room even when she wasn't making a sound. I could always feel her presence somehow and used to call out, 'Come on out, I know you're there.' And she'd laugh.

"The haunting thing happened the second day I went back to the Hal Roach lot to make a picture with Pert Kelton. Never thinking, I walked into the dressing room and stopped, right where I was. I knew Thelma was there. It was the same old feeling of her presence near. Only stronger. It was so strong it frightened me breathless.

"That presence followed me as I dressed. Once I even reached out my hands to her. 'Thelma,' I said, 'you're here, aren't you?' She didn't need to answer. Her presence filled the place.

"I sat down and thought over the first time I had really known the heart of Thelma. Those first days on the set were awful for me. I didn't know a thing about movies and I was miserable. Besides, I had taken ZaSu Pitt's place and I knew what Thelma had thought of ZaSu. I was blue, busted and disgusted and I decided to go home. I told Thelma, asked her not to say anything but just to fix up my leaving with the studio.

"I went home, packed my things, grabbed the train and headed East. Thelma got on the (*Continued on page 92*)

Loretta Young, Janet Gaynor and Constance Bennett do their best, but "Ladies in Love" is pretty dull.

William Powell, Myrna Loy, Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy and "Libeled Lady" make an unbeatable combination.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

★✓✓ Libeled Lady (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Myrna Loy, William Powell, Jean Harlow, Spencer Tracy, Walter Connolly, Charles Grapewin, Cora Witherspoon, E. E. Clive, others.*

It's About: *A libeled lady, a newspaper man, a prospective bride and an adventurer—all busy and muddled.*

A superb picture that clatters at an irresponsible pace toward a fitting climax with no dull moments and each important and difficult role superbly acted.

When Myrna Loy, millionairess, brings a $5,000,000 libel suit against Spencer Tracy's newspaper, the trouble begins. Spencer, earnest, excitable and fanatically devoted to his paper, hires William Powell to compromise the lady and ruin her plans. To further their scheme Bill needs a wife, and Jean Harlow, Spencer's neglected and protesting sweetheart, is persuaded to take on the job. Thus with hilarity and confusion, the plot thickens like soup—the kind they blow up safes with.

The humor is inspired, infectious and slightly raucous, with Powell letting himself go, Myrna playing beautifully as usual and Jean and Spencer turning in swell performances. One sequence, in which amateur Powell goes trout fishing, is classic slapstick; but the whole film dances to a mad tune which will whistle for days in your mind.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh my Gosh, YES!

Ladies In Love (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Janet Gaynor, Constance Bennett, Loretta Young, Simone Simon, Paul Lukas, Don Ameche, Tyrone Power, Jr., Alan Mowbray.*

It's About: *Four girls in love who work out their own destinies.*

Despite the lavishness of production and attraction of four stellar names, this picture wanders vaguely about, beginning nowhere and ending in exactly the same place.

The story deals with the romances of three working girls in Budapest who pool their earnings and take a fashionable flat. Each girl has her own theory on love and each reaps the result of her own particular experience.

While Bennett, Young and Gaynor contribute splendid bits of characterizations, the whole remains an unsatisfactory piece of story telling, unworthy of the talent involved.

Simone Simon, a fourth young lady who steals Bennett's true love, Paul Lukas, adds a startling bit of brightness to the piece. Don Ameche and Tyrone Power, Jr., are handsome and convincing as the other two lovers. Alan Mowbray, as a ham actor and magician, adds hilarious moments.

Your Reviewer Says: A story inferior to both talent and setting.

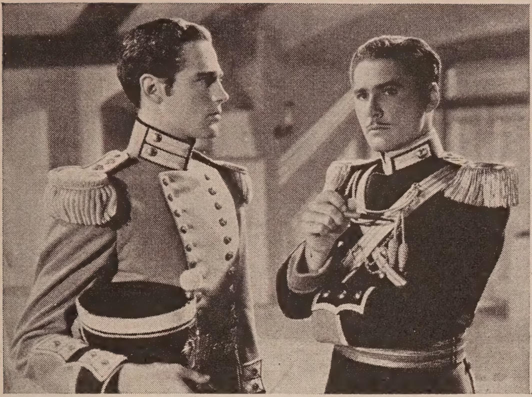
✓✓ Luckiest Girl in the World (Universal)

You'll See: *Jane Wyatt, Louis Hayward, Nat Pendleton, Eugene Pallette, Catherine Doucet, Phillip Reed, Viola Callahan.*

It's About: *An heiress who sets out to prove she can live on a poor man's salary.*

Wit, charm and laughs abound in this brisk little tale that makes no pretense of greatness but wins, on its own merit. The splendid acting of Jane Wyatt and Louis Hayward, the lively dialogue and clever situations provide delightful entertainment.

When Jane Wyatt wants to marry heiress-hunting Phillip Reed and live on his salary of one hundred and fifty dollars a month, her father, Eugene Pallette, hands her that exact amount and sends her to New York as an experiment. If she manages for a month on that sum, the marriage is on. In New York, Jane meets Louis Hayward, a young stock broker who lives in the same rooming house, and through a kitchen-sharing arrangement with him, finds a new and real love.



You must see "Charge of the Light Brigade," with Patric Knowles and Errol Flynn—a superb melodrama!

"Luckiest Girl in the World" is a pleasant surprise, with splendid work by Jane Wyatt and Louise Hayward.

Nat Pendleton as the dumber than dumb detective whose feet hurt and Catherine Doucet, the flutter budget mother, are perfect.

Your Reviewer Says: A perfect answer to an hour's search for relaxation.

Charge Of The Light Brigade (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland, Patric Knowles, Henry Stephenson, Nigel Bruce, Donald Crisp, David Niven, C. Henry Gordon, G. P. Huntley, Jr., Robert Barrat, Spring Byington, E. E. Clive, J. Carrol Naish, Walter Holbrook, Charles Sedgwick, Scotty Beckett.*

It's About: *A fictionized version of the famous charge of the light brigade during the Crimean War.*

With power and a dramatic vigor rarely captured on the screen, this epic, based on Tennyson's famous classic of the brave charge of the gallant six hundred, surges and sweeps to an exciting climax clash that stirs the pulses and grips the heart. It is not only a splendid military pageant, it is also a revelation of the hearts of fighting men.

Inflamed by a cowardly massacre of women and children in a frontier British outpost, Errol Flynn, an English major, forges papers, during the Crimean War, permitting the gallant lancers to ride for revenge on the evil *Surat Khan.* Into the valley of death they ride, gloriously and spectacularly.

Flynn is superb, and adds to his stature as a dashing and impressive personality. Patric Knowles as his younger brother in love with Flynn's fiancee, Olivia de Havilland, makes a striking showing. Olivia, torn between love and loyalty, plays with restraint and conviction. C. Henry Gordon is perfect as the villainous *Surat Khan* while Henry Steph- (*Continued on page* 95)

There is enough variety and excitement this month to suit everyone. Errol Flynn returns to the screen in his second production, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" which is exciting, thrilling, beautiful and romantic. The outstanding musical is "Big Broadcast of 1937," which has everything in the fun and glamor line. The sombre note is "We Who Are About to Die" but very worth while if you care for heavy drama. "Libeled Lady" is the laughter treat, with Powell, Harlow, Loy and Tracy (what more could anyone ask!). "Come and Get It" is a truly great drama superbly done. "A Woman Rebels" is a disappointment despite Katharine Hepburn's excellent work.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

COLUMBIA

Interlude. **Grace Moore, an Austrian opera star, has to marry a hard-drinking American artist she meets in Mexico in order to gain entrance into the United States. Cary Grant has the male lead.**

The Depths Below. **A rough and ready picture about rival sea divers (Richard Dix and Chester Morris) and their love for Dolores Del Rio.**

Help Wanted Female. **This little comedy is getting raves from those who have seen rushes. It stars Jean Arthur and George Brent. Lionel Stander and Reginald Denny support.**

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Camille. **Garbo, with Robert Taylor, promises to make this the most dramatic and enjoyable screen version yet seen of the tragic story of the little Paris shopgirl who became the toast of all Paris.**

PARAMOUNT

Maid of Salem. **Reports indicate that Claudette Colbert's picture will be marvelous. It deals with witchcraft in Salem, Massachusetts, during the time of the Pilgrims. Fred MacMurray is opposite Claudette.**

College Holiday. **Jack Benny, Mary Boland, Burns and Allen and Martha Raye in another fast-and-furious musical film with a college background.**

RKO-RADIO

Quality Street. **The Napoleonic Wars furnish the background for a dramatic love story between Katharine Hepburn and Franchot Tone.**

Rainbow on the River. **Bobby Breen in a film about a southern waif who turns out to be heir to a fortune. Civil War background.**

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Lloyds of London. **Freddie Bartholomew, we hear, does a splendid job in this picture of the growth of the English insurance company. Madeleine Carroll, C. Aubrey Smith and Sir Guy Standing are the strong supporting cast.**

Reunion. **The quints, again in a pleasant film in which Jean Hersholt again plays Dr. Dafoe. Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent handle the romance.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Ready, Willing and Able. **Ruby Keeler and Ross Alexander have a mad, gay time in this light musical comedy. Ruby does a dozen dances.**

Mountain Justice. **This tale of mountain-folk justice reveals some real acting by Josephine Hutchinson. George Brent is the prosecuting lawyer.**

THE HITS TO WATCH FOR
FROM NOW TO NEW YEAR'S DAY

THE DIONNE QUINTUPLETS
in **REUNION**

with the year's most important cast: JEAN HERSHOLT, ROCHELLE HUDSON, HELEN VINSON, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, ROBERT KENT, Dorothy Peterson, John Qualen. Directed by Norman Taurog.

BARBARA STANWYCK and **JOEL McCREA**
in **BANJO ON MY KNEE**

with Helen Westley, Buddy Ebsen, Walter Brennan, Walter Catlett, Anthony Martin, Katherine De Mille. Directed by John Cromwell.

WARNER BAXTER and **JUNE LANG**
in **WHITE HUNTER**

with Gail Patrick, Alison Skipworth, Wilfrid Lawson, George Hassell. Directed by Irving Cummings.

CRACK UP

with PETER LORRE, BRIAN DONLEVY, Ralph Morgan, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Kay Linaker, J. Carroll Naish, Lester Matthews, Duncan Renaldo. Directed by Mal St. Clair.

LAUGHING AT TROUBLE

with JANE DARWELL, Delma Byron, Allan Lane, Sara Haden, Lois Wilson, Margaret Hamilton, Pert Kelton, John Carradine. Directed by Frank R. Strayer.

SHIRLEY TEMPLE
in **STOWAWAY**
with **ROBERT YOUNG · ALICE FAYE**

Eugene Pallette, Helen Westley, Arthur Treacher, J. Edward Bromberg, Allan Lane, Astrid Allwyn. Directed by William A. Seiter.

ONE IN A MILLION

with SONJA HENIE, ADOLPHE MENJOU JEAN HERSHOLT, NED SPARKS, DON AMECHE, RITZ BROTHERS, Arline Judge, Borrah Minevitch and his Gang, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Montagu Love. Directed by Sidney Lanfield.

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck in Charge of Production

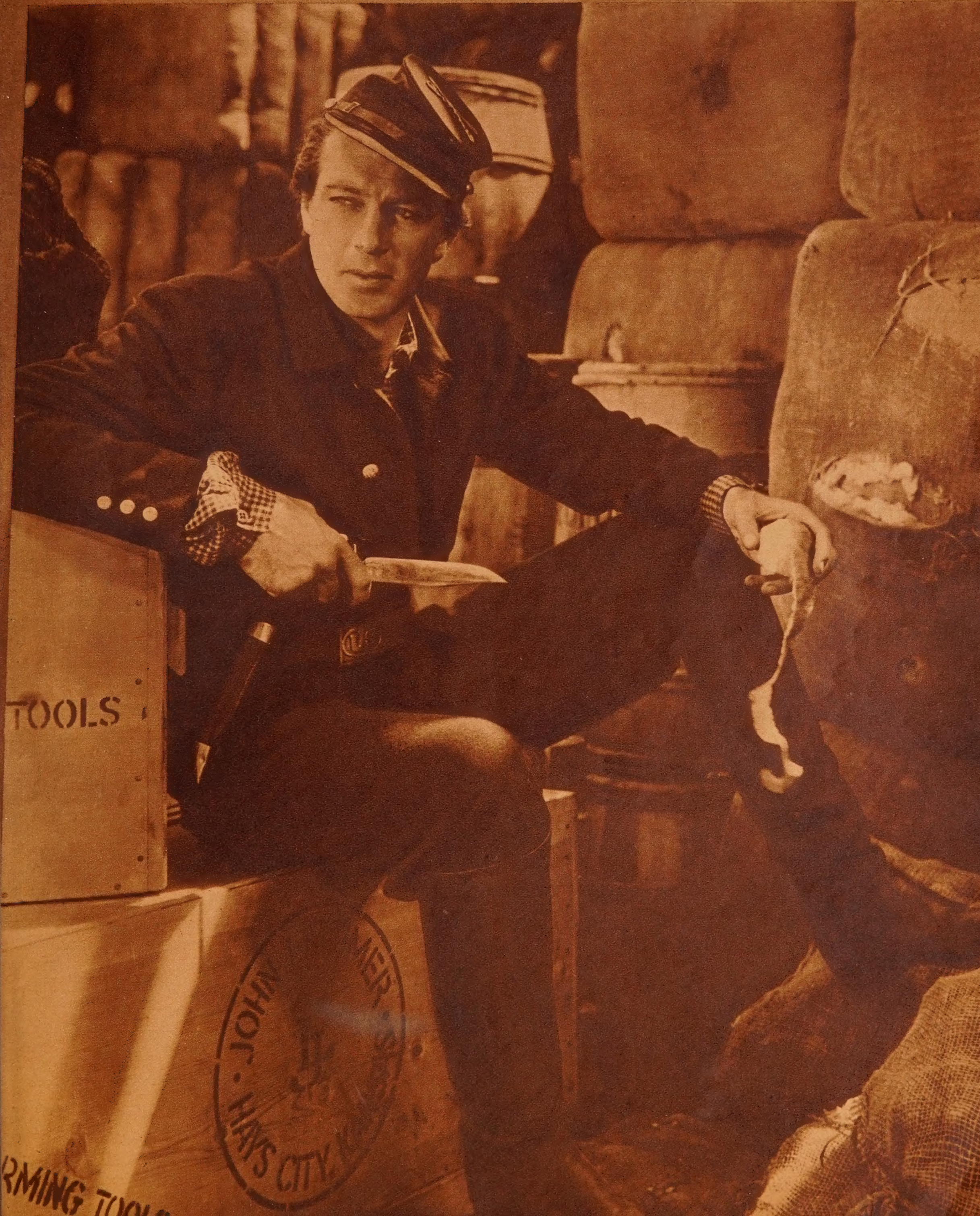
Movie Mirror's Personality Parade

As old 1936 totters into the past, Shirley Temple greets the New Year—a perfect personification of young, hopeful 1937. Best news of the coming year is that Shirley is to play "Heidi," beloved child heroine for whom the public has been clamoring, just as soon as she finishes "Stowaway."

Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell gets all the breaks these days! First, a New York honeymoon with Dick Powell. And now the feminine lead in Mervyn LeRoy's first independent production for Warner Brothers—"The King and the Chorus Girl," with the new French romantic star, Fernand Gravet.

Having finished "The Plainsman" (in which he wears this trick Confederate uniform), Gary Cooper took a vacation in New York, too, with his wife. His next for Paramount—and the last under his contract—will be "Souls at Sea," directed by Henry ("Bengal Lancers") Hathaway.


TOOLS
JOHN MER
HAYS CITY, K
RMING TOOL

Barbara Stanwyck

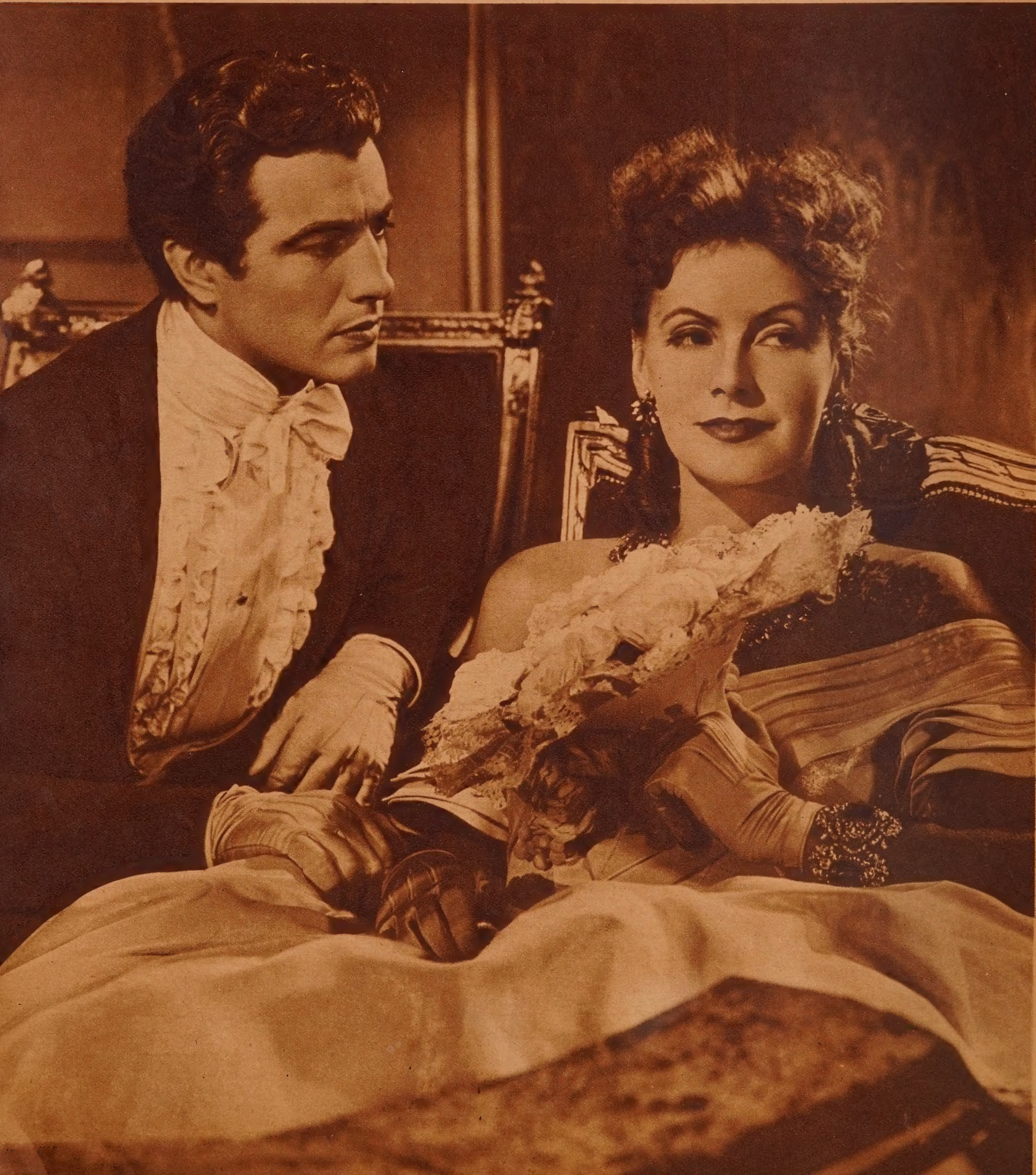
Here is the new Barbara Stanwyck, a different personality since Robert Taylor came into her life—new clothes, new spirit, new roles. She finished "The Plough and the Stars" for RKO, her home studio, and will now make a picture for 20th Century-Fox, "Banjo on My Knee."

Chester Morris can safely be given the title of Hollywood's happiest husband. But lately, he's had tough luck—a case of flu that held up production on "The Depths Below." Though under contract to Columbia, he still makes a picture a year for M-G-M, his former studio.

Chester Morris

Lady of the Camellias

Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille"—Bob's twelfth picture in two years without a vacation. He'll take his first European trip when it's finished. Garbo has only one other picture to make under her present contract, so—if she really wants to—she can retire soon to her new Swedish estate. For her role in "Camille," she uses a high voice to indicate illness, but M-G-M flatly denies all rumors concerning her ill health in real life.

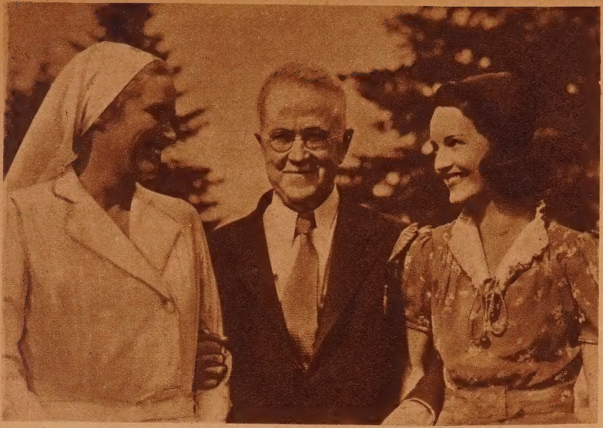


THE GALLANT 600

—and Errol Flynn

Warner's epical screening of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," based (very freely) on Tennyson's famous poem of the same name, brings dashing Errol Flynn to the screen for the first time since "Captain Blood." Below, Patric Knowles as his brother, with Errol himself. Center, Errol again, with Olivia de Havilland as the girl they both love. Right, C. Henry Gordon as Suart Khan.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die:
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."



The original "country doctor" himself, Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe, with two members of the cast for "Reunion," Dorothy Peterson and Rochelle Hudson.

Follow the world's most famous youngsters through their daily work and play in movie-making!

By FRANK PERRETT

DAY BY DAY WITH THE DIONNE QUINTS

August 13: The troupe heading for Callander, Ontario, to make "Reunion," the second picture starring the Dionne Quintuplets, left today. Cheers, tears, kisses and promises at the station as the Golden State Limited started. Rochelle Hudson wore two beautiful orchids but wouldn't tell who sent them. Astrid Allwyn, the beautiful Swede, was there to bid Robert Kent a fervent goodbye. Jean Hersholt and Dorothy Peterson were unescorted. Darryl F. Zanuck, 20th Century-Fox production chief, was on hand to bid all bon voyage.

On the train there was a good deal of renewing of friendships by studio workers and players who were together on "The Country Doctor" location last December.

August 14: Rochelle Hudson spent most of the day reading Wasserman's "The World's Illusion," and Dorothy Peterson devoted herself to "Gone With the Wind." Miss Peterson, a notoriously late riser, breakfasted at noon, as did Bob Kent. Jean Hersholt got up early and was out at every stop to stretch his legs and smoke another pipeful. Rochelle still won't tell about the orchids but she had them put in the refrigerator.

August 15: Stifling heat encountered on station platform walks but it's swell inside this air conditioned train. At Kansas City, Rochelle, Jean and Dorothy went up into the station to look around and be photographed. Kent was so engrossed in a bridge game he neglected to send a wire to Astrid and spent the next two hours worrying about it.

August 17: Chicago, or rather, Blue Island Junction, where we switched to the train that will take us through Callander to North Bay. Photographers got a picture of the five police whistles Jean is taking to the quints to replace the one he stole from Cecile last year. Crowds at all stations now—Port Huron, Sarnia, London, Toronto. They crowd into the train, seeking a look at the "Reunion" troupe. One travel group of a hundred and thirty girls got on in Chicago and every one of them has been through our car twenty times.

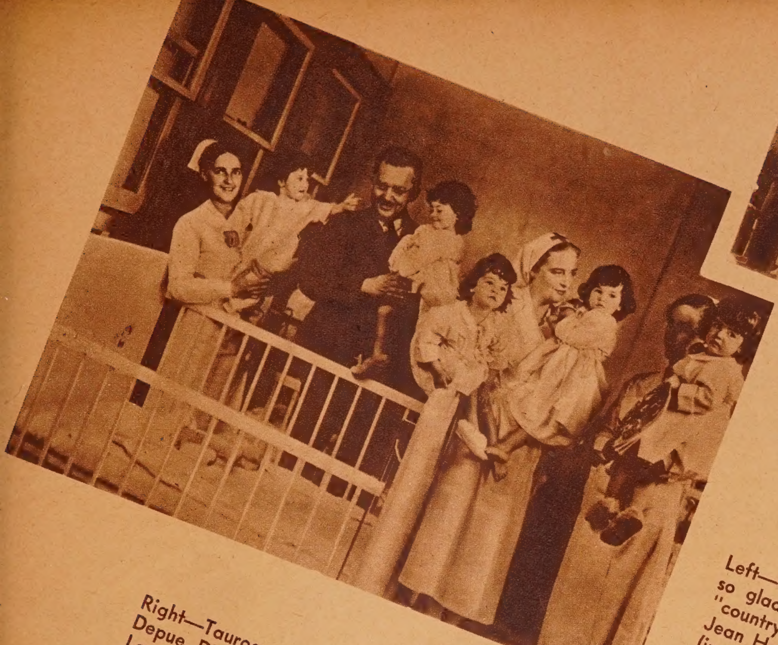
August 17: We arrived at Callander at 6.30 A. M. It doesn't look the same as it did last winter, although there's frost in evidence and it appears the folks who thought top coats would be superfluous have another idea now.

The Empire Hotel. It has been rush business in North Bay this summer, 5,000 to 7,500 persons through here each day to see the quints. That means undreamed of prosperity for the town and a hotel always filled to capacity. Our rooms will be our rooms as soon as their present occupants check out. Hurray, they're out! We're in! First, bathe. Second, eat. Director Norman Taurog hellos everyone on his way out to the Dafoe hospital. He is getting acquainted with his new stars, a little at a time, getting them used to him. The lobby overflowed with fans. Everyone in the cast signed autographs from morning until night. Tomorrow we'll go out and visit the quints.

August 18: This morning our baggage cars were unloaded, generators tuned up, cameras checked, the quints' wardrobe ironed out. The rest of us went out to call on the Mlles. Dionne. How those babies have grown! How the hospital has changed!

The nursery building itself is much the same but a staff building is being completed fifty yards away, more ground has been fenced in, and the playground has been built. It is almost surrounded by a horseshoe-shaped building. Down either arm of the shoe pass the quints' thousands of daily visitors. The corridors look out upon the playground, and the visitors gaze at the quints through glass covered by silver screening. This gives the babies a sense of privacy for they cannot see through the screen and have no knowledge that they are living a part of each day in this beautiful goldfish bowl.

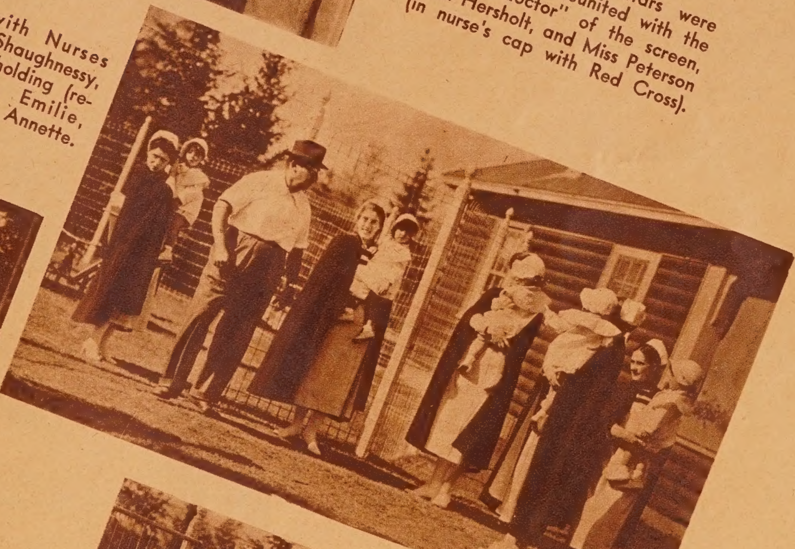
Jean, Dorothy, Rochelle and Bob were mobbed when they sought to get in line with the other thousands to take their turn looking at the babies. Hersholt finally slipped away and entered Oliva Dionne's souvenir store across the road. Mobbed again, he was beckoned to by a girl standing at a draped doorway at the rear of the store. Having been actually jostled and shoved around by the milling crowd, Hersholt welcomed the apparent avenue of escape. As he got there, however, the girl ducked behind the curtains for a moment, then reappeared to announce, "He doesn't want to see you." Jean then discovered it wasn't a rear exit. It was the booth where Papa Dionne was (*Continued on page* 65)



Above—Norman Taurog, director of "Reunion," the quintuplets' second movie, lines up the babies and their nurses for a scene. At extreme right, Dorothy Peterson.

Left—the five little stars were so glad to be reunited with the "country doctor" of the screen, Jean Hersholt, and Miss Peterson (in nurse's cap with Red Cross).

Right—Taurog, with Nurses Depue, Dionne, O'Shaughnessy, Leroux and Noel holding (respectively) Cecile, Emilie, Marie, Yvonne and Annette.



Above, left—the camera got a swell close-up of their first "concert." The man at extreme right is Daniel Clark, cinematographer for "Reunion."

Left—the quints were so delighted with their first pony cart ride that they didn't want to stop when "shooting" time was over.

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THIS month it's "How to Tap," and if you read the previous lesson in ballet, and followed the instructions, you're ready by now for a little swing music. Your body is supple, your arms and hands won't fly all over the room, and your feet are already of some use.

If you will concentrate and work hard, if you have any natural aptitude for dancing, you'll be able to do an acceptable tap routine within two weeks. From then on it's up to you whether or not you'll keep it up and go professional. You can, but it takes talent.

I spent $5,000 and five years learning artistic dancing, twenty dollars and six weeks learning to tap; and I've made all my successes and all of my money from the latter. Naturally you don't have to be convinced that it's a good thing to learn dancing; you know it's fun, it gives you poise, it's a social grace, it may very possibly be lucrative. And besides you are put in the always enviable position of knowing a little bit more about something than your neighbor.

As a matter of fact, I seem to spend more of my time teaching people how to tap than I spend at my own work. During the filming of my first picture I lived at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, and one night the bellhop assigned to my room brought up some ice-water and then lingered after he'd got his tip.

"Look," he said, "when I was with the Palmer House in Chicago I saw you on the stage and I would've liked to have come to your afternoon classes but they wouldn't let me off. How about a lesson or two instead of the tips you gimme?"

I said, "Sure, Johnny. You be in the hall by the elevator when I come up every night and I'll give you ten minutes.

The next evening he was there, and while he was practicing the first step one of the other boys came up and stood watching. Johnny must have talked about it in the locker room or something, because one by one all the bellhops in that hotel drifted up and lined themselves quietly along the wall.

"All right," I told them finally. "I give in. Gather round and we'll make a group lesson of it."

The manager was frantic. During that ten-minute period every night for three weeks no one in the house could get any service; if they rang for seltzer and ice they got them—eventually. But they had to wait.

The boys learned quickly and well, mostly because their attitude was very positive and because they applied themselves. They wanted to learn how to tap-dance, and all Heaven—as well as all the guests at the Beverly Wilshire—couldn't stop them.

If you've got a radio or a phonograph, a sense of rhythm and plenty of energy, you'll be able to do a good tap routine within two weeks after you have started my course. I spent only ten days with four of the players in the "Born to Dance" company, and at the end of that time they were adept enough to do a number before the camera. The instructions in this article are exact reproductions of those I gave to Una Merkel and Jimmy Stewart, Frances Langford and Sid Silvers—and if you don't flounder over them any more than those four stars did you'll be expert before you've read the concluding installment in this series.

It all began when Jimmy—he's one of those fellows who always want to do whatever anyone else is doing at the moment—got too envious of the fun I was apparently having

Read her instructions on tap-dancing and you'll see how she does routines like this in "Born to Dance."

LET *Eleanor Powell* TEACH YOU TO DANCE

By ELEANOR POWELL

Have you mastered the ballet lessons given in last month's article? This time, Eleanor will show you how to tap—her own specialty

with my numbers and wanted to know if he couldn't learn this business called tap, too. Roy Del Ruth, who was directing "Born to Dance," told him that if he got to be good enough before the picture was finished we could do a routine together.

Then Una and Frances and Sid Silvers decided it would be a fine gag to have a scene in which everyone did a number; and privately each one admitted to a great secret desire to know a tap step or two.

"For parties," they explained. "Or when we hear a very special swing number on the radio."

About that time Bill Scully, the assistant director, came over and barged into the discussion.

"I can't be part of the number," he said, "but would you teach me, too?"

And then Marylin Kinsey, my stand-in, said, "What about me?" and the make-up man, Freddie Phillips, said, "Also me?"

So by the time we were ready for actual lessons there was a group of seven. We met in a big empty rehearsal hall one day, after the shooting was finished for the afternoon, and I gathered them around me.

"Now look," I said, "in the first place there are only four basic steps in tap dancing. That's all there are and no matter what you see anybody do on any stage anywhere, the thing that person does can be traced back to these original movements. It's a matter of combinations, really, and if you're good you can work out as many as two or three millon different routines.

"Of course when you've had ballet as a foundation, like Fred Astaire or myself, you can go a lot further and be a lot better because your body is trained and you have a knowledge of what to do with your hands and feet. Now let's line up and go to it."

Jimmy looked mournfully down at that long lanky frame of his. "Maybe I'd better just watch," he said.

So I started on the steps immediately. "Number One," I told them, "is absolutely the most important because it's your lesson in balance, in shifting the weight from one foot to another; and until you have learned that there's no use trying to go any further. The whole principle of dancing, especially of tap, is perfect balance and the ability to change from left to right foot and back without hopping."

We found some chairs and set them in twos with their backs to each other. Then each person stood between his pair of chairs with his hands on the backs. "Get up on the tip of your toes," I said, "and then do this: step on your right heel then on your left heel, then on your right toe, and finally on your left toe. Do it very slowly and deliberately until you get the hang of it."

Everyone did it very well except Jimmy, who had on awfully big, heavy brogues and kept stepping on the wrong toe in relation to the correct heel. "It sounds so darned simple," he kept complaining, "and it *is*, just so long as you pause and think before you put your foot down. Then you decide you're pretty smart and you stop thinking and right away you look like a centipede with St. Vitus."

I didn't let them do anything else but that one step all the rest of the afternoon, but I turned on the phonograph the studio keeps in the rehearsal hall, and let them do their right heel-left heel, right toe-left toe, to music. The record was a fairly slow one and everyone kept time to it.

All except poor Jimmy. He didn't keep time to anything. His subconscious mind must (*Continued on page* 86)

'TWAS A SIGHT BE-
To see how the
Their shopping
In hopes that

WHEN the balmy breezes blow o'er balmy Hollywood, when bright geraniums and scarlet poinsettia run a mad riot along the highways (the only potted things in the village being the actors), when orange trees and holly bloom, Hollywood suddenly tears itself away from a mirror, sniffs the semi-tropical air with quivering nostrils and cries (with gestures):

"It's Christmas. Aha, things must be done." And things are.

But what things are done and how they are done, is why Christmas in Hollywood is a mild combination of the Junior-Senior egg throw, the march through Georgia and the Ritz Brothers on the loose.

Committees are formed. Committees to transform Hollywood Boulevard into Santa Claus Lane for no good reason at all; committees to order the cornflake snow and cellophane icicles; committees to keep Jack Oakie off the reindeer, if possible; and committees to prevent First National stars from sending out cards saying:

"Little Jack Warner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie."

No one, the committee claims, ever succeeded in getting a Warner into a corner to eat any kind of pie, let alone a Christmas one.

It's finally decided Santa will nightly ride down his lane (with a slightly hysterical star waving at his side), on a red painted sleigh, drawn by ten reindeer obviously suffering from Arctic asthma while, just ahead of the twenty motorcycle cops, a calliope oddly enough steams out the fact that "It Happened on the Beach at Bali Bali." Behind all this are the wind machines frantically blowing out the cornflake snow along various spots on the Boulevard. For instance, a regular hurricane may be blowing on a corner of Vine Street and doing no such thing only two blocks away.

In this setting, then—one destined to scare little children into screaming fits—Hollywood sets out to do what is called, with grotesque understatement, its Christmas shopping. Each star in his own inimitable little way.

Several things must first be taken into consideration by the star when shopping for Christmas. The question of time off from a set; the problem of whether to give to every studio employee from gateman right up through to producer, or to give to just a few and get one's skull cracked wide open with a purposely dropped Kleig light; and, also, the problem of what to do about autograph fans.

Even when the harassed star decides to shoot the works and give not only to his one hundred and two adoring relatives back home and his many friends in Hollywood but to all studio employees as well, even then, I say, it doesn't always work out. There's that electrician, for instance, who waited from Christmas till Groundhog day to drop a cross-beam on a certain male star just because he gave him a monogrammed scarf of a lovely, luscious lavender.

Also, there's the complicated problem of not giving to but taking from DeMille. Every year a secret group, secretly called "the puttee-snatchers," sets out to take away from Cecil his puttees, his green shirt with matching green shorts and emerald jewelry and, bless his heart, his megaphone, simply because they claim it makes things more symmetrical and less confusing if the trees, instead of Cecil, are decorated. So far, it has always ended with Cecil taking them. For everything.

Another point to be considered in the Christmas shopping melee is the question of tact in giving. More romances, more homes and more heads have been broken by the lack of tact in giving than there are mink coats in Beverly Hills.

IT was Tom Brown who broke exactly three hearts and lost for himself three sweethearts last Christmas. Lack of tact in giving was the little imp at the bottom of it all, when Tom selected three jeweled compacts, exactly alike, to give three friends, each of whom believed she, herself, the only one in his life.

It wasn't until a New Year's gathering that all three, gathered about a mirror, flashed the same compacts. Mr. Brown left town next day for Palm Springs.

Too, there's the lovely little starlet who gave her star beau lovely silver hairbrushes and lost him on the spot. She didn't know about his toupee.

And, of course, there's that popular star who gave his blonde ex-wife a gift that exceeded in loveliness and value the gift he gave his present blonde sweetheart. Riot squads

FORE CHRISTMAS in old Hollywood stars at the gift-counters stood; disguises were chosen with care— their public would not find them there!

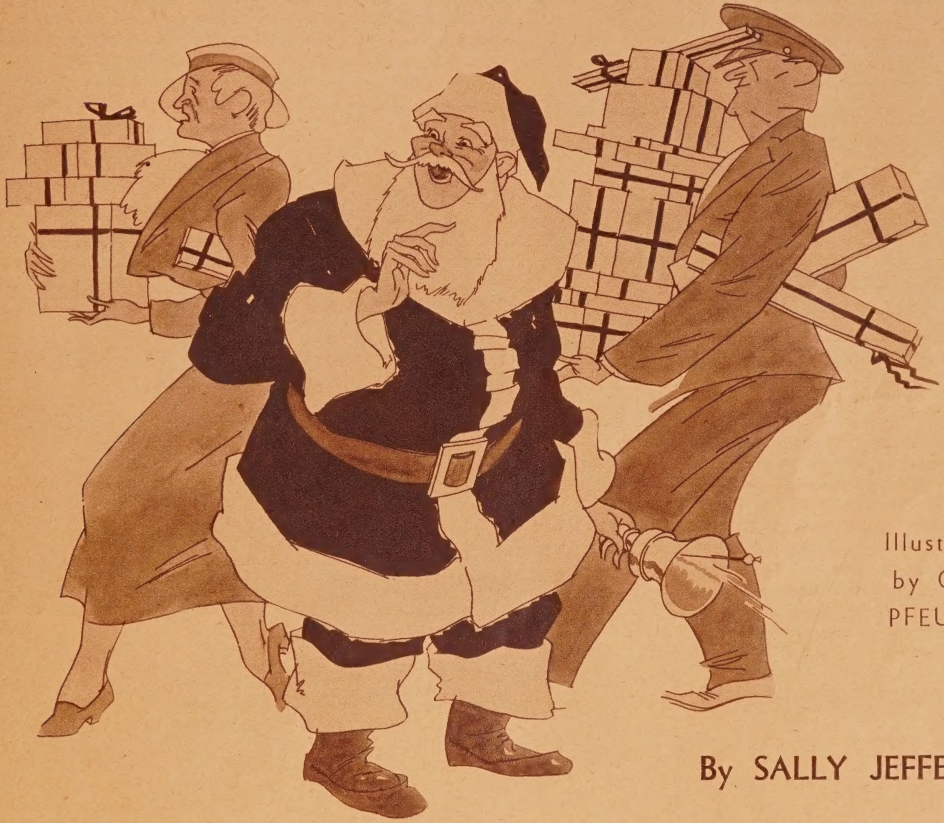


Illustration by CARL PFEUFFER

By SALLY JEFFERSON

loitered in nearby alleys waiting to be called after that little presentation.

How to escape the fans who beg for autographs when a star has fifteen minutes off from the set in which to shop for Christmas, is really something. Often stand-ins or secretaries or business managers, who turn out to be Cousin Oscar after all, are all called in to shop as substitutes.

But not with Gable and Bill Powell. Not this year. Mauled by dozens of clamoring fans, the boys found a way out. An unsuspecting Santa Claus was snatched from the corner where he stood and hi-jacked into an alley basement.

Five minutes later a new, very broadshouldered Santa, with red panties slipping for dear life and white beard on in some fantastic manner, stole into a nearby shop and shopped. In peace instead of pieces.

When finished, Gable stole back to the hide-out where Powell then donned the outfit with the panties slipping at even a more alarming pace than ever, and he shopped.

When it was all over, Santa was once more permitted to don his uniform and the two were off. Clear off, as we've constantly suspected.

IT is Ginger Rogers who, for her few hours away from her picture assignment, dons her famed black wig, and shops. No notes, no lists, no notebooks are necessary for Ginger, who has the memory of an elephant, remembering for months back every little desire her friends may have expressed. Ginger at Christmas time is out to fulfill that desire, her maid and her chauffeur following behind to carry bundles.

This year as Ginger, all comically bewigged, flew from one department to another, her maid, bundles to her chin, her chauffeur, bundles to his (*Continued on page* 68)

How Karen is fighting her way back

Miss Morley realized she couldn't remake Hollywood to suit herself, so she remade herself to suit Hollywood. Here's why!

By MARJORIE HAYNES

THIS is the story of a girl who forgot Hollywood, that it might remember her. This is the story of a girl who got off on the wrong foot, but who had the courage to sight her path, and shift her stride, when she saw she was wrong; to gamble her career against happiness, and to win.

Karen Morley went into pictures, not to become a feted movie star, but to be an artistic actress. She had served her apprenticeship at the Community Playhouse in Pasadena and was endowed with the lofty ideal of acting for acting's sake, not for money nor for her picture in the paper. She was one of the few young actresses in movies who ever begged for strictly character parts. She didn't care how she looked, or how she was photographed. The lines and the part were the thing.

Her first contract was a long term one with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. It followed after Clarence Brown and Bob Montgomery had discovered her for the part of Liane in Greta Garbo's "Inspiration." Bob himself had been taking a test for the picture and Karen was called in to help out. In spite of the fact that this was Bob's test, she

Mr. & Mrs. Vidor

Karen Morley

From the first Karen found real happiness in her marriage to director Charles Vidor (above), but her career seemed to bring her only heartbreak. The birth of their son, Michael (right), changed all that. He gave her the courage to become the new Karen Morley (opposite page) that you will see in "Love Under Fire."

managed to stand out sufficiently to get a part for herself and, later, a contract. As was typical of Karen in the old days, she handled the details of the contract herself, refusing the aid of an agent, accepting the first terms that were offered her, not paying any attention to restrictions or figures; acting only in sublime faith—the faith she felt in her future as an actress.

The inevitable happened—parts which she didn't like, parts which she felt were unsuited to her, parts which were too sophisticated, too brittle and cold. Then, when she felt she had stood enough of them, Karen began to complain. She complained so bitterly, so insistently and so sarcastically that, as has happened to so many actresses before and since, she found herself on the black list at her own studio. For two years she stayed on there without once working on her own lot, continually on loan to other studios for mediocre pictures, each picture less important than the last. Finally the low was reached. She was loaned for a nine-day, $30,000 quickie to an independent studio. Following that, her contract, fortunately, came to an end.

Such a long-drawn-out career-death put Karen in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. Outwardly loathing Hollywood's cruel system, its politics, and its vindictiveness, she still inwardly had an eye on her own goal. Only now it seemed farther off than ever before. During one of her loan-outs to RKO she had met and married Charles Vidor, the director. The personal happiness that resulted was balm, of course, but still there was hurt in it, too. He was just as artistically ambitious for her as she was for herself. The barrier to her career blocked both their dreams.

IT'S the old, old story of too much idealism. Of too much living in dreams, of failing to see the practical opportunities in the present. Karen is the sort of girl who, had she been brought up in New York instead of in Ottumwa, Iowa, would have gravitated most certainly to Greenwich Village. Until recently, clothes, customs or the opinions of others meant little to her. She herself was very opinionated, and had no hesitancy in stating her opinions. Because of what she had gone through, and because of the confidence she had in her own ability, she came to the bitter conclusion that picture making was all sham, a prostitution of the art of acting. It wasn't talent that mattered, it was the politics that you played. She formed these opinions, naturally, because picture making had treated her badly.

Hundreds of actresses have felt the same way. And hundreds, in Karen's shoes, have turned to something else, back to the stage, perhaps, or, as is often the case, have sought solace in a full-time job, marriage. But Karen did neither of these things. She took no avenue of escape. Strangely, and unsuspectingly, she found within herself the courage to plug on.

(Continued on page 83)

Karen Morley

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Hollywood's

Who gets the custody of the children when their movie parents separate?

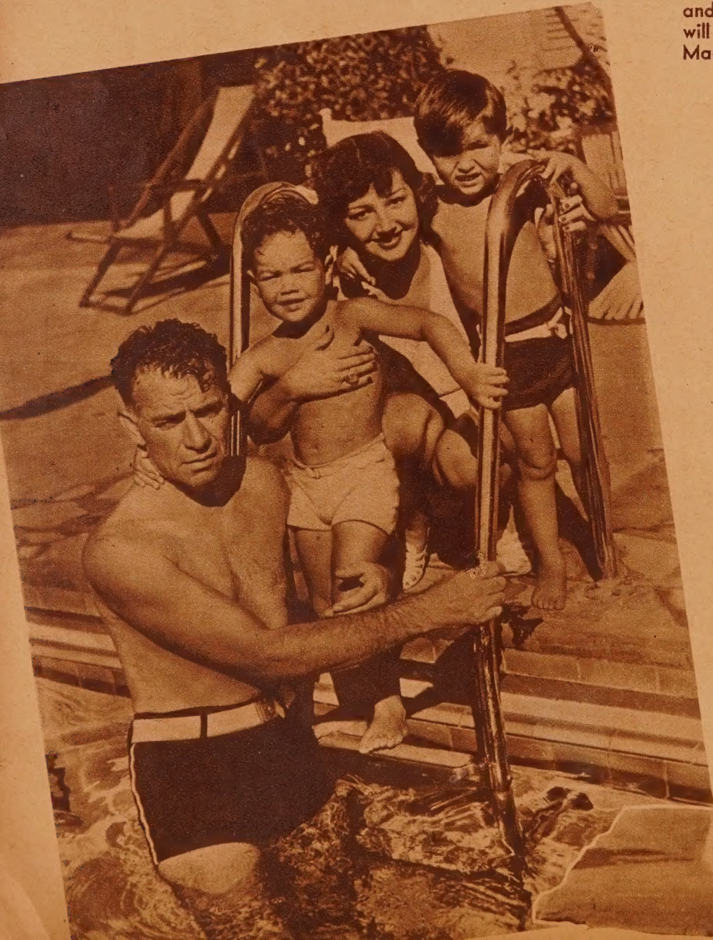
LITTLE Marylyn Thorpe—will you, did you ever for a minute forget the shadowy figure of that three-year-old little blonde girl standing behind the headlines of the greatest custody case ever to rock Hollywood?

When audiences all over the country broke into what amounted to an ovation for Mary Astor with the release of "Dodsworth," I was glad for Mary. But somehow I was happier for the ghost of a little girl who was not there, that innocent cause and victim of the case. Somehow, it seemed to me that the ovations were only partly for the lovely performance given by Mary and that a part of the great warmth was directed to a baby who would not have understood if she could have sensed the sentiment that seemed to say: "This is for you, too. This is the world's way of saying, 'Forget the past, wipe the slate clean of hurtful publicity as though it had never been written to reflect on your innocent life.'"

"The custody of the child." What heartaches and tears and strange stories lie behind these words. They are so cold, so relentlessly legal. What do those words know of bewildered childish hearts and affections assigned by court decree to cleave to one parent and forget the other? Or to adjust their bewildered lives to one mode of living for six months out of the year, and to something radically different in education and background for the other six months, in what is usually considered an "equitable settlement?" Or, as was the case in the recent court fight made by Joan Bennett to legalize her first child's name from Fox to Markey, of a strange condition admitted by Joan on the witness stand: "My daughter does not know her real father exists."

The pathos behind this case lies not with little "Ditty," Diana Bennett Markey (since the court granted the seven-year-old child the legal name of her step-father, Gene Markey), because the little girl adores her mother's second husband, the successful scenarist who is as devoted to her as though she were his. But back of Joan's two marriages,

At left, Wesley Ruggles, Wesley, Jr., Arline Judge Ruggles and young Manny Robinson, son of the Edward G. Robinsons. Below, Mary Astor and her little daughter, Marylyn Thorpe. How will the recent newspaper headlines react on Marylyn's life, both today and in days to come?



Children of Divorce

How do divorce and the attendant publicity affect their lives afterwards?

is a particular story pathetically touching the life and fate of a man who has lost his right to legal parenthood of his own child.

That man was John Marion Fox.

He came into court, this not unhandsome, oldish-youngish man, and told a story of an almost unknown romance with a girl who is now a household word, but who, when he met her aboard an ocean liner nine years ago, was just the baby sister of the famed Constance Bennett. He told of a shipboard romance that caught two young people in its grip, of moonlight and soft music that eventually led them to the altar.

As Joan listened to the testimony that amounted to a legal fight to keep her from changing Ditty's name from Fox to Markey, I wonder if she thought back on the first year of that youthful mis-marriage, of the struggle they went through to make both ends meet, and to save a little against the coming of their expected child?

A long time ago, when we were riding on the back seat of her luxurious town car, after movie fame had come to her, Joan told me something of that marriage.

"We lived on the wrong side of the tracks in Beverly Hills," she mused. "We didn't have anything, but for a little while we were happy. I did all my own housework. Cleaned and cooked and made over clothes and manicured my own nails and fetched the paper off the lawn in the mornings and squeezed orange juice, just as millions of wives do every morning. We might have gone on being happy, we might even have bridged the crazy gap in our fates that whisked me into a screen career almost before I realized it, but for something no marriage can beat."

She didn't go on, and it was Fox, himself, who finished that story as a matter of court record. He told of drink that had wrecked his life with Joan. He told of his slavery to a habit that had wrecked two subsequent marriages for him. He painted a pitiful picture of (*Continued on page 76*)

What will Joan Blondell's marriage to Dick Powell mean to Norman Scott Barnes (below), her first husband's son? In Joan Bennett's case (right, with Diana, husband Gene Markey and baby Melinda), her writer-husband adapted Diana Fox, daughter of her earlier marriage.

Myrna Loy

It's hard to realize that the recent candid camera shot above is the same girl as the Oriental siren on the opposite page.

Today, successful in the type of role she prefers, and married to Arthur Hornblow, Jr. (below), Myrna is just about the happiest girl you'll find.

Can you find Myrna in this still from an early Shearer film, "Pretty Ladies"? She's third from left—the one with the vampire look!

MYRNA LOY REVEALS HER

By WALTER RAMSEY

Continuing the complete, authorized biography of one of filmland's most beloved—and least known—stars, with many pictures never before published

MYRNA LOY did not get the coveted role of the Madonna in "Ben Hur." "You're too Oriental looking," the director had informed her. Angelic-looking little Betty Bronson walked away with the part and Myrna was relegated to a small bit in the picture.

Instead of the Madonna, she played a "fallen woman." This was the first of a long series of vamp and native girl roles that were nearly to ruin the red-headed Loy's career before it began. If Myrna had known what a long, hard struggle was ahead in overcoming the handicap of that first siren role, she never would have accepted it.

But as it was, she was thrilled to be earning twenty-five dollars a day and working with the principals, Ramon Novarro and Kathleen Key, instead of the extras in the mob.

It was the beginning of a friendship that almost veered into romance during the years that were to follow. But in spite of the deep devotion Ramon was later to feel for Myrna, there was far more rumor and conjecture than real truth in the accounts of their "love story." They were two shy people drawn together by the unusual loneliness of success, a loneliness that Myrna sensed in that first meeting, when she was an extra and Ramon Novarro was a star. And to this day, there is never a birthday or Christmas or Easter but that these two friends exchange telegrams of best wishes.

Myrna, her lovely beauty framed by glittering costumes and unusual coiffures, attracted attention on the M-G-M lot. Before she was finished with "Ben Hur" an assistant director working on the set of Norma Shearer's "Pretty Ladies" offered her another tiny role.

"You and a new stock girl here on the lot are supposed to be Miss Shearer's chums in the chorus," he told her. "It isn't much work, but you'll get thirty-five a day for it."

Thirty-five dollars a day! And she was barely started on her movie career! In no time at all, she'd probably be a star on this very lot. Everyone treated her so nicely and she was getting along so well. Myrna's proud little heart beat a tattoo of happiness as she reported to the gray-haired mistress of the wardrobe department later that same day.

As she swung through the door, she saw sitting on the edge of a desk in the corner one of the prettiest girls she had ever looked upon. "Hello," said the pretty one. "I understand you and I are working in Miss Shearer's picture."

Myrna's eyes popped. This was Lucille Le Seuer, the girl who had done so much wonderful Charleston dancing at the Montmartre and the Cocoanut Grove that she was almost as famous around Hollywood as a real star.

"But don't call me Lucille Le Seuer," laughed the girl. "The studio has just changed my name to Joan Crawford."

And for the three days they were together in "Pretty

Colman films brought good luck to Myrna! Above (in a blonde wig) with Ronald in "The Devil to Pay"—a year before "Arrowsmith."

But "Arrowsmith" itself, with Colman (below), was the luckiest break, both for her career and for her private life—it was then she first met Hornblow.

Her mother was always shocked by Myrna's exotic make-up and actions in such pictures as "The Mask of Fu Manchu," above.

OWN MYSTERIOUS LIFE

Ladies," these two girls—who, eventually, were to rate as two of the most glamorous and famous women of Hollywood history—had fun working, lunching and talking about their really serious ambitions to make good. Joan was on a diet because the studio had warned her she must lose some of the hundred and forty pounds she had brought to Hollywood from Broadway. They parted with mutual assurances that they would call one another. But years were to pass and many chapters were to be written into the destinies of both before they were even so much as to see each other again—which is the way of Hollywood.

Somehow, despite the auspicious beginning, many weeks went by without any more thirty-five dollar jobs in the movies, and the little Williams clan found it very difficult to bridge the gaps between pay days. Every morning Myrna would begin her trek to the casting offices of Paramount, Universal, M-G-M and Fox. It was bleak and discouraging. There were even times when she felt she should return to the steadier job of dancing on the stage. But always there was the hope that something would happen.

It did happen through Natacha Rambova, Rudolph Valentino's wife. Myrna was certain she would never hear from them again after that disastrous test she had made for Rudy's picture. But apparently the glamorous Natacha still had confidence in her protegé. She didn't even mention the test as she showed Myrna the designs for costumes she had created for her to wear in a picture Rambova was to produce, called "What Price Beauty."

"They're perfect for you," Rambova said enthusiastically. "Just exactly the sort of exotic creations to set off your beauty."

And so the Loy siren career gained momentum. True, she had a very good role in the film and her salary was something magnificent—$125.00 every week. Myrna "slinked" and postured in her amazing and sometimes grotesque costumes and head-dresses and Natacha was delighted. "Sirens are so much more interesting on the screen than ingenues," she advised the eager newcomer. "You're lucky, Myrna!" Lucky? Myrna has often wondered if Rambova ever realized just how many tears she shed over that "fortunate glamor" of hers.

One morning Henry Waxman, the photographer whose help had made it possible for her to leave the Grauman Theater "line," came on the set and went into immediate raves over her exotic appearance. Once again he made a portrait sitting; and once again he showed the pictures to a person in authority. This time, it was the late Lowell Sherman, star and director. Sherman, then, in the midst of production on one of his many ultra-sophisticated pictures at Warner Brothers, told Waxman to bring Myrna around as soon as she was finished with "What Price Beauty."

"And of course, because it was a vamp role, I got it," Myrna laughed. "As a matter of fact, the sequence was a banquet scene, showing Sherman with all of his former mistresses at dinner. I was the current incumbent."

Myrna's role was small, but it was responsible for getting her the first long-term contract she ever signed. Before that contract ended she had played so many vamps she could not distinguish one from the other. In every scene, she did a bit of slinking, narrowed her eyes and behaved in such a manner that her mother was always thoroughly shocked when she saw the picture later on. Myrna was not yet nineteen years old and she was doing her most worldly characterizations. But what did all this matter compared with the most exciting event in her career thus far? Warner Brothers had actually offered her a five-year contract at two hundred dollars a week.

Prophetically, her make-up in "What Price Beauty" started all the trouble for Myrna Loy.

Certainly, the Williams family decided, their troubles were over forever, now. Myrna, her mother and brother moved into one of those little stucco homes, decorated with geraniums, that dot the Hollywood hills. She also acquired a maid. Of course, she wasn't making enough for a pink-tiled swimming pool and a blue tennis court like some of the other stars, but that was immaterial, compared to actually being a part of Hollywood.

But even with her keen desire to be a part of the Hollywood scene, Myrna Loy really never achieved that state in the beginning—and, later, she lost the desire. Myrna wasn't the type who accepted invitations to the parties where movie folk were gathered. After a while, the young producers and directors stopped inviting this girl who always protested that she had another engagement, although she was never seen anywhere. The answer was simple: she never went out at all.

Frankly, she was just a little afraid of the off-screen activities of the movie world. She was definitely bored with young actors who seemed anxious and willing to spend their time quoting the day's romantic dialogue to her after working hours; and her mother mistrusted even the most innocent invitation from a director or a producer to take Myrna dancing or to the theater. Very few friends came to their cheerful little house on the hill. Everyone liked Myrna, but no one was vitally interested in her.

Almost without her realizing it, that first, glamorous year as a contract player slipped away—then the second, then the third. The thrilling life she had anticipated dwindled into a monotonous routine; the day's work, dinner with her family and maybe a movie later. The movies, at least, were different every night; the day's work was always the same. No matter what the title of the picture might be, Myrna was invariably the exotic. If she was not cast as an Oriental siren, she was bound to be a native girl. Now and then she mustered courage to talk with one of the executives about doing something else. They always protested: "But, Myrna, you *look* so Oriental. What else can you do?"

Before film days—when Myrna was a dancer at Grauman's Egyptian.

Always, after these sessions, Myrna would return to her mirror and scrutinize her thoroughly Montana face with its freckles and red hair and tip-tilted nose and wonder if there really were any faces like hers in Siam or Singapore. It seemed like a perfectly good American face to her; but then, she wasn't the casting director.

After she had completed four and a half years of her five-year contract for Warners, the axe fell. Her contract was not renewed; the option for the remainder of her time was not taken up. "I think that was one of the major blows of my life," Myrna told me. "It's true, I hadn't been happy playing the parts assigned me, but I'd never for a minute thought there was any reason why I shouldn't go right on playing them. I had the awful feeling that I had been tossed out of my own home. Warner's, after such a long time, did seem just like home. But I was even more amazed when I learned the reason why I had been fired—and that's exactly what it was, *fired!* It seems that talking pictures were coming in; and with talking pictures came musicals and drawing room dramas and *my* type of picture story was going out."

Myrna took her troubles to a woman agent in Hollywood (the same woman who later discovered Clark Gable), Minna Wallis, and Minna agreed to handle her career if she would consent to one new law: no more native-girl, brown-skinned roles for Myrna. "You'll never get ahead in talking pictures," she counseled, "if you keep on speaking nothing but pig Latin in their South Sea Island dramas." So, in place of brown-skinned vamps, they cast her as white skinned sirens!

She apparently was caught in a vicious circle. She didn't know which way to turn or what to do. Finally, she bowed to the inevitable, and immediately began getting as much work as she could handle. Now, she determined, she'd live sensibly and save her money. Those dreams of becoming a really great actress and amounting to something must be buried and forgotten. Hollywood, which had seemed to promise so much, had failed her miserably. Never an assertive personality, she became more and more of a recluse. She was suffering from an inferiority complex of the Hollywood variety.

MYRNA was a discouraged and nearly beaten girl when Minna Wallis called to tell her to report to the Samuel Goldwyn offices for an interview. "It's something different," joked the agent, "it's the role of the other woman in 'Arrowsmith'." Myrna laughed, but she had become used to it by now. "And ask for Mr. Hornblow," was Minna's final instruction.

At two o'clock that afternoon, Myrna met destiny. Destiny in the form of a man who could change her career, bring her back to "life" on the screen and bring love to her for the first time in her life. She asked for Mr. Hornblow.

If anyone had told her that this quiet, charming man who sat behind the desk appraising her was actually holding her future life—both her public and private life—in his hands. she would have doubted it. She (*Continued on page 66*)

What swank! Flowers for the coat lapels of two very charming gentlemen. Cary Grant (at left) and Frank Morgan (above) get a kick out of "dolling up."

Boris Karloff (above) and Herbert Marshall (right) were snapped in the very act of broadcasting their part of the air program for our sister continent.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

"Hello, South America!"

The many famous stars who participated in the big goodwill broadcast to South America from Gloria Swanson's home, had a perfectly swell time. Below, Director Edmund Goulding with Gloria in her kitchen.

At left, little Jane Withers goes Latin in a big way, with the help of native musicians. Below are Tom Brown and Olivia de Havilland, having an animated conversation after the broadcast.

Henry Fonda

Cupid Upsets Movie MADDEST HOUSE

WHEN Henry Fonda recently married very charming Frances Brokaw in New York, it meant the break-up of that happy, hapless, haphazard household which is without equal in the history of motion picture hysteria. The Fonda-Stewart menage is now dissolved for the second time by a marriage of Henry's. But the story of that menage can now be written—and a goofier, funnier story you've never heard.

It started back in the sunshine days and moonlight nights of the University Theater on Cape Cod, when Jimmy and Hank first roomed together. There they shared a bunkroom on an old houseboat which quartered the male members of the company. Two winters later, after Henry had tried a first marriage to Margaret Sullavan and lost, they found themselves together again, this time in a bleak two-room walk-up on New York's East Sixty-third Street. Sometimes they were alone but most often they had "company"—Josh Logan and Myron McCormick, who were also hard up. The *carte du jour* in those days offered no choice. Month in, month out, it was milk toast, or as it is better known in some restaurants, "graveyard stew." The milk "borrowed" from the milk man. The bread, day before yesterday's, bought at a substantial reduction. But the next year was better. Henry stepped into an important part in the stage production of "The Farmer Takes a Wife," Jimmy stepped into a small part in something he'd rather not mention, and the two moved up in the world, though downtown in reality, into a

From the opposite corners of these pages, Hank (left) and Jimmy (right) gaze at each other a bit wistfully, remembering the grand times they have had together. But their friendship remains—in fact, it's added a third partner, the new Mrs. Fonda. Here is Jimmy taking a most professional picture of the happy couple.

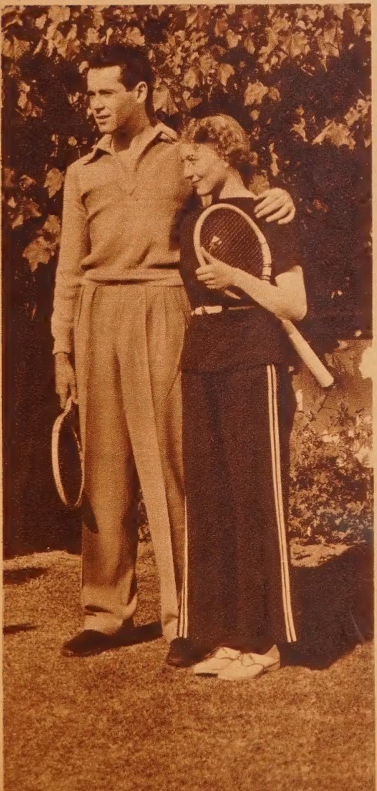
James Stewart

Land's HOLD

Farewell to the amazing bachelor home of Jimmy Stewart and Hank Fonda, now that Hank's married!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

Henry + wife



Twenty-fifth Street hotel. Then followed Hank's departure for the coast.

"Parted by a Contract" was the title of that next chapter, and except for Jimmy's sudden rise later and the eagle eye of another movie scout, the two, it is true, might never again have lived under the same roof. But as poverty held them together in the past, so fame brought them together in the future, this time to live in the lap of the gods, under Hollywood skies, and side by side with Garbo!

As the two-room flat on East Sixty-third Street had been, so was the twelve-room house in Holmby Hills ("Live Where the Stars Live!") overrun with visitors. No sooner had the boys moved in than John Swope, whom they had known at the University Theater, came to stay for the week-end and, just like any relative, remained for a month. But John *is* like a relative in a way. It was he who was really responsible for Jimmy's turning actor. John was at the University Theater during its third year when the company decided

(*Continued on page* 71)

THE PERFECT WAY TO A PERFECT FIGURE

LAST month, when I wrote the first of these articles on how to look five years younger, I thought perhaps it might find an anxious audience among the readers of MOVIE MIRROR; but I could not have imagined how large that audience would be.

The Culver City post-office is bringing my mail in trucks. Piled on my desk are hundreds of letters from hundreds of readers asking thousands of pointed questions, about too-thin or too-fat arms, wasted busts, exaggerated hips, thickening ankles, lack of energy and all of the other ailments that are caused by, and cause the appearance of, age.

As rapidly and as thoroughly as possible I'll consider the questions and answer them so that somewhere in these articles you will find the cure for your particular fault or faults. Meanwhile, remember that the first important thing is attitude, discussed at length in the previous installment. Imagine to yourself that you are five or ten years younger than you really are and act that way; change your wardrobe, as quickly as you can afford to, from too-conservative, fusty dresses and hats to smart, youthful frocks and ridiculous bonnets; go out more; condemn knitting in favor of tennis; join the most scatter-brained crowd in the neighborhood and *be young mentally,* first. When you have accomplished that there will be time enough to care for the besetting troubles of the body itself.

The exercises, the diet courses and all the other routines which I will describe have, for your information, been tested and proved on a score of famous Hollywood stars—of necessity nameless here. They have acted as laboratory subjects, so to speak, and have willingly allowed me to experiment because of the off chance that my treatments would work.

To the stars, you understand, age is more than a tragedy of appearance and personal attitude. To them it means position and job and bread and butter, the loss of fame, prestige and popularity.

The majority of the letters I have received complain for the most part that besides looking old the writer has lost all of her energy and pep. "What good can it do me to erase wrinkles from my face and reshape my body when I feel as if I were a hundred?" one of them reads. "Besides, I haven't even enough energy to do your exercises, and as for re-arranging my attitude to include gadding about and keeping up with youth, that's obviously impossible in my condition. I'm too tired by dinner time to do anything except read and go to bed early."

That letter is a replica in content of countless others, and against all your expectations I am not going to deliver a blasting denunciation of this woman and her multiple ilk. It isn't a question of mere will or courage in this case; she is not just lazy and without ambition.

She wants desperately to feel young and to look younger, but of course she can't so long as her system is sluggish from lack of exercise and unfortunate diet. I profess that if each person reading this article would follow exactly the

In his work at M-G-M, our author supervises the physical well-being of such world-famous beauties as Harlow, Loy, Crawford—and Jean Parker, who is shown at left doing an exercise for reducing the breasts and improving the shoulders.

Below, Instructor Loomis watches Jean doing an exercise for reshaping a heavy upper arm (not that Jean really needs such improvements!). This is the third exercise described in this month's text, with advice for rebuilding your body.

sort of routine for living which I shall set forth here, she would drop five years from her apparent age within two weeks, almost without exception. And there would be little need for specialized treatment of wrinkles and flabby muscles; nature would automatically take care of them.

Your first task is to instill the habit of regularity into your daily life; regularity of meals, sleeping, exercise. Please understand, I don't imply any sort of Puritanism; amusements of all kinds—parties, theaters and moderate night-life—are necessary to your morale.

But if you go out a lot in the evenings, form a habit of sleeping late the next morning, and somehow manage to have breakfast and luncheon and dinner at approximately the same hour every day.

It's of very special importance that you drink as much water daily as you can—from ten to twelve glasses, at least. This is for an obvious reason. Exercise must be consistent and regular, even if it consists only of long walks in the afternoon; and after you have set your personal chemistry in order you'll discover movement and activity to be very pleasant, instead of a difficult job.

As in the treatment for reducing, it's essential that you spend as much of your waking day as possible in action—because, as I remarked last month, the ravages of age can be traced primarily to poor circulation and to muscles turning soft from disuse. Whenever you feel tempted to settle comfortably into a chair in the window and watch the world go by, force yourself to go out of doors and go by with the world. If there's country around your home, put on some old shoes and go for a walk in the sun; if you've a garden, get a pair of gloves and a hoe, dig everything up and plant it all over again. Your garden will blossom all over the place and you'll find your muscles responding in flexibility and firmness.

You've seen, probably, a number of those outspoken advertisements in your daily paper about a vague bugaboo called "faulty elimination," and undoubtedly you have hurried on to another page in quick distaste. From one standpoint you are right—the specious remedies offered in such columns are better left on dusty drug-store shelves.

Yet this unpleasant problem is one of the greatest causes of aging appearance. If you are wise you will not ignore it. I should remark in passing that those of you who find this particular trouble either persistent or recurrent should go immediately to a good physician who will prescribe for it. On the other hand, your new routine of diet and exercise will naturally answer the purpose in most cases, where the fault is due to weakened abdominal muscles and insufficient bulk in the food you eat.

Diet, in itself, is all-important and should be taken quite as seriously as the exercises which will follow. It's unnecessary to state that, if you are very thin and run-down, with a need for more weight, you should eat as much as you like of the foods recommended in my discussion; and that if you are too fat you should regulate (*Continued on page* 78)

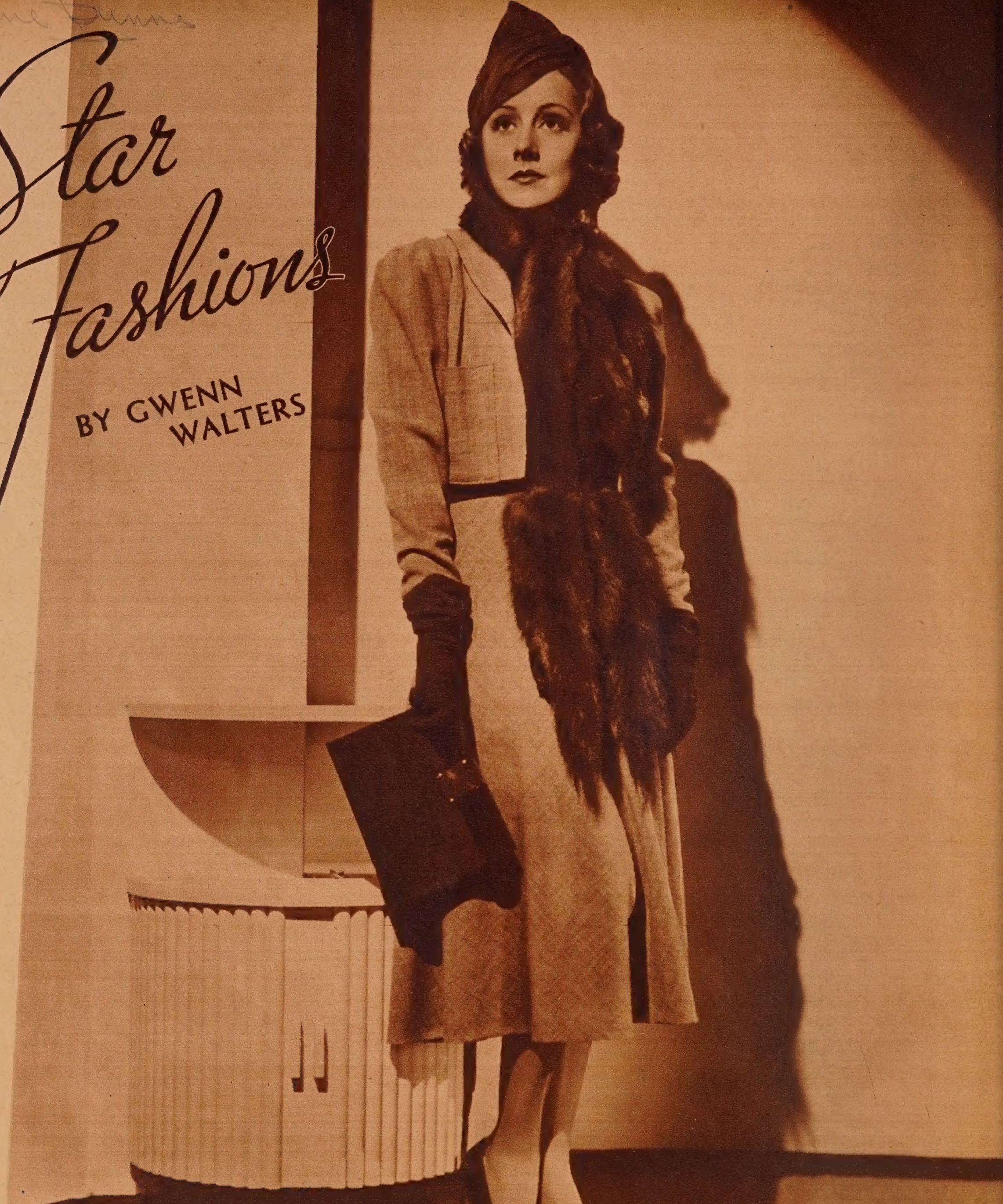
In response to popular demand, the physical instructor of the stars at M-G-M gives more of his expert advice on how to appear at least five years younger

By DONALD LOOMIS

Irene Dunne

Star Fashions

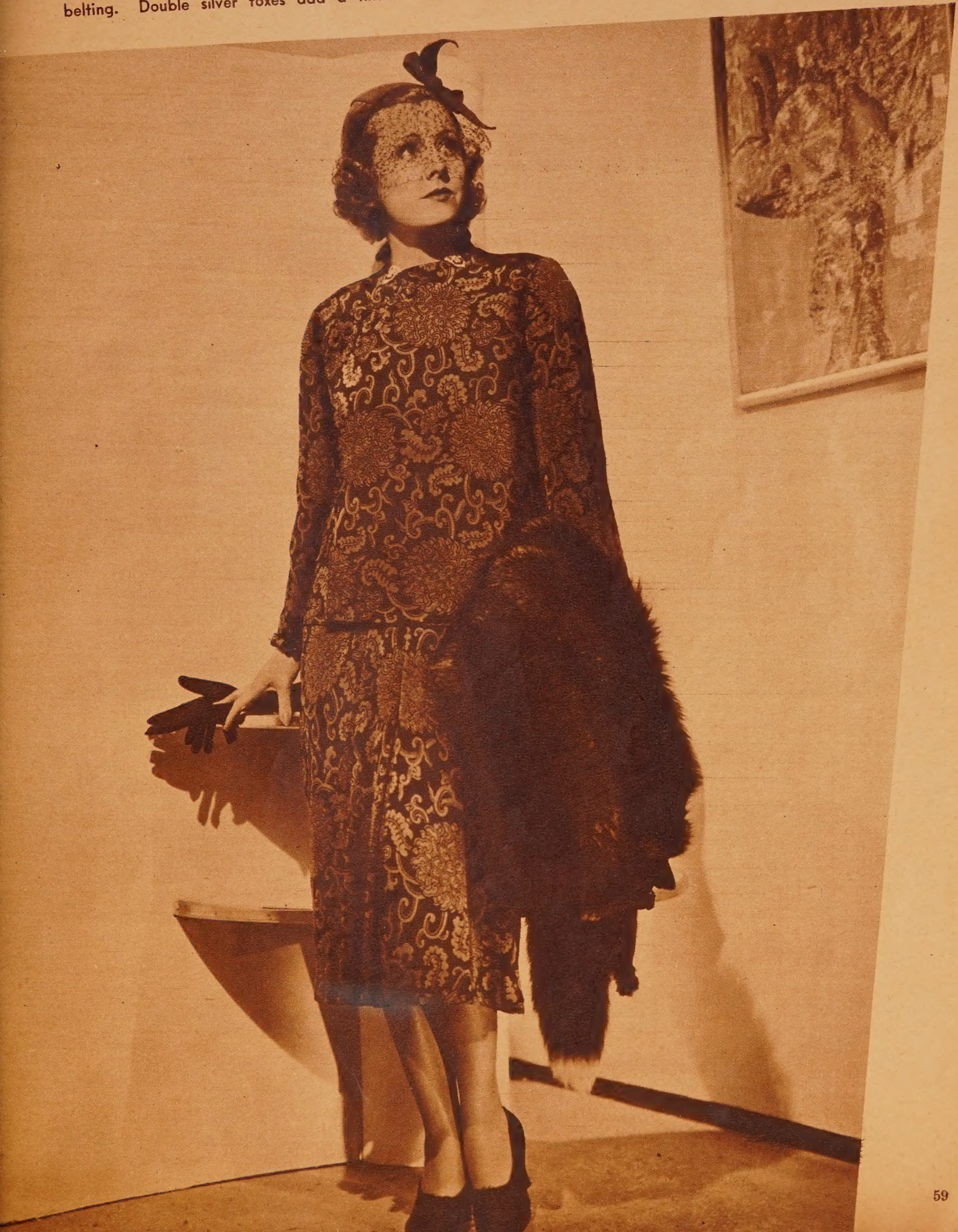
BY GWENN WALTERS



Photography by Walter Lippman

Bernard Newman created this dressmaker bolero suit of beige homespun for Irene Dunne to wear in the Columbia production, "Theodora Goes Wild." The frock has a four-gore bias skirt and a trim tailored blouse with long tight sleeves. Large pockets and high revers give a youthful line to the bolero. Five baum martens are looped at the neckline and caught at the waist under the brown suede belt of the dress. A red antelope toque with a pointed crown, created for Miss Dunne by Sally Victor, provides a provocative accent of color.

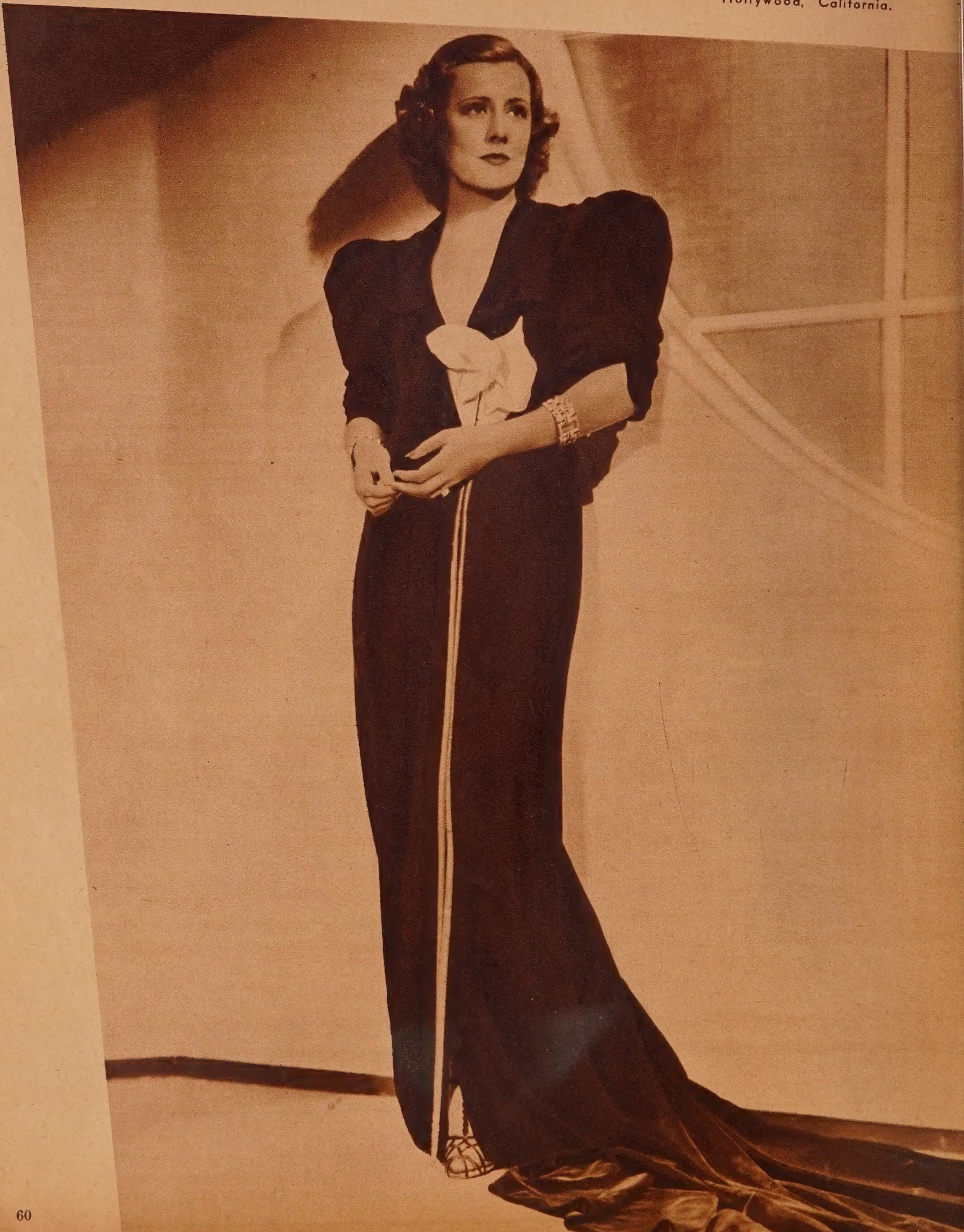
The first midseason prints always seem so gay and tempting. Irene selects an ensemble of grosgrain silk with a floral pattern of Corsaire blue on a field of black. The Oriental box jacket, with its typical Chinese side closing, is lined with blue taffeta. Interesting self-fabric rolls edge the neckline and cuffs of the simple frock, which has a bias drape on the left front of the skirt. A casual bow and a dainty veil trim Irene's hat of blue belting. Double silver foxes add a final note of dressiness to this afternoon costume.

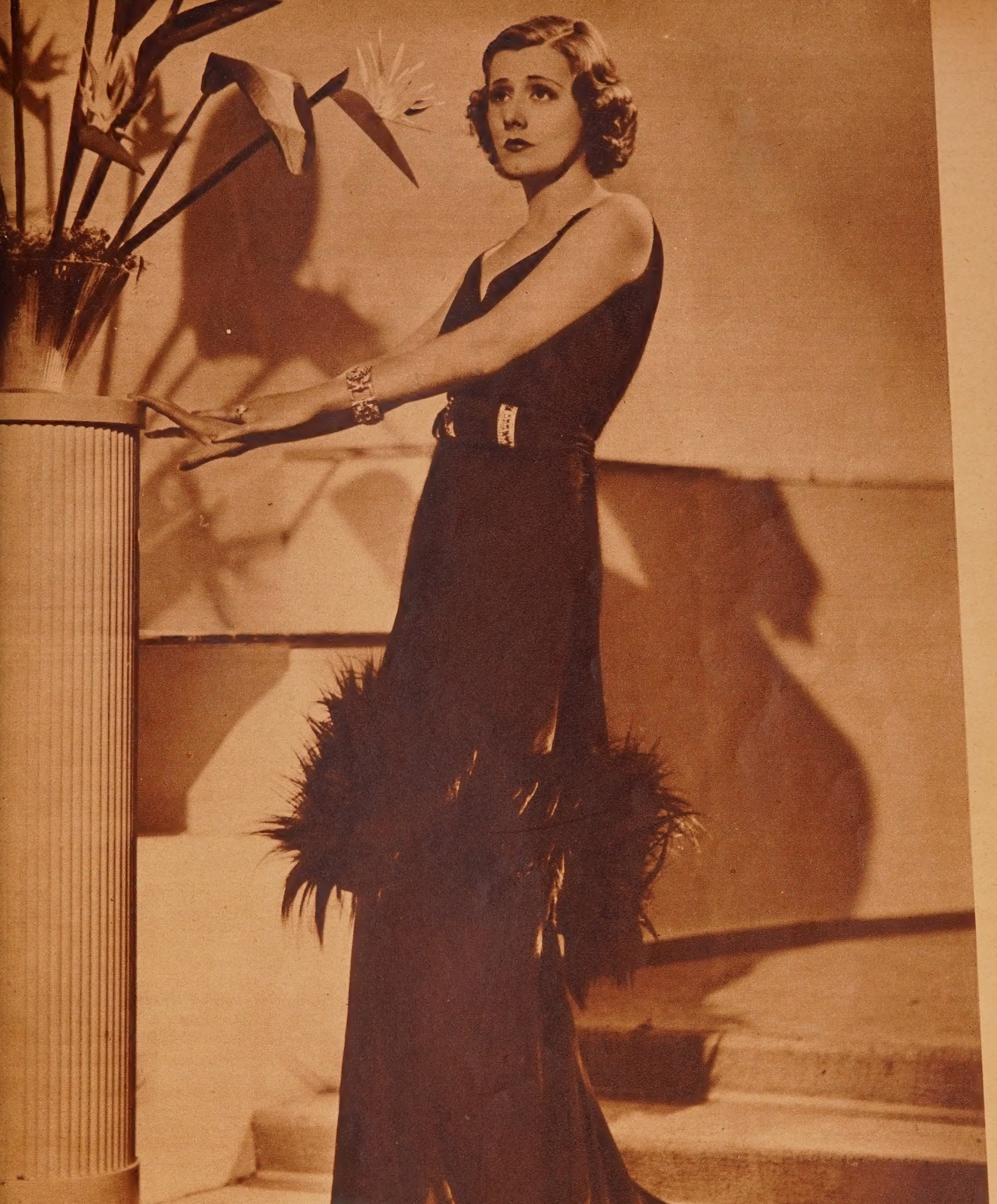


Irene Dunne

Irene's stunningly regal dinner gown of black wedding ring velvet was also created by Bernard Newman. Its utter simplicity is dramatized by puff sleeves and an extremely low decolletage which is closed by two calla lilies with exaggerated stems that fall to the floor. Irene's black crepe sandals, which peek through a discreet slit in the front hem, are edged with silver kid.

If you would like to know about advanced midseason Hollywood fashions, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.





Irene Dunne

Irene's wardrobe for evening wear is one of the most extensive in Hollywood—every model, of course, in the most exquisite taste. For instance, this formal gown has an eighteen-inch band of brown monkey fur which edges a tunic of heavy matching crepe. The transparent underskirt of chiffon has back fullness and a slight train. A soft crush girdle is held in front by large rhinestone clips.

Stand-In For Love

By ROY SOMERS

Continuing the gripping romance of a storm-tossed girl who was, after all, only the beautiful shadow of a star

Illustrated By STEPHEN GROUT

THE life of Sheila Grant, lovely stand-in for the great Charmien Chase, would have been very different indeed if Charmien had not had a collision with a taxi while driving recklessly into Hollywood. That accident meant an appearance in court, and Charmien flatly refused to appear personally, so Sheila was forced to impersonate her employer in real life as well as on the screen. It was just too bad that the driver of the taxi proved to be an extraordinarily handsome and likeable chap. The two were immediately attracted and, in defending each other against the vicious attacks of the rival attorneys for the motion picture and taxi companies, became embroiled in a free-for-all battle which made Page One in all the newspapers. Of course, the unfavorable publicity named Charmien Chase, and Charmien was furious. Not only did she fire Sheila, but she made it impossible for the pretty youngster who so greatly resembled her to obtain work with any other company. Meanwhile, the taxi company had dismissed the young cab-driver, Patrick Shannon.

Deeply hurt and frightened about her future, Sheila was determined to get even, no matter how, with the famous star who had tossed her aside so abruptly. And, when she discovered Patrick, penniless and despondent but oh! so grateful to the "Charmien Chase" he knew—Sheila herself, of course—for her friendliness, she evolved an elaborate revenge. Charmien was about to sail for Europe, so the way stood clear for Sheila to let Pat go on believing she was the real Charmien—an important part of her plan. She wrote a letter recommending him to a rival company, using the star's personal stationery and signing it with the stock autograph used for her photographs. If he was a success, Charmien's company would react violently because she had not referred him to her own studio. If he failed, the rival company would make her a laughing-stock with clever publicity about her "protegé."

Best of all, it would give Pat, who had once taught English and elocution, a chance to show what he could do, whether as coach or actor. But, one way or the other, Sheila would lose him. If he failed, and learned of her trickery, he would never want to see her again. If he succeeded, he would be eternally grateful to Charmien Chase as his benefactor. All this meant a great deal, for she now knew that she loved him and that he in turn loved her—or the glamorous actress he thought she was! Nevertheless, she packed her things, turned over her little bungalow (her hideout from her public, she had told him!) to Pat, gave him most of her small savings as a "tiny loan to tide him over" and prepared to leave, ostensibly for Europe.

SHE picked up her grip, filled now with one blind urgency—escape. Her voice called, huskily sweet, "Good bye, Pat!" And all the while she wanted to cry out to him that she loved him, loved him!

He didn't follow. He stood, irresolutely, in the doorway, frowning, deflated. She stepped on the starter and whirled the battered coupe away, her eyes brimming with a new despair, a new glory, and weighted with the heavy sweetness of new-born thoughts.

In the little kitchenette apartment she had rented, she threw herself on the bed and wept silently, her entire body shaken by a storm of feeling she had never known before in her life.

She loved Patrick Shannon. She'd known it since the first moment. Loved him with a tenderness that was as deep and inexhaustible as the seas. Again she wondered whether it was *she* who had stirred him or Charmien Chase, the glamorous, the unattainable, the mysterious. And what had she let him in for, giving him that letter ostensibly signed by Charmien Chase?

It was too late to retract now! Besides, Sheila Grant, the shadow, could do nothing for handsome Patrick Shannon; but Charmien Chase's supposed sponsorship meant a lot. Sheila consoled herself with the thought that Charmien Chase would be away from Hollywood for months, so there was no use trying to undo her fantastic scheme now.

She went to bed, but not to sleep. She closed her eyes finally, trying to endure the bitter young agony of what, for her, must always be frustration.

The next day, at the depot, herself unseen, Sheila watched Charmien Chase depart for New York. Neil Hart, her director, was with her, bidding her goodbye. A handsome, saturnine man, arresting-looking, sun-browned, muscular. The gossip columns, Sheila knew, referred to them as sweethearts. Sheila had often wondered, having heard their frequent quarrels in the Chase home.

She saw Patrick Shannon, too, but he stood far from the huge milling crowd which had come to see the famous star off. When the train pulled out, Sheila plunged blindly through the crowd, back to her coupe.

Patrick Shannon, she saw, was walking slowly away, his hands deep in his pockets, a quirky grin on his handsome face. She savagely fought the emotion the sight of him evoked in her. It was something she must—and *would*—conquer.

Patrick Shannon had chosen to watch Charmien Chase's departure from a safe distance. She wouldn't want to see him, he thought grimly, just now, surrounded by her friends, the great names of Hollywood. No, certainly not now. Maybe not at all.

Yet, in his breast pocket, he could feel the letter to Carlton Shires, head of American Films, which she had given him; could feel, too, the crisp assurance of the five one-hundred-dollar bills she had loaned him, plus the remains of the twenty she had given him first. Wealth! But, then, what was five hundred dollars to the wealthy Charmien Chase?

Patrick Shannon had a lot to think about. Getting a job, however, was uppermost in his mind, just now. If he could become an English or elocution coach, perhaps that might lead, in time, to a berth in the writing department. This had been his secretly cherished ambition for years.

He applied at the executive offices of American Films the next morning. The pretty receptionist eyed him with due appreciation for his physical attractiveness. She used her phone and finally nodded to him.

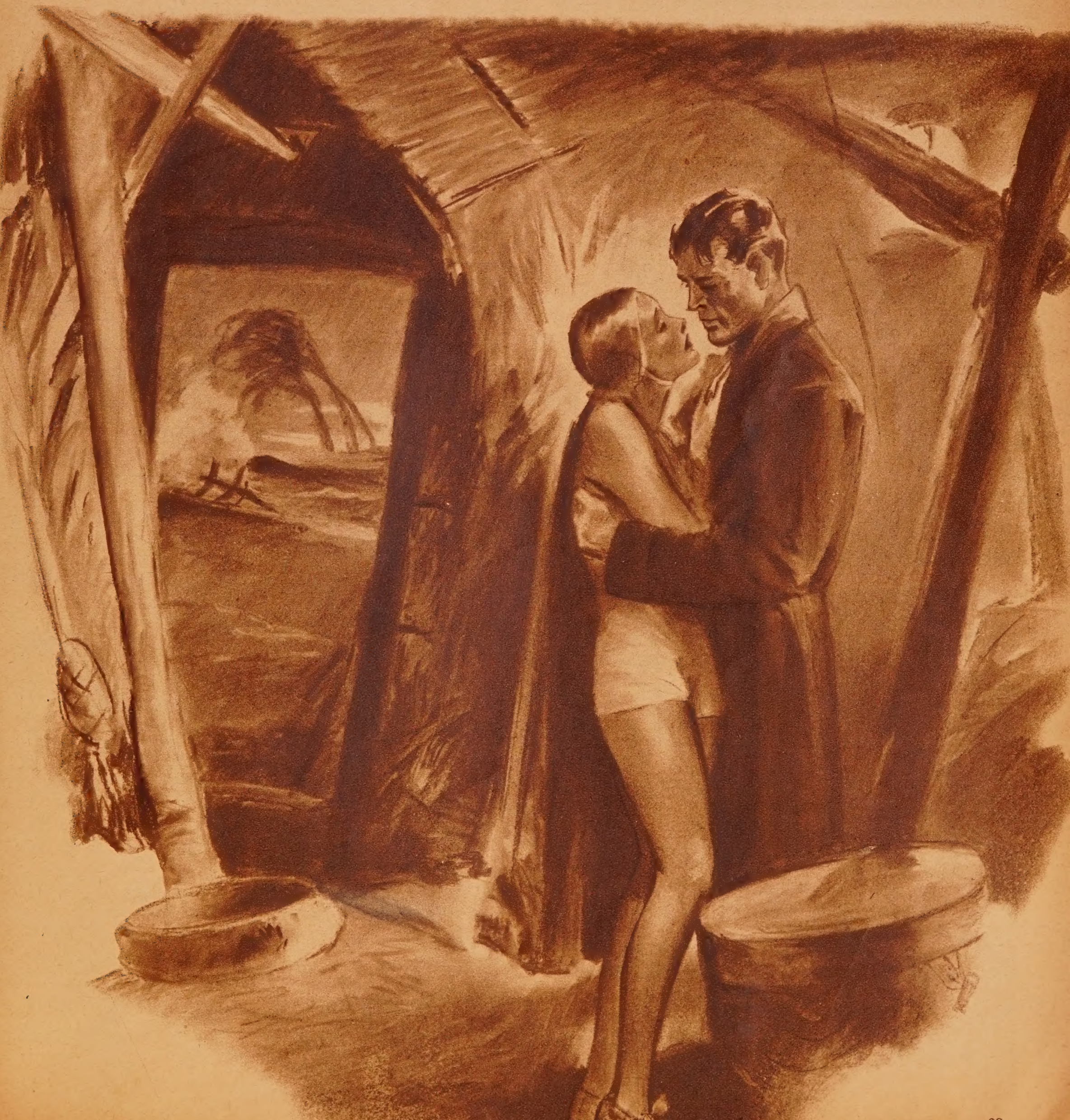
"That way, Mr. Shannon. At the end of the corridor."

He found himself in a luxurious anteroom. A striking blonde smiled at him approvingly. "Mr. Shires is somewhere around the studio. If you'll let me have your letter, Mr. Shannon, I'll send someone to locate him and give it to him."

"Miss Chase," he told her, "instructed me to deliver it to Mr. Carlton Shires, in person. Sorry."

"What's it about?" asked the (*Continued on page* 88)

With the storm shrieking outside, it was assuring and comforting to feel his strong arms around her.



PAT O'BRIEN'S HAPPINESS INSURANCE

Fame and fortune don't depend on luck alone. Pat knows: "A man's happiness takes a lot of earning"

By SHEILA WORTH

TODAY Pat O'Brien's house is paid for. He has two cars, paid for. He has established annuities for himself, his wife, and his two-year-old baby, Mavourneen. He has provided for his parents for the rest of their lives. He has given his wife's family a home in San Bernardino. He owes no one a cent and he can honestly say, "They can close up this picture shop on me any time they like and I won't have to worry another day in my life."

"Pretty soft," says the average man or woman. "I wish I had luck like that."

Luck? Everything Pat O'Brien has he has worked and fought for. Nobody has ever handed him anything. Pat is where he is today because he held on when there was nothing but sheer will to sustain him. That's why he's on top; that's why he's there to stay.

Of all the annuities and insurance policies which stuff the O'Brien safety vault today, the smallest is the one that tells the most. It is a twenty-year endowment policy for one thousand dollars. It was taken out by Pat's father for Pat in July, 1916. It matured in July, 1936. When Pat received a mailed notice of its maturity, he called the company and asked that a representative be sent to his house; he wanted to see someone personally about it. The agent arrived with the check.

"I'll keep this a day or two," Pat said. "I want to have a photostatic copy made which I'd like you to mail to my Dad. Then I want to sign this check over to an endowment for my daughter. Then will you write a letter to go with the photostat, telling Dad you think he'll be glad to know that this endowment will carry on into a second generation, for his granddaughter, Mavourneen? That'll mean a lot to Dad.

"But I wasn't thinking of it as a thousand dollars," he said as he told me the incident. "I was thinking of the dream it meant when my Dad first started it for me. I was sixteen. I remember he said, 'Just think, son, when you're thirty-six it'll be a whole thousand dollars to do with as you like. You may need it then.' I'll never forget it. I was just as impressed and thrilled as he was. The thought of a thousand dollars in a lump sum was enough (*Continued on page* 80)

Pat's father (left, below) started the real insurance years ago. With him are Pat's mother, Pat's wife and baby Mavourneen, who is carrying on the endowment tradition. Standing—young Mrs. O'Brien's father and Pat.

O'Brien family

Day by Day with the Dionne Quints

(*Continued from page* 41)

seated, prepared, for a fee of twenty-five cents, to autograph any article purchased in his store.

Last December there was just Oliva's souvenir stand, a small place. Now there are half a dozen, operated by brothers, midwives and others. Traffic cops are here to handle the automobile problem. Small boys wipe windshields and hope for tips. There is a gas station. A religious exhorter expounds four times daily on the roof of one stand. More than a million persons will have shuffled through the corridors lining the quints' playground before the end of 1936. Heaven knows what 1937 will be.

AUGUST 19: We shoot, and the quints take the play away from their elders from the first moment of the first scene. They are as beautiful as ever; they couldn't be more so. They're taller, more slender. Their dark brown hair has been lightened somewhat by the sunlight they have played in all summer, their sturdy little bodies are tanned, and their eyes, which were the darkest brown last December, are now more nearly hazel.

Dressed in baby blue, backless bathing suits and blue sunbonnets, they splash in the wading pool, have fun with the inflated rubber ducks we brought and generally have a fine time. Emilie ran over to Jean and he said she remembered him from last winter but the rest of us thought she just wanted to play with his watch and chain. Dr. Dafoe smiled with pride over the manner in which his charges performed. We started at 10:30 and finished at 11:30. The little girls paid no attention to the cameras. The quints did not want to stop but our hour was up. So Rochelle and Dorothy and three of the babies' nurses each took a quint by the hand and led her back to the nursery for lunch.

August 20: The weather man put us on the spot today and we did not go out to the nursery this morning. Callander is a dozen miles from the North Bay hotel where we are quartered. We all were disappointed. After all, an hour a day isn't much time in which to work, especially when you consider the time necessary for changes in camera setups. However, shortly after lunch, the sun came out and at 3:30 shooting began. We got fine stuff and all were happy. On account of the audible comments of the thousands of persons crowding the fences around the hospital to get a glimpse of the quints acting, it was necessary to put up a canvas screen around the place. No one minded the visitors except the sound man who was unable to tune in the babies and tune out the tourists.

August 21: Joe Behm, our handsome young property man, has been the hero with the quints. He's in charge of the $1500 worth of toys brought from Hollywood to keep up the babies' interest in movie work, and they know he's the one to look to for new and interesting dolls, machines, musical tops and such. Taurog figured this out in a hurry and now he's doing the propping for the quints, at least insofar as their toys are concerned.

August 22: Dr. Dafoe has decided to stay off the set. It is believed to be the only instance in the history of pictures wherein a supervisor was so popular with his stars he had to stay away from them to keep from slowing down work. When Marie or Yvonne or any of the three others spy "Docteur," work is off and they rush to his arms. So the doctor keeps at a distance behind the cameras, where the babies are unlikely to see him.

August 23: Church for some; extra sleep for others. Rochelle Hudson and Soundman Donald Flick went fishing at Trout Lake. They didn't get any. Dorothy Peterson hiked. Bob Kent slept. Jean Hersholt spent the afternoon in Dr. Dafoe's study, just talking things over. Some took a busman's holiday, going out to the afternoon showing of the quints.

August 24: No work today. Too cold. Too damp. Ollie Hughes, in charge of the Hollywood designed wardrobe of the quints, spent the day getting all those little dresses, swimming suits and the rest in top shape. We have ten of everything for them, bonnets, robes, nightgowns, twenty shoes and twenty slippers. The quints are excited about their new outfits, particularly the pink robes and pink slippers. They like the kitten's head pockets on the robes and the rabbit's head slipper toes.

AUGUST 25: No work today. Too cold and damp. Taurog's spirits have sunk to a new low. Someone told him most late August rains last at least a week. Nurses Yvonne Leroux, Jacqueline Noel and Mollie O'Shaughnessey have been engaged for roles in "Reunion." Jean Hersholt attended tonight's showing of "Sins of Man," his own starring production, at the Capitol Theater. The picture was obtained by theater manager, Jack Nelson, for this occasion. Jean was introduced from the stage and was enthusiastically received by the largest audience in the history of the theater.

August 26: The nurses asked Dr. Dafoe what he thought about their putting on movie make-up for their film work. The good doctor said they weren't in the movies yet. At first, Nurse Noel couldn't see why she should wear a lemon-yellow uniform, brought from the studio, instead of one of her own white ones. Cameraman Dan Clark finally explained that pale yellow photographs a better white and she went on with her screen career. One of the principal scenes attempted was a dance number, one of the quints' everyday favorites. But they showed a lot more interest in the portable phonograph than they did in the urge of Terpsichore and the dance wasn't so hot. However, other scenes, with Hersholt, Rochelle Hudson and Bob Kent, were okay.

August 27: Today was beautiful and warm and the quints got into their bathing suits and we got a swell hour's work with them. They certainly like that wading pool. Annette didn't want to get out after she found how the rubber duck worked. Cecile and Yvonne think the straps of their bathing suits are misplaced and they kept trying to get rid of them. Marie was the most fun. She found a sieve and tried to fill it with water. Was she surprised when she tried to carry the water away! This has been one of our best days.

August 29: A stray cat stole the show from the movie stars today, at least as far as the quints were concerned. No animals are allowed on the nursery grounds but this fellow, a half grown black and white gent, must have crawled under the fence or slipped past the gate when a delivery wagon entered. Anyway, while the studio workers were getting the outdoor setting ready, the children were watching from nursery windows. But they lost interest when the cat appeared on the porch. He did a dozen tricks for them, chasing imaginary mice. hopping up and down from the rail, and rolling on his back, while Yvonne and her sisters screamed in glee. Then it was time to make movies, and the cat had been discovered by the gardener, and out he went. The babies did half a dozen good closeups with Dorothy Peterson and Jean Hersholt before the hour was up.

August 31: Today the quints had their first tea party and it is fortunate the dishes were of the non-breakable kind. It appeared that Marie might burst as the result of the amount of milk she drank. Cecile systematically overturned each chair and Annette solemnly walked behind, righting each one. Five little girls at a tea party, in their pink dresses and white laced shoes, make a charming sight. The dishes were bounced around frequently but no damage was done and eight crackers—an unusual mid-morning delicacy—were consumed.

SEPTEMBER 1: Arthur Stone, actor-make-up man who fills the latter role on "Reunion," starred in today's sixty-minute show. Filming of the quints continued on the lawn outside the nursery and the action with Rochelle, Hersholt and the others had been contrived to permit the fivesome to continue playing through most of the action. They all wondered about the slide they found in their yard. It was the first they had seen and it was a mighty interesting and wonderful appearing object. Someone had to slide down and show them how it worked. Arthur Stone finally was elected and he did his task cheerfully. That was all that was needed. Marie, then Emilie, next Cecile, and then Annette and Yvonne took turns. They didn't want to stop but on the last tick of the fifty-ninth minute, it was all over—till next play time.

September 2: Bob Kent was in the doldrums today. It was the first day he hadn't received a wire, letter or phone call from Astrid. Rochelle collected her daily morning cablegram from Honolulu, sender's identity not divulged. And Taurog got his dancing scene and everyone was happy. They rigged a box above the range of the camera and in it they placed the portable phonograph. It worked beautifully. The quints danced and, as they did, they looked up toward the music and it was just what the country doctor ordered.

September 3: Inside again today. And it wasn't such a profitable hour. We wanted scenes of the babies going to bed for the night and they couldn't see the idea of going into their beds so soon after they had gotten out of them. So Taurog shot some other scenes instead. You should see those babies climb in and out of their cribs. Yvonne clambers up the high side, balances herself on its top, and then tumbles down on the covers. And the same for Cecile, Emilie and the others. Taurog is going to try to shoot the going to bed scenes late some afternoon, possibly at the quints' own bedtime.

September 4: It was doll's house day today. The Dutch cottage, fourteen feet long and twelve feet deep, completely furnished and just the right size for quints, had its housewarming. The entire thing had been built in sections in Hollywood and was put together in one corner of the babies' playground. It has papered walls, hardwood floors, miniature pictures and rugs, flower boxes and all the other features of a big house. All the quints went inside and then, one at a time, came running out to greet Jean Hersholt. Last was Marie, who hesitated on the threshold, and in a moment Jean was at her side and had caught her up in his arms. Today also they did the scene wherein they open Jean's camera and pull all the film out. As a matter of fact, this wasn't in the script, but Dan Clark kept grinding when Emilie began fussing with the catches on the camera's back, and the action was so naturally laughable that Taurog is going to switch things around in this sequence so he can use the scene anyway.

September 5: We're going to have the piano tuned for the little girls. Each day in their nursery the quints gather round while one of the nurses plays the piano and sings for them. The quints also like to pound the keys and when Dorothy Peterson learned of this she suggested such a scene would be fine for "Reunion." The sisters attacked the piano as though it had been a savage on the warpath. They played and sang and although it wasn't symphonic it definitely was enthusiastic.

September 7: This was one of the really big days because, thanks to the movies, the quints had their first contact with animals. Five perfectly matched Shetland ponies drawing brown and white dog carts entered the nursery grounds. The quints looked in wonderment. They made no sound or gesture as they were lifted into the carts. A liveried groom was at the bridle of each pony and a nurse sat beside each baby. Then the cavalcade passed in review. The quints squealed, first in delight, as the carts rolled along, and then in disappointment, when they stopped. The whole scene went with unbelievable smoothness and was finished in forty minutes. The quints would be riding yet if they had been permitted.

It was the first time Cecile, Marie, Yvonne, Annette and Emilie had ever ridden in any kind of conveyance. Even when they were brought across the road from their farmhouse birthplace to the Dafoe hospital, they were carried. They wanted to pet the ponies but, on account of hospital rules, this wasn't allowed.

SEPTEMBER 9: Rained yesterday and its still raining this morning but there are three days of interiors left, in addition to the two days of exteriors, so no time was lost. The quints have become thoroughly accustomed to our troupe now and pay no attention whatever to the members of the crew other than to show a friendly interest. The scenes showing Cecile and Marie getting the stethoscope from Hersholt's bag and listening to a clock ticking went as though they had been rehearsed. Today is another holiday. Still no mail. No papers. Just rain and waiting and writing letters until meal times and, finally, bed.

September 10: Rochelle Hudson and Bob Kent began packing after Norman Taurog received a phone call from Darryl Zanuck saying that the last scenes in which the young lovers appeared were excellent. It was cloudy today and the work was inside. Yvonne stole another scene when she took Jean Hersholt's stethoscope from his kit and tried it on a clock. Dr. Dafoe drove in from Callander to say goodbye to the going awayers. With Mrs. Hudson, who was loaded down with blankets she had purchased, Rochelle and Bob clambered aboard the train at 11:15 p. m. and five minutes later were headed toward the border and Hollywood.

September 11: Just half an hour with the quints this morning and no more interiors left to film. The babies did their scenes as smoothly as veteran troupers. Just as Jean was doing his last scene of the day with Emilie, she gave him a kiss. It was not in the script and entirely unexpected, and it will appear in the picture! Dr. Dafoe is going to bring his new projection machine down to the hotel tomorrow night and show us his private movies of the quints, dating from a few days following their birth.

September 12: We finished today in a blaze of glory. Half an hour in the playground this morning, and half an hour on another playground set in the afternoon. And how those kids performed! Cecile played the harmonica, Annette the piccolo. Yvonne and Emilie hid all their toys, one at a time, behind the piano, and then brought them out. Then they all played the piano—a low one about four and a half feet long—with the camera getting a swell closeup of their first concert. Emilie and Cecile raced up the ladder sides of their "gym climb," which is nearly six feet high. The prize was a rag doll which Dorothy had placed on top. Emilie got there first, threw the doll to the ground, and Cecile cried, but quickly stopped, scrambled down and clasped Raggedy Ann in her arms. Tonight Dr. Dafoe brought his reels of the quints as he promised and after seeing the doctor himself in a number of these scenes we offered him an acting contract on the spot.

September 13: We leave today. It's been a grand stay up here but, although we're careful about talking too much California while we're in the middle of this beautiful lake country, we'll all be glad to see those dusty palm trees again. The alkali in the water will taste fine, and the world again will begin to revolve for us about Hollywood. Everybody packed early and most folks had time to kill during the afternoon. And what do you think we did? Right. We went out and took a last look at Cecile, Emilie, Yvonne, Annette and Marie. We saw them only through the window this time. It was too cold and damp for them to be out and, of course, we couldn't go inside. They smiled and waved and I'm sure they knew us. Swell kids. Like the hundreds of thousands of others who make the Callander pilgrimage, we'd all like to take them home. Goodbye, little girls, it was lots of fun. And we'll be back next summer to make another picture with you.

Myrna Loy Reveals Her Own Mysterious Life

(*Continued from page 52*)

liked him immediately. She knew he was "different," but she didn't know what constituted the difference. And it wasn't until much later that she realized that the difference lay in his cultural background of the theater, inherited from his father; from his long career as a dramatic critic, his inbred respect for fine music and books, plus the seasoning effect of the war that had given him his great understanding of men and women.

Myrna looked very pretty that first day she met Hornblow. Her own appraisal, no doubt, was that she looked like a successful young actress who, because of her established reputation, could be a bit "choosy." She was amazed to learn later, that Arthur Hornblow's first reaction was one of pity.

He felt sorry for the young girl who stood before him, her ambition obviously killed. It wasn't right. In fact, he could hardly believe that this girl, in her trim tailored suit, was the same vamp-siren-vixen he'd expected. The girl had possibilities. Real possibilities. Given the right roles, there was a chance.

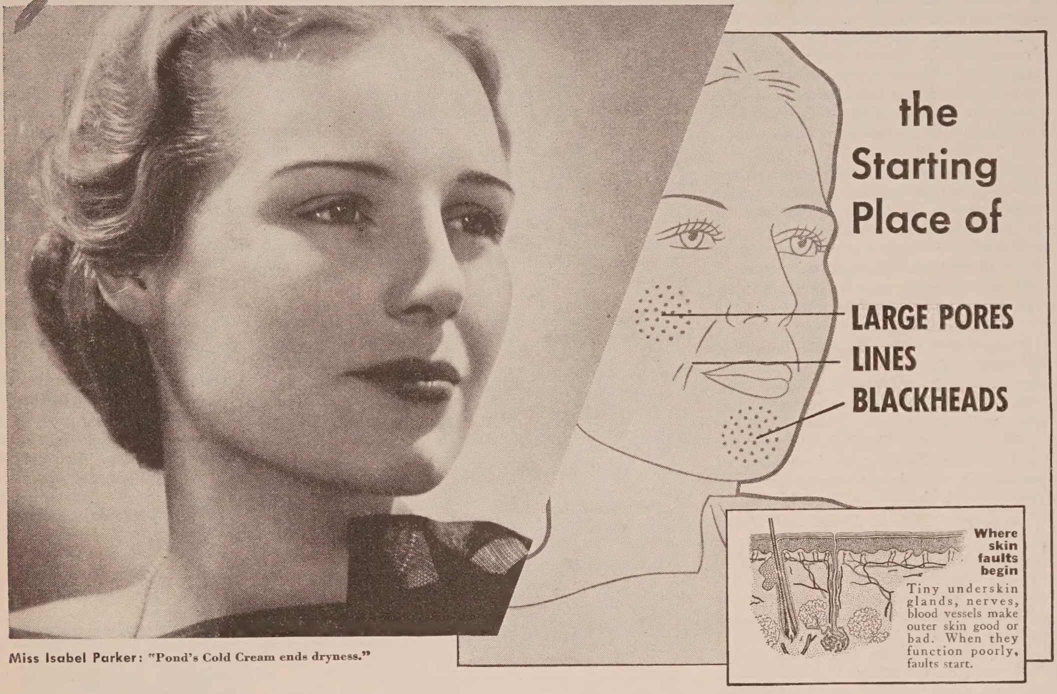
He began lecturing her; and he must have been surprised at the unusual amount of feeling he heard in his own voice. Myrna listened. He was saying that, if she was careful, if she managed her career wisely, there was no height she could not attain. He saw her doing the same sort of roles Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford were playing. It was incredible, wonderful. But if her heart sang, Myrna tried not to show it.

Very quietly and very deeply and with all her heart, Myrna Loy fell in love with Arthur Hornblow as "Arrowsmith" progressed. And for five years, that love was to be the most inspiring and the most heartbreaking thing in her life.

The world is aware, now, of the barrier that kept them apart for so long. Hornblow was legally separated from his wife when he and Myrna met, but not divorced. His marriage had gone on the rocks at least a year earlier. His actress wife had drifted

(*Continued on page 68*)

Get at that Faulty Under Skin



Tiny underskin glands, nerves, blood vessels make outer skin good or bad. When they function poorly, faults start.

Miss Isabel Parker: "Pond's Cold Cream ends dryness."

And here's the rousing treatment that keeps it vigorous . . .

HORRID skin faults are usually *underskin* faults. Blackheads come when tiny oil glands *underneath* are overworked, give off a thick, clogging oil.

Next thing you know, your pores are looking larger.

Lines around your eyes, mouth are just your outer skin *crinkling*, because your *underskin* is getting soft and flabby.

But you can stop those cloggings! Bring fresh life to that faulty underskin—

Twice a day invigorate your underskin with a rousing Pond's deep-skin treatment.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which go way down deep into your pores. Right away it softens dirt . . . Floats it out . . . and with it the clogging matter from the skin itself. You wipe it all off. Right away your skin *feels* fresher—*looks* brighter.

Now waken glands . . . cells

Now a second application of that same freshening cold cream! You pat it in smartly. Feel the circulation stir. This way little glands and cells awaken. Fibres are strengthened. Your underskin is toned, quickened.

In a short time, your skin is better every way! Color livelier. Pores smaller. Lines softened. And those mean little blackheads and blemishes begin to show up less and less.

Get a jar of Pond's Cold Cream today. Begin the simple treatments described below. In two weeks see your skin growing lovelier—end all that worrying about ugly little skin faults.

Miss Mary Augusta Biddle

of the distinguished Philadelphia family: "Every time I use Pond's Cold Cream, I know my skin is going to look lovelier. Since using it, I haven't had a single blackhead, my pores seem smaller."

Remember this treatment

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. As it brings out the dirt, stale make-up, and skin secretions—wipe it all off. Now pat in more cream—*briskly*. Rouse that failing underskin! Set it to work again—for that clear, smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin comes softer every time. Feels better, looks better, and now your powder goes on beautifully.

Keep up these Pond's patting treatments faithfully. As blackheads soften, take a clean tissue and press them out. Now blemishes will stop coming. Soon you will find that the very places where pores showed largest will be finer textured.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 8 MM-CA, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name________________________________

Street________________________________

City____________________State__________

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(*Continued from page 66*)

back to the stage, restless with the inactivity of Hollywood. Her brilliant husband meanwhile forged to the top in movie production.

Thus, Fate stood between Myrna and the man she loved—and Fate was stronger than either of them. But they were bound by greater ties than mere infatuation; Myrna's career was the original force that motivated their love story, but friendship, a communion of interest and real love cemented it. Before their romance was many months old, it was obvious to Hollywood that her meeting with Hornblow had changed the course of her life.

MOST Hollywood insiders will tell you that Myrna Loy has refused to make a single step in the past five years that has not been guided by Hornblow. Certainly it was he who gave her the strength to refuse the type of roles that had previously been her livelihood on the screen, and accept only those parts that would advance her as a dramatic actress.

It was a new Myrna Loy who burst into full glory with "Animal Kingdom." It was an entirely different Loy who, under contract to M-G-M, began a parade of hits with such pictures as "Emma," "When Ladies Meet" and "The Prize Fighter and the Lady" to climax it all in a blaze of enthusiastic raves in the comedy hit of all screen comedy hits "The Thin Man."

The team of William Powell and Myrna Loy became the sensation of the hour. Greater and more wonderful success than she had ever dreamed of was hers. With one great performance, she became the symbol of American wifehood. She was rich and famous. She could now have a dozen swimming pools and tennis courts if she wanted—yet Myrna Loy had to wait five long years for the one thing in life she *really* wanted: complete happiness in marriage with the man she loved.

Those five years were filled with happiness and unhappiness, because she found perfect understanding in the only real love story of her life and because her career was making such huge strides. But the filing of Juliette Crosby's divorce from Arthur Hornblow was delayed year after year, hitting many snags.

Then, at last, the divorce was granted and Myrna's own love story came true. Hornblow and she motored down to Ensenada with only her closest friends present to witness the ceremony. After a brief, ranch honeymoon they returned to Hollywood so that she might start "To Mary with Love" which was followed immediately by "Libeled Lady" with her old friend and co-star, Bill Powell.

She is today so contented that her happiness is like a visible cloak around her.

"When I look back over my life so far," she told me in her soft, appealing voice, as we sat in the library of the home the Hornblows have rented in Bel-Air until their own farmhouse is completed on a high hill back of Pickfair, "I find it far more rich in impressions, than with particular events. Remember the beautiful poem of Rupert Brooke's, 'The Great Lover,' in which he speaks of the things he loves:

"'White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,
Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;
Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust
Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;
Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;
And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;
And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours. . . .'

"Well, that is much the way I remember my Hollywood adventure so far.

"For instance, do you remember that perfect room in the picture 'When Ladies Meet?' I mean the farmhouse living room that really attracted almost as much attention as the story, when the picture was released? All the time I was working on that beautiful set, I kept saying to myself, 'I want to remember everything about this room—the feel of loveliness and comfort and charm that is here—for if ever there were four walls designed to hold happiness, these were!

"And now, we are trying to capture that same spirit in the living room of the farmhouse we are building. I want it to be as much like that as possible.

"And there are other things, little things some of them, that seem to stand out much more clearly than actual records of dates, vital statistics and anecdotes. Take that moment when I first realized I was a star. It came long after I had actually put my name on a starring contract. In fact, I didn't realize any of its importance at the time I signed my name. But one rainy evening, just at dusk, I was riding down Hollywood Boulevard huddled back in my car. The lights were just beginning to twinkle; it was around Christmas time and I was tired and a little cross because bad weather and crowded stores had made my shopping so difficult.

"I looked up and saw my name strung in lights across the Boulevard—the same Boulevard I used to trudge looking for work! The lights were still two blocks away, but I knew they were strung from Grauman's Theater—the same theater in which I had once danced in prologues to the pictures of other stars! There it was —MYRNA LOY—spelled out in huge white letters. Somehow, it seemed as though I realized right then, for the first time, that I was a star, and for the first time, it really meant something to me.

"Suddenly, I felt like crying with gratitude for the good fortune that had somehow placed me in such a fine car, wrapped me in such a beautiful mink coat. I thought, at that moment of other days, of days spent waiting in casting offices for a chance at an extra job. I knew, then, how lucky I'd been."

I PROTESTED, "But you had so much to give, such talent."

She smiled, a very gentle and very wise Myrna Loy smile. "No," she insisted, "I don't ever want to forget those far-off things. I don't want to forget a single hardship or struggle or tear I've shed along the way. For each one of those things makes the happiness I have now found in my life and my career all the more brilliant and shining!"

And something tells me that with values like that to enrich her future life, it will always be that way for Myrna Loy Hornblow, brilliant and shining.

THE END

T'was a Sight Before Christmas

(*Continued from page 45*)

eyebrows, and Ginger carrying the surplus, she wriggled through the mobs, pleased at her ruse, when suddenly a hand was laid on her shoulder. "Miss Rogers," a voice hissed, "you're losing your wig." Stopping in her tracks, Ginger spied herself in a mirror. Over her left ear hung the black wig while reddish gold curls popped out at the other side of her head. A limp, broken feather on her battered hat waved feebly. With one mad dash, she made for her car and the Christmas shopping spree was over.

It was Bing Crosby who this year resorted to a villainous black mustache that drooped wistfully over the Crosby chin. Bing's idea was not so much to fool the fans but to freeze them in their tracks. But when the alluring mustachio let go and fell headlong in the ladies lounging pajamas' department, sending the overtired clerk into screaming fits, he gave up the idea altogether and let fans and nature take their course.

Crosby's idea of Christmas shopping is certainly a unique and different one. Bing, going entirely on the premise that everybody takes everything back anyway, buys the most unsuitable gifts imaginable, going so far as to list them all out, and then with the salescheck conspicuously tucked inside the box so exchanging will be easier he goes on his way, rejoicing. To brother Larry, for instance, will go an elaborate knobby pine bar with all sorts of shakers, contrivances and glasses by the dozen. The fact that the thing not only takes up all the living room and dining-room space of Larry's modest home, even to overflowing the backyard, is exactly the point intended. Larry next day can return it for a kitchen stove and the new underwear his heart had been crying out for.

But when Christmas morning arrived at Ma Crosby's and Bing's ma found her gift from her son to be a useful little tidy in the shape of a mechanical horse for reducing purposes and one that promptly threw people into far spaces as soon as they once touched it, Bing had a hard time explaining his little plan of I-buy-it-and-you-return-it.

Bing, himself, with war horse Bay

Billie tucked under his arm, did the returning on that one.

It was Dick Arlen, his closest friend, who practically broke up both the Crosby and Arlen homes last Christmas. Deciding to give his wife, Joby Arlen, a certain swishy and peek-a-boo nightie he spied, and to Dixie Lee, Bing's wife, a new purse, he contrived in some way to gum things up in fine style.

For came Christmas morning and, all a-twitter, Dixie opened her box to find the diaphanous nightie with a card saying, "I thought this looked just like you, dear. Your devoted Dick." And Joby, who got the purse, read, "I hope Bing keeps this well filled for you."

Well, there was a how-to-do that was a honey. Both Dixie and Joby claimed they'd been insulted and Bing was ready to shoot the suffering Dick on sight, but, of course, it all worked out in the end.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT, wise and lovely lady, goes at her shopping from the monogram angle. Anything monogrammed is to Claudette the ideal Christmas gift, for it prevents the impulse to put everything off to the last possible moment, and it adds a warm personal touch to each gift. There is one drawback to the monogrammed gift, however, as Claudette has learned to her sorrow. With marriages and ex-marriages happening so rapidly in Hollywood, on more than one occasion Claudette has found herself with a heavenly Italian luncheon cloth monogrammed J.P.O. all wrapped up and waiting for a lady who suddenly decided to drop "O" out of her life forever and take on an "R" two days before Christmas. But nothing really daunts Claudette for long. This year she went to her friends, beseeching their promises to remain themselves until at least her gifts are distributed.

So far, all have promised, but one. She has had her heart set so long on a certain cute "J", not even the luncheon cloth could hold her if the chance came to get him.

To Carole Lombard the shopping question is a vitally important one that gains impetus the minute the last Fourth of July firecracker has popped itself off. From then on things happen. In a certain secret notebook of Lombard's are jotted certain secret matters. Opposite a name, for instance, may be a favorite color. "Likes gray," will be written. "Suggest gray handbag." Or "Mary—blue suit and hat—suggest blue scarf."

Throughout the year these interesting little tid-bits have been carefully noted by Carole and jotted down. With notebook in hand and Fieldsie, her secretary, by her side, she then sets forth on the slow methodical business of choosing exactly the right gift in the right color for each and every person. But what Carole gains in methodical buying she loses in delayed wrapping for not until the cock crows the Christmas dawn, does it occur to Carole that after all, the purse, gray to match gray suit, must be wrapped.

Pandemonium immediately ensues with Fieldsie wrapping, Carole wrapping, the cook wrapping, and only last year two strange milkmen were snared from their routes and set to wrapping.

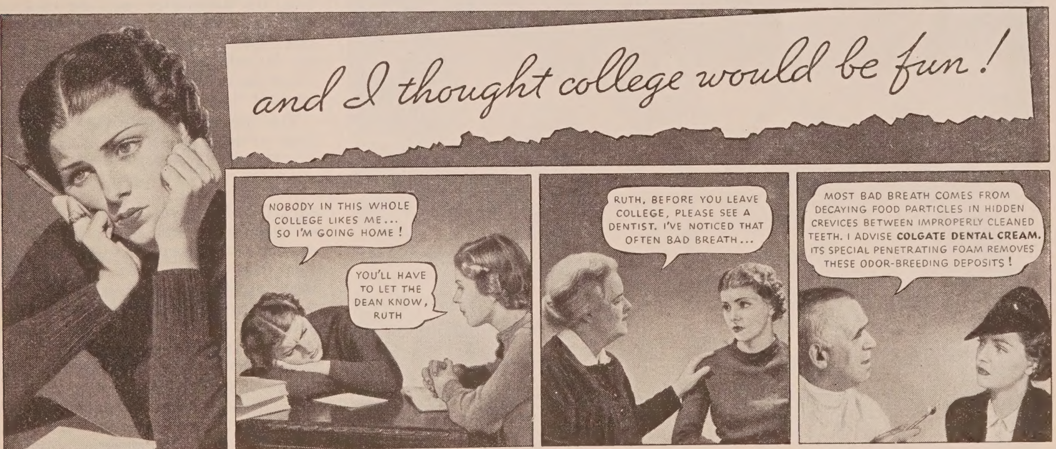
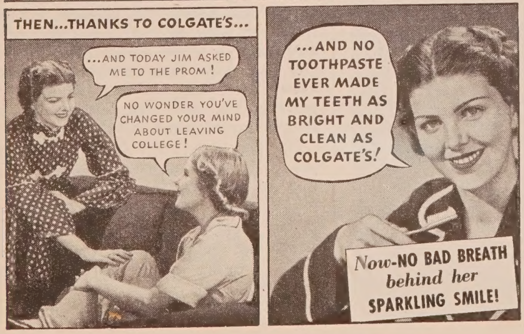
It seems to me, despite all the noise and tumult, that Edward Everett Horton's shopping methods are ideal for the busy man. One day, usually a week before Christmas, is set aside as a selecting day. Stores have been telephoned to and very early on the fatal day, Eddie sits in his studio dressing room or in his office on Vine Street and waits.

IN no time at all, clerks with their wares clutter the place. His secretary sits with the list in her hand and calls out the names. From the alluring merchandise strewn about, Eddie points to a travelling bag (the shops know his weakness for leather) as a suitable gift for cousin Elmer on his mother's side and after the hundred or so odd relative have been taken care of and fresh supplies telephoned for, Eddie gets down to his friends.

It's dusk by the time it's over, but the one happy, sustaining thought is it's over, at last. And once more, to his doting family, Eddie becomes the kin they love to touch.

To Joan Crawford goes the weirdest happenings in Christmas shopping. It seems that no matter how stealthily or cleverly Joan plans her various shopping expeditions, there, at the very moment of her purchase, stands the individual for whom the gift is intended. Grinning like a mad ape.

It happened when Joan was buying a combination Victrola and radio for a


and I thought college would be fun!
NOBODY IN THIS WHOLE COLLEGE LIKES ME... SO I'M GOING HOME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO LET THE DEAN KNOW, RUTH
RUTH, BEFORE YOU LEAVE COLLEGE, PLEASE SEE A DENTIST. I'VE NOTICED THAT OFTEN BAD BREATH...
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS!

THEN...THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
...AND TODAY JIM ASKED ME TO THE PROM!
NO WONDER YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR MIND ABOUT LEAVING COLLEGE!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau
20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

young writer. Thrilled with the pleasure of giving that is a part of the Crawford make-up, and hugging to herself the thought of pleased surprise her gift would involve, she pulled out her checkbook, hurriedly paid for the gift, only to turn around and behold the person himself merrily flipping over the records on the purchased instrument and eyeing her with an "Aha, thought you fooled me," grin.

Time after time Joan has suffered the same disappointment. But it reached its peak one day shortly before Christmas, when Joan and Franchot stood before a leather goods counter in Bullocks Wilshire. A present for Clark Gable was the problem at hand, and after discussing the merits of one wallet only to see another more desirable, the selection was finally made.

And then, over her shoulder peered a familiar masculine face with a deep, devilish grin implanted on it. "Joan," he said, "if you don't mind, I like the other one better."

It was Gable. Crawford wept.

Then there's Marlene Dietrich and her favorite little treks about the favorite but expensive shopping haunts. The shop door is opened with a wide flourish by an astounded doorman to permit Marlene to be first to paralyze the various clerks, floorwalkers, shoppers and whoever may be loitering about, with her entrance.

Following Marlene in close wake is her daughter. Behind the child, and a little to the left, march two overwhelming bodyguards. Behind the bodyguards, in perfect swingtime rhythm, trot the chauffeur, the hairdresser, and the cook bearing a little ten-layer apple strudel number that Marlene has whipped up that morning in case all grow a little hungry between the ermine coat department and the matched ruby counter.

This particular little parade, the passing show of 1936, always adds a dashing note of splendor to the occasion.

AND, of course, just to add to the bedlam, the heat, the clamor, the eye-shoving, the wrong package sending and what not, Gracie Allen will just about finish everything off in fine style by ordering one dozen mustache cups for her new baby. They'll be cute when he grows up and gets a mustache of his own, Gracie thinks. Or does she?

The weary clerks who haven't by this time passed out completely will when Alice Brady, with her ten dogs in tow, will ask some moth-eaten, over-tired young man behind the counter to please show her what he has in the way of an ox-joint. Or a nice upstanding rib. Doggies must have their Christmas, too, you know, Alice explains even while they're carrying out the tenth clerk she's ox-jointed out of commission.

Oh, yes, it's a whirl all right. Nothing like it has been seen or glimpsed in any spot of the globe.

No wonder Mrs. Baxter claims she found Warner on Christmas Eve just wandering up and down the Boulevard back of Santa in his sleigh, completely dazed while the calliope steamed out:

"It Happened on the Beach, etc."

WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
PEPPERMINT FLAVOR
For cheeks as soft and mouth as rosy as a baby's, go to your BEAUTY SHOP weekly! Also, it aids facial circulation as well as beauty of mouth to enjoy DOUBLE MINT gum daily.
Q-374

Cupid Upsets Movieland's Maddest Household

(*Continued from page* 55)

to add a tea-room-night-club combination on the side. What the theater could not make out of Shakespeare and Ibsen it intended to squeeze out of oranges and lemons, cokes, gin and beer. But this meant dishing up some song and dance, music and humor fare, too. It was then that John said, "I know a fellow who can play an accordion. I knew him at Princeton. Nice fellow . . . maybe he could come up."

And so it was that Jimmy Stewart came to Falmouth to play the accordion, and remained to be an actor. Not because his acting was so good, as he admits himself, but because his accordion playing was lousy. On the strength of all this, then, Henry and Jimmie put Welcome on the doormat for Johnny. And besides Johnny could sort of make himself useful taking phone messages when George and Cassie were busy. And George and Cassie *were* busy—let there be no doubt about that—taking care of the dogs.

GEORGE is the dignified colored butler, better known to the boys and their friends as the Colored Hapsburg. Cassie, his wife, was the cook. We say "was" because the boys finally had to put a stop to her and her love for Little Boy—which, it seems, knew no bounds, not even when it came to Jimmy's favorite delicacy, *smier kase*. But in order that you may properly identify the characters in this foolish fable, let me put you straight.

Little Boy is a black Scottie. He has a brother, called by the extremely fancy name of Gus. Then there are two police dogs, with the equally glamorous tags of Son and Boy. Then there is a cat, called George.

Henry picked up the cat the night before he left New York for Hollywood and fame. He spied it in a beer joint where he and Jimmie and the rest of a foursome had gone to celebrate the new Fonda contract. He put it in his pocket and promptly forgot it until the next day, just one hour before train time, which, incidentally, was at the precise moment he was getting up. It was a mad scramble. Nothing was packed. Jimmy was feeling sad and singing in an effort to overcome it. Josh Logan and Myron McCormick came in and they, too, sat down to sing, just because it was all so sad. Then from the pocket of Henry's coat came a feline screech, which made it all very confusing.

"I told you you shouldn't have brought that cat home," said Jimmie. "Now what will we do with it? I certainly don't want it around."

"Don't worry," said Hank. "I'll take it with me!"

And the amazing thing is that he did. The scene of departure that afternoon would have been worthy of a laugh in any Marx Brothers picture. Four boys stringing single file into the middle of the Grand Central station, at six minutes of three. All of them carrying parcels, packages, and

SPAGHETTI, GOODY! THAT'S WHAT I LIKE
I WISH MOM WOULD HAVE IT EVERY DAY

HERE'S A DELICIOUS NOURISHING LUNCH

that costs less than 3¢ a portion

WHEN the youngsters come tearing home from school, rosy-cheeked and ravenous, you want to have a good hot lunch ready for them. Something they'll enjoy. Something that will "stick to their ribs" these cold winter days, build up their active little bodies, give them new energy for work and play.

Here's the very thing!

Give them Franco-American Spaghetti. It has other big advantages, too. It comes ready-prepared, you simply heat and serve. It costs so little—less than 3¢ a portion. And it's a favorite with *everyone*. Dad will be as fond of it as the youngsters. Surprise him with it some night soon.

One taste tells you how *different* Franco-American is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce contains *eleven* different ingredients, blended with subtle skill, seasoned to savory perfection. Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢.

It would cost you more to buy uncooked spaghetti and all the different ingredients for the sauce and prepare it yourself. And isn't the *time* you save worth something, too? Order Franco-American from your grocer today.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
A LA MILANAISE

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

WHICH NUMBER WINS FOR YOU?
1
2
3
4
5
BEIGE
RACHEL
DARK BRUNETTE
NATURAL
BRUNETTE

Try Your Luck — and Be Lucky Ever After!

The Right Shade of Face Powder Will Add the Final Touch to Your Personality

By Lady Esther

All women and girls make *up.* But plenty of them need to be *made over!*

Yes, positively. They're hiding the loveliness Nature gave them and quenching the vital spark of personality with a drab, dull, *dead* shade of face powder.

What they need is a shade that flatters, that gives them the young, alive, *vivid* look that never fails to attract.

How sure are *you* that you're using the right shade of face powder? Even if you think you're satisfied — there may be another shade that would create a "you" no one has ever seen before!

You're An Individual, Not A Type!

Don't be old-fashioned and choose your shade by type or coloring. You aren't a type. You're yourself and nobody else. Choose your shade according to which is most *becoming* to you, before your own mirror. And the only way to do this intelligently is to try on all five Basic Shades, one after the other.

So new — so true is this new way of finding your true shade that I offer to prove every word at my expense. I will, therefore, send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of charge and obligation. When you get the five shades, try all five on. Don't think that your choice must be confined to any one or two shades. As I say, try on all five. Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you is really your most becoming, your most flattering.

Stays On For 4 Hours

When you make the shade test of Lady Esther Face Powder, I want you to notice, too, how smooth this face powder is — how evenly it goes on and how long it holds. By actual test, you will find this face powder adheres for four hours or more without getting shiny.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which I offer free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder I will also send you a 7-days' tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (29) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

suitcases. And one of them, Henry, wearing five hats on the top of his head, because there was no other place for them, and with a cat in the crook of his left arm. Just for remembrance sake they paused to sing a last song. It was sung in what is known as "harmony." The tune was "Farewell to Harlem"—the words a little something of their own.

They stood right by the information booth in the center of the terminal. They sang long and loud, but nobody paid the slightest attention. That is nobody did but three little old ladies, who were also waiting for the train gates to open, and standing quite near them. When the boys had finished, the little old ladies smiled and applauded politely. Little did they know that they were looking at two who were to become the screen's newest and most popular leading men. That's what made their applause so pleasing. The boys bowed ceremoniously in acknowledgment.

So, five hats to the wind and one cat to the good, Henry Fonda left New York and oblivion for Hollywood and prosperity.

Little Boy, Boy, Son and Gus were all acquired in a similar manner . . . much to Jimmie's disgust. Not that Jimmie doesn't like animals—it's Henry's method with animals that he objects to. He acquires them and then does nothing further about them. He just can't be bothered to train them. They are allowed to dash all over the house, sleep in all the beds, yes, and eat all the food. And that, incidentally, is what cooked Cassie's goose.

From the beginning she was drawn immeasureably to Little Boy. Her sole purpose in the house, it seemed, was to look after him. "She spent most of the day cooking for him," Jimmy explained, "and when she wasn't cooking for him she was combing and brushing him, or washing him, or tying ribbons on him, or putting perfume on him! And she rocked him for hours at a time! But the final blow came when I suggested that we get a few little odd things in the house to eat . . . things I'd always had a hunger for back in the old milk toast days. I remember on Saturday I told her to get some endive and *smier kase* in for Sunday. And all Saturday my mouth kept watering for it, and along about eleven o'clock on Sunday I smacked my lips and rang for Cassie to bring in the aforementioned ambrosia, and what do you think? There wasn't any. Oh, she'd bought some all right, but she had let Little Boy have a taste, and he'd liked it so much she'd given him all of it. She was terribly sorry, but he'd liked it *so* much!"

THEN John Swope was called in to do the dirty work—of firing Cassie. Neither Jimmie nor Henry had the nerve. But Johnny proved able and Cassie was no more.

About the phone calls, however, Johnny was not so thorough. When the boys came home from the studio, "Well, let me see now," Johnny would say. "Yes, somebody did call . . . now let me see . . . you know . . . that blonde girl . . . she's in pictures . . . I can't remember her name."

"That's a help! A blonde girl and she's in pictures . . . there are so few of those. Who'd she call?"

"Well, I think she called you, Jimmie. No, now wait a minute. But somebody did call you . . . yes, that's right. A man. It was about tennis on Sunday . . . wanted to know if he could come and have a game. I told him yes."

"Oh, well, then there's no need of my knowing who it is. I can wait till Sunday . . . anyway, surprises are so much more fun. That's all right, Johnny, thanks ever so much," Jimmy would answer.

"Gee, Hank, I'm sorry I can't remember that girl's name. And a funny thing—I know it just as well as I do my own. It's right on the tip of my tongue."

"Well, let me know when it falls off—say, you don't suppose, by any chance, you could write those messages down, could you? That might help."

So from then on Johnny tried, with more success, writing the messages, but that gave rise to an even more insidious irritation. It was soon discovered that after all the years they had known each other, John still didn't have their names straight. There would be messages for Stuard, Stuerd, Stuart, and Stewart, alternately, and Henry would find himself referred to as Fonder, Fronda, Fronder—anything, as a matter of fact, but Fonda. This didn't rankle at first, but as it went on week after week, it developed into quite a sore spot. When John bought a boat and suggested that he might like to sail it someplace, in one voice Henry and Jimmie suggested, "Honolulu! Why don't you try Honolulu—that's a nice long sail. It'd take you about six months to get there and back." He went.

This slow-to-anger is a characteristic of both the boys. It's not that their dispositions are so perfect, it's just that they're both a bit vague and introspective, and so preoccupied with their own curiosity that things don't begin to pall on them until after continued repetition. Like the case of the mildewed prunes.

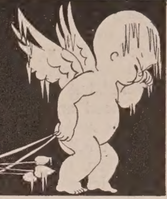
Every morning while the boys were dressing, George (the butler, not the cat) used to bring each of them his breakfast tray—orange juice, coffee, and a dish of stewed prunes, and toast. The orange juice, coffee, and toast went the way of all orange juice, coffee and toast, but the prunes remained untouched. Day after day Henry and Jimmie declined to eat their prunes. Day after day they failed to even note that the prunes were present. Not that they would have eaten them, *had* they noticed, but they most certainly would have called George to task for so persistently trying to cram them down their throats, as 'twere. It wasn't until the prunes had developed that which a rolling stone doesn't gather that the boys suddenly awoke to the fact that there were prunes on the tray—and not only that, but that these same prunes, evidently, had been served to them day after day. It was then they decided to bring in another cook.

This one turned out to be Louella. How she actually arrived they never knew, but one morning they awoke to find a rattle-

THEIR HEARTS ARE IN THEIR HANDWRITING

Do you know that many amazing facts about people are revealed in their handwriting? Traits that tend to show those who would lead happy married lives? In next month's number, out December 23rd, study for yourself the writing of Jeanette MacDonald, Gene Raymond, Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, Carole Lombard, Clark Gable, and many others. It's fascinating fun!

It wasn't the Cold that froze him
'twas the sight of
her Rough Chapped Hands



I NEARLY CRIED when Dave complained about my hands. I hated them myself—all harsh and red. They stayed rough all winter, no matter what I put on them . .

***THEN*— A FRIEND TOLD ME** Jergens Lotion softens hands in no time. I turned to Jergens—and a few days later Dave whispered . . . "I love your hands. They feel so soft."

but Jergens brought about an early Thaw!

HANDS can be thrilling when they're soft and smooth. But cold, wind and water take the natural moisture from hand skin—make it likely to chap and roughen. And most women wash their hands eight times a day, they say—have them in water eight times more.

But Jergens Lotion heals and softens dry, harsh hands amazingly fast. Why? . . . Because Jergens *goes into the skin cells* more effectively than other lotions tested, and swiftly puts back lost moisture. Besides — Jergens contains two special ingredients, used by doctors. Red, rough, chapped skin is made soft, white and fine in just a few applications. Jergens is never sticky. Use Jergens faithfully. At all drug, department, 10¢ stores.

JERGENS LOTION

JERGENS LOTION
2 FAMOUS INGREDIENTS

***FREE!* GENEROUS SAMPLE**

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens *goes into* the skin, conserves and renews the girlish softness of your hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1725 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario).

*Name*____________________

PLEASE PRINT

*Address*____________________

trap car in the drive with Louella, two hundred and twenty black pounds of her, bent over its engine, tinkering under the hood. Henry, having an eye for mechanical contraptions, wanted to help, and offered, but Louella suddenly slammed down the hood and said, "Oh, I guess it don't matter no how. It didn't even run when I bought it."

"Then, might I ask, why did you buy it?" Henry wanted to know.

She threw him a look of disdainful disgust. "Well, you got to have a car to get 'round town somehow, don't you?"

Which will give you some little idea of Louella.

BUT Louella liked company, and that helps. "Oh sure now, honeys, the more the merrier, it don't matter . . . just bring 'em all home for dinner any time you like!"—just as though she were paying the bills. But in a household where ordered entertaining is unknown, and where drop-ins are the rule (sometimes for months at a time), Louella is what is known as a jewel. In the due course of time Josh Logan and Myron McCormick both dropped in from the East, and then most recently came Jimmie's cousin from Princeton, who, just to feel at home, brought his room-mate along.

"Which, of course, is all right with us," said Jimmie, "except for one thing. They suddenly got the bright idea while they were here that they wanted to settle down in Hollywood and open a 'We Do Anything Agency'—and they wanted Hank and me to go into it with them. We had a devil of a time getting out of that. They'd give us a sales talk the first thing in the morning when we got up, and the last thing in the day when we'd come in from the studio. A 'We Do Anything Agency?' Why that's just what the name implies. If you want a one-legged horse they get it for you. If you want a date, they get that for you, too. If you want to break a date, they'll even do that. Fix a car, find a house to rent, run errands, close a deal, anything and everything you want—they'll do it. They couldn't understand why we couldn't act in the daytime, and handle the agency on the side at night! No, that's the truth . . . they were serious, dead serious . . . that's what made it so difficult. You know how kids at that age are . . . why, we've had to hide out under the beds at night, when they'd come in, or we wouldn't get any sleep at all!"

Mad? Of course it was all mad! Two motion picture stars hiding under beds to avoid joining a "We Do Anything Agency!" But that's the sort of thing they're always letting themselves in for. That's the sort of thing that was always going on in the Fonda-Stewart menage. It was the natural result of extreme friendliness, coupled with an innate distaste for hoighty-toighty manners and rigamarole.

Another thing, both of them are chicken-hearted. Neither of them knows how to say "no." There was that old artist who kept coming to the door, trying to sell them a picture. They were horrible pictures, but the old fellow was a dear, and because it hurt them so much, the boys took turns turning him down. Finally, at long last, his appeals got the better of Henry. He bought a masterpiece for seventeen-fifty. The masterpiece was of a nude girl with a pea-green skin, sitting on a red rock against a brown sea. The effect was bilious, to say the least. For weeks the boys kept tossing it back and forth from one bedroom to the other. Finally Jimmie gave in. It hung in his room, but he learned to avoid looking at the particular wall it adorned.

And so it went—more like two boys in a dormitory than two stars in a Hollywood home. And if you don't believe us you should have heard them answer the phone sometimes. They answered it as though it were the one phone in a boarding house, and they were only two of dozens using it (which, as a matter of fact, isn't so far from the case!). "Stewart speaking," or "Fonda speaking." But therein lay the novelty and charm of it all . . . a Hollywood home hung over with the haphazardness of a graveyard stew past. Therein, too, lies the pity of its end.

But how different from the life that went on next door. There behind the physical manifestation of all the Hollywood fences put together, the great Garbo lives. An eight-foot wall throws a long shadow . . . a glamorous one and mysterious. But do you think that such glamor ever held any lure for Stewart or Fonda? No. They do say, and little wonder, that it was Garbo who went shopping for step ladders!

SAY MARGE– WHAT'S
—A PIMPLY SKIN ALMOST PUT A STOP TO MARGE'S "DATES"
I ALMOST FELL OVER WHEN DICK TURNED UP AT THE DANCE WITH LOUISE INSTEAD OF YOU. MARGE, HAVE YOU TWO HAD A BUST-UP?
OF COURSE NOT, SILLY! DICK DOESN'T HAVE TO ASK ME TO EVERYTHING, DOES HE?
REMEMBER NOW–YOU'VE GOT TO EAT THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY. THEY'RE GRAND PIMPLE CHASERS– I KNOW–I'VE TRIED THEM
OH TRUDY–DO YOU REALLY MEAN IT– I'VE BEEN SO MISERABLE GOING AROUND LOOKING LIKE THIS ...
GROCERIES
LATER
TRUDY–IT'S MARGE LISTEN DARLING– DICK'S ASKED ME TO THE DANCE NEXT WEEK– UH-HUH–JUST LIKE YOU SAID HE WOULD–ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?
I TOLD YOU THOSE YEAST CAKES WOULD FIX THINGS UP

News in New York

(*Continued from page* 25)

years (she left New York when she was only five) was stricken with an attack of tonsilitis. But Anne recovered in time to see some of the shows and the night spots. As a matter of fact, she nearly missed her train West, which left at Sunday midnight, because she was at El Morocco, one of Manhattan's most popular supper clubs, with Kelly Anthony.

Travis Banton, the Paramount stylist responsible for the gorgeous clothes of Dietrich, Colbert and Lombard both on screen and in real life, just barely missed pneumonia, but the toughest break of all, of course, was Gertrude Michael's, who seems to have a regular hospital jinx. Gertrude had been ill recently in Los Angeles, but recovered sufficiently to book passage on the *Normandie* and to take a plane to New York. The plane was grounded for seventeen and a half hours at Albuquerque and was fifteen hours late arriving in the East. Her first night here, she went to see the prize play, "Idiot's Delight," and then had to go back to her sickbed. Five minutes before sailing time, reporters waiting at the dock for her arrival were informed that she had been taken to the hospital suffering from toxemia! Only one bright note relieved the general unhappiness—Rouben Mamoulian, who had come to town for the opening of "The Gay Desperado," which he directed, was on hand in Manhattan with flowers and daily messages of sympathy. And that Mamoulian-Michael combination is a real romance!

Anent the "colds" wave, there's that crack of Mamoulian's at a recent press interview after the "Desperado" opening: "Nino Martini does the singing and I get the laryngitis!"

IF you've never been to one of these big press parties for the stars, you've missed something! Milling mobs of people, flicking cigarette ashes on costly carpets, jostling each other in the crowd and upsetting icy drinks; flash bulbs exploding while the stars, still gracious and smiling after hours of hand-shaking and answering foolish, unexpected questions, pose for the news services. The first big shindig of the season was given by Paramount in the Perroquet suite of the Waldorf-Astoria, and it was just about the biggest, most crowded party ever. Here and there you could recognize Ernst Lubitsch and his wife (who's simply a knockout for looks), Bill Frawley (looking just as urbane and humorous off-screen as on), Karen Morley (stunning with her new figure and blonde hair), Rouben Mamoulian, King Vidor, and Wesley Ruggles.

But the biggest crowds were packed solid around George Raft. He was here for the World Series. Admits baseball is his favorite sport (even ranking above prize-fights, which he considers more intense and a little harder to concentrate on hour after hour) and that he'd love to make a baseball picture.

BY contrast with the large Paramount party, the little tea which Mr. and Mrs. John Boles gave in their suite at the Plaza was a very informal affair. They're such perfectly charming people, these two, much more like the nicest couple you know in your own home town than like a motion picture star and his wife. John was in town for a flying visit and had only time to catch one or two games of the World Series before he hurried back. The studio had wired him to return at once to Universal to begin work on Faith Baldwin's "Twenty-Four Hours a Day."

TWO things are interesting Director Gregory La Cava most these days, after some three months spent in Italy, where he saw the progress being made on the marvelous new film studios under construction there. First of all, he still remembers with chuckles the swell time he had with "My Man Godfrey" (and didn't we all!). While in Italy, he was particularly interested in seeing the Old Masters—so he made an artistic pilgrimage to the Sistine Chapel. There, among the milling crowds of tourists, he discerned one familiar figure, gazing raptly at the beautiful paintings. It was, of all people, Charles Laughton!

HAPPENED TO THE BOY FRIEND LATELY

LOOK – THERE'S DICK NOW! MAYBE HE'S COMING IN! NOPE – DIDN'T EVEN LOOK THIS WAY – MARGE YOU OUGHT TO **DO SOMETHING** ABOUT THIS –
BUT, TRUDY – HOW CAN I? YOU KNOW HOW PRETTY LOUISE IS – AND JUST LOOK AT **ME** WITH ALL THESE **AWFUL PIMPLES**
MARGE – I BET THAT'S THE **WHOLE TROUBLE.** IF YOU GET RID OF THOSE PIMPLES **EVERYTHING** WILL BE ALL RIGHT – LISTEN, FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT **YOU** NEED – C'MON, LET'S GET SOME **NOW!**

GOSH MARGE – YOU SURE DO **LOOK PRETTY** – SAY, HOW ABOUT MAKING A DATE RIGHT NOW FOR THE MOVIES TOMORROW?
I'D **ADORE** TO, DICK

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES KEEP YOUR BOY FRIENDS FROM MAKING DATES

PIMPLES often call a halt to good times for many girls and boys after the start of adolescence.

At this time, between 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples pop out.

If you are bothered by adolescent pimples, do as thousands of others—eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. And then—pimples vanish!

Eat 3 cakes *daily*—one before each meal—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is entirely clear again. Start today!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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Now... ON THE SCREEN!

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

Brought from the vivid pages of True Story Magazine—from the throbbing radio revelations of the Court of Human Relations—direct to the screen of your favorite film theatre.

●

Enacted by brilliant casts—produced and directed under the supervision of the famous Columbia Pictures organization "The Court of Human Relations" promises to be one of the screen's most unusual entertainment features.

Sponsored by COLUMBIA PICTURES CORP. based on stories in TRUE STORY MAGAZINE "Truth is Stranger Than Fiction"

Hollywood's Children of Divorce

(Continued from page 49)

poverty that had at last led him to the job of a day laborer, tossing two-hundred pound bags for a sugar company in San Francisco. He admitted he had made demands on Joan for money, and that she had been generous in trying to help him.

"But all that is beside the point compared to the fact that I haven't touched liquor in nearly a year. It has been an uphill fight all the way, but I think it has been a good one, I think I have won out at last. That's why it hurts so much," he said, "to know my little girl isn't going to bear my name any longer. All the things I've done to make her ashamed of me are in the past. I want Ditty to be proud of me as her father."

But the court ruled differently. The court weighed the evidence of one man's plea to retain the identity of his own child against another man's love and devotion and fatherly interest in her life and ruled that the law could be actuated only by the best interests of the child in the case.

UNTIL the Los Angeles courts scheduled the Astor-Thorpe custody case and, later, the Bennett-Fox name controversy, the children of Hollywood divorce had been surprisingly shielded from publicity and sensationalism. If these men and women who move in the glamor world have one vulnerable point, it is their devotion to and consideration for their children. The social world has on more than one occasion been rocked with legal fights for the little heirs of great fortunes. Stories of the kidnapping of an own child by the father or mother of a broken marriage are no novelties to newspaper headlines. But in spite of its long divorce record, Hollywood has been singularly tender concerning the children of its own broken homes. The world has often laughed and poked fun at the many "friendly" Hollywood divorces that find parted couples dining and dancing together immediately after a separation suit has been filed. In fact, Nick Stuart was out driving with his baby daughter, Carol Lee, the day Sue Carol filed divorce charges against him in a Los Angeles court. When Nick brought the baby home, they dined together that evening. Sue, Nick and the little girl. Maybe this is all very amusing, but isn't it far better than the mud splashing that could, and has, ruined an innocent child's life forever? "Protect the child at any cost," has been the slogan of more than one movie divorce. It seems a shame for the world to forget that fine sentiment because of one case that was different!

One of the strangest of all Hollywood situations is that of Esther Ralston and her little daughter by her first marriage, Mary Webb. Esther is now married to Bill Morgan, a musician, but Mary lives with them. Not only that, but Esther's first husband's first wife is Mary's nurse. It all works out amicably, too.

I'll never forget the mental anguish of a former great star of the screen when she read in a gossip column that her latest husband was headed toward Hollywood to stage a fight for the guardianship of their baby daughter. This woman has been married several times. She is the mother of a child by all but one of her marriages. She has two nearly grown children, a boy and a girl—and, very, very close to her heart, this two-year-old baby, the point of dispute, if the columnist was right.

I happened to be at her home the day she put in the call to Europe to talk with the baby's father, a man she had divorced the previous year. She literally poured words into that phone, begging him not to fight to take the child from her. It was not until minutes after the connection had been made that she realized how surprised he was that she had called at all! He denied every word of that vicious rumor.

"Why should I want to take the baby away from you?" he argued. "You are the finest mother I have ever known."

Whether the world finds it difficult to

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of MOVIE MIRROR, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared James S. Warren, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Eastern Editor of MOVIE MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 1926 Broadway, New York City; Eastern Editor, James S. Warren, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, Paul Keats, Chanin Bldg., 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Business Managers, None.

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5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) JAMES S. WARREN, Eastern Editor.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

JOSEPH M. ROTH.

Notary Public Westchester County. Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 973. N. Y. Co. Register's No. 7 R 583. Commission expires March 30, 1937.

believe, or not, the great majority of men who have been married to actresses and had children by them feel the same way. Someone once asked Rudy Seiber if he did not miss seeing little Maria during the long times when he was separated from Marlene Dietrich, his work keeping him in Europe, and Marlene's holding her to Hollywood. "Of course I do," he agreed, "but I can only think of the child's happiness. It would be nothing short of tragedy to take her away even for a little while from such a wonderful mother. Children, particularly little girls, belong with their mothers, always."

John Barrymore became enraged and shook his walking stick at a reporter who asked him if he would protest Dolores Costello's complete custody of their two beautiful children. Even though theirs could hardly be called an amicable divorce, Dolores has made it plain that the father might visit the children whenever he cared to be with them. Charlie Chaplin and Lita Gray have not exchanged a word in years and Lita's grandmother has practically raised the little boys. But it is certainly no novel sight to see both Charles, Jr., and his brother, Sidney, accompanying Charlie and Paulette Goddard on week-end trips.

NOR is it a particular secret that the newly wed Dick Powell would love nothing better than to adopt legally the chubby little son of Joan Blondell. He adores the little boy who will come to live with them when he and Joan move into their new home in Beverly Hills. But both Joan and Dick would hesitate to broach such a delicate subject to George Barnes, Joan's divorced husband who has recently married again, himself No matter what their marital differences may have been, Joan and George parted united in their devotion to their son.

During the entire year of their interlocutory degree, George would drop over on Joan's set and get the latest developments on his son's poundage, teething, and bright "first words." His devotion is so sincere that neither Joan nor Dick would embarrass him by suggesting the idea of Dick's legal adoption.

Two-year-old Wesley Ruggles, Jr., is another child of Hollywood separation who will remain in his mother's custody without contest from his director father.

"But I really want the baby to spend a lot of time with his dad," said Arline Judge, who feels much more deeply about this parting than most people will ever know. "I think a little boy should not be permitted to grow up in just a feminine world. Of course, when they are babies, it isn't so important. But as he grows older, I want him to know his father as a pal and a friend to whom he can take all his troubles and kid difficulties. Men know what to do in times like that. They teach a boy to laugh it off, or maybe to fight his way out, while women are given to cuddling and weeping over black eyes.

"No matter which way Wesley and I finally go, I hope it isn't so far away that our child can't reach us both when he needs us. And a boy begins to need his father pretty darn young."

For strange heartaches and gallantries for men and women as well as children lie behind those coldly legal words. "The custody of the child!"

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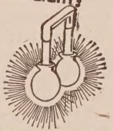

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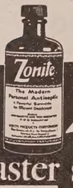

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The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page* 57)

your meals in accordance with the calorie chart published in a preceding article.

You have been given this warning before, innumerable times, but I repeat it; when you sit down to your table relax completely, forget that time exists, and chew your food thoroughly. Consider this a standard maxim if you like—it is better to miss a meal completely than to hurry with it. Because if you gulp your food you not only lose the benefit of it, since it isn't digested, but you upset your system and your stomach in the bargain.

Remember that there are two kinds of foods: those which are alive, full of energy, unprocessed and those which are devitalized and adulterated. The idea is to replenish at the table all of the energy which you have used during the day, with a little to spare; that is, you should replace in your body more vitality than it has consumed since morning. And to do this you either have to stuff yourself with the wrong foods or eat a decent amount of the live, correct things.

Raw fresh vegetables, then, should be the foremost concern of your diet. Lettuce, celery, uncooked carrots, endive, cabbage and all the other leafy green vegetables that can be crowded into a mixed salad are good; and instead of merely sprinkling parsley around a chop for decorative purposes cut up quantities of it and eat it with dressing.

Cooked vegetables are good but not with cream; they're more attractive in butter and much better for you. Those of you who are worried about being too thin, as well as those whose weight stays somehow, miraculously, at the same level no matter what you eat, may have both Irish and sweet potatoes.

FIGS, especially the Black Mission variety, are excellent, and so are raisins and dates. All three of these particular foods are sheer condensed energy.

Milk is, so far as dietitians understand, the only complete food in existence. It won't, in itself, make you fat—at any rate the exercise you will take will counteract any effect it may have in that direction—and it's a huge factor in maintaining good health. Drink a quart of it each day.

So far as meats are concerned, it depends on whether or not you are an exceptionally active person in normal life, or an inactive one. If you rush about a good deal—work, play, keep moving—then you may eat as much meat as you like. But if you take only a little exercise, stay away from cutlets and roasts and steaks. Eat nuts of all sorts, instead; they carry the same vital content.

Fruit of every kind is an essential item. Have it for breakfast (and if you like cereals at that meal they should be hot and whole-grained), luncheon and dinner. Eat fruit instead of dessert or candy. Bread should be one hundred per cent whole wheat, or not at all, and if you are a coffee addict I must ask you to limit yourself to one or two cups a day. Stimulants of any sort are harmful, unless social exigencies demand that you take them. Don't stay away from cocktail parties because there are cocktails there; what infinitesimal harm they may do (I'm assuming you don't drink too many too often) will be more than offset by the psychological good being at a party will do you.

AND now for the specialized exercises. This month we are concerned, first, with re-shaping the upper arms, which seem, for some baleful reason, to follow hips and busts in displaying your age.

If they're bulbous and too fat, the following treatment is necessary; do it for ten or fifteen minutes morning and night.

1. Stand upright before a mirror, so that you can see what you are doing, and put your clenched fists up to your shoulders. Pretend that there is a punching-bag hanging just in front of you, and with your right fist punch at it as hard as you can; bring the right arm back and punch with your left. Do this rapidly and with as much zest as possible, stiffening the elbow each time and snapping your fist forward all the way. Thirty or forty times—and remember, you're pretty sore at the punching bag.

2. Standing in the same position, with your hands made into fists and your fists at your shoulders, twist your wrists until the back of the hand is down, under the palm. Then, alternately, straighten your arms down until they're parallel with your body. Do this against an imaginary resistance, as if someone were holding your hands back, and tense the biceps. It should be done fast, with quick returns to the shoulder. And again thirty or forty times.

3. Standing with feet apart, stretch your right arm over your head and point with your left arm and hand toward the floor. With body stiff, reach down your left leg with your left arm until you touch the carpet, if you can, and in the meantime let your right arm follow the general movement to the left—keeping it stiff and inflexible all the time. You will feel the muscles of your inner arm protesting madly, and in a week or two they will give up the struggle and begin to diminish. Repeat the exercise with the left arm up and the right arm down.

4. Stand about two feet from a clear wall and lean with your hands against it. Keeping the body and back absolutely rigid, lean in until your chin touches the wall-surface, then push yourself back with your hands until your elbows are stiff again. Do all the work with your arms, do it quickly, and repeat until you are tired.

For those of you with thin, sagging upper arms an entirely different exercise must be prescribed—slow, concentrated exercise which will develop the upper arms without placing too much exertion on the rest of the body. Throughout you must maintain precise, timed movement.

Also in these particular exercises a weight is best. If you know anyone who owns a pair of five-pound dumbbells, borrow them; or a couple of flat-irons or a rock will do. If you have no weights, work against an imaginary resistance.

1. Stand upright with the weights held

in each hand at the shoulders; now very slowly and with precision straighten your right arm above your head, lower it, repeat with left arm, and continue until you are tired.

2. Still standing, with your elbows held close to your sides and the weights held straight out before you, alternately raise each hand to the shoulder and return to former position. Do it slowly.

3. You may not be able to do this one at first, until your biceps have developed enough to hold the weight of your body, but it's excellent in itself. Get on your hands and knees, move the hands about six inches forward along the floor; then lower your chin to the carpet and push yourself upright again with your arms. Repeat as often as you can.

A tremendous number of letters I've received ask for specific remedies for too-thin breasts, and many for a method of reducing them. This latter I included in my general article about losing weight, and it's very simple: stand, dressed only in a pair of shorts or in nothing at all, put your hands on your hips, and jump lightly up and down on your toes. Do it quickly, do it as often as you can, and when you have finished take a cold shower. But consider this: whether your problem is reducing or rebuilding the bust, use none of the much advertised creams and ointments "guaranteed" to do the job. The only possible good their application does is whatever may result from the massage, which is negligible.

FOR wasted, sagging breasts the routines are simple, and must be followed morning and night.

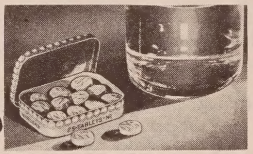
1. Get a box about 12″ wide and from 12″ to 18″ high, and put a blanket over it. Now lie on your back with your shoulders on the box and with your arms held rigidly out to the sides. Bring your arms up above you until your hands touch, either with a weight in each hand, or with someone holding your arms back for you. Do this twelve times.

2. In the same position, stretch your arms behind you until they point to the wall, and bring them up together until they point to the ceiling, again with weights.

3. Now stand upright with your arms straight out before you, fists clenched and together with palms facing. Pretend that there is an egg between your fists and with your elbows stiff and rigid, crush that egg as hard as you can. Relax for a second, then push your fists together again—and again with all your strength. You'll feel the chest muscles reacting almost immediately. Do it fifteen or twenty times.

Wherefore, after you have done the exercises described last month and in this installment, you will have corrected faults of the upper arms and the breasts, and will have smoothed the wrinkles from face and throat. In the meantime your new routine of living will have restored your energy, given you new attitudes and excellent health.

In next month's article, Mr. Loomis will discuss waistlines, wrists, ankles, thighs and other portions of the body to which time, in its passing, is so unkind. Watch for his instructions for conquering these age indicators in February MOVIE MIRROR *on sale December 23rd.*



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Pat O'Brien's Happiness Insurance

(*Continued from page 64*)

to bowl me over. It still bowls me over when I think of how it was paid in . . . every month for twenty years! That's a lot of months, especially when the premium wasn't so easy to scare up. After I got to making money on my own, I naturally tried to take over the payments myself. I did too, most of the time, but there were months when to save the investment Dad had to kick in. That hurt me more than anything.

"If it hadn't been for that policy I might not be an actor today. I borrowed two hundred dollars on it to go to New York.

"I had just finished my first year at Marquette University in Milwaukee. I was studying law and playing with the football team, but all the time I was thinking I'd rather be an actor. Spence—that's Spencer Tracy, we grew up together—had the same idea, and we'd always promised ourselves that some day we'd take a try at it. Then my uncle drove out from New York and I had a chance to drive back with him, so I took it.

I TOOK a room on Lexington Avenue. In a couple of months my money was gone and the only job I could get was a job in a chorus. I took it.

"Spence joined me after I'd hung on, somehow, in New York about a year. We were looking for jobs more often than we had them, but we weren't licked, not by a long shot! We lived on pretzels and water, a lot of days. The water hits the pretzels, the pretzels swell up, you kid yourself you're full. Finally I got a job in the Chicago company of Jed Harris' 'Broadway,' and Spence got something, too, so we parted.

"Going into 'Broadway' was the best thing that ever happened to me. Through that engagement I met my wife.

"Eloise and I were together in that company almost a year and then we had to separate again. We couldn't get a job together, and yet we both had to go on working. I hadn't been able to save much. I said when I'd saved a thousand dollars, in addition to keeping up that policy, we'd get married. She took a job in stock in upper New York state somewhere, and I joined my old pals, Spence and Frank McHugh, in a stock company in Baltimore.

"What a winter that was! We were working for a fellow by the name of Lester Brian. A great promoter, but a broke one that year. There were more actors than customers in the house most of the time, and salaries were all on the cuff. We were living in a cheap little hotel we used to call the Bear Pit—it was just about as cozy. We spent Christmas Eve there. We bought a mess of baloney and onions and rye bread and that was our feast. And we decorated the room with a lot of gaudy calendars. And what a Christmas, that Christmas of '28! The next day or so Spence got a wire from a fellow who was producing 'Conflict.' The play had opened in Boston with Clark Gable in it, and now they wanted Spence to play it in New York. Then a few days later the same producer sent for McHugh. Edna Hibbard and Bill Boyd were still with the company and we got together to try to find a hit play with only a few characters in it, something we three could run ourselves, something where we wouldn't have to divide the box office so many ways.

"Well, we finally found one. It was called 'The Ghost Between' and had only three main characters, then a maid and a butler which could be played by the stage manager and his wife. There was only one trouble with it; it had been a big hit a few seasons before and there was a big royalty for playing it.

"So we changed the name to 'The Other Man' and prayed we'd get away with it. We played several weeks in Baltimore and made such a hit that we decided to take it on the road. Dayton, Cleveland. As much as we could we kept the producer's name—Lester Brian—out of it, in case of a court order closing us up. In Cleveland a manager by the name of MacLaughlin—I was always tied up with the Irish, somehow—had the theater. Before the opening he called us in to see about printing the programs. He asked, 'Who's producing this show?' He looked right at me, and I looked around trying to think of a name quick and the only thing I could see was the name painted in big letters on a safe in the corner, the Hall-Marvin Safe Company. 'The Hall-Marvin Company is producing,' I said. And I got away with it. I worried constantly that we were going to get closed, and have everything attached. And sure enough it happened! The third week we played in Boston we got pinched. Six cops arrived backstage at the end of the second act and we knew what was coming. They let us finish the show, and Boyd and I slipped off to the hotel and trunked out. 'Trunked out?' Oh, that means skipped out the back way—you know, without inquiring about the bill.

"I still wasn't getting anywhere and after that it got pretty tough. Eloise had landed back in New York and was living in a flowerpot on Seventy-fourth Street, and I was living in a linen-closet on Forty-fourth. It looked as though we'd never be able to marry. I pawned everything I had, and finally Simpson—he's the biggest pawn broker in New York—got Eloise's ring.

FROM the day Eloise pawned her ring I was miserable until I finally got it back for her in 1929. That was when I was back at MacLaughlin's theater in Cleveland, making good dough in repertoire featuring guest stars. I played 'Coquette' with Helen Hayes, and other good shows like that. And finally, I got the part Lee Tracy had in New York in 'The Front Page.' I got back to New York with the thousand dollars I had saved, at last, and like a couple of crazy actors that we were, Eloise and I spent it all in three days. But—" Pat shrugged, "it didn't matter. We got paid off in laughs, and Eloise got her ring back, and her rent paid up, and some swell meals under her belt, and then we faced that old question again, 'Where do we go from here?' Then, fortunately, Gilbert Miller hired me to play in 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow.' It was the best part I'd ever had and I was just hoping the four dollars I had left would carry us through rehearsals till we opened when I

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got a long distance phone call from producer Howard Hughes on the coast.

"He said he'd heard I had made a hit in New York as Hildy Johnson in 'The Front Page,' and would I come to the coast and do the part in the picture. I knew there was a mistake . . . I knew he had me mixed with Lee Tracy but I thought fast and said sure I'd come for seven hundred and fifty a week and two tickets, one for Eloise, one for me. He said, all right, he'd wire the money and the contract, and believe it or not, we were on our way the next day. I was still gasping for breath. Of course they found out about the mistake later, but it was too late then—I was already in the middle of the picture—and they seemed satisfied with me, so that was that. Eloise and I were married a couple of weeks after we got out here. We took a little apartment at 6520 Franklin Avenue. Eloise did all the work—cooked, cleaned, everything and drove me to work in a little Ford. She always said she was going to give up her career when we got married and she did. We had a lot of debts to pay off, and until we got those cleaned up she wouldn't even have a maid in for even half a day to do the heavy work.

BUT you see, just because you sign a movie contract doesn't mean that your troubles are over. They usually just begin. After 'The Front Page' Hughes loaned me to Paramount and to RKO for pictures and then I had my first big blow. My six months' contract with Hughes was up, and he didn't take up the option. I went to Metro for 'Flying High.'

"I had a lot of disappointments like that, free lancing. Then came the time of the cut, when everybody was supposed to cut his salary in half. RKO offered me a picture but I said I wouldn't cut and then the next thing I knew everybody was blackballing me because I wouldn't cut. I couldn't! It had taken me too long to get up there. But finally things got awfully slow and I was half crazy, and I told Eloise to say the word and I'd cut. I told her to tell me which way to go. You know what she said? 'We'll go to Honolulu.' We did. When we came back everything had blown over. Hanging on, I guess, is the most important thing in life. It was after that, that I got my present contract with Warner's."

But that doesn't mean that Pat has quit fighting even yet. He's always fighting bad pictures, poor roles. Just recently he refused to go into "Stage Struck." Warner's said, "We'll suspend you." "All right, go ahead," said Pat. They did. But in three weeks they invited him back.

So you can see that Pat has worked and suffered, but always his tenacity has made him win.

All Pat's father could hope for him was that, at the age of thirty-six, he might have one thousand dollars. A whole thousand to do with as he pleased. Pat got a much greater heritage, grit and courage.

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Nelson Eddy Answers All Your Questions

(*Continued from page 27*)

Answer: This may get me into trouble, but I like simple character actors like Spencer Tracy or Jean Hersholt—and Frank Morgan for comedy.

Question: Do you prefer blonde, brunette or red-haired girls?

Answer: They can have any color or shade of hair if their personal qualities are the sort I like. If a girl is sincere, gay and amusing, with a swell sense of humor and culture and intelligence—oh yes, and if she's good-looking—then she can have green hair for all I care.

Q*UESTION*: What is your best-beloved state?

Answer: California. Naturally I've sentimental memories about Rhode Island and Pennsylvania, but California's got everything.

Question: Have you ever been to Europe?

Answer: Yes, three times, and I've toured in almost every country on the Continent, and the British Isles.

Question: Do you like Hollywood?

Answer: Yes, indeed.

Question: What is a "Hollywood Party?"

Answer: Frankly, I don't know. America has the idea, apparently, that a party out here lasts for days and everyone is carried out in stretchers. I've only had time to give two and those were simply for musical friends. I'll run you off a transcription I took secretly of the last one, if you like. (He did, and there was a jumble of conversation and much laughter and a good deal of piano thumping and burlesqued singing.) The ones I've been to have been in dressed-up houses for dinner, with a discreet hot orchestra and a free bar afterward. Ended about two A. M. and weren't any different from the usual sort of do.

Question: What books do you like?

Answer: Biography, travel, psychology and history. I seldom read a novel because I haven't time. Since I left school at such an early age I'm still trying to educate myself, so I don't read much for pleasure.

Question: What are your hobbies?

Answer: Making recordings on my own machine, tennis, riding, swimming—relaxing, really. Anything that isn't working at music or studio routines.

Question: What is your favorite food?

Answer: Now don't laugh. It's crackers and milk. That's a throw-back to the days I spent in the old home in New England. On Sunday, dinner was in the middle of the day and then at night instead of a heavy meal we got milk and crackers. I was always starved and it tasted so good. Now when I'm tired a bowl of milk and crackers is very good contrast to the usual food I eat.

Question: Do you smoke, and does it hurt your voice?

Answer: Yes, and I suppose it does. Other singers say so, at any rate. But I'll take that chance.

Question: How did you decide to become a singer?

Answer: Well, I sang to the neighbors because I enjoyed it and they told me I was pretty good, so I went to a teacher and he said the same thing.

Question: Would you still make the same choice of profession?

Answer: I would if my voice were just as good. I don't see that I've got any kick coming.

Question: How can I become a singing star? (One of the queries that are put by the thousands.)

Answer: First you must have the aptitude; you must have the desire and the voice. Then find a good teacher, work as hard as you can, read and study languages, get to be a good singer and inevitably you will be discovered.

Question: How long does it take to get into opera?

Answer: If you've a definite flair for singing and are already accomplished, it will take three or four years to break into some kind of opera. Ten years usually to make the Metropolitan.

Question: Can one get a break in music in America?

Answer: Yes, absolutely. Many think you have to go to Europe to start but America is actually the best place to learn, to prove yourself, and to begin a career. Tibbett never saw Europe, for example, until he was well along in his career, yet he got all the breaks there are.

Question: Are you in favor of whole operas in pictures?

Answer: I am not, in their present form. The studios should perfect and finish the job they're doing with things like "Maytime" before they start on the more difficult task of adapting Wagner and Puccini.

Question: What subjects shall I study in school to prepare for a singing career? (Another which has been asked thousands of times.)

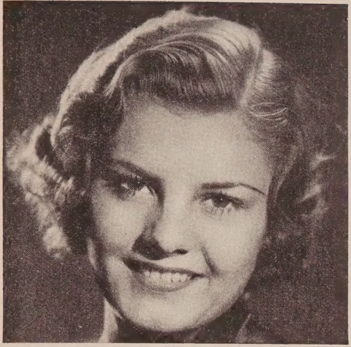
Answer: The first thing is to get health and keep it; without strength you'll never be able to last through the grind of work and preparation. Then enroll in all the music-languages, literature, poetry and appreciation of poetry (since all great music is rhyme in rhythm) courses, and of course in whatever music courses you can get. Find a good teacher and let him instruct you.

Question: What's the proper age at which a boy, or a girl, should start singing lessons?

Answer: For the boy, sixteen, after his voice has safely changed. A girl can start at fourteen or fifteen if she's precocious and talented.

Q*UESTION*: How can I learn to sing when I can't afford lessons?

Answer: If you think you've got a voice simply sing whenever and wherever possible. Of course there are some teachers who will take you in return for work, but your best chance is to join a good choir; most choirmasters in great churches will be willing to help you instead of paying the regular salary. The bulk of important singers started that way, and it was the way I got my first lessons. You can buy phonograph records of noted stars, too, and study them and sing with them. In a year or two, if



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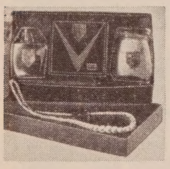

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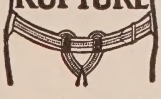

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Question: What exercise do you suggest for me to study at home?

Answer: Learn to sing a perfect scale on all vowels. When you've done that ninety percent of the battle is won and the rest is memorizing scores.

Question: Aside from Miss MacDonald, with whom would you like to appear in pictures?

Answer: Any really fine actress.

Question: What part does luck play in a career like yours?

Answer: Almost no part at all. Oh, of course there are such things as breaks. But reckon without luck and then if you get it you'll go farther than you expected.

Question: What is your philosophy of life?

Answer: Live a good life gracefully, help others do the same, find your own soul, fulfill your own destiny by using the capabilities you find in yourself.

So the compendium of all the questionnaires that you, his fans, have sent to Nelson Eddy is answered at last. Read it carefully and you will find not only a group of sincere replies but the most complete reference chart on his character ever published.

How Karen Morley Is Fighting Her Way Back

(*Continued from page* 47)

It was her baby who brought Karen that courage, her son who gave her a new and more practical ambition, and the energy to follow it through. Suddenly, as she looked at the helpless new-born baby in a blue bassinet, she wanted things for him that she had never wanted for herself. She wanted money for him, she wanted security for him. She wanted for him every opportunity that position and wealth could buy, college, travel and all the things that go with it, beautiful surroundings. And, most important, she wanted to share with her husband the problem of providing these things for the boy. "Art for art's sake" suddenly seemed sophomoric compared to the vigor of this new dream.

It meant a completely new outlook on her work. It meant doing what she was handed to do and doing it to the best of her ability. It meant the silencing of all those old "gripes," all those old yearnings. It meant revising her entire attitude toward picture-making—forgetting its fallacies, looking for the opportunities in it. It meant that she must stop trying to make her own rules, and play the game according to Hollywood's rules.

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tain parts, and to stop telling herself what was wrong with certain parts for her. Now she began to listen to what had been told her many times before, but which she had dismissed as having nothing to do with her acting, the advice to get some meat on her bones. The day of neurotic-looking heroines had passed. Actresses must be healthy-looking now, padded and round. Karen set out to conquer even that.

At first to gain weight, Karen tried the only thing she knew. "I went about it scientifically. I took tonics, I lived by the doctor's rules, I ate according to prescription. Then, because that didn't seem to work, I went in for all the fad diets. I didn't gain an ounce. It was like a nightmare. Of course, I know now that it was this worrying about being thin, this forcing myself to eat, that made me hate food. It's the mistake that so many thin people make. You can't force yourself.

"Then, too, I was putting so much more effort and interest in my work that the strain of it, all at once like that, was really too much for me.

"The result was that when I went into 'Devil's Squadron' at Columbia a few months later, I had a brief illness and was guilty of that unpardonable sin in pictures, holding up production. I knew what this would mean. The word would spread, producers would get the idea that I was undependable, and that would be the most difficult of all my barriers to overcome."

More than ever then, and for a second time, she was tempted to throw it all up, forget about it. But it was then that the vision of the things she was planning for little Michael seemed stronger and more desirable than ever. And it was because of the power of this vision that she realized that something drastic had to be done. The most drastic thing was also the most dangerous, however. It was *to leave the screen for six months!* To allow herself six months in which to acquire a calm, poised attitude.

Karen's second wind began with a move to the country. She and her husband cut the strings of their Hollywood life, cleanly, completely. They gave up their house in Beverly Hills, packed away their evening clothes, cancelled their subscriptions to newspapers and cinema trade papers alike, left no forwarding address. Karen threw all her scripts, along with her diet and health books, into the waste basket. With Michael in her arms and Charles by her side, she set off for a desert retreat near La Quinta.

THAT was a little over eight months ago. Today she has won her fight. She is back on the screen again, with the assurance of staying there. She is radiant and happy, and for the first time finding fun in her work. She is fifteen pounds heavier, and *pretty.* She is making more money than ever before. She had recently signed a long term contract with Emanuel Cohen, her first picture for him to be "Happiness Ahead," an appropriate title, incidentally.

As far as the change in her attitude and ambition is concerned, that can be attributed directly to the incentive of her baby. But the reason for her new figure, her new bloom, in case you want to be let in on that secret, too, is something you won't find in any doctor's office, or in any health book. It's something Karen worked out for herself.

She said, "It's just using good sense, getting back to the soil, living simply. Putting the emphasis on the things that are important, and in any health routine the important things are good sleeping, good eating, good exercise.

"I decided from the beginning that, first of all, I would never force myself to eat anything. I would only eat when I was hungry. Naturally, then, the object was to make myself hungry. There are only two ways to do that and both are important. First, to have plenty of natural exercise and fresh air. Second, to have only appetizing things around you.

"The most natural exercise in the world is walking, but you must enjoy it. I started out, down there on the desert, to walk with an entirely different viewpoint. I went looking for hidden roads to explore. I set out to visit my distant neighbors. I stopped to examine desert rocks and flowers, and to take home a few of the prettiest. I watched for little sun lizards, tried to learn something of their habits. I took my mind off the walking itself, and in so doing, the miles slipped by under me uncounted, and painless. And with the desired effect—always I came back hungry!

ANOTHER thing, I never again made the mistake of sitting down to a great gob of food. In Hollywood, when I was trying to gain, nothing ever took my appetite away so quickly as a full plate, or food in hunks. And, incidentally, I found that the plate itself was of importance. Great importance! One of the first things I did was to invest in some new china and glass, a different variety and color for each course. In that way I got a reaction to each course as it was set down in front of me. And reaction, regarding food, was the thing I was looking for. For too long I had been ignoring it.

"Naturally a variety of food was of equal importance. That's what I have against all these all-of-the-same-thing diets for gaining. Too much of one thing puts you on the defensive. I tried not to have the same things too often.

"What it all boils down to, really, is creating a desire to eat, and then the pounds follow easily. In less than the six-months' period I had gone from one hundred to one hundred and fifteen pounds. And with each added pound I lost a few years of nerves. It gave me quite a different personality, I believe. It gave me patience, for one thing. It allowed me to relax and let me smile, and I found a new, pleasant kind of gaiety."

Coming back to Hollywood, Karen made the smartest of all her smart moves, a move that is necessary to "point" any change in figure, personality, work, or career. She set out definitely, and directly, to *dramatize* her change, to emphasize her new curves, to call attention to her new career objective, to publicize her return.

No more of the drab grays and browns she used to wear. No more turning down parts just because they weren't artistic. No more refusing to attend Hollywood functions. But stepping out in new colorful clothes, posing for fashion stills, giving careful consideration to every possible part for its step-ahead advantages, go-

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ing eagerly to meet new friends, to create new interests.

Thus Karen won. Few actresses, or other women, either, have the courage to take dangerous time off from the race, to stop being swept along in its swirl. Once in the running, it seems hard to drop out, even temporarily. Yet the wayside spots are usually the greenest, the freshest, the most health-and-happiness inspiring. Many of us would find the race much easier if we would just stop for a moment, as Karen did. Not only would we find peace in the stopping, but there would be more zest and more assurance once the race is resumed again.

Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page* 4)

said to Mamma: "You can't spank your child within the studio gates. It's against the laws of California."

Boy, was I tickled. But, that's where I didn't know Mamma. She picked me up under her arm and walked out to the sidewalk in front of the studio and spanked me good. Then, she brought me back in the studio. I tried it twice more, but she took me out both times, so I guess that California law business doesn't make any difference, after all.

But, to go on about the movies, I played in "Our Gang" comedies when I first came to Hollywood. Then the studio sent me over to Paramount where I made a picture about a baby being stolen. I don't remember so much about it.

Boy, the picture I do remember though was "O'Shaughnessy's Boy." I went to about the swellest school a fellow could think of in that picture. My desk was right in a big circus tent. On one side of me was a great big lion in a cage and on the other side was a real tiger. There were some giraffes, too. It sure was fun.

"General Spanky" is the last picture I've played in and it's about the Civil War. It's a long picture. I had a stand-in while we were shooting it, and that was fun because I've never had a stand-in before.

One of my buddies in the picture—he played a sergeant in the Union Army—is swell at making boats. He made me one while he wasn't acting in front of a cam-

Movie Mirror Jr. Prize Winners

Herewith are the winners in the Virginia Weidler, September, Movie Mirror Junior Contest:

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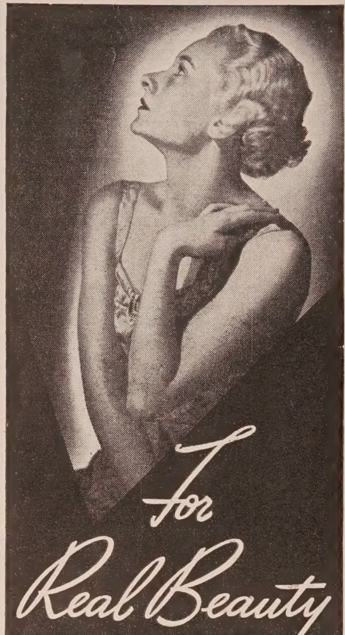

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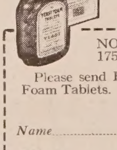

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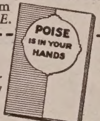

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era. I've put a picture of Harry Strang, that his name, working on it in here. It's a knockout!

Tony, the caretaker up at the big Hal Roach ranch, is another great pal of mine. I like to be outdoors most of the time. Do you? How would you like to live out here where you can play outdoors all the year 'round? Or would you rather live where the winters are cold, even if you can't be outside so much?

Well, I guess I've written about all I know, so I'll just sign off with my best "Okey Dokey!"

Write and tell me whether you'd rather live where you can play outdoors all year 'round or where the winters are cold, even if you can't be outside so much. I'll send this peachy boat Harry made for me to the boy or girl who writes the best letter. I'll send ten big autographed photographs of myself to the writers of the next ten best letters. Letters will be judged on the basis of clarity, convincingness and interest (ask your mother what those words mean) and Miss Betty Turner and I will be the judges. Just address your letters to me in care of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Be sure to mail your letters before January 5th. It's an awfully swell boat, honestly.*

New Flavors from Canned Soups

(*Continued from page* 8)

SHEPHERD'S PIE

- 2 tablespoons butter
- ½ cup diced cold lamb
- 1 teaspoon minced onion
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 1 can vegetable soup (undiluted)
- mashed potato (hot or left-over)

Melt the butter in a frying pan. Add the meat and onion and let them brown, sprinkle over them the flour and blend well. Stir in the soup till smooth and thick. Pour immediately into a baking-dish (one that can go to the table). Cover with mashed potato. Dot with tiny bits of butter and shake a little paprika over it. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F) for fifteen minutes, until brown.

SPANISH SAUCE

This makes a perfect filling for omelette to serve with croquettes or meat.

- 1 bouillon cube
- 2 cups boiling water
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 1 chopped onion
- 1 chopped green pepper
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 2 tablespoons tomato paste
- 2 tablespoons chopped celery
- ¼ cup chopped ham
- 1 tablespoon sugar.

Melt the butter. Add the onion, celery and pepper and cook till light brown. Dissolve the cube in the boiling water. Stir this in and then the tomato paste, the sugar and the flour. Boil till thick, stirring constantly. Put in the ham and cook for a moment longer. Use hot.

When you use prepared soups for the first course, dress them up with little extras. Toasted croutons, whipped cream, egg dumplings, Creme Brule, hard-boiled eggs and most certainly slices of lemon belong with different kinds of soups. Blends of soup flavors can result in what is almost a new soup, such a Potage Mongole and others.

Let Eleanor Powell Teach You to Dance

(*Continued from page* 43)

have been at work, though; I went dancing with him that evening at the Troc and during one very fast number I said, "Hey! You know what you just did?"

He turned to the nearest couple. "Beg pardon," he said. "Very clumsy of me."

"Not that," I snickered. "It's only that when Ohman played a double break just then you did the step you couldn't get this afternoon. You did it beautfully."

"You mean this?" He did the tap again. "Why, gosh, I've known how to do *that* ever since swing music came in."

Obviously the same thing had happened to everyone else in the group that same night, because next afternoon they were all superb. They were good enough, anyway, to start on the second tap step.

Still holding onto the chairs they followed carefully while I explained. "Stand on your left foot like this," I said, "and then kick your right foot out and forward, brushing the sole of your shoe against the floor at the same time. Then bring the right foot back and behind you, brushing again, and finally step with your full weight on the right foot so your left will be free to repeat the maneuver. See? Your right foot goes brush-brush-*step*—with the weight shifting from left to right like this—and then your left foot goes brush-brush-*step.* Now try it."

It took a little longer time than Step One, but they got it. Jimmy was amazingly adept and it was Frances Langford who had the trouble; she'd worn high heels, which are disastrous to the beginner. After awhile, when they began to get a little tired, the foreward and backward arcs they were making began to get shorter and shorter—which is as it should be. The idea is to condense the step until your foot goes out just two or three inches with a quick little tapping brush at the floor, and returns the same distance with the same quick brush. After it's become an automatic gesture you can turn on some music and do it in rhythm.

By the time the tapping seven were ready for Step Three, on the third afternoon (and you'll find this will be true with you, as well), they discovered that they had developed balance and a sense of timing; and the lesson seemed very simple.

"In this one," I told them, "you repeat the second step except that you step first. At least you tap the floor with your foot. Now look: stand with your weight on your left foot and without shifting the weight at all, step down with your right foot; then brush forward and back; and *then* shift your weight over and step on your right foot, so your left can repeat.

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Like so; my right foot goes step-brush-brush-*step;* and as soon as my weight moves to the right foot my left goes step-brush-brush-*step*. Catch?"

They caught—so quickly that I was able to crowd in the fourth and final step that same afternoon.

"This," I explained, "is the last one and it's also the first step of a 'waltz clog.' It's kind of tough but I'll make a little diagram for you that you can take home and study. It sounds easy enough, I'll admit—you step with your weight on the left foot, repeat step number two, and then step again with your left foot, leaving the right free to step and start."

The diagram I scribbled for them looked like this:

	(1)	(2)	(3)	(4)	(5)
	step	brush	brush	step	step
	L.	R.	R.	R.	L.
then,					
	step	brush	brush	step	step
	R.	L.	L.	L.	R.

It couldn't have been as hard as I thought it would be, or else they all stayed home that evening and practiced; because the next day they had the whole thing down pat. After that it was merely a question of improvising combinations and memorizing them.

YOU can put these four steps together in as many ways, and as many times, as you care to. For instance, the first combination we worked out was Step Four twice, on both feet, Step Two twice, and then back to Step Four. We repeated this three times and pivoted.

Whirling is fun but if you're doing it in line with other people remember to keep your arms in. Sid Silvers got the worst of it in my group. Every time we'd turn, Frances would catch him in the eye with her elbow. Once he was completely out of the picture for two days. He'd been doing a twirl with Una Merkel and she let go of his hands. When we picked him up from the corner he'd crashed in, he discovered he couldn't move his neck very well. He lost ten pounds, too.

There's a little finish, called "one-two," that's used after most routines, and it's a mean little thing. It's a sort of slap with the foot; it's Number Two without the step; it's brushing out and back with the weight immediately on the foot; it's pushing your foot down to the floor, but just before it touches it snaps out and back very quickly. You do it entirely from the ankle, without moving the legs.

Remember throughout that your torso should stay as immovable as possible, straight up and down, while your legs and feet do all the work. Dance from your hips down, and don't leap or hop when you do your steps. That's hoofing, and only a bad dancer will get his feet very far from the floor during any routine.

If in the reading the various steps sound a little difficult, and if in the practice they are slow in adjusting themselves to your feet, go to see "Born to Dance" and watch Una and Jimmy and Sid and Frances. You'll go back to your two chairs and your phonograph with a special determination.

Next month Miss Powell will give you instructions on how to become the best ballroom dancer in your own home crowd.

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Stand-In for Love

(*Continued from page 63*)

blonde, her curiosity aroused by his reply.

"I wouldn't know, exactly," he grinned. He didn't. The letter was sealed.

The girl disappeared into an inner office.

Pat fell to thinking of Charmien Chase. Yesterday, he could almost have sworn that Charmien Chase loved him. Why should she? She, who had all Hollywood at her feet? He was crazy to imagine that she would ever again give him another thought. Maybe it was like playing one of her famous love scenes. It didn't mean a thing—to her! But, to him!

A man came into the room from the hallway, a man with curling fair hair and eyes as blue as steel instruments. They fastened on Pat and the two men stared.

"Who are you?" the newcomer demanded with interest.

"Patrick Shannon," said Pat. "Are you Mr. Shires?"

"No," answered the other, his keen eyes probing. "Who is Patrick Shannon? What are you doing here?"

PAT stiffened instantly. "I came here to see Mr. Shires. I have a letter to him, from Miss Charmien Chase."

"Chairmien Chase? Of National?"

"That's right."

"She sent you *here?* Are you an actor?"

"No, I'm not. Who are you?"

"Malcolm Ritchie. Did you ever act?"

"Wait a minute," said Pat, with deceptive suavity. "We seem to be getting nowhere, fast." He recognized Ritchie now, from published pictures. The great Ritchie, who was crowding DeMille and Van Dyke hard for directorial honors. "I've never acted and I don't see—"

"What do you usually earn?" asked Ritchie, suddenly.

"That might be none of your business."

Ritchie chuckled. "Okay!" he said. "I can find out! Stay right here, Shannon—don't move." Abruptly he walked from the room.

There was no sign of either Shires or his blonde secretary. However, a young man appeared and smiled affably. "Mr. Shannon?" he asked. "Would you mind coming with me?"

Thinking he was to be escorted to Mr. Shires, Pat followed. They went down corridors, and up stairs, past fragments of ocean liners, corners of Broadway, a ballroom. They wound up in a bare room, where Ritchie and several other men were waiting. There were cameras, wrapped in their heavy "overcoats," to muffle the sound of the mechanism; great sunarc lamps, shrouded; a sound crew was rigging an overhead microphone.

"What make-up?" asked one of the men.

"No make-up," barked Ritchie, derisively. "Rakish—gallant—that's the key! Turn on the juice."

"Wait a minute," protested Pat, as the glare of the lamps nearly blinded him. "What is this? There's some mistake."

"No mistake," snapped Ritchie. "Just stand where you are, Shannon, and smile. You juicers—bring up a couple of babies—both sides. Roll 'em over, Phil! Unless I'm feeble minded, this guy—"

"This guy," broke in Pat, grimly, "if you mean me, will take you apart to see what makes you tick, you——"

"Sweet!" howled Ritchie. "Stay where you are! Splendid! Get madder, Shannon! Come on, sweetheart—take it big!"

"Sweetheart?" repeated Patrick, softly, his rakish brows tilted, his big shoulders hunched. "I'm plenty mad now, you albino tom cat! Whats the big idea?"

"Cut!" cried Ritchie. "It's a take! That was splendid!"

The lights slowly faded out and Ritchie took Pat's arm and steered him toward the passageway.

"Your screen test," he explained. "It'll be good! I was looking for a guy like you. I'm going to make something of you, boy!"

"I'm no actor," protested Pat.

"Good!" cried Ritchie. "I don't want an actor. I hate actors! I'll tell you what to do and how to do it!"

Slightly bewildered, Pat went back to Shires' office with Ritchie. Shires was in now, a quiet man, with gray hair and dark eyes. He listened to Ritchie, sized up Pat, smiled, and then read the letter Pat handed him. He wolfed his cigar and then read it a second time; then he handed it to Ritchie.

RITCHIE read it and chewed viciously on his nether lip. "Elocution teacher?" he spat. "For the love of Mike! Chase has the right idea, though; I wonder why she—" He flashed a swift glance at Shires, and the two exchanged a significant and knowing look. Pat, sharp-eyed as any hawk, caught it and began to wonder.

"Gift horses," said Shires, cryptically, to Ritchie; then he turned to Pat and said, pleasantly, "Mr. Ritchie would like to have you in the cast of his new picture."

"You mean act?" asked Pat, incredulously. "But I don't know how! I wouldn't know where to start."

Mr. Shires carefully folded Miss Chase's letter and smiled, faintly. He called his secretary and said, "Put that in the vault with my personal papers." He shot a look at Ritchie, who grinned widely and slapped Pat on the back.

"I'll teach you how to act—my way!" he bellowed, lustily. "You just do what I tell you, young fella, and we'll go places!"

That same night, Sheila sat in her room and thought about Patrick Shannon; and shivered with the strange ecstasy the mere thought of him brought to her.

The weeks that followed were disheartening. She could find no work in any of the studios. She called Central Casting every evening, but there were no jobs for her.

When two months went by, she gave up the kitchenette, with its telephone and comparative spaciousness, and rented a cheaper furnished room, on the other side of town.

She neither saw nor heard anything of Pat Shannon. She had kept away from American because she was afraid of meeting him. But there wasn't a day when her thoughts didn't swing to him.

One of her pet possessions was a midget radio, which helped through the lonely evening hours. Nine weeks after Pat Shannon had applied to American Films for a job, bearing a letter from Charmien Chase, she heard him over the air.

A commercial broadcast, sponsored by a great industrial concern, was on the air. They had secured the services of several of American's famous players. It was announced that a new personality had crashed

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through to stardom. One Patrick Shannon!

A new picture would soon be released, it was announced, titled "Lafayette," which would thrill the world. Superlatives were heaped on the dark head of Pat Shannon by a famous author, who was master of ceremonies for the evening.

Chills were racing up and down Sheila's spine when Pat's remembered voice, richly pleasant, came to her ears. He came to the microphone amidst a fanfare. He was doing a love scene from the new picture, with American's famous star Sandra Davis. Sheila sat spell-bound. He finished the scene to the thunderous applause of the studio audience.

She turned off the radio after that. Her faked letter had done the trick! She, and she alone, was responsible for his success! Pat Shannon had come into his own. Through her!

A flood of publicity began to pour through the newspapers, the fan magazines and the gossip columns. A new and exciting find had been uncovered at American, by Ritchie, the star maker; the greatest find since Bob Taylor or Henry Fonda or Jimmy Stewart or Errol Flynn!

AFTER that Sheila heard a great deal about Pat. There was no mention of the fact, however, that Charmien Chase had sent him to American Films. Sheila wondered about this, with growing uneasiness.

Her third month of unemployment found her with her funds dangerously low. She sold her battered coupe and some of her effects. A vast futility began to drain her soul, leaving her with a leaden listlessness. If something didn't click pretty soon she'd have to go home, to Pearl Harbor, acknowledge herself beaten and a failure, and forget Hollywood for good.

Panic clutched at her. There was enough money for three weeks' rent, and after that . . . what?

Then, one night, she stood outside, in the immense throng gathered to see the celebrities enter the Egyptian Theater for the opening of "Lafayette."

Patrick Shannon's first picture as a star! She got a place in the solid mass of curious onlookers where she could see the long canopy that stretched from curb to entrance. Names were hurled at the crowd through a thundering megaphone, and repeated through an overhead loud-speaker. The entire street was as bright as day under the concentrated flare of millions of candlepower. In the aisle was the radio announcer, with his microphone, busy telling it all to the outside world. As the arrivals succeeded one another, famous names were received with applause and cheers.

Then the latest sensation, Patrick Shannon, towering head and shoulders above them all; a dark young man of bulk and altitude, with a tread like a hunting leopard—and a blonde clinging to his arm!

Again Sheila felt the stir in her blood; her heart leaped, thundering insanely. Someone in the crowd around her asked, "Who's the gorgeous hussy with Shannon?" And someone else replied, "That's Sandra Davis, his leading lady. Gorgeous couple, what?"

Blindly, Sheila fought her way out of the dense mass, her eyes blurred with a mist she could not control; proud, elated; something plucking at her heartstrings with poignant fingers.

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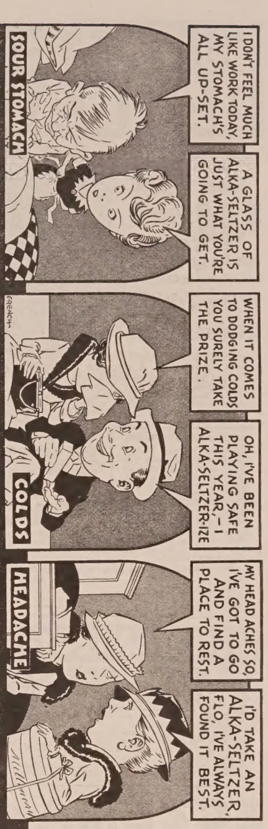
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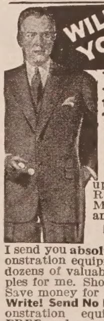

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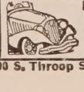

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But she must see Pat's picture, she knew. However, it was almost a week later before she could get into the theater. "Lafayette" was proving a sensation, a natural; predictions were that it would gross a million.

There was a crowd a block long standing in front of the theater when she arrived, but she waited, patiently, and finally got in just as the news reel ended. She found a seat and settled down in the darkness. When Pat appeared, in costume, there was a surprising rattle of applause. Pat had caught the popular fancy with a vengeance. He stole the picture.

Lights flashed on. The feminine section of the audience was using handkerchiefs freely and unashamedly. Patrick Shannon had won their hearts in a picture that would make new box office history.

Sheila stumbled out of the theater. She was weeping, and she didn't know just why. She was thrilled and elated, because of Pat's astonishing success; though his success, she realized, made him part of a world that had definitely ceased to exist, for her.

She had to fight this hopeless thing that had happened to her; this growing necessity, this mounting urge, more tyrannical than any need she had ever known; this desire to keep Pat a part of her life. It was too late for that, now; and, ironically enough, *she* had made it impossible! Pat was at the top; she was at the bottom. Ann Prentiss' story flashed into her mind.

Red rebellion swept her. The pulsing, vibrant current of life seemed intent on passing her by. Finally she went to bed, quiet, spent; sank, wide-eyed, into the bottomless pit of wakefulness, filled with a sensation of emptiness and futility. Within her smouldered an inextinguishable defiance, an outraged young loneliness. She fell asleep, her cheeks wet.

AT nine o'clock the next morning, she phoned Neil Hart's home, and this time it looked as if the fates had relented.

Mr. Hart, she was told, had come in for a day and left again, yesterday, for location, down the Coast; but a large party of extras was leaving, for location, by car, that afternoon; and Mr. Hart had instructed that she was to report at National and come along with them. Sheila's heart leaped. A job? With *National?*

It was a four-hour drive. Neil Hart had picked a wild and inaccessible section of the coast for his smash scenes in "Coral Seas." The players and stars were housed in portable bungalows; the technicians, grips, juicers, carpenters and extras had tents erected that were as comfortable as a hotel room. There were make-up tents and dressing rooms. A complete studio lay sprawled on the white sands. In the harbor, at anchor, rode a 17th century caravel.

Hart was busy on a small pier that faced the open sea. Part of the deck of the caravel, below him, was commanded by a group of cameras. Hart, tense, irritated, sat on a platform with several assistants.

"For Pete's sake!" he shouted. "Show some fright! This is a storm! You may go down to the sharks any minute! All right. Let's try it once more."

Sheila, with the other extras, lounged at some distance and watched.

"Okay!" called Hart. "Let's go! We're a week behind schedule now! Remember, you're scared. Show fright—terror!"

An assistant raised his hand. Great lights glared in the waning day. The scene was being shot silent; sound would be fitted in later. Blowers began to whirl the clouds of mineral oil that would look like sea fog; big pumps shot water high in the air, which descended as gusts of driven rain before the propellers of the wind machines; a crew of men, below, worked rollers, and the deck rocked with the simulated gale.

A WHISTLE knifed through the air, and giant paddles, out of sight of the cameras, whipped the quiet waters into giant waves and sent them over the sides. It looked like a terrific storm at sea. The players clung to the sides, drenched. The men were in pirate costumes, with wicked-looking collodion scars on their brutal bearded faces; the feminine players who took the part of island girls, in grass skirts, shivered and screamed realistically. Again a whistle cut through the sound.

Hart nodded. An assistant shouted, "All right, everybody! Action! Turn 'em over, Tommy!"

Frenzied motion began. The pirates and the island girls screamed as masts and tackle and ropes cluttered down; there was a frantic cutting away of the wreckage with axes; a white girl, in tatters, flung herself to the rail and looked over the heaving side.

"Cut!" yelled Hart. "Cut! Lousy! Cut!"

The action whined down. Hart left his platform scowling. "All right," he barked. "No more for today. We'll wait for a real storm and see if we can get some realism into this thing! This is rank fake, and it looks it! It's no use. Strike the set!"

The groups separated. Sheila went with the other girls to their quarters, presided over by a white-haired National matron who usually chaperoned the girl extras when on location. Three girls were assigned to each tent and after a meal in the big mess tent, Sheila met Hart on the beach.

"Hello, Sheila," he greeted her. "Glad you came. Nothing much for you, and we can't use you in any close shots, but you can be atmosphere in the background village shots."

"I'm glad to have the work," she told him, truthfully. "I quite understand."

It was, he told her, impossible to get the realistic effect he wanted unless a real storm came up. Then he would transport them all to the caravel, in the harbor, and take the wreck scene in a real blow—and he didn't care a hoot if he had to drown them all to get it. So far, the radio weather reports scheduled no storm in sight. That little island, out there, he explained, was the scene set for the carousal and struggle between the island girls and the men from the pirate ship. It was, really, the end of a long promontory but high tide made it an island.

As Hart talked, she noted the sudden avid hunger with which he eyed her. She knew that blind, breathless masculine gaze, and recoiled from it, though she knew that Hart was looking at her and seeing Charmien Chase.

Someone called him, and he excused himself and walked away to join a group at a big sound truck. Sheila looked around. There were idling groups of players, technicians and extras on the beach; a radio was playing the dinner music from the Ambassador; and a girl extra, in a bathing

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suit, was doing a rhumba in the sand.

She went to her tent and got into her bathing suit. There were several small boats used as ferries between shore and the caravel. She unfastened one and picked up the oars. Hart called to her, from the shore, "Hey, Sheila! Wait! I'll go with you." He, too, was in a bathing suit. He took the oars and rowed aimlessly, his eyes gravitating frequently to her.

The boat seemed to hurry along, even under the casual oars of the musing Hart. "Current here," he explained. "There's a good beach on the island. Care to see it?"

"I wouldn't mind," she said, listlessly.

The storm struck with the suddenness peculiar to sub-tropical waters, a few minutes after their first dip in the surf off the western shore of the island. Suddenly, the wind whined thinly, and a gray gloom stole over the sea, obliterating the shore. When they raced to their boat, they found that it had drifted to sea, blown from its careless mooring. They were stranded.

"Let's swim for it!" said Sheila. "It's not too far."

"No!" ordered Neil Hart. "It *is* too far, and the current between the rocks would drown the both of us. They'll come for us. Wouldn't you just *know* that nature would do this to me? Send a swell storm, without warning, when I can't use it?"

They retired to the pirates' shack and Hart lit a lantern. "Well," he said, glumly, "it looks as if we're here to stay awhile!"

She looked out, shivering. It had turned cold. The shore was blotted out by the mists and the gusts of slanting rain. The sea was too high for those ashore to launch a boat and come to their rescue. She retreated within the shack, sheltering herself as well as she could, for one wall was cut away, so the interior could be photographed. However, the wind favored them, and they were fairly dry and comfortable.

The hours went by and the storm grew worse. Hart sat and watched her. They talked in desultory fashion. When a palm tree, uprooted by the wind, crashed on the roof, Sheila exclaimed with fright, and clutched at Hart's arm. He took her shivering figure into his arms reassuringly and turned his own broad back to the open side so she would be the better sheltered.

Even in the flickering light of the oil lamp she saw his tawny eyes take fire. She tried to hold herself aloof, without moving. Some amazing electrical energy seemed to pour from him. He was a full-blooded, handsome man, and she liked Neil Hart; liked his kindliness, respected his unquestioned abilities.

A bizarre flash of thought bulleted across her mind. He was supposed to be in love with Charmien Chase. Was this one place where she could double for Chase again? Could she win Neil Hart away from Chase? She was younger, just as pretty; and as for Patrick Shannon—

Hart said, almost harshly, "Sheila!" He pressed her closely to him and kissed her mouth, and she quivered. In her mind, she had given herself to Patrick Shannon. She wondered, now, why people commonly admitted that men could be stirred to infidelities, to forgetfulness, and didn't admit the same thing about women.

Men could go freely from one woman to another. Why couldn't she take romance where she found it, take it lightly, with no qualms of conscience? After an ephemeral

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"Get out and don't ever come back," he shouted.

"As she responded to my every touch, I knew intuitively just how she felt. In my new-found delirium I did not wish to speak or stop dancing—I just wanted to go on and on, endlessly, in rhythmic tide with Patty, holding her close, drowning myself in the unfathomable depths of her shadowy eyes. Tonight was forever—and it was ours!"

* * *

At last he had found the great love of his life. In an ecstasy of joy, his thoughts raced into the future—a blissfully happy future with this exquisite girl forever at his side, with their children growing up into proud manhood and womanhood. Oh, it was too good to be true!

And that's just what it proved to be—too good to be true. For the very next day he was to discover that, instead of embracing this love, he would have to fight it—fight it as if it were a plague. Could he do it? And if he didn't— But read for yourself this powerful and fascinating human document, "The Love I Had to Fight"—a true story so poignant, so deeply moving that the Editors of TRUE STORY awarded it a magnificent $1000 prize in a recent true story manuscript contest. You will find it complete in TRUE STORY Magazine for December.

NOW ON THE SCREEN

If you would like to see re-enacted before your eyes the stories that have pleased you and touched you and moved you so deeply when you read them in True Story Magazine or heard them in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

EDITORIAL BY BERNARR MACFADDEN ● MY STRANGER HUSBAND ● THEY HANGED MY SON UNDER THE LINDBERGH ACT—IN WHICH MOTHER GOOCH TELLS THE YEAR'S MOST HEART-RENDING STORY ● THE MAN WHO PLAYED SATAN ● IN HIS DELIRIUM ● WAS IT JUST BIG BROTHER LOVE ● AND I WAS THE GUILTY ONE ● EVEN THOUGH I WAS A MOTHER I MARRIED FOR MONEY ● THE TRUE STORY HOMEMAKER AND MANY OTHER INTERESTING AND HELPFUL FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS.

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True Story

DECEMBER—OUT NOW!

adventure the real woman would remain essentially the same. Her permanent loyalties and affections would not be diminished. If Charmien Chase and Pat Shannon ever met, Charmien would, undoubtedly, try to win him; and Pat would think that Charmien was the girl who had helped him to stardom. Why should she hesitate to take Hart away from Charmien Chase?

Her heart was beating thickly under the urge of Hart's lips. He looked down into her face. "Kiss me, Sheila," he said. His masculinity was overpowering. With the storm shrieking outside, it was assuring and comforting to feel his strong arms around her. Neil Hart meant safety; an end to a heart-breaking and hopeless quest; something within her reached out in answer to him as his lips crushed down passionately on her mouth.

Has Sheila found vengeance in another form? Or is her own revenge about to become a boomerang? Next month, you'll see what happens when a Hollywood stand-in sets out to battle a great star! Don't fail to get your copy of February MOVIE MIRROR, *on sale December 23rd.*

How Thelma Todd Is Haunting Patsy Kelly

(*Continued from page 29*)

train just as it pulled out of Pasadena.

"'Get off, Kelly,' she said, 'you can't do this.'

"'Aw, can microphones and standing on chalk lines,' I said. 'I don't want it. What's it got to do with me? Getting up in the middle of the night to go to work. It's crazy. Nuts to it.'

"'Get off, Kelly,' she said. 'Come on.' And, picking up my bags, she got me off.

"She sat up all night talking to me. She taught me never to run out on anything.

"'I believe God sent you to me, Toddy,' I told her later, 'to take my mother's place, God rest her soul.'

"Then I did get in a jam. I was supporting about eighteen people, strangers most of them, and I paid no attention to government papers and things, and one day on the set a guy walked up and said, 'Are you Kelly? Patsy Kelly?'

"'Sure,' I said.

"'All right,' he said, flashing a badge. 'Off to the hoosegow for you.'

"'Now wait,' I said.

"'You wait,' he said. 'You know you haven't paid your income tax since 1930, don't you?'

"Well, I was all ready to give in and go when Thelma stepped up. The way she got rid of that guy was marvelous. We sat down and went over everything, Thelma giving me you know what. 'If you make only sixty dollars a week, Kelly,' she said, 'make believe it's only forty dollars and save the twenty dollars. You've got to get organized.'

"In a week she had all that income business, whatever it is, all paid for me. She got me an agent.

"'This is a funny town, Patsy,' she used to say. 'You've got to look your best and keep your chin up.' She dressed me up. She gave me friendship. She gave me advice.

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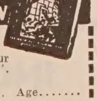

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"Once when I was having an argument with the studio, she took me aside. 'Now don't go in there and yell,' she said. 'Be a lady, you hear me? Talk nicely and calmly. And remember—*be a lady.*'

"I used to call her up all hours of the day and night and there she was, eager and willing to hear my troubles.

"'Mother Todd talking,' she'd say. 'Go ahead with your troubles.' And I'd come away knowing what to do.

"I thought, that day as I sat there, that Thelma, who was gone, was somehow near me. The tears were running down over my face.

"Now it's the projection room I can't go near. We used to sit and laugh ourselves into hysterics as we looked at the rushes. Not because we thought we were funny but at the cracks Thelma would make about us.

"'Well, well,' she'd say about herself, 'look at Goldilocks trying to be coy.' And we'd die.

"I'd forgotten about it. It never entered my head the first time I went in to see my rushes after she was gone. But suddenly there was the crowding in of a presence. I knew it was Thelma. Sitting there. Near me. I got out. I can't go back. She's always there. Looking at the screen with someone else in her place.

"It's made my heart sad. It's nearly a year now that she's been gone and she's with me more than ever.

"You see," Patsy continued, "something, darned if I know what it is, has happened to me since I came to this crazy town. Everyone I loved, turned to, needed, has gone, just like Thelma.

"There was one man, a swell New York actor and impersonator, first. I'd been a friend of his and his wife's for years in New York. Then I went down to the cafe that last night of his appearance.

"I glanced up at the flashing sign over the door that announced it was his last night, and as clearly as I'm hearing you, a voice said, 'Be careful. It *is* his last night.'

"He backed the car into the ocean off the end of the pier just one hour later. We all were submerged in the water. Adrenalin worked with me. It didn't with him.

"And then came Thelma. She gave me everything I needed. Got me on my feet. Gave me confidence and true friendship. And then she went.

"I had Ralph Farnum, my agent, left. He took me in hand, fought my battles, and gave me advice.

"He went, too, just a few weeks ago. I think he tried to tell me he was going for he kept advising me about investments, and the future. But Thelma is always near me."

Patsy Kelly is losing weight. She turns quickly as if listening, waiting, expecting. She locks herself in her dressing room at the studio.

But some mornings she comes to work with a strange glow on her grand Irish face, because a beautiful and tragic figure—a figure as real as the friend who sits across from you now—has stood beside her again and said:

"Patsy, don't worry. Everything is going to come out all right. You'll know—"

And Patsy knows Thelma Todd has never failed her yet.

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Announcements regarding subsequent contests and prize schedules will appear in successive issues of several Macfadden magazines.

In the meantime prepare now to take advantage of the splendid opportunity offered by the January contest. Surely, at some period in your life you have lived or observed the working out of one or more true stories so vivid, so gripping, so emotionally compelling that men and women everywhere would be pleased and thrilled to read them.

These are the stories that we seek and will pay handsomely to secure. Begin to plan your first true story today. Send it in as soon as possible after January 1st and then prepare to take part in the February and subsequent contests. While it is a popular saying that "opportunity knocks but once" during the period of this contest series opportunity will knock *once each month.* Can you afford to miss such a chance to add substantially to your bank account?

If you have not taken part in true story manuscript contests in the past we urgently suggest that before actually beginning to write you send for a free copy of a booklet telling "Facts You Should Know Before Writing True Stories". A coupon is provided for your convenience. It will be to your advantage to read this booklet carefully.

Watch the February issues of this and similar Macfadden magazines (on sale during January) for contest rules, prize schedule and other important details.

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 31*)

enson, Nigel Bruce and Donald Crisp are typical English officers. Spring Byington, as the gossipy wife of Bruce, is a joy and delight. But greater than any personality is the sweeping vital story.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the finest melodramatic epics in years. Must not be missed.

✓✓The Big Broadcast of 1937 (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jack Benny, George Burns and Gracie Allen, Bob Burns, Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Ray Milland, Frank Forest, Benny Fields, Sam Hearn, Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra.*

It's About: *A small town radio announcer who is kept off the air by a jealous singer only to become a sensational star herself.*

Strung on a slender thread of plot is entertainment plus in this amazing array of talent, music, fun and laughter.

Shirley Ross, a small town radio announcer, is prone to kid the singing of Frank Forest, radio star. Forest in a jealous fret has his manager, Ray Milland, bring her to New York and place her with Jack Benny's radio station to make sure she is kept off the air. Instead she wins her chance to sing, a top spot on radio, and everyone's heart. Into the picture now come Gracie Allen and George Burns, wealthy manufacturers of golf balls, anxious to sponsor a program. And what a program.

Your reviewer Says: If you're searching for a bright, fast musical, here it is.

✓Empty Saddles (Buck Jones—Universal)

You'll See: *Buck Jones, Louise Brooks, Harvey Clark, Charles Middleton, Lloyd Ingraham, Frank Campeau, Earl Askam.*

It's About: *A cowboy who fights his way to peace and happiness.*

The usual high standard of a Buck Jones Western is maintained and at times topped throughout this galloping story of a roving, fearless cowboy who annexes a ranch abandoned by its owners because of invading sheepmen.

Converting the place into a dude ranch, Jones decides to amuse his guests by a fake battle between cattlemen and sheepmen, but the conflict proves real and hard fighting, fast riding and killing ensue.

This has stamina, pep, spooks and plenty of blood and thunder melodrama.

Your Reviewer Says: A bang-up Western that adds spice to any program.

✓✓The Gay Desperado (United Artist)

You'll See: *Nino Martini, Ida Lupino, Leo Carrillo, Harold Huber, James Blakeley, Stanley Fields, Mischa Auer, Adrian Rosley.*

It's About: *A young Mexican singer who, forced to become a bandit, aids in the kidnapping of an eloping couple only to fall in love with the girl and get into all sorts of complications thereby.*

Once in a while there is something new under the sun-arcs of Hollywood. In this delightful and satirical farce, we find it in story, dialogue, song and humor.

An ambitious young singer in Mexico (Nino Martini) is annexed by a bandit gang because leader Leo Carrillo is a music-loving bad-man. Once a member of the gang, Martini is forced to kidnap Ida Lupino and James Blakeley, two eloping Americans. He falls in love with Ida and aids Blakeley to escape. Admitting his part in the escape, he is brought before a firing squad whose quips and behaviour render it one of the funniest firing squads to date. How Martini wins freedom and creates the happy ending is one of the merriest, maddest things you've ever seen.

It's gay, dashing, clever and exciting throughout. The performances are all excellent and Martini sings magnificently.

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

✓Hopalong Cassidy Returns (Paramount)

✓

You'll See: *William Boyd, George Hayes, Gail Sheridan, Evelyn Brent, Stephen Morris, William Janney, Irving Bacon, John Beck.*

It's About: *A Western hero who cleans up a gang ridden village.*

By far one of the best of the Cassidy series, with plenty of true Western atmosphere, punch, pep and bravado.

This time William Boyd, the up-and-at-them *Cassidy*, comes to a typical Western village to track down criminals who murdered a gold miner for his claim. Receiving his instructions from the crippled newspaper editor, Boyd goes to work with guns and fury.

Boyd does his best work to date. Evelyn Brent plays a villainess with finesse and charm.

Your Reviewer Says: A completely satisfactory all-family picture.

The Man I Marry (Universal)

You'll See: *Doris Nolan, Michael Whalen, Charles "Chic" Sale, Nigel Bruce, Skeets Gallagher, Marjorie Gateson, Cliff Edwards.*

It's About: *The romance of a girl who runs away from marriage and an author who runs away from women.*

With an airy lightness and a new polish to old gags and situations, this story breezes merrily and amusingly on.

Running away from marriage with a socially prominent nit-wit, Doris Nolan flees to her aunt's country home and finds a determined and stubborn young playwright (Michael Whalen), who has broken into the place and is hard at work. Secretly sending on his play to her producer uncle (Nigel Bruce), Miss Nolan locks the cantankerous young writer in the local jail to prevent him from discovering his play is being rewritten.

Chic Sale, with his crumbling legs and penchant for getting into predicaments as the jailer, provides the most fun while Skeets Gallagher and Cliff Edwards

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Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television; shows you actual letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; tells about my Money-Back Agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a postcard—NOW!

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Dept. 7ATA
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

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J. E. SMITH, President,
Dept. 7ATA
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME..AGE........

ADDRESS..

CITY...STATE..........................

wander about in an inebriated fog. Marjorie Gateson is a very fetching aunt.

Your Reviewer Says: If you crave an hour's amusing fun, here it is.

✓✓Pigskin Parade (20th Century Fox)

You'll See: *Stuart Erwin, Patsy Kelly, Jack Haley, Yacht Club Boys, Johnny Downs, Betty Grable, Arline Judge, Dixie Dunbar, Judy Garland.*

It's About: *A jerk-water college that finds itself in the limelight.*

Music and pep with a college (be it ever so humble) background. Fresh new angles have a way of popping up, to say nothing of the Yacht Club Boys.

By mistake, an invitation is issued to a small Texas school to play football at Yale. The preparation by Coach Jack Haley, the comic meddling of his wife, Patsy Kelly, and the frantic frustrations present on every side, make this one of the zippiest football pictures to date.

The dancing of Dixie Dunbar, the grand singing of Judy Garland and the amazing good looks of band leader Anthony Martin add snap and charm. Stuart Erwin has never been better. Johnny Downs, Arline Judge and Betty Grable are grand.

Your Reviewer Says: A lively, rollicking story with fun for everyone.

☆✓A Woman Rebels (RKO)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Herbert Marshall, Elizabeth Allan, Doris Dudley, Lucille Watson, Donald Crisp, Margaret Seddon, Eily Malyon.*

It's About: *A woman who sacrifices love and security for the sake of her child.*

Rising above the story itself Katharine Hepburn gives a beautiful performance of a woman of the Mid-Victorian era.

Following an illicit love affair, Katharine, discovering she is about to become a mother, goes to visit her sister (Elizabeth Allan) in Italy. Later, with her child, she returns to England, meets and loves Herbert Marshall but refuses to marry him because of the child. Emerging as a writer on women's rights, she faces her greatest hours with gracious sacrifice. The story moves slowly but radiates a certain appeal. It is very beautifully produced.

Your Reviewer Says: A vehicle far below the Hepburn talents.

✓✓Come and Get It (Samuel Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, Frances Farmer, Walter Brennan, Andrea Leeds, Frank Shields, Mady Christians, Mary Nash, Edwin Maxwell, Cecil Cunningham, Charles Halbon.*

It's About: *An over ambitious lumberjack and what wealth costs him.*

This Edna Ferber story is brought to the screen in a beautiful and inspiring manner. All the stark reality, pathos and crudeness of a vigorous American of the early nineties is portrayed compellingly.

Barney Glasgow, (Edward Arnold) a hard-fisted lumberjack, falls in love with *Lotta* (Frances Farmer), a dance hall girl, but casting off love for ambition, he marries the daughter of his boss, becomes a partner and amasses a fortune. Returning to the scene of his early manhood, he again meets *Swan* (Walter Brennan), his faithful Swedish friend who has married *Lotta.* When *Barney* meets the girl's daughter he feels the stirring of his old love, only to be disillusioned when he realizes that she loves his (*Barney's*) own son (Joel McCrea).

Arnold's performance, the best of his career, is sensitive, human and vital. Joel McCrea is at his best. Walter Brennan is equally fine, while Frances Farmer, who plays both mother and daughter, gives a remarkably brilliant performance.

Your Reviewer Says: A truly great picture. Not to be missed.

✓Country Gentlemen (Republic)

You'll See: *Ole Olsen, Chick Johnson, Joyce Compton, Lila Lee, Pierre Watkins, Donald Kirke, Ray Corrigan, Sammy McKim, Wade Boteler.*

It's About: *Two phony promoters who are saved from disaster by luck.*

A surprisingly bright little comedy with the irrepressible Olson and Johnson creating a riot of laughs as a pair of dubious promoters whose unsound projects have a way of producing in the nick of time.

Landing in a small town jail with a soldiers' home nearby, the boys find themselves compelled to permit the veterans to invest their bonus money in a fake oil well. Discovering the fraud, the veterans blow up the well and accidently bring in a gusher, thereby saving the necks of Mr. Olsen and Mr. Johnson.

Good dialogue, the humor of this comedy team and the slapstick situations, make this a bright spot on any program.

Your Reviewer Says: A hearty laugh for all Olsen and Johnson fans.

✓✓We Who Are About To Die (RKO)

You'll See: *Preston Foster, Ann Dvorak, John Beal, Russel Hopton, J. Caroll Naish, Ray Mayer, Frank Thomas, John Wray, Landers Stevens.*

It's About: *A prisoner, convicted on circumstantial evidence, who awaits execution in Death Row.*

Taken from David Lamson's powerful book of the men who wait for execution in San Quentin death row, this story, sombre in theme, brings vivid actuality to the prison scenes and keenly portrays the feeling of men waiting for death.

John Beal, a young engineer, is kidnapped by a gang of crooks and his car used in a hold-up which results in the murder of a paymaster and the ruthless slaughter of a child. Convicted solely on circumstantial evidence, Beal is railroaded to prison by job-seeking politicians. His sweetheart (Ann Dvorak) induces the district attorney (Preston Foster) to help her prove Beal's innocence and, against all odds, they begin the task.

This is the greatest sermon against capital punishment the screen has offered.

Your reviewer says: Very compelling.

Love Letters of a Star (Universal)

You'll See: *Henry Hunter, Polly Rowles, C. Henry Gordon, Walter Coy, Hobart Cavanaugh, Ralph Forbes, Alma Kruger, Samuel S. Hinds, Mary Alice Rice, Halliwell Hobbs, Rolly Lloyd, Warren Hymer.*

It's About: *A mystery concerning the real killer of a blackmailer.*

Misleading as to title, this little mystery tale maintains some suspense but fails to piece together many unexplained angles.

The daughter of a wealthy New York family commits suicide when a blackmailer fails to return love letters she once wrote to a third-rate actor. Later the blackmailer approaches the family and is attacked and apparently killed by Henry Hunter, husband of the dead girl.

Disposing of the body, Hunter and his father-in-law (Samuel Hinds) decide to take the family and the actor away on a yachting trip to avoid suspicion. But Hobart Cavanaugh, an undertaker, has already spotted them with the body.

C. Henry Gordon, as the relentless detective, Alma Kruger, as the mother and Polly Knowles as the daughter of the outraged family, offer splendid performances. Ralph Forbes and Walter Coy complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Unworthy of the splendid cast.

General Spanky (Hal Roach)

You'll See: *"Spanky" McFarland, Phillips Holmes, Ralph Morgan, Irving Pichell, Rosina Lawerence, Billie Thomas, Carl Switzer.*

It's About: *A small orphan who finds a home with a southern planter and proves his savior during the Civil War.*

The Our Gang group comes through with an amusing full length feature.

Spanky, an orphan, is a shoe shiner on a Mississippi River boat who attempts to father Buckwheat, a small slave lost in the shuffle. The two finally find shelter with Phillips Holmes, a planter, who presently marches off to war leaving the waifs. An attack on Union soldiers by the gang brings many a hearty laugh. But when Holmes is captured by the Yankees, it falls to Spanky to save the situation and very amusingly, too.

Spanky carries the lead with all the aplomb of an old trouper while Carl Switzer and Buckwheat Thomas provide the laughs. Phillip Holmes makes a handsome southern gentleman and Irving Pichell a convincing villain.

Your Reviewer Says: Children will cheer this bright little story.

Rose Bowl (Paramount)

You'll See: *Tom Brown, Eleanore Whitney, Benny Baker, William Frawley, Larry Crabbe, Nydia Westman, Pricilla Lawson, Adrian Morris, James Conlin, Nick Lucas.*

It's About: *A small-time college football team that reaches the top.*

If you are a bit weary of average football pictures, here is one that breezes along with fun and frolic, romance and comical embarrassments.

Benny Baker, supplying the giggles, and Tom Brown, college hero, are team mates who become involved in a publicity stunt that eventually lands these small-timers in the annual Rose Bowl game.

William Frawley, as the Rockne-type coach, and Larry Crabbe, as the usual unpleasant show-off, turn in grand performances. Eleanore Whitney, as the flighty sweetheart of the team, is properly checked by the gentle wisecracking of her amusing sister, Nydia Westman.

Your Reviewer Says: An amusing sports picture that fills the bill.

JUST A FUNNY OLD SONG EVERYBODY KNOWS

"WE sing, we sing, we sing of Lydia Pinkham," so go the words of an old song known on every college campus.

Old grads sing it at their class reunions.

The young people sing it when they gather around the piano at home on their college vacations.

And mother, listening, puts her book aside and joins in the chorus.

"How she saved, she saved, she saved the human race—" remember the words of the parody?

From laughing young lips that have never known the twist of pain it comes with gay abandon. Just a funny old school song everybody knows.

But to silver haired mothers who have run life's gauntlet, to women who have lain on the rack in childbirth, known the fiery ordeal of the "change"—these words bring grateful memories. To them it is much more than just a funny song.

Lydia E. Pinkham was a real woman

The song is a parody. But Lydia E. Pinkham was a very real person. In fact hers is one of the best known names in the history of American women.

She began her work in the light of little knowledge. Her laboratory was a kitchen. Her compounding vat an iron kettle on a New England kitchen stove.

But today her work is being carried on under the banner of modern science.

And now her product is made in a great plant occupying six modern factory buildings.

Not a Patent Medicine

You may be surprised to know that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is not a patent medicine.

On the contrary it is a standard proprietary compounded to aid women in facing the three major ordeals of their sex. It is to be found in every reputable drug store.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

We who carry on the work of Lydia Pinkham do not offer this Vegetable Compound as a panacea or a cure-all.

We do know it has been tested and approved by women of three generations. We do know that a million women have written to tell us it has been helpful during the three most difficult ordeals of their sex: adolescence, motherhood and "middle age."

More than a Million Letters of Grateful Testimony

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been advertised these many years. But no advertisement we have ever printed could compare with the word-of-mouth advertising from one grateful woman to another.

In our files are more than one million letters from women in every walk of life—letters on scented notepaper or on torn wrapping paper—letters from women who have known pain and have written to us without solicitation to tell us how helpful Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been to them.

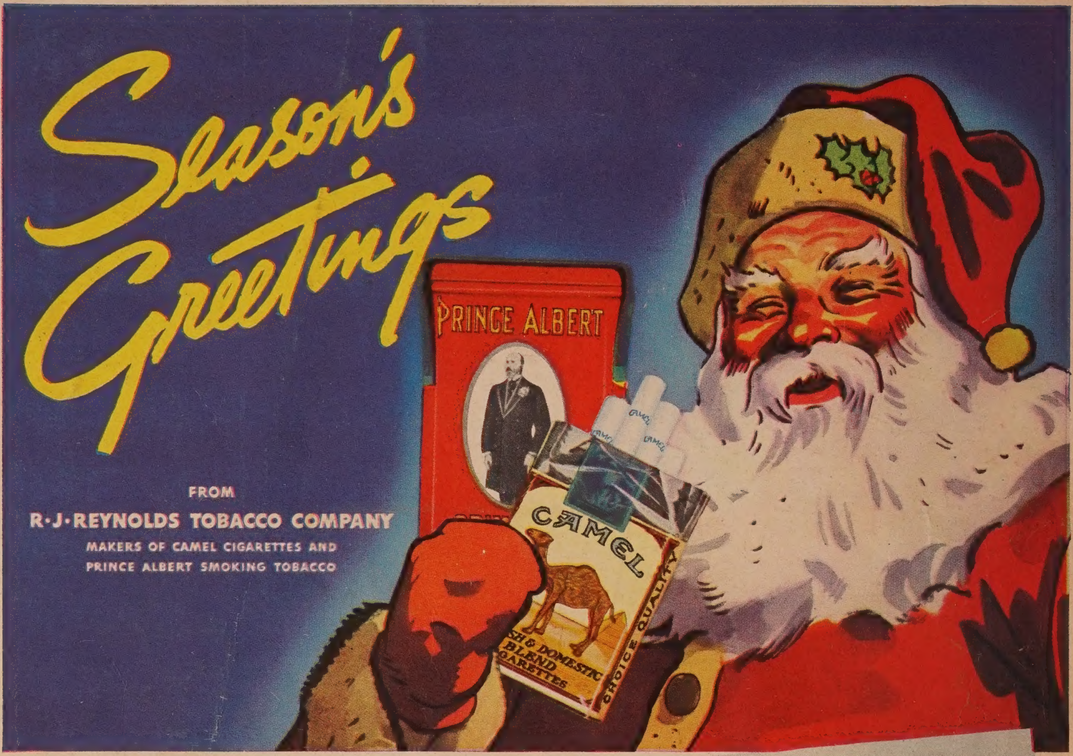
If you are in need of help we can honestly advise you to give it a fair trial.

We know what it has done for others.

We have every reason to believe it will do the same for you. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Massachusetts, U. S. A.

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound


Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

FROM

R·J·REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND
PRINCE ALBERT SMOKING TOBACCO

CAMELS
Season's Greetings
CAMELS
CAMEL
CIGARETTES

At your dealer's you'll find this Christmas package—the Camel carton—200 cigarettes.

Another Christmas special—4 boxes of Camels in "flat fifties"—wrapped in gay holiday dress. (right, above)

Camels

There's no more acceptable gift in Santa's whole bag than a carton of Camel Cigarettes. Here's the happy solution to *your* gift problems. Camels are sure to be appreciated. And *enjoyed!* With mild, fine-tasting Camels, you keep in tune with the cheery spirit of Christmas. Enjoy Camels at mealtime—between courses and after eating—for their aid to digestion. Get an invigorating "lift" with a Camel. Camels set you right! They're made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

Prince Albert

It's easy to please all the pipe-smokers on your list. Just give them the same mellow, fragrant tobacco they choose for *themselves*—Prince Albert—the National Joy Smoke. "P. A." is the largest-selling smoking tobacco in the world—as mild and tasty a tobacco as ever delighted a man. And Prince Albert does not "bite" the tongue. Have bright red-and-green Christmas packages of Prince Albert waiting there early Christmas morning... to wish *your* friends and relatives the merriest Christmas ever.

Season's Greetings
PRINCE ALBERT
Prince Albert
CRIMP CUT
the national joy smoke

One full pound of mild, mellow Prince Albert—the "biteless" tobacco—packed in the cheerful red tin and placed in an attractive Christmas gift package. (far left)

Here's a full pound of Prince Albert, packed in a real glass humidor that keeps the tobacco in perfect condition and becomes a welcome possession. Gift wrap. (near left)

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movie MIRROR

FEBRUARY

10¢

A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

ROBERT TAYLOR'S AMAZING HOMECOMING

INSIDE FACTS of the PICKFORD-ROGERS ROMANCE

Do you take hearts by storm?

YES, IF YOUR MAKE-UP'S NATURAL

WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR—if not to set masculine hearts athrob—if not to bring the thrill of conquests—if not to sing little songs of happiness in your heart when he admires? Make-up's so important—especially your rouge!

There's nothing beautiful about rouge that looks painted, that outlines itself as a splotch. But Princess Pat rouge—*duo-tone*—Ah, there *is* beauty!

All over the world smartly-groomed women say Princess Pat rouge is their favorite. Let's discover its secret of utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless it is Princess Pat—most likely is one flat tone. But Princess Pat rouge is duo-tone.

There's an undertone that blends with an *overtone*, to change magically on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful, vital, *real*—no outline. The almost incredible, astounding effect is that of color coming from within the skin, just like a natural blush. You'll be a glamorous person with Princess Pat rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.

mail coupon now!

Princess Pat cosmetics are non-allergic!

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

TUNE IN — "A TALE OF TODAY" with Joan Blaine, NBC Red Network—every Sunday 6:30 P.M., E.S.T.

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2709 South Wells Street, Chicago

Without cost or obligation please send me a free sample of Princess Pat rouge, as checked

☐ English Tint ☐ Squaw ☐ Medium ☐ Poppy ☐ Vivid ☐ Theatre ☐ Gold ☐ Tan ☐ Nite

One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

Name..

Street..

City..State............................

IN CANADA, GORDON GORDON LTD., TORONTO

Finger Wave, Manicure and Facial yet she overlooks tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies... help keep your gums healthy with Ipana and Massage.

SHE'LL sit by the hour for the latest finger wave, spend dollar after dollar on beauty aids, and fret and worry over the first sign of a skin blemish. But her friends and even strangers seldom notice these things. They only see her smile—a disappointing smile—a smile that is *dull, dingy* and *unsightly*—a smile that shocks instead of thrills!

Yet her smile *still* could be attractive—with teeth sparkling, white and brilliant. But not until she does something about her tender, ailing gums—not until she knows the *meaning* of that warning tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush.

Heed that Tinge of "Pink"

When you see that tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*go to your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble—*but let him decide.* More than likely, however, he will lay the blame to our modern menus—to the soft foods that rob our gums of necessary work. And usually he will suggest more work for those lazy, tender gums and the healthy stimulation of Ipana and massage.

If he does, start with Ipana and massage today. Use it faithfully. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Gradually you'll notice a new life and firmness as circulation quickens in the gums.

Then with whiter teeth, healthier gums, how appealing your smile will be; how *brilliant, sparkling.* Start with Ipana Tooth Paste and massage today, and help make your smile the lovely, attractive thing it ought to be.

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS ©
NEW YORK

IPANA
Tooth Paste

Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10, NO. 3 • FEBRUARY, 1937

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Natural Color Photograph of SHIRLEY TEMPLE by James N. Doolittle

IN THE MARCH ISSUE

(OUT JANUARY 22)

The Complete, Authorized Biography of Fred MacMurray

Beginning one of the most human, inspirational life stories to be found in all Hollywood—a story of struggle against a glamorous heredity and courage in an intensely practical environment. Anecdotes that have never been told before, heart-breaking revelations that have never been made—the story of the boy with the gypsy heart who wanted most of all to be a responsible gentleman with a peaceful home.

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Printed in the U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Dunellen, N. J.

The fragrance of her camelias intoxicated his senses . . .

"Crush me in your arms until the breath is gone from my body!"

She had known many kinds of love, but *his* kisses filled her with longings she had never felt before . . . The glamorous Garbo — handsome Robert Taylor — together in a love story that will awaken your innermost emotions with its soul-stabbing drama!

Greta GARBO LOVES Robert TAYLOR

IN

CAMILLE

with LIONEL BARRYMORE
ELIZABETH ALLAN • JESSIE RALPH
HENRY DANIELL • LENORE ULRIC
LAURA HOPE CREWS

A Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer Picture, based on play and novel "La Dame aux Camelias" (Lady of the Camelias) by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by George Cukor

Speak for Yourself

There's quite a contrast between Dorothy Lamour's back-to-nature costumes in "The Jungle Princess" and the crinolines and ruffles of this Valentine—but no one could wear either more appropriately.

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Greater Praise Hath No Woman—

I never had a son. Never missed *not* having one. Not until last week when I saw *him*. A Western he-man. Tall, vital, alive. Intensely lovable. "Gentility" written all over him. Gentleness, too. Maybe he didn't possess the finished technique of a Marshall or a Howard, but he had "a something" I liked better. Had I been twenty years younger, my heart would have gone pit-a-pat.

Then last night I *read* about him. Saw that same winning countenance smiling at me. Saw the lovely, lovable girl he married. Liked him for selecting just the kind I'd like *my* son to marry (if I had one). Liked his standards. "Well," said I to myself, "if Hollywood had more players like *him*, and more marriages like *his*, we movie fans would have nothing to talk about."

You've got what it takes, Gary Cooper. Long may you reign!

Mrs. George Jones,
Tucson, Ariz.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

The Pleasures of Complaint

"Knock, knock," who's there? It's the hammer brigade,
Rendering their favorite chorus;
They don't like the stars nor the way films are made—
How their dull dissertations *do* bore us!
They make quaint remarks about Clark Gable's ears,
And Joan Crawford's make-up is wrong;
They're just about ready to burst into tears
Because Ann Harding wears her hair long;
They wail to high heaven that Garbo can't act,
And Dietrich does nothing but pose;
They gleefully point out, with more truth than tact,
The bump on poor Bob Taylor's nose.
Mae West, they suggest, must go sweet and demure,
Or else she is on her way out;
If Shirley Temple's fame would endure,
She must diet—she's getting too stout;
And so on, *ad nauseam,* until it's not funny;
If they don't find the films entertaining,
Why do they continue to pay their good money
For the privilege of *always* complaining?

Willie Mae Jackson,
Columbia, Tenn.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Sorry, Lady—He's Married!

A movie star for a husband! Sit still, my bumping heart! It's not Clark Gable I'm after. You'd never guess. It's that lovable old pie-faced son-of-a-gun, Wallace Beery. Why would I select that homely man from the list of dashing Romeos? Because, after you'd divorced five of yours, I'd still have my Wally, and I'm an old-fashioned, one-man woman at heart. Imagine the peace that would always be mine with no slinking sirens always on his trail! The delectable foods I could eat as I grew stout along with Wally, while you are starving on lettuce and buttermilk to hold your Gene Raymonds and Robert Taylors! I should worry if he's short on looks, when he's long on love and companionship. My wise old grandmother always said: "You can't judge a book by its cover." A pleasant, kind and lovable man, strong yet tender, intelligent yet human—that's my ideal mate—Wallace Beery.

Sally Hershkowitz,
Bronx, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

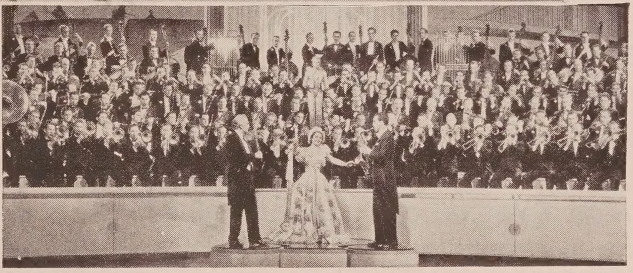
Hollywood Putting on Airs?

Every now and again one reads in the newspapers and magazines articles to the effect that Hollywood makes two kinds of pictures—money pictures (of course) and prestige pictures. "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "Romeo and Juliet" are of the latter type and are produced in order to give the impression that Hollywood is really a cultured and high-toned place and can Keep Up With the Joneses when it wants to. It is almost as though Hollywood

(*Continued on page* 116)

Gladys and Fred go to town in handsome style

The thrilling romance team of "Champagne Waltz" take time off from work to tour Hollywood in a hansom cab. (By the way, the critics all tell us "Champagne Waltz" is the best picture either one of these stars has ever made)



The biggest band that ever went to town on that grand old tune "The Blue Danube"

S. R. O.—Vivienne Osborne stands up a few of the boys

Veloz & Yolanda step out in a little Tyrolean number

Gladys and Fred take a few pointers on ball room dancing from the greatest dance team in the world . . . Veloz and Yolanda

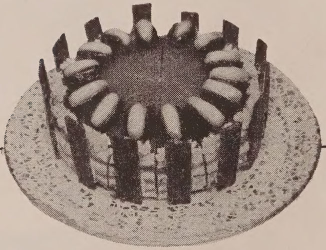
Gladys Swarthout
and Fred MacMurray
in
"CHAMPAGNE WALTZ"

A Paramount Picture with
Jack Oakie • Veloz & Yolanda
Herman Bing • Vivienne Osborne • Frank Forest • Benny Baker • Ernest Cossart
Directed by A. Edward Sutherland

PASTRY TIPS *From a Master Chef* OF HOLLYWOOD

Marco Vecchi, of The Victor Hugo, reveals his most popular recipes and baking secrets

By PAULINE NELSON



THERE IS NO CHARGE FOR THE RECIPE for Torte Venetian, which shows you just how to make this ultra dessert; or for the other Victor Hugo specialty, their famous Ravioli. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to

COOKING EDITOR,
Movie Mirror,
7751 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

DON'T you get fed up, every once in a while, with the ordinary run of food, especially when you've been dining out, and you finish a meal with a superlative Bombe This or Torte That, and you wonder idly why you never see recipes for such things, so you could have them at home? And all the crisp, different hot breads—restaurants seem to have a corner on them.

I felt this way the other day when I was having luncheon at the Victor Hugo, and devouring the last, buttery crumbs of my fifth *croissant,* and I decided to do something about it.

The cuisine of this famous Beverly Hills restaurant is ranked among the first seven in the country, which shows you our Hollywood stars (with whom the Victor Hugo is a popular spot for both luncheon and dinner) recognize artistry, even in food.

Since this is a cooking department, I can't stop to describe the charm of this Hollywood rendezvous, but the picture at the top of this page suggests its continental atmosphere. The Victor Hugo is a quiet, luxurious restaurant in which the preparing and serving of fine food becomes almost a rite.

It is *not* the kind of place where you casually ask the waiter what the cook put into that sauce to make it so good.

(*Continued on page* 68)

NATURE IS *Stingy* WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

THIS BEAUTIFUL ENAMEL . . ONCE WORN AWAY . .
NEVER GROWS BACK — NEVER !

be safe—

Protect precious enamel. Once lost, it's gone forever. Be safe and win flashing new luster with absolute security!

Nature restores skin, hair, nails—but never tooth enamel. Those precious surfaces, once worn away, are gone forever. Beauty goes with them . . . decay attacks teeth . . . the days of enchanting young teeth are over.

Guard those precious surfaces! Now science brings you the *utterly safe* tooth paste. One that cleans by an entirely new principle. That uses no chalk or grit or harsh abrasive.

Pepsodent alone contains IRIUM

Pepsodent containing IRIUM brings flashing luster to teeth—cleans them immaculately—freshens mouth—stimulates gums and free flowing saliva—yet does so with the *safest action ever known in tooth pastes.*

Because IRIUM—the thrilling new dental ingredient—removes film without scouring or scraping. It *lifts* the clinging plaque off teeth and washes it gently away. It leaves the enamel surfaces *spotlessly clean*—then polishes them to a brilliant luster you never even *saw* before!

It's an *amazing* advance in tooth beauty and safety. In just a few days your teeth sparkle with alluring brilliance that everyone *notices.* Buy a tube of Pepsodent containing IRIUM. Begin *now* to use this new method that brings flashing luster to your teeth with *absolute safety.*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent contains NO GRIT . . NO PUMICE. *—Utterly Safe!*

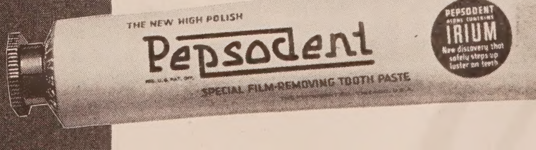
BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent contains NO SOAP . . NO CHALK. Gently floats film away, instead of scrubbing it off. *—Utterly Thorough!*

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent tones up gums and promotes free-flowing saliva. *—Utterly Refreshing!*

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

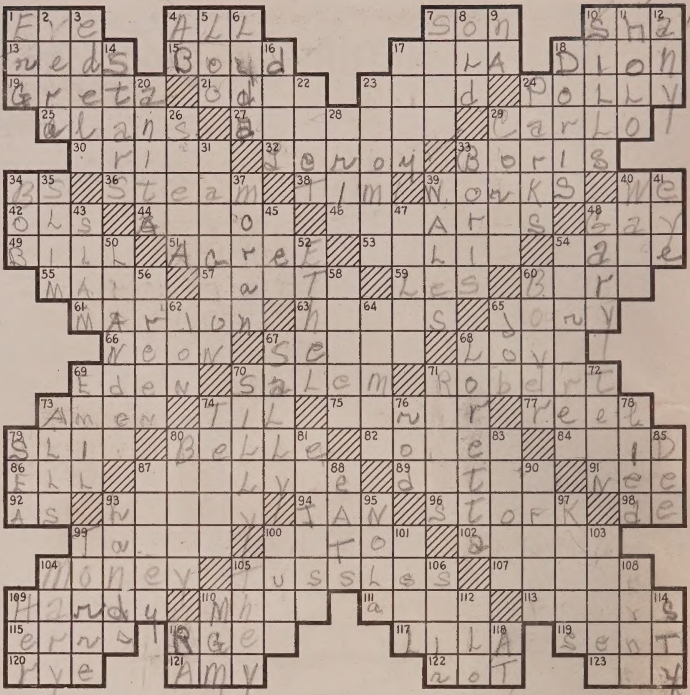
be safe—

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

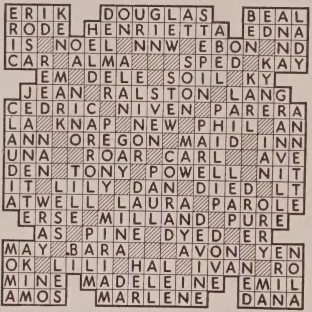

THE NEW HIGH POLISH
Pepsodent
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
New discovery that safely steps up luster on teeth

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE



ERIK DOUGLAS BEAL
RODE HENRIETTA EDNA
IS▨NOEL▨NNW▨EBON▨ND
CAR▨ALMA▨▨SPED▨KAY
EM▨DELE▨SOIL▨KY
JEAN▨RALSTON▨LANG
CEDRIC▨NIVEN▨PARERA
LA▨KNAP▨NEW▨PHIL▨AN
ANN▨OREGON▨MAID▨INN
UNA▨▨ROAR▨CARL▨▨AVE
DEN▨TONY▨POWELL▨NIT
IT▨LILY▨DAN▨DIED▨LT
ATWELL▨LAURA▨PAROLE
ERSE▨MILLAND▨PURE
AS▨PINE▨DYED▨ER
MAY▨BARA▨▨AVON▨YEN
OK▨LILI▨HAL▨IVAN▨RO
MINE MADELEINE EMIL
AMOS MARLENE DANA

HORIZONTAL

1. Heroine of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"
4. "—— Quiet on the Western Front"
7. "A —— Comes Home"
10. Wild sheep of India
13. Anarchists
15. He plays in Westerns
17. Universal will star her in "Blonde Adventurer"
18. Adopted son of Barbara Stanwyck
19. "Camille"
21. Sunnie —— played Kim in "Show Boat"
23. Gangster in "Absolute Quiet"
24. Screen name of the former Anita Counihan
25. Belonging to Mr. Dinehart
27. Tony in "Follow Your Heart"
29. "The Widow From Monte ——"
30. Nickname of Elaine Barrie
32. Child actor
33. He plays horror roles
34. She's in "Banjo on My Knee" (init.)
36. "——boat Round the Bend"
38. He's the real McCoy
39. Author of "Things to Come"
40. "Next Time —— Love"
42. Brendel is —— last name
44. To vex
46. Ex-wife of Buster Keaton
48. Nino Martini is "The—— Desperado"
49. Garbo's leading man in "Wild Orchids"
51. To be in accord
53. Villain in "Counterfeit"
54. Brian Donlevy's torch-singer sweetheart
55. Brother of Owen and Tom Moore
57. Child star of "Four Day Wonder"
59. "—— Miserables"
60. One of the "Silly Billies"
61. Blonde star of "Cain and Mabel"
63. Long-eared rodents
65. Deceased actor who was married to Mabel Normand
66. Gas light used for signs
67. Creator of Popeye the Sailor
68. Mrs. Frank Lawton
69. Paradise
70. "Maid of ———" has Claudette Colbert in the title role
71. "Piccadilly Jim"
73. So be it
74. "——We Meet Again"
75. Bridegroom of Ann Sothern
77. A thousand feet of picture film
79. Slang for jail
80. "—— of the Nineties"
82. He'll be in "Navy Spy"
84. Dorothy Davenport is his widow
86. Elongated fish
87. Mother of the Quints in "The Country Doctor"
89. Name of any movie
91. Born
92. Like
93. Actor who flew the Atlantic
94. Myrna's friend in "To Mary With Love"
96. Long-legged bird; favorite of Mussolini
98. This precedes Olivia's last name
99. Formerly called Buster
100. Star of "Lady from Nowhere"
102. Male lead in "Lady Be Careful"
104. "We're in the ———"
105. Scuffled
107. Maxine ———, Warner Bros. player
109. Well-known screen comedian
110. Paramount director
111. An air carrier
113. Newcomer who plays Evvie in "Come and Get It"
115. Turns from the right
116. Male lead in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
117. Native girl in "Anthony Adverse"
119. Dispatched
120. Kind of grain
121. Joan Bennett's name in "Little Women"
122. Corrode
123. "The White Angel"

VERTICAL

1. A unit of energy
2. Pert Kelton's character name in "Annie Oakley"
3. Well known Hollywood writer
4. College degree held by Alan Baxter
5. Game of cards
6. Polish comedienne
7. ——— Maritza
8. Wally Beery is "——— Hutch"
9. Abbreviation for a continent
10. Star of "The Sea Beast" now deceased
11. George Arliss has the title role in "Mister ———"
12. "———thing Goes"
14. "The Plough and the ———"
16. She'll be in "Yellow Cargo"
17. Nickname of Mr. Moreno
18. Katharine Hepburn's daughter in "A Woman Rebels"
20. Mother of "Anthony Adverse"
22. Aid
23. Radio singer who appears in "Stars Over Broadway"
24. Bald-headed actor in "Spendthrift"
26. Silent star, now a Paramount writer
28. Feminine lead in "The Black Legion"
29. ——— Clive
31. Well-known comedian
33. Belonging to "Dracula"
34. Husband of Bebe Daniels
35. One of the captains in "Captain January"
37. Partner of the late Marie Dressler
39. Country of the British Isles
40. Have need of
41. "The Seeing ———"
43. Close with a bang
45. "The bitter Tea of General ——"
47. Daniel Webster in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
48. Star of "The Plainsman"
50. Harsh voiced comedian in "They Met in a Taxi"
52. Eldest of the Barrymores
54. Czechoslovakian actor
56. She'll be in "Maid of Salem"
58. Anxious
60. Male lead in "The Garden of Allah"
62. Electrical atom
64. Star of "Ben Hur"
65. The King of Swing
67. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown
68. "Ramona"
69. German character actor
70. Walt Disney creates "——— Symphonies"
71. He appeared in "Bulldog Edition"
72. Hal LeRoy played "Harold ———"
73. Stuttering comedian
74. Former model for Norman Rockwell
76. Slang for a firearm
78. Told an untruth
79. "The Captain Hates the ——"
80. ——— Norton
81. Co-starred in "The Amateur Gentleman"
83. "Grandma's Boy"
85. Mrs. Joel McCrea
87. Kit Carson in "Sutters Gold"
88. Consumes
90. Star of "Green Light"
93. "——— Across the Table"
95. ——— Luxford is Rose in "Kind Lady"
97. Belonging to Charlie Chan's son
99. Mexican in "Secret Agent"
100. Carlo in "My Man Godfrey"
101. Lovesick Indian in "The Last of the Mohicans"
103. Smooth; glossy
104. "America's Sweetheart"
105. "And So ——— Were Married"
106. First name of Miss Leyton
108. Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet"
109. "She Married ——— Boss"
110. Producer of "Come and Get It"
112. ——— Munson
114. Home for pigs
116. He's in "Beloved Enemy"
118. "A Day —— the Races"

There she sat . . .
TENSE...SILENT...WATCHING!

The most vividly emotional role in the entire career of this great dramatic star you love! . . . Not even in "The Dark Angel" nor in "These Three" did she approach the excitement and power of this never-to-be-forgotten role . . .

SAMUEL GOLDWYN *presents*

MERLE OBERON
BRIAN AHERNE
in
Beloved Enemy
with
HENRY STEPHENSON · JEROME COWAN
DAVID NIVEN · KAREN MORLEY

Directed by H. C. POTTER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

GREATER BEAUTY for your hair

By GLORIA MACK

Above—Jane Wyatt, who's co-starred in Columbia's "Lost Horizon," shows you the final touch for well-groomed hair, a spray of fine, scented brilliantine.

From left to right, in this trio of smaller pictures—Jean Harlow, Gail Patrick and Ginger Rogers—three lovely heads of very different type, but each showing the beauty that comes from good care.

BEAUTIFUL hair!

How much everyone of us wants the abundance, the entrancing sheen of healthy hair. After that, it's sheer pleasure to experiment with different coiffures, even to experiment with the color. But first, we want that quantity and gloss which only healthy hair has. How are we to get it?

You'll notice I don't say, "Can we have it?" For unless you are suffering from extremely poor health, or from a very drastic condition of the scalp (which needs a specialist's care) you can improve your hair about a hundred per cent, if you will.

Turn for inspiration along this line to the movie stars. The circumstances under which they work are about as inimical to healthy hair as you are likely to find—hours spent under the drying heat of the huge studio lights, and the frequent necessity of changing the color of the hair, either for a role, or because the new color photographs more interestingly.

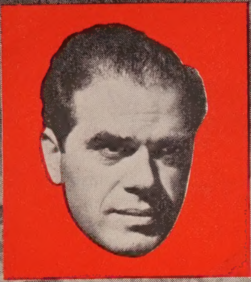
In spite of all this, I think the first thing that strikes you when you see a group of stars together off-screen, isn't their clothes, or their lovely faces. It is the exquisite grooming and beauty of their hair.

First, remember that your hair will reflect your general health, just as do your skin and nails. If you are under par, your hair may show it. Don't worry too much over it, as your returning health will remedy this, but on the other hand, don't just accept it!

Sick or well, your hair needs external care. Lack of proper cleansing, stimulation, nourishment will show up in short order on the healthiest scalp. (*Continued on page* 119)

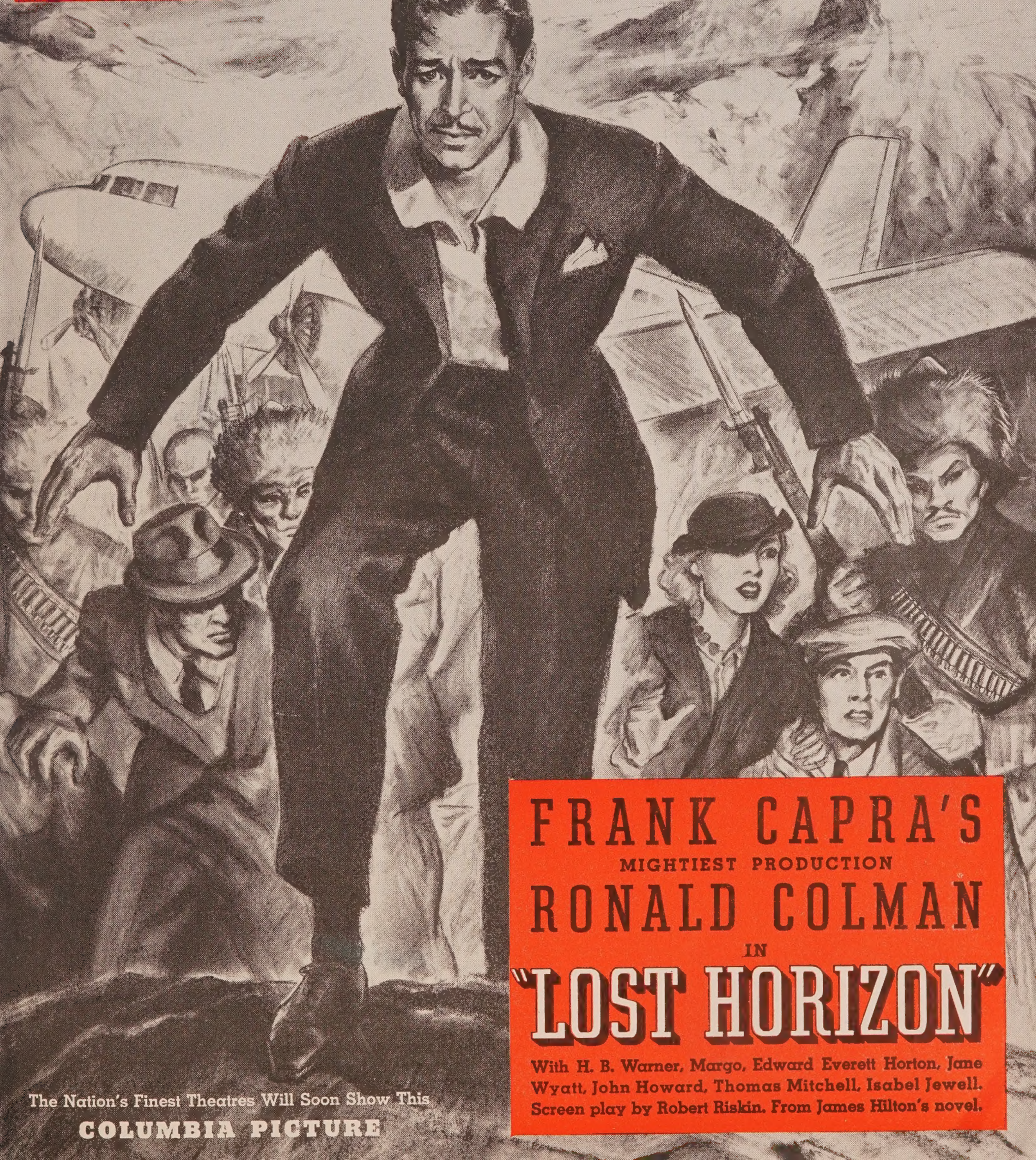
LEARN HOW TO COPY GINGER ROGERS SWING-TIME COIFFURE, how to use Katharine Hepburn's famous egg-shampoo, and, most important, how to give your hair proper, regular care. Gloria Mack sends you these free of charge, and will also answer personally all confidential letters on your own beauty problems. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to

Beauty Editor
c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd.
Hollywood, Cal.



AT LAST! . . . THE MASTERPIECE OF AMERICA'S FOREMOST FILM GENIUS BLAZES TO THE SCREEN!

Millions to make it! . . . Two years in production! . . . The best-seller that set a new style in romance floods the screen with splendor and drama surpassing Frank Capra's greatest past achievements, "Mr. Deeds" and "It Happened One Night".



FRANK CAPRA'S
MIGHTIEST PRODUCTION
RONALD COLMAN
IN
"LOST HORIZON"

With H. B. Warner, Margo, Edward Everett Horton, Jane Wyatt, John Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Isabel Jewell. Screen play by Robert Riskin. From James Hilton's novel.

The Nation's Finest Theatres Will Soon Show This

COLUMBIA PICTURE

WHAT AN AWFUL HEADACHE!

● Splitting headaches made me feel miserable. I can't tell you how I was suffering! I knew the trouble all too well—constipation, a clogged-up condition. I'd heard FEEN-A-MINT well spoken of. So I stopped at the drug store on the way home, got a box of FEEN-A-MINT, and chewed a tablet before going to bed.

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● FEEN-A-MINT is the modern laxative that comes in delicious mint-flavored chewing gum. Chew a tablet for 3 minutes, or longer, for its pleasant taste. The chewing, according to scientific research, helps make FEEN-A-MINT more thorough—more dependable and reliable.

● Next morning—headache gone—full of life and pep again! All accomplished so easily too. No griping or nausea. Try FEEN-A-MINT the next time you have a headache caused by constipation. Learn why this laxative is a favorite with 16 million people—young and old.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM
LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada.

Movie Mirror Junior

Bobby Breen —GUEST EDITOR

Bobby knows his notes and scales, but at typing he's not so sure of his keys.

HELLO, JUNIORS: The other day I was telling some of the boys and girls who were working as extras in the big party scene of "Rainbow on the River" how I got to be a movie star. You can probably guess what happened. Movie Mirror came along and asked me if I would write you Juniors about it, too. Well, I must admit I'm certainly glad to have the chance to talk to all of you.

Most of you like to sing, I'll bet. Well, I do, too. I've been singing ever since I can remember. Back in Montreal, where I was born, I used to sing at every theater amateur night I could find.

I started doing that when I was three years old. My sister, Sally, taught me the words and tunes and usually I won first prize. Before long, everybody at the theaters knew me. I never missed a chance to sing at a theater, for a dinner, show or club, or anywhere else I could.

When I was five, my sister and I wanted to leave Montreal and see if I couldn't sing somewhere else. Finally, the folks said we could go to Chicago. So we took a bus and had a dandy time on the way. Sally was only sixteen, then, herself. But we weren't afraid. Sally told me she knew we would make out all right, even if we did only have $20 left when we arrived.

The next day Sally asked a lot of people where we could find the biggest man in show business in Chicago. They all told her about Mr. Lipstone. He put on the stage shows for the Balaban and Katz Theaters, which are big, important shows. So Sally and I went to see him.

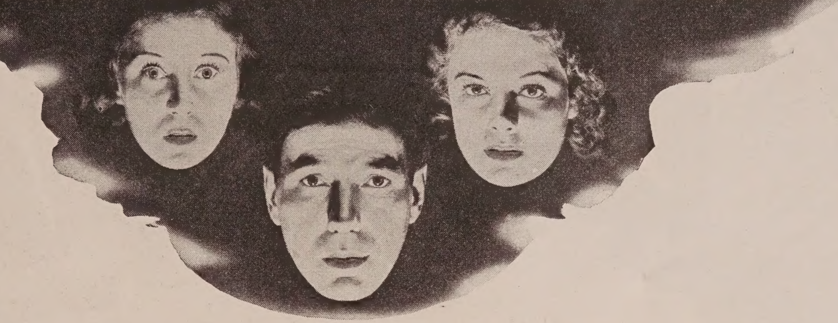
Mr. Lipstone wouldn't let me sing for him, at first. Then Sally told him she wasn't interested in getting a job for me, but that she did want his opinion of my voice. So he let me sing. After I stopped singing *Crying for the Carolines,* he called up somebody on the telephone, then told us that Milton Berle, a comedian who is a big star, was to open the next week at one of his theaters.

Pretty soon Mr. Berle came in and I sang for him, too.

Sally and I went back to our room happy as larks. They had given me a job singing in Mr. Berle's act for the following week. It was plenty exciting, believe me, and the next few days I practiced and practiced.

As soon as my engagement with Mr. Berle ended, I went to the Chicago Theater to (*Continued on page* 114)

The Screen Brings America's
INVISIBLE TERROR Right Out Into the Open!



"BLACK LEGION"

DEATH TO SQUEALERS!

That's the law of this devil cult—the body and soul pledge made by every man who *for thirty pieces of silver* buys the privilege of killing his neighbor!

Leave it to Warner Bros. to be the first to bring to the screen the *whole* savage, terrible behind-the-scenes story of these Midnight Marauders of the Midwest! All of it—every bullet-riddled paragraph—hurled across the screen with the dramatic fury of another "G-Men" or "I Am A Fugitive".

To producers, to director and to a great cast—brilliantly headed by Humphrey Bogart in a role even more intensely dynamic than his "Killer" of "Petrified Forest"—alike are due the plaudits of a million fans for making this thrilling indictment of the *world below the underworld* this month's tops in cinema excitement!

BLACK LEGION OATH

In the name of heaven and hell, by the powers of light and darkness. ¶ I pledge my heart, my brain, my body and my limbs to executing the orders of my superiors. ¶ I will show no mercy and will submit to all the tortures man can inflict and suffer the most horrible death rather than reveal a single word of this, my oath...

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

Warner Bros.

HUMPHREY BOGART
DICK FORAN · ERIN O'BRIEN-MOORE
ANN SHERIDAN · Helen Flint · Joseph Sawyer · Addison Richards · Eddie Acuff
Directed by ARCHIE MAYO

"Mister and Missus Is the Name"—for the Warner Baxters, at any rate. But no one knows what plans Benita Hume and Ronald Colman may be making. All four are at Cafe Lamaze.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

HOT NEWS: Beverly Roberts admits that she is extremely in love with **William Keighly** who currently is directing "God's Country and the Woman." They will admit no plans until his divorce is final which will be soon.

Paul Muni returns—with a long beard and moustache—from his extended vacation on his ranch and will do a picture for Warners.

Luise Rainer is commuting by plane between New York and Hollywood two or three times weekly to see **Clifford Odets.** She is on the verge of admitting things.

It looks like marriage at last for **Marie Wilson**, Warner's blonde comic, and **Nick Grinde.**

Clark Gable has his studio in a stew because he is spending all of his time at Santa Anita. He has to be called to get him on the set in time.

Joan Crawford denies Walter Winchell's notice that she is separating from **Franchot Tone.** She says they have never been happier in their lives.

By the time this is printed the supposedly hot romance between **Tyrone Power, Jr.** and **Sonja Henie,** champion ice skater, will have gone *pfft.* Inside sources say that Sonja wanted to keep on but Power claims he is belatedly remembering his girl in New York.

Ross Alexander's wife, **Anne Nagel**, is well again for the first time since their marriage and will do a picture for Warners.

Two unusual camera combinations caught by Hymie at the U.C.L.A.-U.S.C. dinner—at left, Gloria Swanson and Freddie March; below, Joan Bennett and Gary Cooper. Note the star-dolls at each table.

DANGER
SNOW DRIFTS
AHEAD

(*above*) **"SKIN LIKE SANDPAPER** after this snowy trip!" Hinds soaks chapped skin smooth again. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed*—actually seems to fill out skin. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

PRETTY GIRL, pretty dress. "But with this chapped skin, I'll look a sight!" Smooth your skin with Hinds, the vitamin lotion. Its Vitamin D is actually *absorbed* by skin. Now, more than ever, Hinds creamy softeners soak scuffed, chapped skin soft again. Face and hands bloom out truly smooth—not just slick.

CHAPPED HANDS FEEL GOOD, LOOK GRAND

Sooner!

Hinds now has Vitamin D in it!

SHE NEEDS HELP! Her skin will, too—so chapped! That's when Hinds, with its Vitamin D, feels so good. It comforts chapped skin *faster.*

SCRUB THE TUB...but save your hands with Hinds. Skin stays smooth—regardless of gritty cleansers, drying soaps. Hinds is creamy...not watery. And now contains Vitamin D that skin actually *absorbs!*

HINDS
CREAM

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser—with every 50c size

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

Now...Hinds contains "Sunshine Vitamin" that skin *absorbs*

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. Vitamin D is *absorbed* by the skin and gives it many of the benefits of sunshine. Actually seems to fill out dry skin! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens dryness, aids skin in its fight against cracked knuckles, chapping, tenderness, heat, cold, wind, and housework. Promotes supple, soft skin. Try Hinds, the "sunshine vitamin" lotion. Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does your skin *more* good! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone...inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty, Monday to Friday, 12:15 p m E.S.T. over the WABC—CBS Network.

HINDS is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

NOW PLAYING
in Motion Picture Theatres
EVERYWHERE!

True Story
COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

NEWEST . . .
THRILLING . . .

COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

SCREEN REVELATIONS

Dynamic dramatizations from the throbbing pages of True Story Magazine and the stirring broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations

★

Produced by Ben K. Blake for Columbia Pictures Corp. Based on stories from

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Truth is Stranger than Fiction

Just after Buddy Rogers' and Mary Pickford's engagement was announced (and don't miss the grand story on page 30!), her family had a party at the Beverly Wilshire. At left, Gwynne Pickford, Buddy, Mary, Mrs. Rogers.

Right — at the Cocoanut Grove—Mervin LeRoy (who has just branched out as a producer, as well as being an ace director), with Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland.

Marriage should be fun indeed for Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, what with such swell comedian friends as Hugh Herbert, Victor Moore, and Frank McHugh around to keep them company!

Wayne Morris, slated for stardom with Warners and **Shirley Lloyd,** also under contract there, they say, are hot for each other.

George Brent has returned from his long vacation at Palm Springs. His next will be "Go Getters."

Ruby Keeler is still dangerously under weight, too dangerously so to accept roles.

Henry Fonda is in hospital with an injured knee cap.

Carole Lombard bought a new race horse which she promptly named Mr. G., after her best beau, **Clark Gable.**

Gary Cooper held up the wedding ceremony of his agent, Jack Moss, for one long hour. Gary went to sleep in his car in the Paramount garage.

Marguerite Clark, old time favorite, is visiting Hollywood for the first time in sixteen years. Miss Clark flew in to attend Adolph Zukor's 25th Anniversary party.

Irene Dunne is a beautiful vixen in her 1865 costumes for "High, Wide and Handsome." Again Irene will be frisky.

"Charlie Chan" will be with us for some time to come. **Warner Oland** has just signed with 20th Century-Fox for ten more "Chan" episodes.

Paramount is tearing its hair these days. Its singing actor, **Bing Crosby,**

SORE THROAT

LISTERINE SAYS *"Hurry-up"*

to Nature's Healing Process

Feel chilly? . . . Uneasy? . . . With just a hint of rawness and tickle in the throat?

Do something about it, quick! before there is actual pain in swallowing. Prompt action may prevent much needless suffering. Or hasten the healing process. Thus ending the cold or sore throat sooner.

Don't Treat Symptoms Get At the Cause

The irritated throat-surface is usually the result of infection by germs. Help the system in its fight to repel these germs by gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Every one of these surface germs which it reaches is almost instantly killed by full-strength Listerine. It destroys not only one type of germ, or two; but any and all kinds which are associated with the Common Cold and Simple Sore Throat. And there are literally millions of such germs in the mouth.

The effect of Listerine is definitely *antiseptic*—NOT *anesthetic*. It doesn't lull you into a feeling of false security by merely dulling the irritation in the throat. Listerine acts to check the infection, and so gives Nature a helping hand.

Additional precautions? Certainly. The Common Cold calls for common sense hygiene; plenty of fresh air, rest, and sleep; and regular elimination.

But gargle frequently with Listerine Antiseptic, several times a day at least. Many users report best results with gargling every hour. If the inflammation still persists, it is advisable to consult your doctor.

Fewer, Less Severe Colds Proved in Clinical Tests

Four years of carefully supervised medical tests established the clear-cut finding that those who gargled regularly with Listerine Antiseptic had *fewer* colds . . . and got rid of them *faster* . . . than non-gargler.

This winter, why not make a test of your own case? Get a bottle of Listerine, *the safe antiseptic with the pleasant taste*. Keep it handy in the medicine cabinet. Use it regularly.

Then see if your experience doesn't check with that of millions who never accept anything but Listerine when they buy an antiseptic mouth-wash.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Missouri

Even in the throats of healthy persons, disease-producing germs are found at all times. X-ray photographs of garglers indicate how Listerine Antiseptic, used as a gargle, reaches the germs on throat-surfaces.

LISTERINE
LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST LOUIS MO U.S.A.
LAMBERT

LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS
Mentholized ★ Soothing
LISTERINE COUGH DROPS

Now a finer Cough Drop
by LISTERINE
Wisely Medicated

Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

A Clean Face
IS THE SECRET OF RADIANT BEAUTY

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)
Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

● Beauty authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—for a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach; but its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

See for yourself, tonight, how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store, for just $1.00.

Daggett & Ramsdell
GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Copr. 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST!

• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Dept. MF-3
Daggett & Ramsdell
Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue
New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

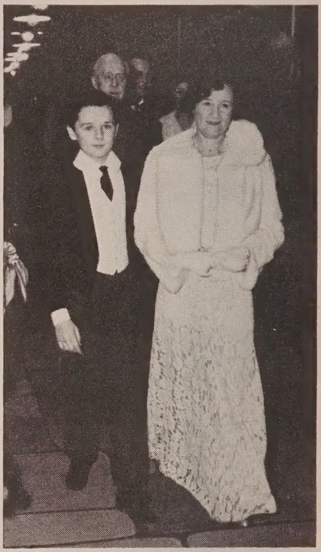
Name..........................
Street..........................
City.................. State......
Dealer's Name..................

has just warned the studio he will not work during racing season.

Twelve of the loveliest New York models—they adorn the best mags—are coming to Hollywood for **Walter Wanger's** "Vogues of 1937"

Guy Kibbee is out to rival "Philo Vance." Guy has just signed with Republic for a series of detective yarns.

Jimmy Stewart escorts the lovely **Ginger Rogers** to the previews of her pictures.



Freddie Bartholomew took his best girl, Aunt Cissie, to the premiere of his new film, "Lloyds of London," at the Carthay Circle in Hollywood.

GARBO GOSSIP

Usually the leading man falls madly in love with Garbo—at least that's the record from George Brent back to John Gilbert. Not so with Robert Taylor, although they became very good friends during the filming of "Camille." Maybe it was Bob's infectious spirit of fun that brought some remarkable changes in Garbo. For the first time she called for music on her sets. . . . Bob had an electric victrola in his dressing room, and Garbo often came to listen . . . she liked best *Broadway Rhythm* and hot rhumbas. When she came to her heavy emotional scenes, she asked for Paul Robeson spirituals. These were played on Bob's phonograph. After she finished the scene she'd call for a rhumba . . . and ask Jimmy Whalen, who had his orchestra on the set for several days shooting, to play hotcha tunes. . . . She requested *Rose In My Heart,* but Jimmy couldn't find any such tune so played *Only a Rose* . . . Garbo was satisfied.

For the first time, too, in many years, she went on location . . . arrived at Lasky ranch in the mountains wearing corduroy slacks . . . the commissary arranged her usual Swedish lunch of salads and sour cream sauce, but when Garbo saw the company eating hot beef stew at long tables, she joined them. . . . Director Cukor organized a softball team and bought the players uniforms. Bob asked Garbo to come out and watch, as he was playing first base . . . she declined, but said, "When I come back in a couple of months I will not only go see you, I will hit the ball and run after it."

* * *

WITH the retirement of Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew now becomes the child king of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. But, if persistent reports are to be credited, the royal treasury, like many another, is sadly depleted. In spite of his stardom, Freddie has never received a great salary, as motion picture wages go. But, thanks to the economies enforced by his beloved Aunt Cissie, he was said to have accumulated a savings fund of approximately $25,000. That money was to finance his education and give him a start when he was ready to launch his adult career. Aunt Cissie knew only too well how short is the reign of the average child star.

Little Freddie's lovely co-star in "Lloyds of London," Madeleine Carroll, attended the swanky premiere, too, with Harry Brand, Joseph Schenck, Georges Jouvier. Popular gal!

And now, according to the reports which reach us, the savings fund—all of it—has gone to pay the expenses of

"I'm most certainly grateful to Camay"

SAYS THIS CHARMING WISCONSIN BRIDE

BELOIT, WIS.

Camay?—I wouldn't be without it! It's so pleasant to use, so quick in results. Yes, I'm most certainly grateful to Camay.

Sincerely,

(Signed) Jane Sherman Clark

November 12, 1936 (Mrs. Edward G. Clark, Jr.)

"*THE bride carried orchids, wore white velvet with old lace*"—a charming picture, but then what a lovely bride! For Mrs. Edward Clark, Junior, has joyous blue eyes, hair like blond satin, a complexion that's as fresh, as fair, as spring itself! And she keeps it so (just as you should yours) by daily care with deep-cleansing Camay.

It's exhilarating!—the mere touch of Camay's deliciously fragrant lather! And how clear, how satin-smooth it makes your skin, even in coldest skin-trying weather. Camay's so soothing for Camay's so *mild—provably milder* than all other beauty soaps, by actual tests on women's skins.

Begin Camay care of your skin today. The price is very low!

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

CAMAY

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Test THE PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE AND UPLIFT BRASSIERE ... at our Expense!

PERFOLASTIC NOT ONLY CONFINES, IT REMOVES UGLY BULGES!

Takes Away Abdominal Fat and the "Bulge Derriere"
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately
Reduces hips and thighs . . . and takes off diaphragm roll.

IF YOU Do Not Reduce AT LEAST . .

3 INCHES in 10 DAYS . . *it will* COST YOU NOTHING!

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement. "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. ■ Thousands of other women today owe their slim youthful figures to this quick, safe way to reduce. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

Immediately Appear Inches Slimmer!

■ You *appear* inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are *actually reducing* at hips, waist, thighs, diaphragm . . . the spots where ugly fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results . . . as are other Perfolastic wearers!

Perfolastic Reduces Safely . . . Quickly Without Diet, Drugs or Exercise!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous excercise to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness! The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

You Risk Nothing; Mail Coupon NOW!

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks . . . safely and quickly!

PERF
Redu

41 EAST 42nd ST

NEW YORK CITY

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 282, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ____________

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

the litigation which waged last year for Freddie's custody. In addition, there's talk about a $10,000 note which will commandeer most of Freddie's earnings for several months to come.

As far as the child king's immediate present is concerned, he's neither poorer nor richer. Freddie still receives a daily allowance of exactly five cents.

* * *

GIVING HOLLYWOOD THE DOUBLE-O

George Brent has a hide-out near Palm Springs, and the only way his studio can reach him is to leave a message at Ralph Bellamy's Racquet Club at the Springs. . . . Reminds us that Garbo put up a high board fence around her rented Brentwood home which attracted so much attention from gawpers at the knotholes she had to move again. . . . Clark Gable's fan club nominated officers and sent photos of the nominees to Clark, asking him to name one as president, which is one way of putting a star on the spot . . . And Freddie March's fan mail reached ten thousand in one day—that many fans signed a huge post card in his home town of Racine, Wisconsin, and mailed it with nearly a thousand one cent stamps to pay postage. . . . George Burns is trying to teach Gracie Allen to drive, which ought to make a swell radio comedy. . . . Martha Raye went to Great Falls, Montana, for the holidays to visit her grandmother. . . . Latest movie make-up gag is to paint the gal's

Personal hit of the star-studded "Lloyds of London" cast, Tyrone Power arrives at the Carthay Circle—with Sonja Henie, new film star.

And here's Miriam Hopkins and Rouben Mamoulian (new romance!) greeting the fans who mobbed the gala Hollywood opening of "Lloyds."

legs with what looks like the seam of a silk stocking. A new way to avoid runs—or maybe to start them. . . . The Cocoanut Grove has revived star nights, once a tradition of the place. First guest of honor was Joan Bennett, with half of Hollywood on hand. Ten per cent goes to whatever charity Joan names. . . . Pat Paterson is wearing a gorgeous crystal ring, present from husband Charles Boyer, "just for being a good girl." . . . Hollywood likes to do things the Hollywood way: Grace Moore sings *Minnie the Moocher* in her next, while Lily Pons will go hot-cha by singing *The Blue Danube* in swing time.

* * *

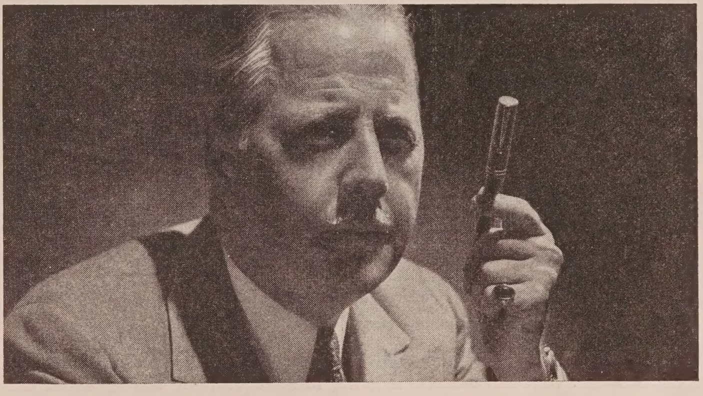
STARS at the Paramount commissary grew excited; Gary Cooper craned his neck, Carole Lombard chittered with excitement, directors and producers gaped. Just a young man in business clothes visiting the cafe, but it happened to be the man who "got" Dillinger, the nemesis of gangdom, ace of G-Men, Melvin Purvis! Out here to make some short subjects, he gets more attention than an ambassador.

* * *

ELEANOR POWELL gets so many requests for one of her dancing slippers, autographed, that she nows sends her friends miniature replicas, signed with her name. Eleanor treasures her dancing shoes because the taps inset at heel and toe are her own invention, and when not on her feet the shoes are locked up.

"A COLD"

Be *doubly careful* about the laxative you take!



WHAT is one of the most frequent questions the doctor asks when you have a cold? It is this—"Are your bowels regular?"

Doctors know how important a laxative is in the treatment of colds. They know, also, the importance of choosing the *right* laxative at this time. Before they will give any laxative their approval, they make *doubly sure* that it measures up to their own strict specifications.

Read these specifications. They are very important—not only during the "cold season," but all year 'round.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax checks on every single one of these 8 specifications . . . meets every demand so fairly that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes for their own families.

For more than 30 years, mothers have recommended Ex-Lax to other mothers. And Ex-Lax has given complete satisfaction, not merely to thousands of families—but to millions. It has grown, slowly but surely, to the point where today it is used by more people than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

DISCOVER THE TRUTH FOR YOURSELF

Anyone who has ever used Ex-Lax can explain in a moment why Ex-Lax is so universally popular. It is thorough. But it is gentle. . . . It is effective. But it is mild. . . . It gives you the most effective relief you could ask for. But it spares you all discomfort. No nausea. No stomach pains. No weakness. That's why it is such a favorite not only of the grown-ups, but of the youngsters, as well.

EVERYONE LIKES THE TASTE OF EX-LAX

Perhaps you have been taking bitter "druggy" mixtures. . . . Then change to Ex-Lax, and find out how really pleasant a good laxative can be. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. It pleases the children as well as the older folks.

All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer, you may try it at *our* expense by simply mailing the coupon below for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F 27
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name............

Address............

City............ Age............
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

WOMAN
out of
PRISON

REVEALING the soul of a woman who faced one of the greatest ordeals that life can ever bring to any human being, Woman Out of Prison, the gripping story which starts in the new January TRUE STORY MAGAZINE, is going to set everybody talking about the prison parole system. Be sure you read this great human document and form your own opinion. Harriet Bowman is the woman and she experienced many of the tragic conflicts that inevitably occur between the lawbreaker and society. Is the parole system sound? Should convicted men and women be forced to stay the full limit of their sentences behind the bars and then be sent out to resume life without State aid and kindly supervision? Read Harriet Bowman's arresting story of what happened in her case before you weigh these questions.

ON THE SCREEN

If you would like to see re-enacted before your eyes the stories that have pleased you and touched you and moved you so deeply when you read them in True Story Magazine or heard them in the Friday night broadcasts of the True Story Court of Human Relations, be sure to urge the manager of your local theatre to show every one of the forthcoming True Story Court of Human Relations series sponsored by Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from True Story Magazine. Already thousands of theatres throughout the country have arranged to feature these vivid ten-minute dramatizations. Watch for them!

ALSO IN THIS ISSUE

WHEN DESIRE RUNS MAD—BOBBY BREEN'S OWN STORY—INTO A MAN'S EMPTY HEART—HIS MAGNIFICENT LIE—WHEN MY HAIR TURNED WHITE—THE TWO WOMEN I MARRIED—DESERTER—THE SON I WORSHIPPED—AND I WAS THE GUILTY ONE!

TUNE IN ON THE TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS EVERY FRIDAY NIGHT
COAST TO COAST NBC RED NETWORK. PRISES! SEE PAPERS FOR EXACT TIME!

True Story

JANUARY ISSUE OUT TODAY

GABLE GABBLE

When Clark Gable flew to New York recently, newspapers reported that he was determined to obtain a divorce, and that he was visiting Gotham to consult his attorneys. The inference was, of course, that the idol of a million feminine hearts had fallen in love and dreamed of another marriage. Clark, however, vehemently denied that he contemplated anything so definite as divorce.

But now, here in Hollywood, it's more than a rumor that Mrs. Gable is very, very interested in a certain popular man-about-town. And we're wondering if a divorce isn't in order, in spite of Clark's wishes in the matter.

And still more celebrities at the "Lloyds" opening! John Barrymore arriving with his new bride, Elaine Barrie, and Elaine's mother, Mrs. Jacobs.

* * *

BIG HEARTED

This business of trying to keep up with Tom Brown's romances is hopeless, but this month, in a last feeble effort, we offer the news that he's the currently preferred candidate for the affections of Phyllis Goodman. In other words, they're that way, and when Tom's in love—which he always is though seldom with the same party on two successive days—the whole town knows about it.

Miss Goodman, by the way, was runner-up this year for the title, "Miss America." She's been contracted by Universal and will make her debut soon.

But what's this? Nobody was surprised, of course, when Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck came to the premiere together (right)—but Hollywood buzzed when he began to appear everywhere with Ginger Rogers (at the Clover Club, above). All very confusing, but the truth will out at New Year's, when Babs' divorce becomes final.

WHO'S WHOSE

Simone Simon and Alexander D'Arcy, who "knew her when," in Paris, are a regular twosome. . . . Glenda Farrell's heart now beats in time with Drew Eberson, scion of wealthy New York family who now is assistant director at Warners. . . . Kay Francis will not fail to postcard Delmer Daves at every stop on her Orient trip. . . . Marie Wilson and Nick Grinde, director, are that way. . . . Nelson Eddy and Elissa Landi may be just pulling the wool over our eyes. . . . Brian Donlevy doesn't let Marjorie Lane out of sight. . . . It's still Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland. . . . Fred Keating likes to have Patricia Ellis across from him at his Brown Derby table. . . . Fair and warmer between Francis Lederer and Margo. . . . The Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald merger definitely set for June seventeenth.

* * *

MOVIES AND MORALS

Scandals in the Central Casting Bureau, revealed in newspapers several months ago, have not taught certain studios to investigate the attitude of their own casting directors toward young girls willing to take any steps to get into pictures. Despite shake-ups at various lots, casting directors and

POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

"My test of a powder ...it just must not show up in strong light"

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you?

By showing too much! That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

The powder that stood first with them for *not* giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's.

"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its clinging texture.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery —It clings
voted the 2 most important points in a powder

FREE *5 "Glare-Proof" Shades*
(This offer expires April 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept.8MM-PB,Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-Proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

Address____________________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Hollywood Party, modern style—just a lot of swell people having themselves a swell time. Here we have Frank Chapman, Marsha Hunt, Gladys Swarthout Chapman, Mitchell Leisen and the Arthur Hornblow, Juniors (Myrna Loy).

assistants continue practices which should be stamped out.

One studio is notorious, from casting office to directors and assistant directors, and wise girls are looking elsewhere for extra work and bit parts.

At this place a director recently ordered up twenty dancing girls in filmy nothings to rehearse, although the script called for no scene for dancers and he did not intend using them in a film.

Eventually, unless the higher-ups at studios investigate and do some strenuous house-cleaning, there will be a blow-off that will shake Hollywood to its well known foundations.

Center — a strictly family celebration — Papa, Mama, and Tom Brown break ground for their new home.

IT'S LOVE AGAIN

That romance between Astrid Allwyn and Robert Kent, which started as a small blaze while they were working together in the new Quint picture, "Reunion," has now become a conflagration. Walking hand in hand along the studio streets, or lunching together *tete-a-tete* in the studio cafe, they are oblivious to everything but each other.

Although they have not yet announced their engagement formally, they have confided to friends that they will be married next fall. Astrid, meanwhile, intends to make the most of her screen opportunities. After the marriage, she will retire, for Bob Kent is adamant in his contention that one house cannot accommodate two careers.

* * *

A STOCK DRAMA

Robert Cummings has played in some fantastic dramas and will undoubtedly play in others as incredible, but never will he be handed a more amazing story than the real life drama in which he has just figured.

(*Continued on page* 108)

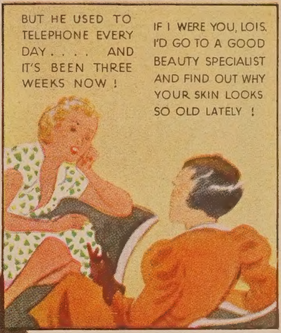
ESTATE OF
TOM & HARRY BROWN

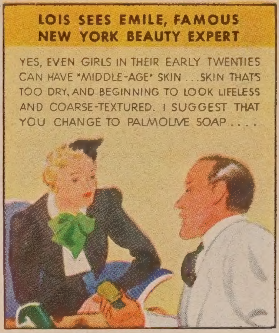
However, Tom's pals came later to help him gloat over the future site of the little Brown home in the West (Longridge, to be exact). Reading in the customary order: Tom Mix, Leo Carrillo, Natalie Draper, Mary Carlisle, young Mr. Brown, Paula Stone.

LOVE Came back to Lois

WHEN SHE GOT RID OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN

(Yes! It threatens even girls in their twenties!)


BUT HE USED TO TELEPHONE EVERY DAY . . . . AND IT'S BEEN THREE WEEKS NOW !
IF I WERE YOU, LOIS, I'D GO TO A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST AND FIND OUT WHY YOUR SKIN LOOKS SO OLD LATELY !


LOIS SEES EMILE, FAMOUS NEW YORK BEAUTY EXPERT
YES, EVEN GIRLS IN THEIR EARLY TWENTIES CAN HAVE "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN . . . SKIN THAT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK LIFELESS AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . . .

WHY EMILE RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And its Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emile

21 EAST 56TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

4 WEEKS LATER—
SWEETHEARTS AGAIN
THANKS TO PALMOLIVE!

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DON'T think you're safe from "Middle-Age" Skin just because you are young! For beauty experts warn that this ugly condition threatens even girls in their twenties. So be on your guard against the first sign of dryness, coarse-texture . . . the symptons of "Middle-Age" Skin!

Use Palmolive regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young*

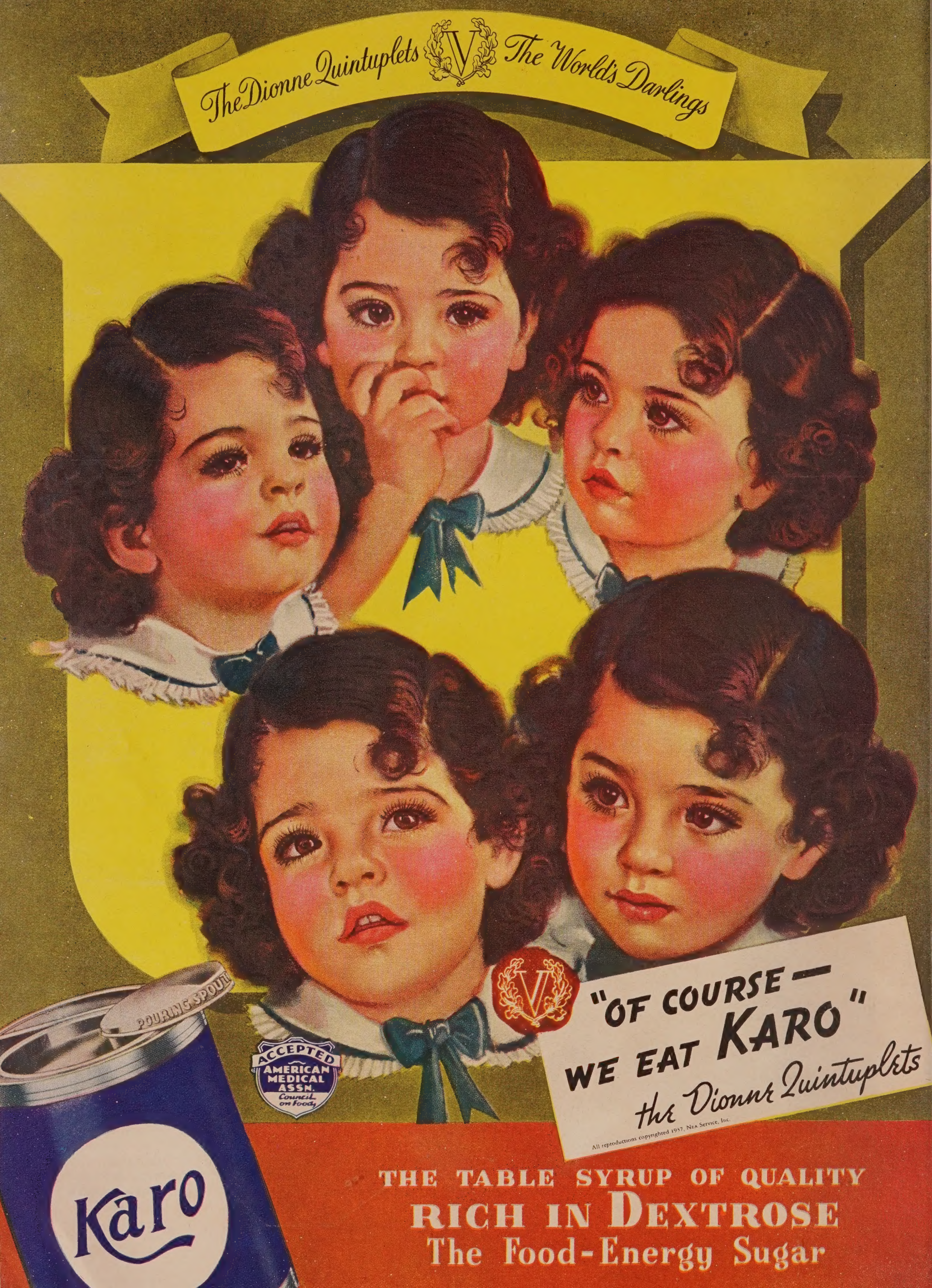
Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?


The Dionne Quintuplets V The World's Darlings
POURING SPOUT
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods
Karo
V

"OF COURSE — WE EAT KARO"

the Dionne Quintuplets

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THE TABLE SYRUP OF QUALITY

RICH IN DEXTROSE

The Food-Energy Sugar

MOVIE MIRROR
VOL. I No. 2
FEBRUARY 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA BUXTON

YOUNG Judith Barrett, who plays the title role in Universal's "Flying Hostess," was a flying hostess indeed this month, at the film's novel premiere. The setting was a luxurious TWA airliner, the time was a bright but windy afternoon, and the cast of guests included a lucky few of the gentlemen and ladies of the press (advt.) who attended the first screening of any picture in a plane above the skyscrapers of Manhattan. It was all very exciting, with miniature planes zooming on the screen inside the cabin in the sky, their subdued roar mingling with the actual sound of the motors on the airliner in which we sat. The most thrilled spectator was little Betty Steffen, the TWA air hostess on the trip; the picture starts with the heroine as a registered nurse in Kansas City, where Betty herself began her air career—as a registered nurse, too. She couldn't keep back an occasional delighted gasp: "Oh, it's all so *true*!" Which was certainly praise from an expert for Judith's performance.

Manhattan's surprise of the month was the marriage of Leland Hayward and Margaret Sullavan between performances of her play, "Stage Door."

YOU certainly never can tell about a rumor. Here we've been hearing for years that Leland Hayward was secretly married to Katharine Hepburn. And William Wyler had the local press all adither with reconciliation rumors when he visited ex-wife Margaret Sullavan backstage at "Stage Door" (no gag—that's the name of Maggie's extremely popular Broadway play). So what happens? So Leland and Maggie slipped away quietly to Newport, R. I., and got married one afternoon! His father, Colonel William Hayward, was one of the witnesses, and her brother, Cornelius Sullavan, was among the small group of guests. All this should make things very interesting, with Maggie starring in the current smash hit and Katie opening here any day now in "Jane Eyre," the Theatre Guild's most ambitious production of the season.

P. S. As for Mr. Wyler, they say he canceled his reservation on the boat on which his current romantic interest was sailing, when he discovered that an old rival for the aforementioned c. r. i. was to be on board.

Here's how the first film was shown in an airliner above New York's skyscrapers. Center—Betty Steffen, of TWA, and Judith Barrett, who plays the title role in "Flying Hostess."

THAT was a nice gesture of Clark Gable's when he was here. When asked how he felt about Robert Taylor's tremendous popularity, he said simply and sincerely: "He's a terrific guy and he rates it." That makes it doubly nice to report the reception Clark got in Manhattan. The ovations Bob received on his first visit to New York stunned blase reporters and cameramen, but those same pressmen are speaking with awe these days of the unprecedented panic which followed Gable's appearance anywhere in the city. Poor Clark had planned for so long on a ten-day holiday here. Mobbed and mauled wherever he went, unable to shop or to attend a show, he had to leave at the end of only three days! Perhaps if he'd been willing to play the old incognito game it would have been different, but Clark just doesn't play that way. With crowds of fans waiting for him all day long outside the Waldorf-Astoria, where he stayed, he was urged to sneak out through the back exit. "Sorry," he smiled. "I couldn't do that. Some of those kids out there have been waiting (*Continued on page* 115)

Local boy makes good! The heart-warming story, with grand exclusive

ROBERT TAYLOR'S Amazing Homecoming

By SARA HAMILTON

FROM the arms of Garbo to the arms of Beatrice, Nebraska, seems an insuperable distance to travel, doesn't it?

And yet, the gap between Hollywood's lady of mystery and glamour and the homely down-to-earthness of a typical Mid West town, has been bridged. Bridged by the screen's leading sensation, Robert Taylor.

At ten minutes to five of a Tuesday afternoon, Bob Taylor held the lovely Garbo, as the dying Camille, in a close embrace. At five o'clock, the scene finished, young Taylor was headed for Beatrice, his home town. Home and fried chicken and pumpkin pie and Grandma Stanhope and cousin Earl and the girl he left behind him. Yes, oh yes, there was a girl he left behind.

This Mid West trek of Bob Taylor's is perhaps the most important home-going of a Hollywood celebrity in years and years.

Two and a half short years ago he had gone back to Beatrice to bury his father, Dr. Brugh. "Young Arlington Brugh is in town," one neighbor said to another and sought him out to clasp his hand. They hadn't as yet heard of a lad named Robert Taylor.

Two and a half years later Arlington Brugh as Robert Taylor, went home again.

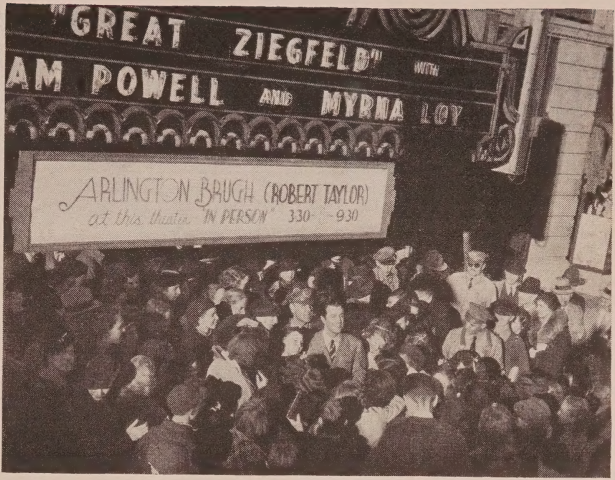
He was still Doc Brugh's boy to Beatrice, home on a visit. In two and a half years nothing much had changed in Beatrice. John Liedtke was still cop on the corner. Charley Scott still jerked sodas at the gang's favorite drug store. Mr. Roszell still photographed the citizens of the town in the same old studio. Even the scar on Elmer Hinkle's wrist where Dr. Brugh had lanced that carbuncle while Bob fanned Elmer, was still there. "As plain as day," Elmer boasted proudly, displaying the scar. "As plain as day."

These were Bob Taylor's people. He was theirs. Beatrice and Hollywood were fused in one great bond of ownership. And was Beatrice in a whirl!

As the plane bearing Bob Taylor home circled over the landing field at Omaha, swarms of people could be glimpsed below. Dean Dorn of the M-G-M studios, who accompanied Bob, looked down and sighed. Something told him this wasn't going to be the quiet little visit home that Bob expected.

It wasn't. No sooner had Bob alighted and greeted his mother who awaited him than the cars formed themselves in a cozy little procession behind Bob's car and they were off. Through Lincoln to Beatrice with Bob too excited to realize the procession he carried behind him.

"There's John Watkins' place," he called out, leaning half way


"GREAT ZIEGFELD" WITH
AM POWELL AND MYRNA LOY
ARLINGTON BRUGH (ROBERT TAYLOR)
at this theatre "IN PERSON" 330-930

pictures, of Arlington Brugh's return to Nebraska—and the girl he left behind!

out the car. "Hi, John," and John and his family grouped on the front porch, called back:

"Hi, Arlington."

As they neared Beatrice, more and more cars were parked along the roadway. Farmers, their wives and their thoroughly scrubbed children, peered and cheered from every car.

"Hi, Arlington," they called. And Bob hi-ed back, his excitement mounting by the minute.

Now into Beatrice the procession poured and up West Sixth Street to Ed Weekes' house. Ed had been Bob's pal just a few years ago and the two were soon lost in the usual masculine manner of pummeling and thumping each other in their greetings. Mist grew and thickened in the eyes of both Nebraska lads as they gazed long at each other.

"Gee," was Ed's final summing up. "Gee, boy, it's good to see you."

They remembered, Bob and Ed, how they had planned and dreamed together. Today Ed plows the fields around his farm. Corn, wheat and barley grow under his care. Today, Bob Taylor is the most important young player on the screen. Yet on the front porch of Ed's little home they met as pals and friends. A farmer of Nebraska and a screen lover of Hollywood.

Then around the corner the procession moved and at the corner it halted. Was forced to, in fact, for the whole town waited for Bob. School children (schools and shops had closed for the day) stood, scrubbed and shining, in long precise rows. Old Glory flew for dear life.

The National Guard, resplendent in newly pressed uniforms, sprang into a salute. A little slow here and there on the uptake, maybe, but a salute of love and pride.

Four bands simultaneously burst into *The Stars and Stripes Forever* just as every bell and whistle in the town of Beatrice let loose with vim and vigor.

They lifted up the dazed actor and placed him in an open car. The parade moved on.

Bob had really come home. They called to him from roof tops and building marquees: "Hi, Arlington."

"Hey, Arlington, wait," a little man screamed from a ledge above a shop doorway. "Wanta get your picture, boy."

And while the parade halted, Bob called back, "Go ahead Mr. Roszell, shoot." The town photographer beamed and the picture was taken.

Over West Sixth Street hung an enormous banner, "Beatrice Welcomes You, Arlington Brugh," and neatly printed underneath in small type was the name, Robert Taylor.

(*Continued on page* 81)

"America's Boyfriend" met "America's Sweetheart" when he was chosen as her leading man for "My Best Girl"—all prophetic titles! Here they are with his mother on the set at that time.

BUDDY ROGERS' Own Story of His Romance With MARY PICKFORD

"MARY and I expect to be married early in February, and not 'sometime in the spring,' as has been announced. I am under contract to make a picture in England and a short tour with my band, so it is impossible to tell you the exact date. But if I have anything to say about it, it will be just as soon after my return as arrangements can be completed."

Buddy Rogers and I were sitting in deep easy chairs near the edge of the swimming pool at his home in Beverly Hills. Twenty-four hours before, the newspapers had headlined the news that Buddy and Mary Pickford had called his mother and father in Olathe, Kansas, to announce that the long-rumored and equally long-denied story of their romance was no longer a journalistic supposition, but the real thing: they were going to be married.

The statements of all interested parties had been marshalled together in the proverbial human-interest notes:

"We're mighty darn proud and happy that Buddy has chosen such a wonderful girl for our new daughter," Buddy's father, Judge Bert Henry Rogers, was quoted as saying.

Mrs. Rogers, it seems, had become annoyed at the questions concerning the ten years difference in their ages. She said: "What has age to do with love when two people have as much in common as Mary and my son? Loveliness like Mary's doesn't know the meaning of years!"

But aside from a hasty verification of their plans and the happy and enthusiastic assurance that Judge Rogers' announcement was true (though a trifle premature), the two most vitally concerned, Mary and Buddy, had had very little to say. Just as they have had very little say ever since Mary's divorce from Douglas Fairbanks, which was the signal for columnists to link their names in romance items.

"I only wish *I* could have been as sure all that time that Mary would eventually say 'Yes,'" Buddy replied when I reminded him that the country was full of rumor hounds who were now sitting back saying, "I told you so."

"In view of all that has been printed," he continued, "I suppose you will find it hard to believe what I am about to tell you. But I promised you that when this story broke, if ever, I'd tell you the truth—and the truth is that I did not know and hardly dared to hope, until just two or three months ago, that I'd ever stand a chance with the girl I've been in love with many years longer than even she could suspect.

"The writers have been wrong in calling ours a romance of three years. We've known each other and been friends that long, yes. But until I returned to Hollywood about five months ago, I hadn't even allowed myself to hope that the love I felt for Mary would ever be returned by more than the deep and sincere friendship she had already given me. I'm just the luckiest man in the world; that's the answer."

The tall, dark young man beside me spoke so seriously that it was impossible to doubt what he said. The light-colored tweed he was wearing brought his California-sun-tanned features into sharp contrast, and for many reasons he seemed an entirely different person from the discouraged young actor I had met on this identical spot six years ago when his contract with Paramount was ending and he did not yet know that his musical career with his newly recruited orchestra would prove so successful. In the first place, there are many silver threads, vastly becoming, sprinkled through the black hair at his temples. Maturity becomes him. But even more important is the change in his personality. There is real assurance and a definite force in his make-up. No longer does he seem to be drifting on accidental tides. For not only has the love dream of his life become a reality, but an important turn in his second picture career is opening for him at the same time.

Maybe I'm guessing, but I firmly believe that if Buddy hadn't proved to himself that he rated this new chance Columbia studio is giving him on the screen, he would never have had the heart or the courage to propose to the woman who has had the greatest career of any star on the screen and who has gone on to solidify her great talents as the producer of such a box-office hit as "The Gay Desperado."

I think that new square-cut diamond sparkling on Mary Pickford's finger is not only a symbol of the happiness they expect to find together, but of a fight Buddy has waged with himself and a point he has proved: that his career as a Hollywood star was not a fluke and that he has earned the right to rectify the mistakes he feels he made in his first opportunity.

Soon after his return, five months ago, he told me something of the irresistible urge that had drawn him back to Hollywood for a second chance on the screen, even though it meant abandoning his highly successful band tour right at the height of his popularity.

He had said at that time, "Hollywood haunted me. It was like something on my conscience. Every time I went to a movie, it seemed I saw some newcomer in a role I might have played. I watched the rise of Fred MacMurray, Robert Taylor and James Stewart with a lot of interest. Then, one day, it suddenly came home to me why I was out on the road leading a band and why I was no longer in Hollywood. I was ashamed to admit it, even to myself, but there it was: I had never really tried to be a good actor! I had never done a thing to justify the break I got when I was jumped to overnight stardom after 'Wings.'

"I found out too late that I got my big break too early. I was just a kid out of school, then, and I guess my reaction to fame and money was not much different from that of most kids. I had taken everything for granted and very much in stride.

"Then one day I was *out!*

"I'm not going to bore you with the reactions I had to that unexpected calamity. I was slightly dazed, as I remember. I began to look around frantically for something else to do. I'd always been interested in music, so that is what I tried. I started with my orchestra at the College Inn, Chicago.

"I worked hard. I studied music and practiced for hours. And I don't think I'm patting myself on the back when I say that the boys and I made a success of the new venture. But I couldn't forget Hollywood. (*Continued on page* 109)

Revealing the inside facts about the love which everyone has heard about and no one has really known

By
WALTER RAMSEY

"What has age to do with love when two people have so much in common?" says Buddy's mother. They ride together, dance together—go everywhere together!

Gary Cooper as Wild Bill Hickok and Jean Arthur as Calamity Jane will thrill you in "The Plainsman."

"Banjo on My Knee," starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, is a successful venture in new fields.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks, (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ The Plainsman (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gary Cooper, Jean Arthur, James Ellison, Charles Bickford, Helen Burgess, Porter Hall, Paul Harvey, Victor Varconi, John Miljan, Purnell Pratt, Fred Kohler, Sr.*

It's About: *The romance of a girl-shy Indian Scout and a determined gal of of the plains, during the struggle of the settlers to rid the West of lawless Indians.*

A glorified Western, this condensation of a colorful romantic period in frontier history emphasizes personalities rather than battles to provide exciting, glamorous entertainment.

Endeavoring to make the West safe for settlers after the Civil War, Indian Scouts *Wild Bill Hickok* (Gary Cooper) and *Buffalo Bill Cody* (James Ellison) make war on Charles Bickford who has been selling guns to the Indians. Their efforts, aided by the heroics of boisterous *Calamity Jane* (Jean Arthur) result in many Indian fights, culminating in the last stand of *General Custer* (John Miljan). Against this backdrop of battle, rises the romance of *Wild Bill* and *Calamity Jane.*

Cooper turns in a superb performance in a role tailored to suit him. Jean Arthur's characterization is equally fine. Other outstanding performances are given by James Ellison, Porter Hall, Charles Bickford and John Miljan.

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

✓✓ Winterset (RKO)

You'll See: *Burgess Meredith, Margo, Eduardo Ciannelli, John Carradine, Edward Ellis, Paul Guilfoyle, Maurice Moscovitch, Stanley Ridges, Willard Robertson, Mischa Auer, Myron McCormick.*

It's About: *The relentless seeking of a boy to avenge his father's death.*

Here is a picture of power. A story grim and compelling, ugly and fascinating, sordid and beautiful. The rythmic cadences of Maxwell Anderson's lines, spoken against a background of squalor, lend an eerie feeling of beauty that balances the wretched business of hate, murder and revenge.

Mio (Burgess Meredith), the son of a mild radical who was railroaded to his death, dedicates his life to avenging his father's undeserved execution. As if by some strange power, *Mio* is drawn within the circle of the real murderers. There he meets and loves Margo, a sister of one of the guilty trio, and finds his consuming hate yielding to his new love and a new hope in life.

In the role he created on the stage, Burgess Meredith gives one of the best performances of the year. Others recruited from the stage play are Margo, whose playing is a gem of restraint, and Eduardo Giannelli, who gives a truly brilliant portrayal as the consumptive killer. Edward Ellis, John Carradine, Maurice Moscovitch and Paul Guilfoyle complete the superb cast.

Here is drama, tense and raw, perfectly directed and as brilliantly played.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't let the lack of draw names keep you from seeing this great picture.

✓✓ After the Thin Man (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Myrna Loy, William Powell, Jimmie Stewart, Elissa Landi, Joseph Calleia, Alan Marshall, others.*

It's About: *Ex-detective* Nick Charles, *who searches for quiet and finds three murders to solve.*

Here, for once, is a sequel which rivals its predecessor. Fully as gay as the original, as amusing and as complicated to follow, it is superb as a mystery melodrama and exceptional as an example of modern comedy.

The story itself is necessarily fairly routine, and horror is delightfully subordinated to the almost off color wit which Powell and Mryna bandy between them. This time Bill and Myrna arrive in San Francisco on New Year's eve determined to lead a restful life. Myrna's crape-hung relatives give a dinner at which it is revealed that Myrna's cousin, Elissa Landi, is in trouble. Her good-for-nothing husband has disappeared. Powell is

Believe it or not, Bill Powell's and Myrna Loy's "After the Thin Man" is as good as the first film!

Margo and Burgess Meredith duplicate their stage success in the great film version of "Winterset."

badgered into starting the hunt for him.

Then begins a hectic chase, lasting for days, in which the missing husband and two other men are murdered; notes are thrown through windows, Powell is attacked in basements and practically everybody is arrested. All this is made more confusing by a psychologist who accuses several people of being crazy.

Don't be alarmed for your own sanity. It's well lost at such entertainment as this. Powell and Loy are as jaunty, as coolly madcap, as insouciant as ever. Jimmie Stewart, as the blundering youth who has loved and lost Elissa, does the nicest acting in his career. Jessie Ralph is bombastic, Dorothy McNulty is vulgar and Sam Levene is funny—all convincingly. Asta, the dog, has a philandering wife in this one.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't think of missing it.

✓✓ Banjo on My Knee (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Walter Brennan, Buddy Ebsen, Helen Westley, Walter Catlett, Minna Gombell, Anthony Martin, Katherine DeMille, the Hall Johnson Choir.*

It's About: *A Mississippi River boatman who, afraid that he has committed murder, runs away from his bride, and her pursuit.*

Here is a new type of comedy based on a story so utterly phoney you must laugh at it and welded together with hit music. Its stars seem to have as good a time as the audience.

The picture opens on a little sandbar in an island in the Mississippi where Joel McCrea has just brought his land bride (Barbara Stanwyck) to live on the shanty boats. During the celebration he thinks he has killed a man and runs away. Then begins a

(*Continued on page* 95)

Very nice month, this. Excellent musical comedies of assorted varieties, notably "Pennies from Heaven," with Crosby crooning; "Gold Diggers of 1937," for laughs and legs; "Champagne Waltz," co-starring Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray; "Rainbow on the River," with that amazing child, Bobby Breen; and "Banjo on My Knee," which co-stars Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea and surprisingly has a music score. The romance division is headed by "After the Thin Man" (which is a perfect follow up on the original); "Love on the Run," with Gable, Crawford and Tone. "Lloyds of London" is the best historical picture in months, with the new Tyrone Power really magnificent.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Captains Courageous. Freddie Bartholomew as a spoiled, rich youngster who is shipwrecked and forced to live with a group of hard-fisted, courageous fishermen. Spencer Tracy, Lionel Barrymore, Charles Grapewin, and Mickey Rooney support.

RKO-RADIO

Coast Patrol. Victor McLaglen and Preston Foster battle it out in what promises to be an action-packed film of the heroic work of the coastguardsmen.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

One In a Million. Rushes indicate that Sonja Henie's work in her first picture will make her a big-time star. Jean Hersholt and the Ritz Brothers, too.

Stowaway. Shirley Temple has a stronger, more interesting story in the adventures of a little orphan girl in China. Robert Young, Alice Faye, Arthur Treacher and Astrid Allwyn support.

UNIVERSAL

Top of the Town. Musical extravaganza forms the background for Universal's biggest offering. The story deals with wealthy Doris Nolan's ambition to get into the night-club business. George Murphy, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Gertrude Nissen, Ella Logan and Henry Armetta.

Blonde Dynamite. Sincerity and artistry of performances by Tala Birell, Cesar Romero, Walter Pidgeon and Walter Brennan look likely to make this an exceptionally splendid picture.

WARNER BROTHERS

Lords of the Land. Cotton share-croppers furnish the dramatic characters for this Jean Muir-Gordon Oliver picture about a girl and a reporter.

THE GIRL IN A MILLION GLORIFYING THE SHOW IN A MILLION!

A revelation in entertainment!

Scene upon scene of beauty and splendor!

Glittering with luminaries from five show-worlds!

Romance and fun! Melody and drama!

AND SOMETHING EXHILARATINGLY NEW AND EXCITING TO THRILL YOU!...

100 glamorous girls dancing on skates in dazzling ice-revels of breath-taking beauty!

'One in a Million'

introducing to the screen
the lovely queen of the silvery skates!

SONJA HENIE

with

ADOLPHE MENJOU
JEAN HERSHOLT
NED SPARKS
DON AMECHE
RITZ BROTHERS
ARLINE JUDGE
BORRAH MINEVITCH
and his gang
DIXIE DUNBAR
LEAH RAY
SHIRLEY DEANE

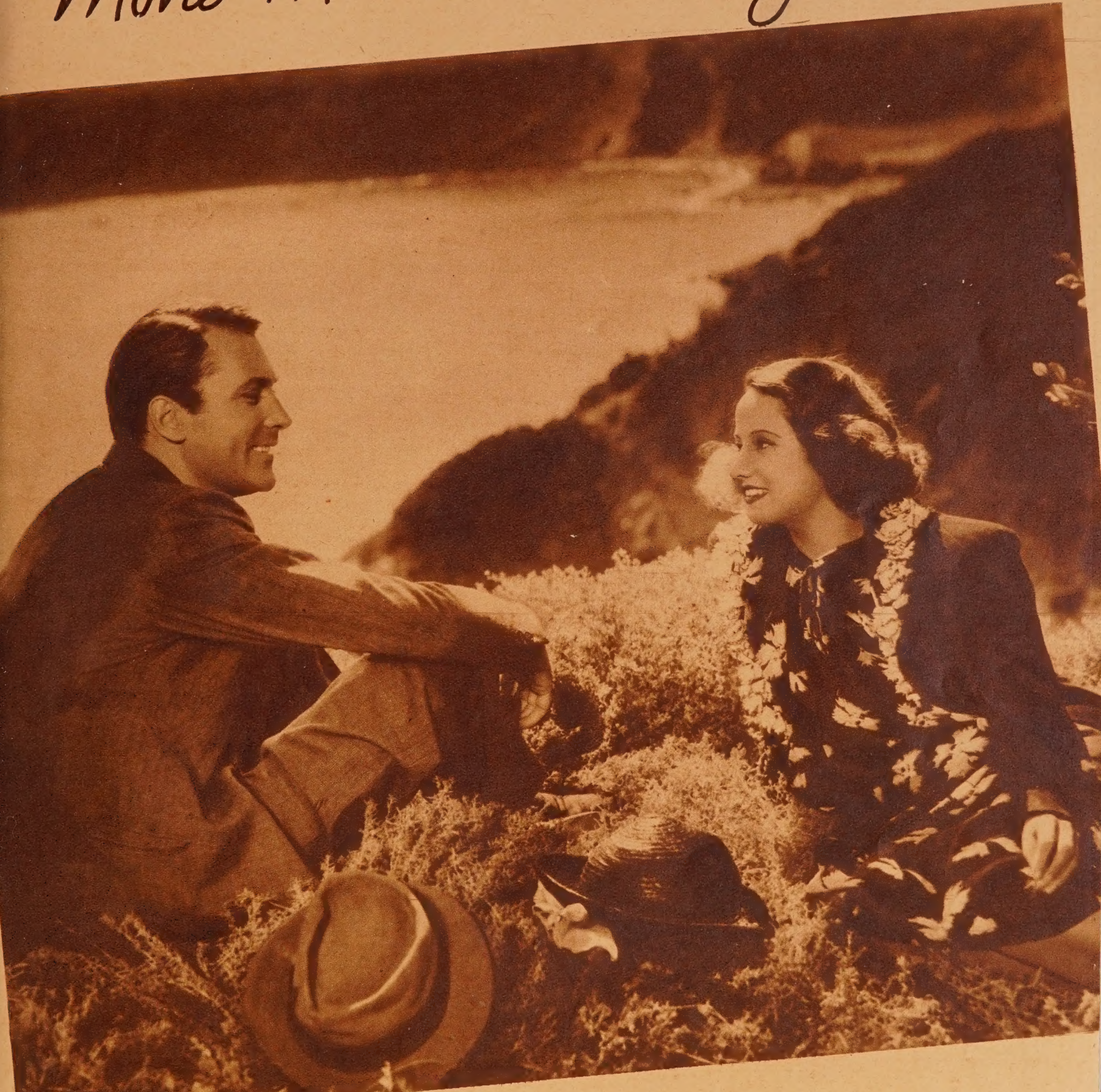
Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith

1937'S SPECTACULAR MUSICAL SMASH.. SONGS YOU'LL REMEMBER AS THE HITS OF THE YEAR!... "One in a Million" "Who's Afraid of Love?" "The Moonlit Waltz" "We're Back in Circulation Again" "Lovely Lady in White"

You've never seen anything like it before! And if you live to be a million . . . you'll never see anything like it again!

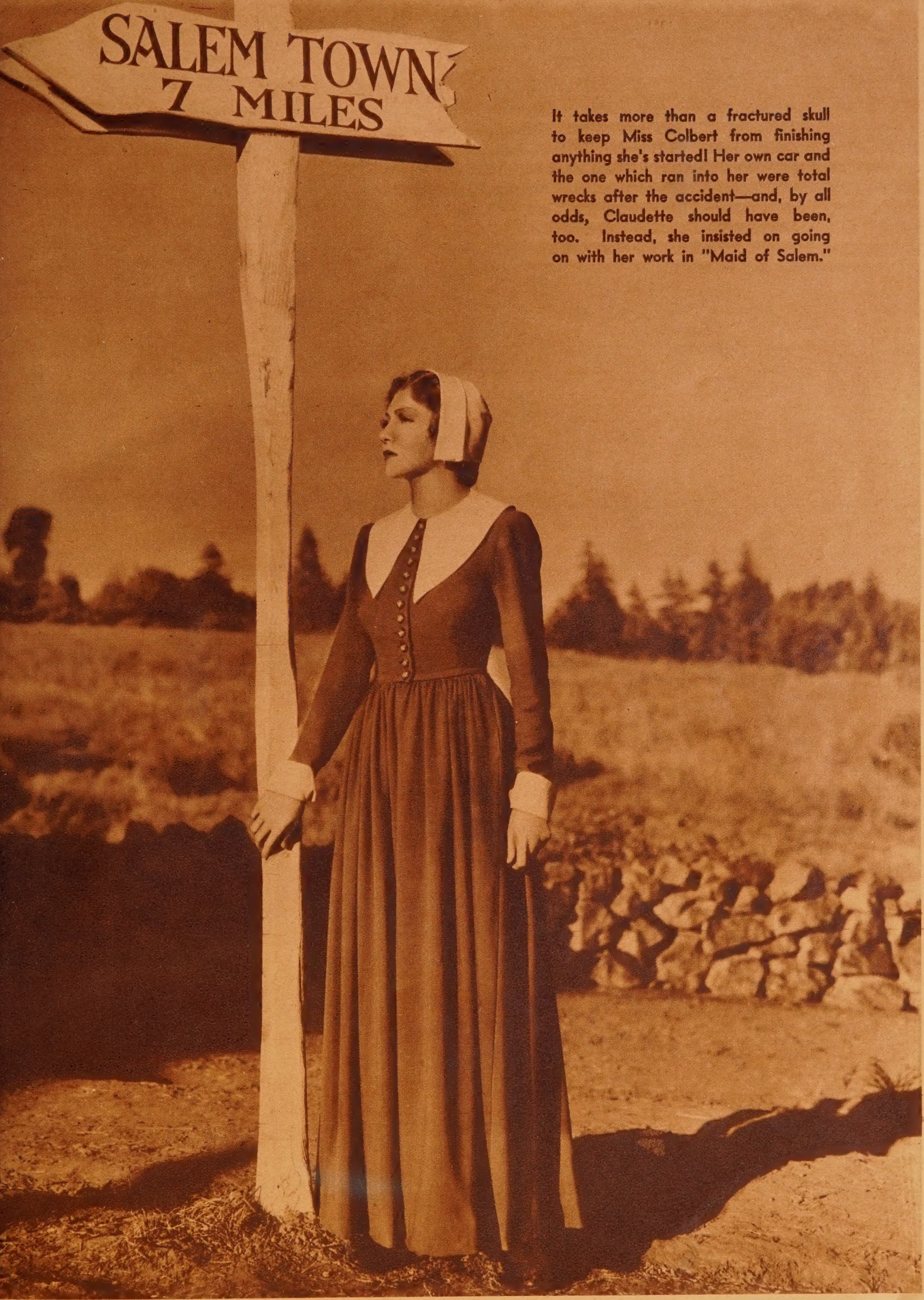
20th CENTURY FOX
DARRYL F ZANUCK in charge of production

Movie Mirror's Personality Parade



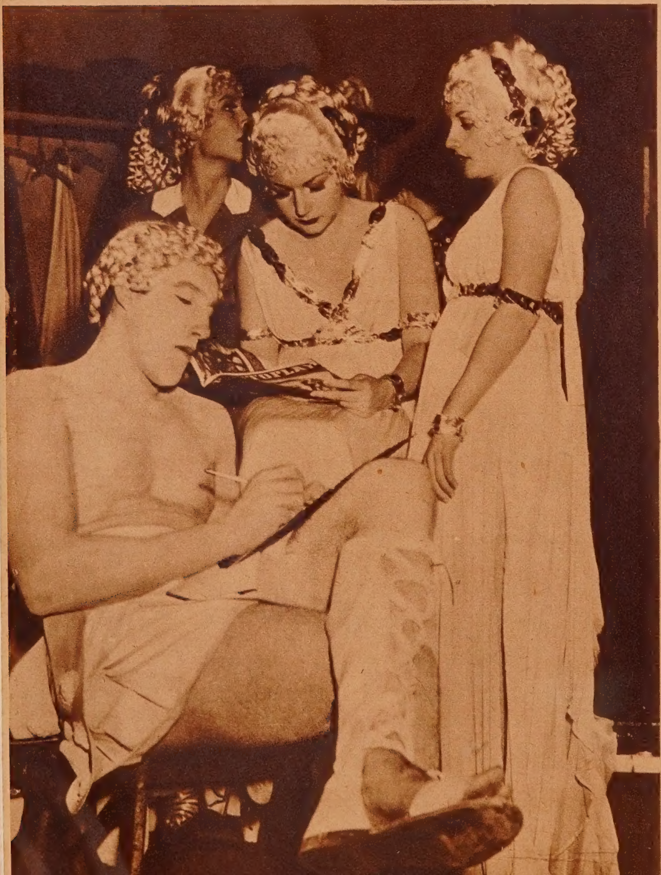
Spring comes to the Emerald Isle! And love comes to Brian Aherne and Merle Oberon in "Beloved Enemy," Sam Goldwyn's stirring production based on the Irish Rebellion. Merle, by the way, is in Great Britain right now. David Niven will join her in England for the Coronation—and perhaps a big wedding?

Here's the lucky number! "Love on the Run" will be Clark Gable's and Joan Crawford's seventh picture together since the days of "Dancing Lady." This hilarious pilgrimage of romance on the highways and byways of Europe also comes closer to Joan's early dancing roles than any she's had for a long while—and her wardrobe is simply a dream!



It takes more than a fractured skull to keep Miss Colbert from finishing anything she's started! Her own car and the one which ran into her were total wrecks after the accident—and, by all odds, Claudette should have been, too. Instead, she insisted on going on with her work in "Maid of Salem."

Razzing the Three



Paramount's latest collegiate musical film promises to set new records in fantastic foolishness, aided and abetted by comedy-queen Martha Raye (top, left); Leif Erikson (top, right—on the set with Frances Farmer, his wife); those dancing demons, Eleanore Whitney and Johnny Downs (above), and a huge cast of chorus girls and extras, a few of whom were snapped between scenes, at left.

L's

Down with the old-fashioned curriculum! "College Holiday" has its own educational program, based on the three L's—legs, love and lunacy. The lunacy commission is headed by Gracie Allen and Mary Boland (above) and Jack Benny, at right with Marsha Hunt, of the love contingent. Top, right—the famous legs of the chorus are a bit covered up by the latest things in foot-warmers and such.

SPENCER TRACY

Spencer Tracy is just beginning to learn what a price stars must pay for popularity. For years, Hollywood considered him an "actor's actor" without box-office appeal. "San Francisco" changed all that, and Tracy was so thrilled—until they told him he's so important now that he can't play polo any more! That broke his heart. But the worst was yet to come. He had to have his hair curled the other day, for the first time in his career, for his role in "Captains Courageous."

Ginger has also learned the price of fame. Would you like her better without blonde hair? She's anxious to go back to her natural darker coloring. And she sincerely wants to do straight dramatic roles. Both wishes were about to come true in "Mother Carey's Chickens," but the demand for Astaire-Rogers films is too great. She had to stop work in the middle of that picture to take up her dancing again with Fred. However, she may still get her wish about the hair!

GINGER ROGERS

"I have no regrets,"

Says JEAN HARLOW

JEAN HARLOW used to be the most conspicuous blonde in Hollywood—and the girl with the unhappiest eyes.

She used to own a huge, isolated house on a hilltop—once called "the whitest house in the world."

Today, she lives in an unpretentious, much smaller house in a Beverly Hills side street. She rents it. She has sold the other house—"because it *was* so big for just Mother and me."

Today, her hair is "brownette." That sounds darkish. Actually, her long bob, curled on the ends, is buff-gold. But, after her years as a platinum blonde, she feels "like a deep-dyed brunette."

Those are two big recent changes for Jean Harlow. But the greatest change is in her blue eyes. The unhappiness has gone out of them.

And what is the explanation?

It isn't to be found in superficialities, certainly. In a change from one kind of blondeness to another, for example. In a change from one house to another. Or even in a new contentment and interest in her work.

Perhaps there is a romantic explanation? Perhaps William Powell has had an influence? Perhaps.

But Jean, tossing back her head and smiling with a challenging frankness, has another answer:

"I've disinherited all my regrets, turned them out of the house. I haven't one left."

This, mind you, isn't the hot-headed, light-headed Harlow of "Libeled Lady" talking. This is the private-life Harlow, who considers what she says before she says it, and whose sincerity is as apparent as her shapeliness.

More has happened to this Jean Harlow—more of misunderstanding, unhappiness, and downright disillusionment—than to any other star on the screen. Yet this is the girl who says, "I have no regrets."

By JAMES REID

She's faced more tragedy than any other star, but is she downhearted? No!

Chin up, eyes bright, lips curved in a smile, the world's most famous blonde confidently faces the future, with only gratitude for what despair taught her.

At first hearing, it's a bit startling.

Thoughtfully toying with a new ring on the third finger of her left hand, she supposes that it *is* "unexpected." She adds that it will probably be difficult for her to explain herself.

"Do you know the two hardest things I've had to learn in Hollywood?" she asks suddenly. "One is smiling—when I don't think my smile improves my looks any. The other is talking about myself—when it's presumptuous to have an illusion that the world is interested in what *I* do or feel or think.

"I know that the newspaper headlines and the fan mail dispute that. But in spite of that evidence, I still am not used to the idea."

She has had more newspaper headlines, probably, than any other woman alive. And, except for Robert Taylor, she receives more fan mail than any other star at M-G-M, which also is the address of Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy, Clark Gable, Garbo, William Powell and Eleanor Powell.

Movie making is an amazing business. But the most amazing thing about it, if you're a star, is the amount of explaining-about-yourself that you are expected to do, unblushingly. From the beginning to the end of your career, you're involved in one long self-explanation.

When and if you click, you are expected to tell how you did it—explain your success secrets.

If you have left a completely different world to enter the movie world, you are expected to explain why.

If you have hair of an unusual shade, and hair that is naturally that shade, you are expected to explain your beauty secrets.

Later, if you change the shade of that hair, you are expected to reveal new beauty secrets.

If you have had an unhappy marriage, you are expected to explain why it failed.

If tragedy has entered your life, you are expected to reveal how it has affected you.

If you are one kind of person on the screen, and another kind of person off it, you are expected to explain why.

If you are happy, if you are unhappy; if you are in love, if you are out of love, explanations are in order.

"So I know," Jean says, with stifled resignation, "that I can't get out of explaining *why* I have no regrets.

"But before I begin, I want to straighten out one thing. I don't want to go out of my way to have anyone misunderstand me now.

"I don't want anyone to think that I am saying, recklessly, 'No matter what happens to me—no matter what I do—I'll never be sorry.' I'm not saying that.

"I haven't any advice to offer anyone. I've had some things happen to me that haven't happened to many people. And other people might have learned different lessons from them."

Jean can't remember when she first fell into the cold clutches of regrets.

"I don't think I had regrets of any size until I entered the movies. I was pretty well grown up by that time—or thought I was. Actually, I wasn't. If I had been, I wouldn't have been so sorry about things that happened to me.

"Probably that was the trouble. Nothing much ever had happened to me before I found myself out there in front of a movie camera.

"When I was a child, even illnesses didn't happen to me. Scarlet fever was about the only ailment I ever had, and I don't know how that ever got to me.

"Not that I was a hot-house flower; I wasn't. In fact, I had tomboy tendencies; one of them was a distaste for dolls. But our family had, as the phrase goes, money. I had all the advantages of life. I never had to solve any of 'life's little problems' by myself; they were all solved for me.

"When the hard knocks started coming my way, I used to resent the fact that I hadn't been prepared for them."

It's a bit difficult to picture the sophisticate, Jean Harlow, as the child, Harlean Carpentier. And a very naive child, at that.

"To show you: one time I was forbidden to eat sweets of any kind. And that deprivation was real torture to me. One evening, my family went out. Lying in bed awake after they left, I had a terrible craving for a piece of candy. I decided that it might be all

(*Continued on page 91*)

By BEN MADDOX

Brian's strange courtship took place entirely at the Trocadero (below), where Marjorie was singing. It almost ended when she stood him up for a date with Bob Taylor on New Year's Eve—but this New Year's Eve is a very different story!

TROCADERO Love

HE doesn't give a hoot for night clubs.

Neither does she.

But they owe all to the Trocadero—for that's where they found the romance which, all unconsciously, they had sought.

That's where the love story of Brian Donlevy and his bride begins. In the smart cafe, the favorite rendezvous of Hollywood's social set, they met, fell for each other, disagreed dramatically, and finally decided they couldn't go on without each other.

All around them nightly was glamour. But while the orchids dripped from the ermine coats tossed on the nearby chairs, they lived a strange romantic drama of their very own.

He had believed that it was impossible for love to be anything but disillusioning. One woman had given him good cause for this absurd conclusion. And this girl who was thrust into his life was on guard against the flattery of movie actors, who in her eyes were so charming—and so insincere.

The very modern romance of Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane began and grew in a night club, but it leads to an old-fashioned wedding

One glance at her, and Brian had an overwhelming hunch, even though such a feeling was entirely contrary to his plans. He went back to the Troc for dinner on the next evening, and every evening for a week. Because, he repeatedly advised himself, the steaks were better there.

She was Marjorie Lane, featured songstress.

A week of battling with himself and Brian maneuvered an introduction. She promised that he could escort her home. That was on New Year's Eve, just a year ago, and when midnight rang out and everyone in the Troc was gayly shouting with joy, all the suppressed emotion in him leaped to the surface. At last there was a positive reason for living. She had reciprocated his interest, and his heart was rocketing with the fierce intoxication of new hope.

But he was mistaken. When he looked for her he discovered she had gone without even a message for him. She had stood him up.

A girl who breaks a date with no explanation isn't worth a second thought. So Brian returned to the Troc on the following evening to tell Miss Marjorie Lane that fact. He kept on returning every night, for three whole months. Then he maneuvered her into an engagement. And on this New Year's Day he will stand beside her at an altar. He's maneuvered her into marriage.

The details that fill in the gaps constitute an actual, unfictionized tale of Trocadero love.

WHEN Brian Donlevy came to Hollywood, a little more than a year and a half ago, he was a resolute man. It was going to be all work and no women. Until he adventured to the Troc it was clear sailing. On Broadway he had scored notable successes, but he had to master the tricks of film technique and adjust himself to the unusual ways of the screen world; so most of his time was thoroughly taken up.

He paid no attention to the pretty ladies he soon began meeting. He was polite but tactfully distant towards the actresses with whom he was teamed. He wanted no entanglements, so he declined the invitations which poured in on him. Eligible bachelors, men with position and charm, are at a premium in Hollywood, and very definitely he wasn't overlooked. Yet he didn't respond.

Brian knew women were merely trouble dressed up in fancy tulle. That was his pet expression, used often so he wouldn't forget it. Sagely he declared, "I'm smart enough not to burn myself twice!"

And then, because he was now in Hollywood, nothing happened as he expected. He has ended up the most buoyant bridegroom I have ever seen, an about-to-be-husband whose obvious happiness fairly bowls you over. Every trace of cynicism is wiped out. Fortunately for him, he couldn't handle Hollywood as he figured he could; he couldn't stick to the stern aloneness he mapped out for self-protection.

The funny thing is that merely the prospect of tastier food led him inside the doors of the Troc! He wasn't curious about the place. Remember, he doesn't give a hoot about night clubs; after all, he was a New Yorker and he'd been about. Furthermore, and more to the point, going there wasn't wise. There were likely to be too many gorgeous distractions.

When he finished his days at the studio he ate out. For a couple of months he tried Sardi's. When he was bored stiff with their menu he transferred to Musso-Frank's, another popular restaurant on the Boulevard. When it became too cut and dried he switched to the Brown Derby. The Troc was the last resort .

It was jammed, because he'd picked Chistmas Eve to give it a tryout. There were stars celebrating at every table, exactly as he had imagined. Sitting with a chance acquaintance, Brian moodily watched the crowd of famous people dancing. He said hello in the proper fashion to the proper personages. At ten o'clock, with a flourish, Phil Ohman's band waxed hotter. A girl stepped to the fore and, suddenly, Brian was conscious of her.

(*Continued on page* 106)

SIX STARS' RULES FOR

Some grand advice from those who

from ringing out a prisoner's song

EVERY once in a while when you pick up a newspaper you read about a husband who has just divorced his wife because she ate peanuts in bed or trumped his ace or laughed at his grammar. And you lift your eyebrows and say, "Well, for heaven's sake!"

But maybe that very night you and your husband quarrel. And what do you quarrel about? You argue about whether his family is better than yours or yours better than his, or about his carelessness in throwing ashes on the rugs—something big and vital like that. And one thing leads to another and very soon you're saying, "I'm sorry I ever married you." And he says, "Well, I didn't get any prize when I got hooked, I can tell you that."

Of course you don't get divorced and it never occurs to you that you're just as silly as the husband whose wife ate peanuts in bed. But you find that marriage isn't quite what you'd dreamed it would be. And the amazing thing is that it isn't the big problems which drive you wild but the little ones which are so aggravating.

Which, of course, is precisely what all the Hollywood stars discover. The foolish ones let their problems assume huge proportions, like a snowball rolling down hill. But the wise ones have a system. They have to have a system or they'd go mad. For marriage is much more difficult for men and women in the picture profession than it is for other people, although heaven knows people all over the country have difficulty solving their marriage problems.

Let's take the Jean Hersholt plan. The author of the plan is really Mrs. Hersholt, and the proof that it works is that they've been happily married for twenty-three years.

That independent young lady, Irene Dunne, and her husband, Dr. Griffin (in circle, below), have some very definite ideas of their own about solving marriage problems. Sue and Chester Morris (at right) overcame their greatest difficulties in that almost disastrous first year of marriage—and then they lived happily ever after!

A HAPPY MARRIAGE

know how to keep the wedding bells

By DORA ALBERT

Mrs. Hersholt is a dark, vivid woman who is warmly, strikingly alive, and very, very feminine.

"The only argument that Jean and I ever have," she told me, laughing, "is about my bills for clothes. Sometimes he makes the most terrific fuss about them. The funny thing is that he often makes a fuss about a comparatively small item, and lets a much bigger item pass without a word."

"What do you do when Jean rails about your extravagance?" I asked.

"Oh," said Mrs. Hersholt, smiling, "I have a very good answer for all that. I say, 'Jean, darling, you know we're only alive once, and you wouldn't want me to do without the things I like, would you?' Sometimes—very rarely—but sometimes, I remind him about his bills for books. 'Remember that first edition you bought Thursday?' I ask. 'You know, Jean, the bill for that is much larger than the bill for this beautiful yellow velvet dress. And you know, Jean, no one can wear a book!' Then Jean looks very guilty, and I go off and have a good lunch and forget all about it."

Rule One, then for a happy marriage: *Don't make mountains out of molehills.*

CHESTER MORRIS studied the sole of his foot to hide his embarrassment and said, "It's often been said, and I found it to be true, that the first year of marriage is the hardest. During that year you have to make whatever adjustments you can. If you fail to make them, the entire security and happiness of your marriage is threatened.

"The first year of my marriage to Sue (Suzanne Kilborne) was anything but clear sailing. We (*Continued on page* 111)

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Hersholt (left) have an infallible plan for marital happiness, too—she found the perfect answer to that eternal question of feminine extravagance. Ida, the beloved wife of Eddie Cantor (below), has kept the Cantor home running smoothly for years, although some women might find it hard to follow her example.

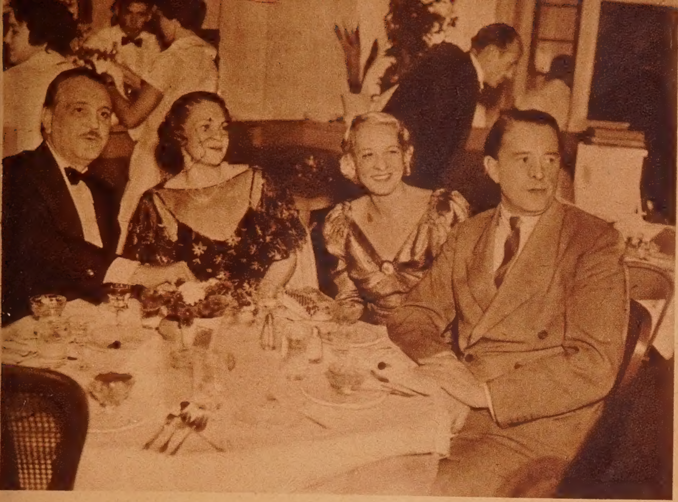
Palm Springs is Open Again

The big event of the new season at Hollywood's favorite desert retreat was the grand opening of the Racquet Club's new dining room. Just above, Ralph Bellamy (he's part owner of the club) treats Ketti Gallian and Bill Gargan to some air-music.

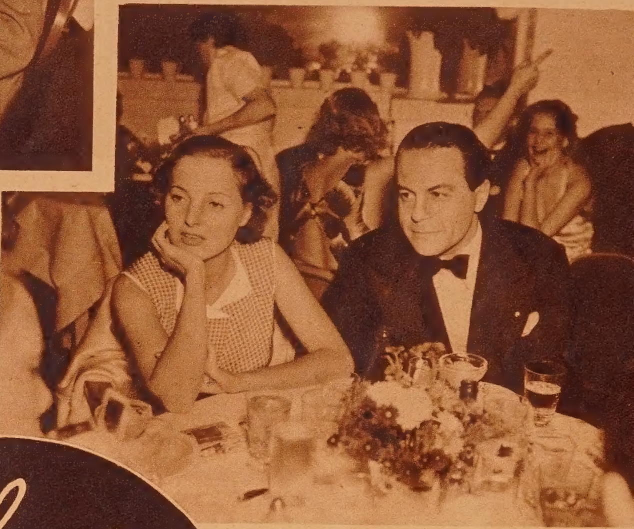
Below, Ralph shows Doris Dudley around the Racquet Club. Believe it or not, the suave-looking gentleman with them is that famous filmenace, Humphrey Bogart.

All year, the stars vacation at Palm Springs. Then, when winter comes, all Hollywood moves out into the desert. Above, Rosalind Keith, John Warburton and Annia Breyman at El Mirador Hotel.

Wonder which side of that Racquet Club bill-of-fare sent Pete Smith, Robert Woolsey, Charlie Butterworth and Bert Wheeler into this critical huddle? But they can't upset Ralph's composure—he's taking good care of business while co-partner Charlie Farrell is in England.



Below, Pat Paterson and Paul Soskin, the English producer, in a group at the Racquet Club. Perhaps Charles Boyer, Pat's husband, was too tired of sand after "The Garden of Allah" to return to the desert so soon—?

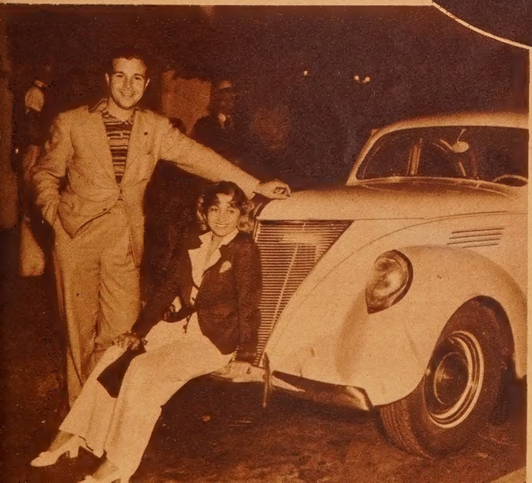


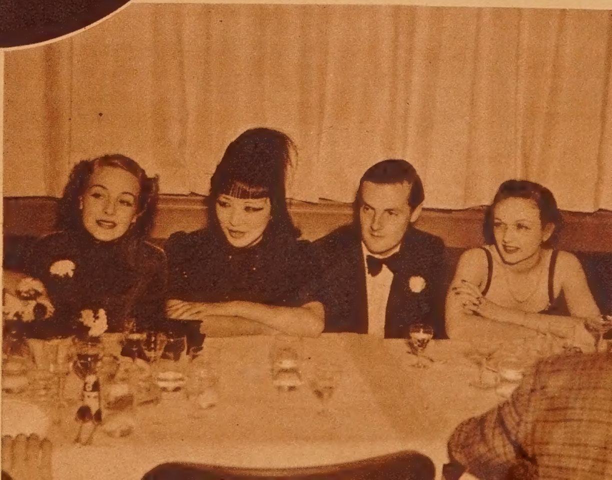
The Frank Morgans and the Reginald Owens (above) were among those who helped give the Racquet Club dining room a terrific send-off. By-the-by, this club of Ralph's and Charlie's has proved one of the greatest non-movie successes any stars ever had.

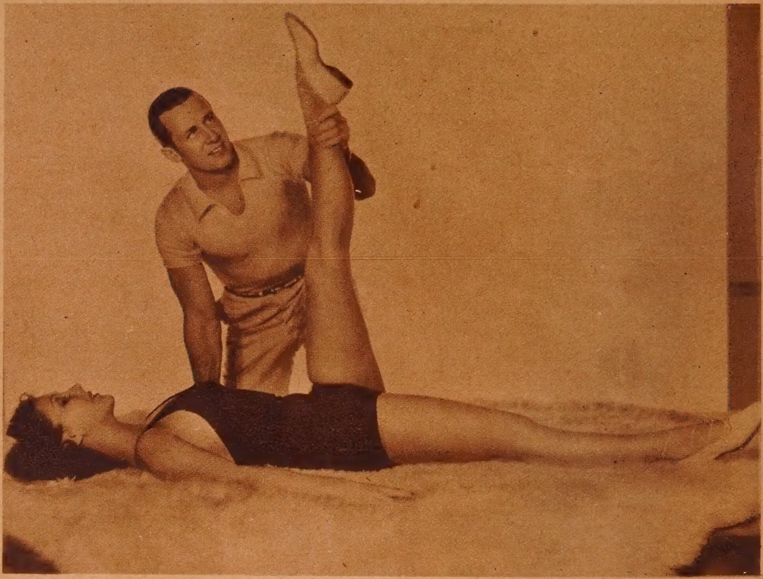
and of course Hyman Fink was there with his camera!

We wouldn't be very much surprised to find out that Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are having more of a real honeymoon out at Palm Springs than they had on their hectic trip to New York. Anyway, they look awfully happy in the film below.

Still another tableful at the Racquet Club—this time, Joan Perry, Mrs. Harry Lackman, the Earl of Jersey and Virginia Cherrill; the latter's the big romance at the moment—both in Hollywood and London.







The author and Jean Parker, one of M-G-M's shapeliest actresses, demonstrate the correct leg position for the first exercise in the text.

Here's good news! The stars' own physical director

By DONALD LOOMIS

IF you have followed closely the instructions in my last two articles you will by this time be well on your way in the battle against Time and its effects on your appearance. I've written at length about the great importance of changing your attitude from that of a settled, aged-in-the-easy-chair woman to that of youth; and I'm not going to repeat the discourse except to remind you that mental conditioning is a good third of your struggle against looking old.

You've assaulted the wrinkles on your face and the sagging flabbiness of your throat; you've re-molded your upper arms and your bust. This month I'll conclude this series-within-a-series on "how to look five years younger" with exercises and diets for shaping large abdomens, too-large or too-thin hips, thighs, calves, and ankles.

Understand, the treatment prescribed in this case must be entirely different from the treatment I would give women who are safely young, but who, because of poorly exercised muscles or bad diet, are misshapen.

In their case the problem is merely one of substituting muscle for fat or of building up portions of the body that are too thin. If your trouble is that of age the basic difficulty is a different one. With passing years, tissue loses its tone, and although some women simply gain weight the majority find that the flesh begins to sag and that busts and arms and legs and hips lose their rounded firmness.

If you will correct your diet, get plenty of sleep, and follow the routine of exercises I set forth you'll be able in a large measure to correct these conditions. The degree to which you may get results depends, naturally, on how old you are and how hard you work.

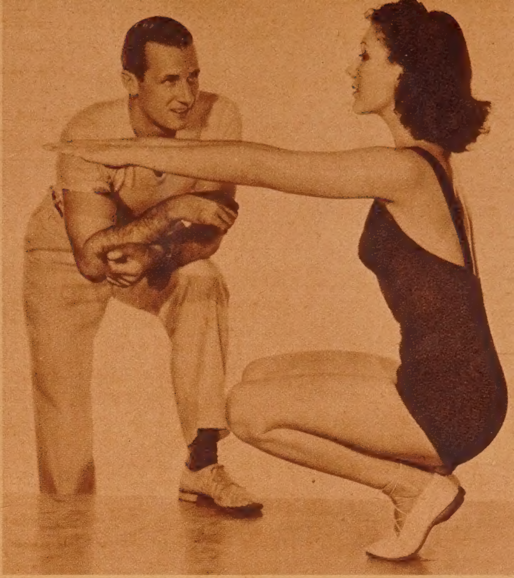
IN the mail which is flooding me as a result of these articles, almost every letter asks for a remedy for abdomens which have stretched themselves out of all semblance of beauty. In a previous article on general reducing I prescribed exercises for waistlines that were simply too fat; stomachs that are enlarged because of age are another matter.

Consider the causes: first, the condition originates in the fact that by over-eating you have stretched the linings of stomach and intestines; second, you have eaten the wrong foods, foods which create gas and cause a bloated condition; and third, you've allowed the muscles of your abdomen, through disuse, to become weak and prolapsed. The latter condition may be caused by many years of sitting throughout the day in an uncomfortable or abnormal position.

Your first task, then, is to shrink the stomach to its natural size again and to keep it there by eating correctly. Begin by eating and drinking nothing for from three to five days except fruit juices. You may have any kind you like, half a glass of

Mr. Loomis, who is the trainer at Jean's home studio, commends the star on her execution of a trick to reduce the waistline.

THE PERFECT WAY TO A PERFECT FIGURE



shows just how to reduce or reshape those troublesome tummies, hips and legs

juice with half a glass of water, as often as you like during the period—which should be only three days if you're an active person and five if you don't do any physical work. After that, remember that it's not necessary to appease your hunger at every meal in order to be well-nourished. Instead of eating a large breakfast, luncheon and dinner, begin a routine of eating six small meals every day. This will give your stomach and intestines a chance to digest and carry away the food without crowding.

Change to the following diet, which has been prepared to correct gastronomy and hyper-acidity, both causes of bloat:

ON ARISING: Either ripe grapefruit (no sugar); or fresh lemon or lime juice mixed with water; or plain hot water.

BREAKFAST: About half an hour later—choice of one, if hungry:

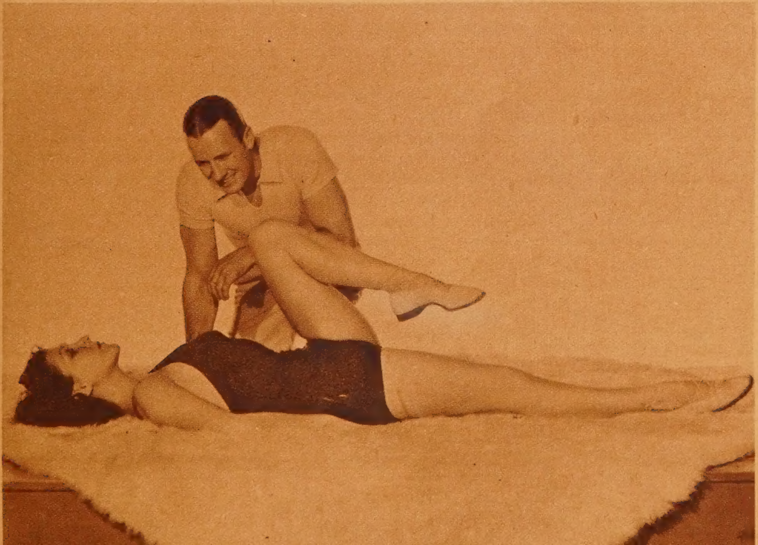
1. Uncooked cereal or wholewheat crackers; milk.
2. Heated bran with honey; cereal-coffee, buttermilk or sour milk.
3. Wholewheat bread or crackers; butter; cereal-coffee, buttermilk or sour milk.
4. Well boiled breakfast cereal and honey; milk.

LUNCH: Choice, if really hungry; eat less or skip meal if not hungry:

1. Baked fish, fresh or canned tomatoes, creamed vegetable, wholewheat bread, butter.
2. Tuna fish on toast, baked potato or bread, celery, lettuce salad (no mayonnaise).
3. Fresh green peas; baked, creamed vegetable; baked potato or bread, spinach, butter.
4. Tuna fish salad, fresh or canned tomatoes, vegetable, baked potato or bread.
5. Baked potato with buttermilk, wholewheat bread, butter, combination salad (oil and lemon juice).
6. Whole rice boiled and then baked with fresh vegetables, lettuce salad, wholewheat bread.

DINNER: Choice (interchange the lunch menus with the dinner menus for variety).

1. Fresh vegetable soup, baked potato, lettuce, celery; jello, junket or rice pudding.
2. Tomato soup, wholewheat bread or crackers, butter or peanut butter, combination salad.
3. Vegetable salad, wholewheat bread, pot cheese or cream cheese; butter or peanut butter.
4. Salmon or tuna fish salad, fresh or (*Continued on page* 93)



At top of this page, the team of Loomis and Parker illustrate Exercise One for the thighs and hips. Left, showing the correct knee-and-chest position for the third exercise given this month.

How Fred Astaire Helped

A great scoop story that will tell you more about these two famous singing,

It all started six years ago, when Ann was still known as Harriette Lake.

By ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

ANN SOTHERN is tops today, tops in happiness among other things. And in a way she owes this happiness to Fred Astaire. But for the help he gave her when she found it tough going she might not have had the courage to take the high road.

Ann and Fred met six years ago, in 1930, during rehearsals for "Smiles," the Florenz Ziegfeld production which starred Marilyn Miller, Fred, and his sister, Adele. Virginia Bruce was one of the show girls. And Ann was one of the lesser members of the cast.

Ann hadn't changed her name, then; she was still Harriette Lake. She hoped she was on the way to success but she didn't quite trust life. She knew how contrary to all your efforts and all your dreams life can go. A short time before, in Hollywood, while Ann had worked hard in the studios, strange men sitting over a directors' table, faced with a need to economize, had decided she was a gamble they couldn't afford at that time. And with the scratch of the pen that crossed her name off their pay-roll the future towards which Ann had been working and of which she had been dreaming had been wiped out.

Ann accepted a job Ziegfeld had offered her on his last trip to Hollywood and departed with her mother.

Getting off the train which brought them in from the West, Ann and her mother went directly to the Ziegfeld offices. "I was strange," Ann told me, "with hayseed in my hair. It was my first trip to New York and I was terrified."

Ziegfeld saw Ann and her mother in his famous office with the white piano and the orchids and the white elephants, of jade and porcelain and ivory, standing about, their trunks raised to hold their luck, and all of them facing East in the proper superstitious manner. Ann and her mother were very much impressed and, when Ann got the job, delighted.

Ann and Fred met the day after her interview with Ziegfeld. The stage manager of the company introduced them in the elevator on the way up to the New Amsterdam Roof where the rehearsals were held. Fred and Adele were very famous but Ann was so naive she had never heard of them. Fred didn't impress her in the least. To her he seemed, at that first meeting, a mild-mannered, unassuming young man.

"What amazes me," she said, "is that I didn't even notice that he was especially well-dressed. At that time I probably wasn't sensitive to the beautifully casual way he dresses. But soon enough, thanks to him, I was educated to this and many other things."

At rehearsals, when he wasn't working, Fred used to sit with his chair tipped back against a piece of scenery. Several times Ann was conscious that he was watching her. Always, however, he was watching her kindly. Always his eyes were warm and his smile was quick. From the very beginning he seemed to know everything; how the bitter taste of failure still clung to Ann's young mouth, and how she lived only from day to day because she had promised herself not to look backward and she was afraid to look forward.

The first time Ann was to sing her three numbers before the company she was scared. She had to stand on a cold stage with an overhead light, the chorus lined up behind her.

"Listen, Harriette," Fred whispered, "don't let anything worry you. Everything's going to be all right." Then he went on; down the little stairs which led from the stage to the

Fred brought friendship and encouragement to Ann in her greatest despair.

orchestra, to sit with Ziegfeld, Marilyn Miller, Adele, and the other principals.

Warmed and reassured by this spontaneous overture from Fred, Ann sang her first number in a way that merited the applause he was so quick to start immediately she finished. Of course the two songs which followed she sang even better. For now, her confidence and courage stronger, she could let herself go.

It is one thing, and a pleasant enough thing, to send ill friends broths and flowers and to lend money to friends who have none. But often immaterial things, such as the understanding Fred gave Ann, are the greatest gifts of all. Understanding Ann, you see, Fred was able to give her other things of which she had urgent need, words of encouragement when she was afraid and kindly advice when she needed it.

They had been in rehearsal only a week or two when Fred and Adele asked Ann to go out with them. "That is," he said shyly, "if you're not doing anything else."

"Pretending," said Ann, "that he didn't know my mother had gone back West, that I knew no one, and was dying of loneliness."

Fred called for Ann at her hotel. Adele waited in the car. It was a Rolls Royce, the first Rolls into which Ann had ever stepped. And the party to which they took her was given by Louis Bromfield, the novelist. Ann soon began to get the idea that both in the theater and out of it the Astaires were people of importance.

"Easily enough," Ann continued, "I might have felt strange and out of things that evening. Many of the other guests also were people of consequence. They impressed me. But Freddie knew there was no advantage in my being there if I didn't have a good time. He realized, as *he* would, that a stranger at a party can be lonelier than he would be alone at home. He saw that I was introduced to everyone. And, in introducing me to people, he acted as if he were doing them a favor. So, of course, I had a perfectly beautiful time."

There were other evenings and other parties. Because Fred knew the happier Ann was the better her work was likely to be, the more warm joy her voice would hold, the more sparkle there would be in her blue eyes. He knew Ann's great need to make good in this engagement, not only for professional reasons, but for the sake of her morale. He took her under his wing. It wasn't as a beau that he squired her, rather as a friend. Ann makes this very clear. He simply saw to it that she went along with him and Adele.

"Looking back," Ann said, "and remembering the attraction and interest Freddie had for women, when he was a gay young bachelor of Manhattan with every right to gad, I think his discrimination was admirable."

In the theater, Fred and Ann used to amuse themselves playing the piano. When he discovered that Ann, who had had a splendid musical education, could play, he was delighted. He used to play, too; popular songs, or he would compose things.

Ann pointed out that the sympathetic attitude Fred had with her wasn't peculiar to her alone. "One day, he brought to the theater a fifteen-year-old kid he had picked up somewhere. His name was Larry Adler. He could play the harmonica with spirit and with ability, and while he played Fred danced. It wasn't long before he was Fred's faithful shadow. However, those who become Astaire shadows aren't submerged, they're given the breaks. And today Larry Adler, the harmonicist, is famous."

Second to Fred's understanding kindness it was his tremendous capacity for work that impressed Ann. She used to sit for hours watching him plan his dance routines and rehearse with the chorus. She has a vivid picture of him wearing slacks and dancing shoes, (*Continued on page* 121)

Ann Sothern Find Happiness

dancing personalities than you can learn from a whole library of biographies

Their Hearts Are In

Gary Cooper

This is a lovely day. (Clark Gable commits himself on the weather)

Carole Lombard

my best wishes Joan Blondell

Sincerely Dick Powell

Thanks — Robert Taylor

By RUBY F. REMONT

A COLORED laundress addicted to easy pickings carefully lifted newly cleaned white gloves from her employer's dressing table, and with an ingratiatingly hopeful smile hinted to her mistress, "I always clasps my gloves together SO—den when anybody loses one and somebody finds it, dey's got a *pair*."

But pairing isn't quite so easy a matter among men and women, especially in a vividly emotional field such as the motion picture industry. We rationalize about preparedness to avert great wars, but rush into matrimonial danger zones heedlessly. Handwriting bristles with stop, look and listen posts. It is simply a gesture picturing the inner man. Good teammates must pull the same way in essentials, adapt themselves and yield graciously where there is no question of lowering high standards.

Now suppose the woman writes a strong backhand, cautious, reticent, reserved. She may enjoy home better than social swirls. The man pens the ardently excitable, pleasure-loving, forward script. On the surface of things, the courtship is moonlight and roses without thought of heavy ankle-irons later. And the adjustment can be made if the lovers are fully aware of the problem at hand. Why not stay at home three days, rush out to gay parties the other three, and rest up on Sundays with mother-in-law? These matrimonial crusaders fare best through division of spoils. It isn't unnecessary to turn wedding bells into funeral knells—if you know the ropes that ring them.

JEANETTE MACDONALD and Gene Raymond are opposites. Good stabilization will result from such union where evidences of superior intelligence prevail, such as one finds in the scripts of these stars.

Jeanette has strong male polarization, she is much like her father. Note that firm T-bar, heavy at the right end. She finishes the things she starts so hopefully, for hope makes that signature rise sky-high. She has élan, vivacity, a most ambitious nature, the proof being those tall capitals.

The letters I and J symbolize the personality's approach. Jeanette's J is strong; it carries pride in the back-tilt of the head, independence in the forward swing, and self-determination in its looped arms. The wide spacings between lines, letters and words indicate generous impulses, unselfish motives, warm love and reciprocity. The dollar-mark S augurs financial success. You'll note a wee hook on her word endings which is that of easy lingual flow, the talkative hook it is termed in graphology. In the cultured handwriting this covers lingual ability, conversational powers and talent for writing. Since A's, O's and S's are well closed, you may be sure that Jeanette MacDonald is both chatty and reticent. That is the outcome of high intuitive development portrayed in separated letters in words as well as in the impressionably looped D or T of any writing.

This star must have freedom—big breathing spaces, travel, an environment in which she may express her talents freely. She cannot live without change, needs stimulation and also donates it with lavish outpouring of personal magnetism. She is a natural, and her mate must be sincere, direct, free from chicanery. Of course, the Muses have laid great gifts in her cradle—curved strokes mean love of music, art and dancing. A most colorful, original writing is this, buoyed up by tremendous will power and physical motivation.

Gene Raymond's backhand is an assumed swing. Strokes should always follow the movement of clockhands—flowers open outward, leaves uncurl, trees reach out. So if the natural swing is impeded you may be sure inhibitions exist. Pride, caution, self-respect or the impact of life's hard experiences,

Their Handwriting

as well as timidity, will occasion the back-hand. In Gene's case, this reserve is the outcome of a firm, strong make-up. Those tall E's at word endings spell honesty, the honest-*e*, in the last analysis. He is sincere, but self-protective. The writing is very colorful and carries a fine sense of form and proportion in its plainly formed capitals.

The higher the I-dot's placing, the more ideality prevails. Gene has the faculty for intensely idealizing his mate. Inherently he is a one-woman man. He's cleverly creative and not so fond of variety as Miss MacDonald; a good foil for her, providing a dependable underpinning for her volatility. The very strong small P of the writing indicates physical force, resistance, good muscular power, realism and rationality. He also works intuitively, and really could develop clairvoyance of no mean order.

The left-hand ending of the G is for deliberation, thoughtful consideration of the matter at hand. Where Jeanette might take a flying chance, Gene checks the impulses. You can't drag a confidence out of him by force; he's canny. The words end in hooks of secretiveness. He should be well equipped to make stable investments. Gene is a good man to leave alone when he wants to think. He can concentrate heavily.

JOAN BLONDELL is going to keep the hoop rolling! What initiative and spice one finds in this versatile writing, with its letters of many shapes and sizes. There is not a prosy thing about this girl. One upper stroke of the Y is higher than the other, for mimicry, humor, laughter—like a wry mouth. Joan is the good little girl who is very, very *good*—but when she's annoyed, her English covers the point sharply.

Fortunately, she doesn't enjoy being a temperamental pest; she's unselfish and ardently affectionate. But don't forget that she *has* temperament, for few strokes touch the invisible baseline evenly, which is as it should be when one has an emotional-histrionic urge; no good Thespian writes like a scientist, with even lines and single strokes. An outstanding trait is Joan's courage, pictured in the strong capitals. Study them carefully for other indications of her character and personality. Creativeness, conceptions, yes, and the power to contradict with conviction, animate Joan's nimble skipping over the page. She does not like to write long letters, hates time-wasters. She is honest in her convictions, nothing luke-cold; she's for or against a person or proposition one hundred per cent.

When two positives like Miss Blondell and Dick Powell affiliate, there may be fireworks. Dick is very sensitive, but fortunately humorous; he can laugh off many a bad session. Those forceful downstrokes on lower long strokes pound the page and will give you an idea of how he can pound away at his viewpoints. Like Dickens, he has "great expectations." A sanguine temperament, but he can be as resistant as a California Canary, hee-haw. Don't use the goad on Dick; try feeding the animal instead.

He does things on inspiration—that very interesting bird-shaped I-dot carries out the idea. Someone has written, "You know, it never matters so much what happens to a woman because she is supposed to have to stand things, but when things begin to happen to a man, he is so apt to walk out and that's very unpleasant for the woman he walks out on." Dick Powell wants peace. He can back away from an offender in no time—his script slants two ways for Sunday. Even the capitals are two-leafed, the one expansive, the other contractive. Like Joan, he's for or against one hundred per cent, but he has the kind heart and the desire to forget bygones, so he does not carry a battle-axe abroad. If he hasn't had a good time at the home of an acquaintance, Dick's fertile fancy conjures up a plausible reason for not repeating visits. (*Continued on page* 103)

Ginger Rogers

(Gene Raymond's handwriting is the one below)

picture is "Walking on Air!"

Sincerely
Jeanette MacDonald

As ever,

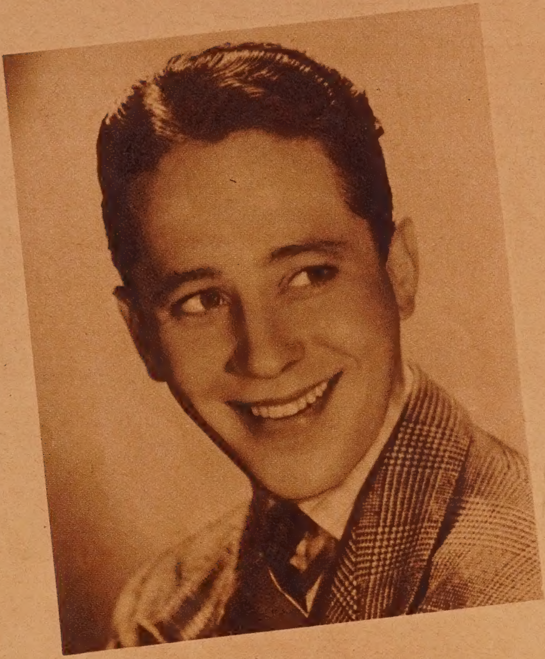
(Signature of Douglas Fairbanks, Junior)

Doug

Joan Crawford

Revealing analyses of the characters of your screen favorites—with some pertinent comments on their private lives and loves

Why Ross Alexander MARRIED AGAIN



The heart-warming story behind his recent elopement with Anne Nagel

By GEORGE MADDEN

They had never had a date before starting "Here Comes Carter!" but this clinch from the picture was the beginning of the happy ending.

PLEASE don't call our marriage a 'second chance at happiness,' for this is a new adventure Anne and I have just begun—an adventure with a present and a future, but without a past. Our great happiness together is an individual thing that has no relation to anything that has happened to either of us before. We want to keep it that way. We have our eyes and hearts set on the future."

These were the first words Ross Alexander said to me when I brought up the subject of his recent surprise elopement with pretty little Anne Nagel. And the honest sincerity with which he spoke was a shock, coming, as it did, just after I had watched him in an hilarious comedy scene on the set of "Ready, Willing and Able." I say shock, because I was meeting Ross for the first time and I had expected to find him the fast-talking, super-salesman that has made him such a favorite in the short time he has been in pictures.

Instead, I found him a soft-spoken, genuinely sincere young actor who is so obviously in love that I hesitated to broach the subject of his new found happiness following the tragedy that shocked Hollywood and rocked Ross' world with the suicide of his wife, Aleeta Friele. In a fit of despondency over the fact that her career had not kept pace with that of the boy she had married two years before in New York, the former stage actress had shot herself while standing in the garden of their estate. Ross discovered her body; and if it had not been for the pressing work demanded by two pictures he was making at the time, he would have cracked up.

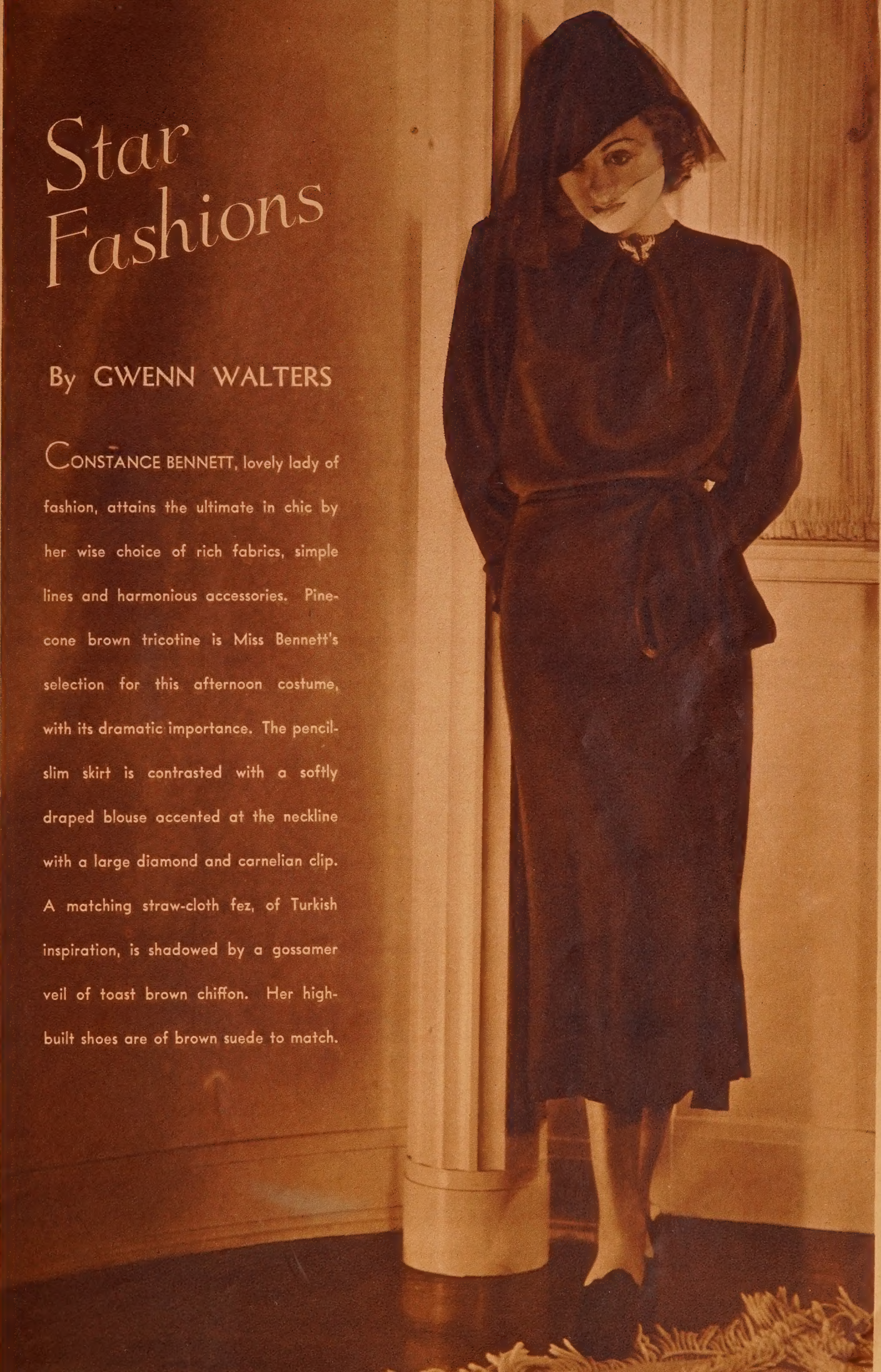
He knows, now, that work was his salvation during those dark days—work, and a lesson he had learned in childhood that allowed him to steel himself to forget the past and keep his eyes only on the future.

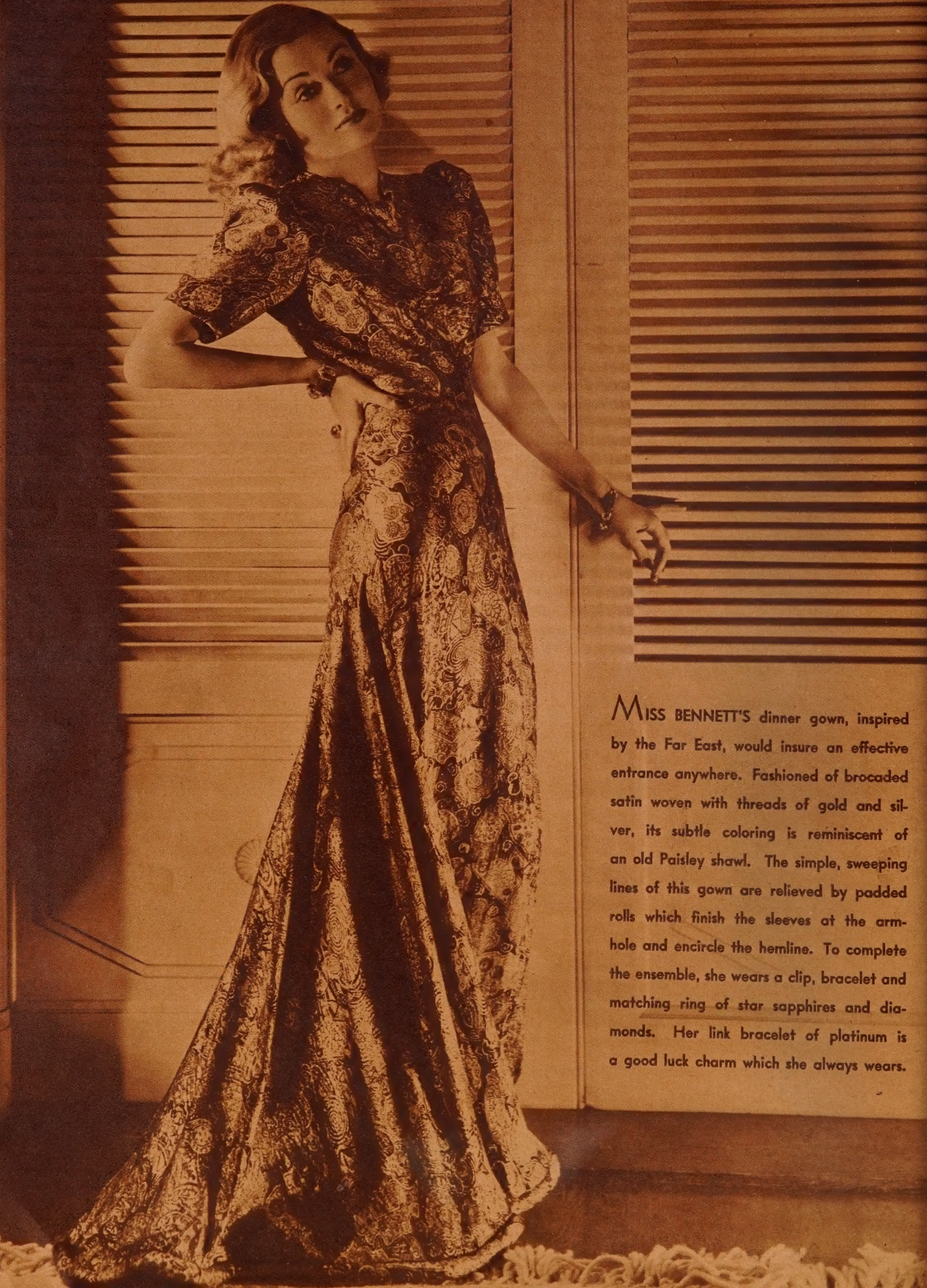
"I had to learn that lesson very young," he said with his eyes on the floor, his hands lacing and interlacing nervously, "because there were so many things I had to forget. We weren't very well off. There were lots of things the other kids possessed (*Continued on page* 78)

Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS

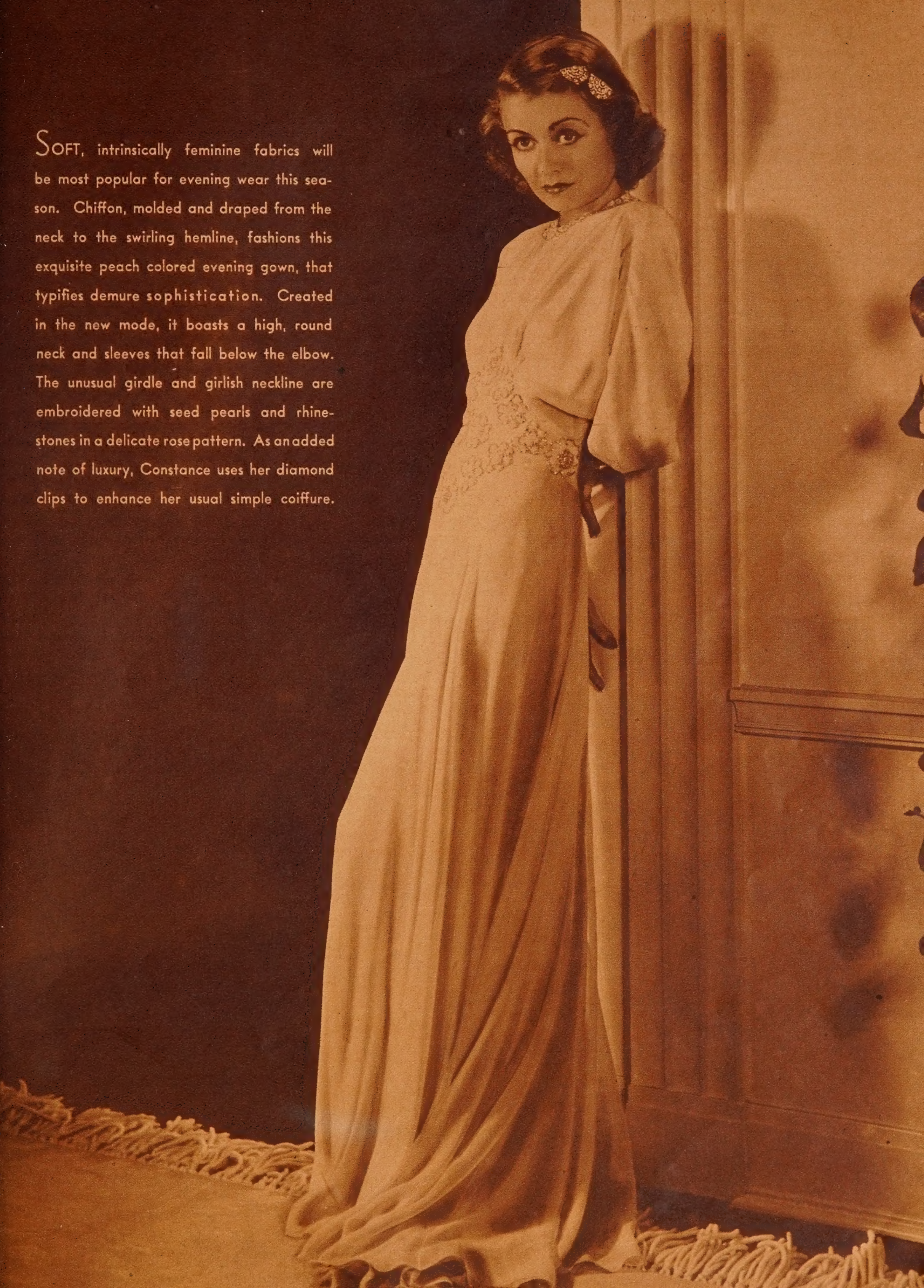
CONSTANCE BENNETT, lovely lady of fashion, attains the ultimate in chic by her wise choice of rich fabrics, simple lines and harmonious accessories. Pinecone brown tricotine is Miss Bennett's selection for this afternoon costume, with its dramatic importance. The pencil-slim skirt is contrasted with a softly draped blouse accented at the neckline with a large diamond and carnelian clip. A matching straw-cloth fez, of Turkish inspiration, is shadowed by a gossamer veil of toast brown chiffon. Her high-built shoes are of brown suede to match.

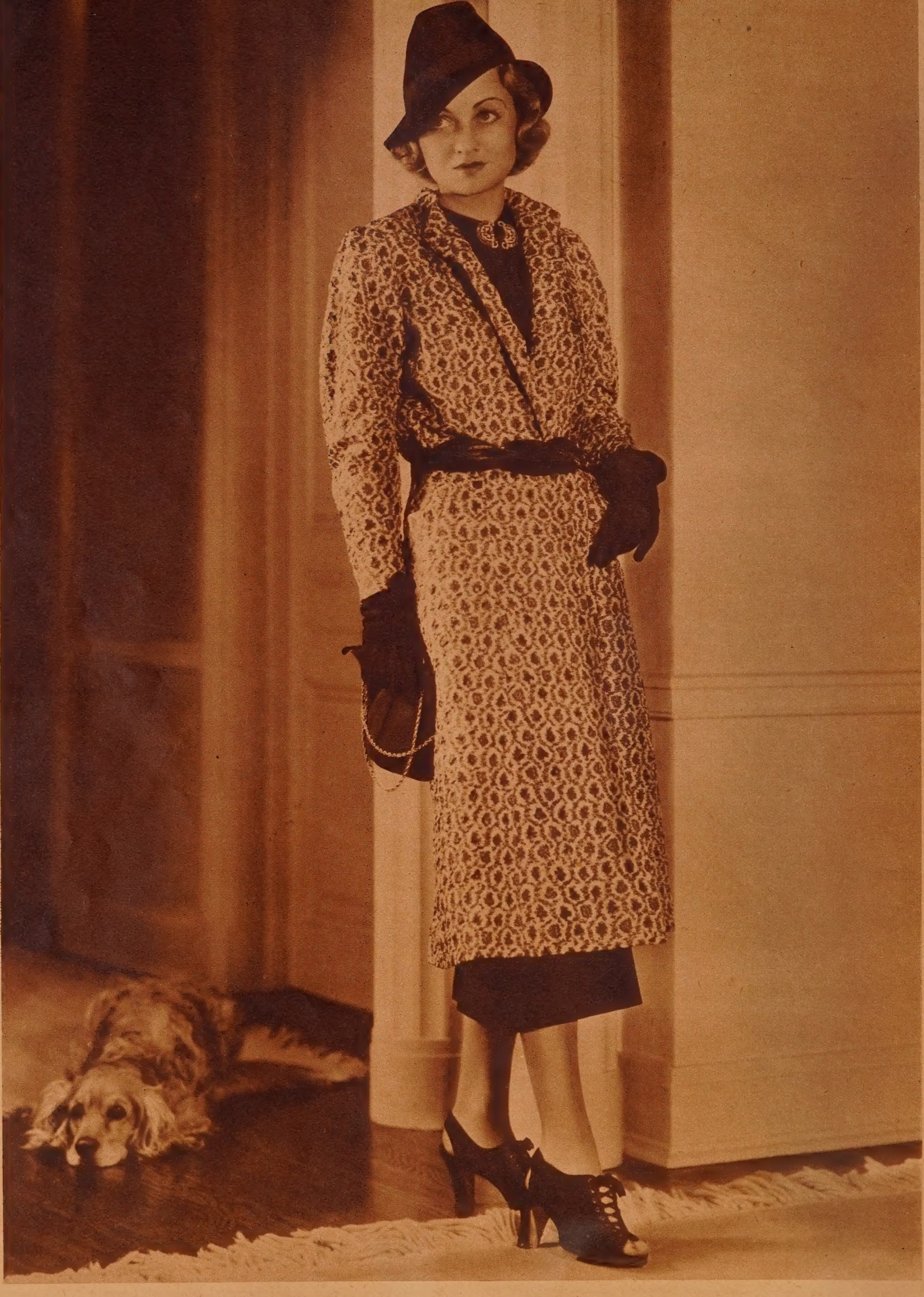




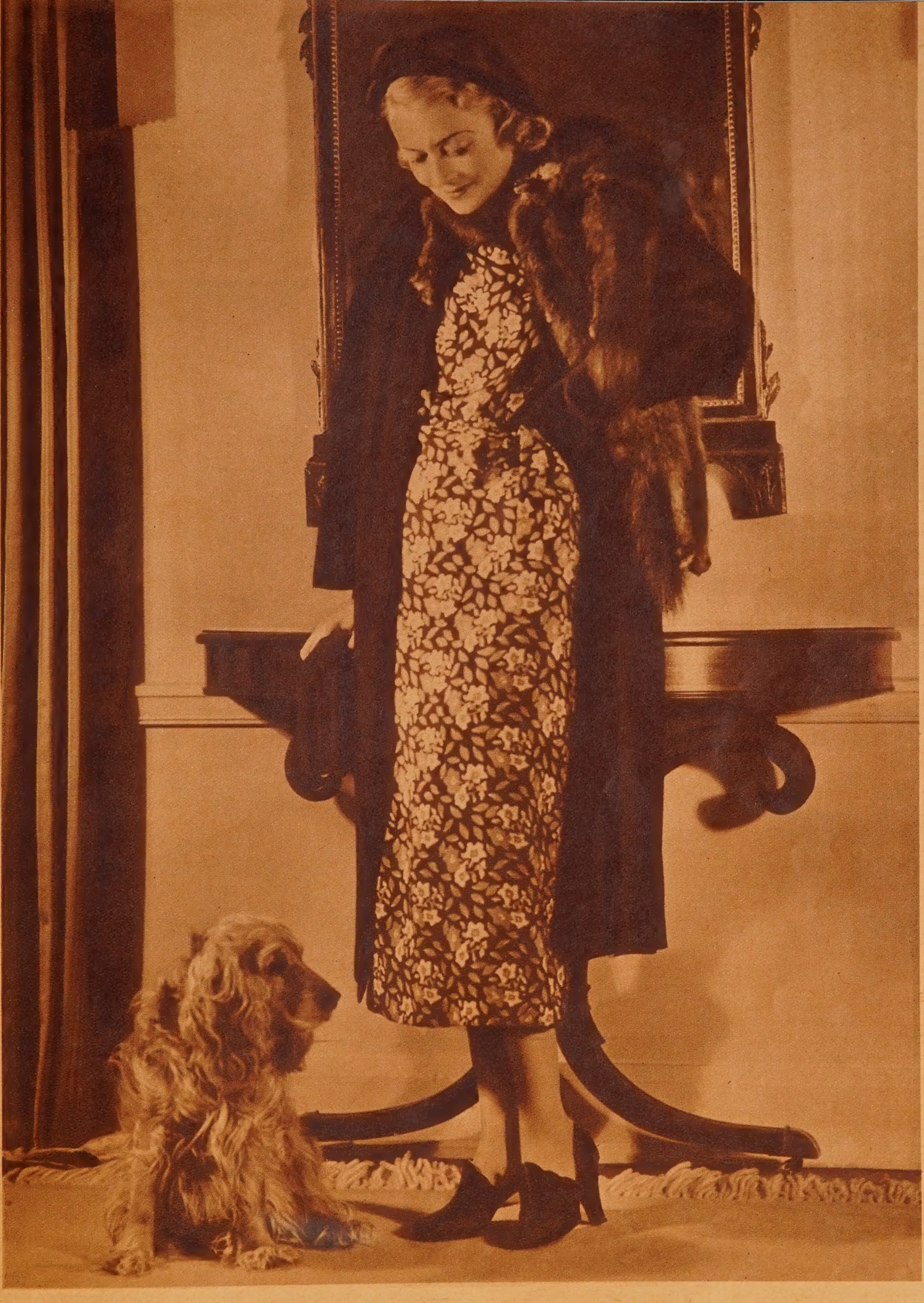
MISS BENNETT'S dinner gown, inspired by the Far East, would insure an effective entrance anywhere. Fashioned of brocaded satin woven with threads of gold and silver, its subtle coloring is reminiscent of an old Paisley shawl. The simple, sweeping lines of this gown are relieved by padded rolls which finish the sleeves at the armhole and encircle the hemline. To complete the ensemble, she wears a clip, bracelet and matching ring of star sapphires and diamonds. Her link bracelet of platinum is a good luck charm which she always wears.

SOFT, intrinsically feminine fabrics will be most popular for evening wear this season. Chiffon, molded and draped from the neck to the swirling hemline, fashions this exquisite peach colored evening gown, that typifies demure sophistication. Created in the new mode, it boasts a high, round neck and sleeves that fall below the elbow. The unusual girdle and girlish neckline are embroidered with seed pearls and rhinestones in a delicate rose pattern. As an added note of luxury, Constance uses her diamond clips to enhance her usual simple coiffure.





TO give dash to the darker clothes that she must wear while winter lingers, Constance has chosen this seven-eighths coat of imported woolen with the allover floral print in lipstick red, navy and green. Large patch pockets and sleeve fullness lend the only dressmaker interest. The belt is created of alternate leaves of navy kid and suede. A high-crowned navy felt sport hat, suede gloves and handbag match her daytime frock of wool jersey. Both heels and toes are revealed by the high oxfords, which lace so gaily up the front.



CONSTANCE smiles affectionately at Sandy, her champagne cocker spaniel, before setting out for a brisk walk in her smart new spring outfit. The seven-eighths box coat of French Chocolate brown tops a frock of gay floral print crepe in shades of amber, frost green and yellow. An off-the-face hat of matching brown belting, suede bag, shoes and gloves complete her costume.

If you would like descriptions of the spring wardrobes of other Hollywood stars . . . send a self-addressed, stamped, envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

LET Eleanor TEACH

No girl needs to be a wallflower—not when Eleanor herself will show her what to do on the dance floor!

I'VE saved the lesson on ballroom dancing until the last because it seems to me the most important social grace any girl could possess today.

If you have been following this series you now have a knowledge of ballet because it's good for the figure and because it's the foundation for good dancing in any of its forms. You have learned how to tap because it's fun and because it's a good thing to be able to do at a party and because it's a profession, if you're good at it.

But ballroom dancing is another matter. It's as necessary as silk stockings instead of cotton ones. Next to the movies, the most wide-spread form of entertainment in the United States is dancing to popular music in ballrooms and supper clubs; and a girl who can follow her partner without a mistake on any floor to any tune has twice the chance of enjoying herself that Suzy-down-the-street, who's an indifferent dancer, possesses.

This article, then, will cover as completely as possible the rules I have discovered in my experience as applicable to ballroom technique. There's more to this business than just being able to make your feet follow your partner's in certain basic steps: we've got to consider posture, how to get out of difficult situations, what to wear in order to appear to the best advantage.

The peculiar and special paradox of ballroom dancing *à la* 1936 is that you begin to be expert only when you have learned to ignore the original steps. And that can be done only if you have a sense of rhythm, grace and imagination.

Which explains, I suppose, why a few people are superlative dancers and the rest are stodgy and dull when they get on a floor. The main reason is that most people don't dance enough to feel the rhythm of a good band as a sort of second nature; but just go to a college prom sometime, where the entire crowd has spent a third of its time studying biology and the rest learning how to dance. You'll notice that no two couples follow the same path or execute the same routines; for that matter, there *is* no routine or set path in ballroom dancing.

Powell YOU TO DANCE

By ELEANOR POWELL

Of course if you're just beginning, those primary steps are very important. Unless you know them you've no business even accepting when anyone asks you if you'd like to go dancing.

It just happens that modern dancing is done to only three rhythms—the fox trot, the waltz and the rhumba—and with a few variations the old-fashioned "square" step is the foundation for all three.

I'm going to pretend that you've got the house to yourself for an evening, and that your best beau is visiting you, and that the radio is blaring like mad. The music is played by a big orchestra—say Benny Goodman or Paul Whiteman—in a big hotel, and they're doing everything from *Christopher Columbus* in swing time to *The Blue Danube* and a rhumba arrangement of *Adios*.

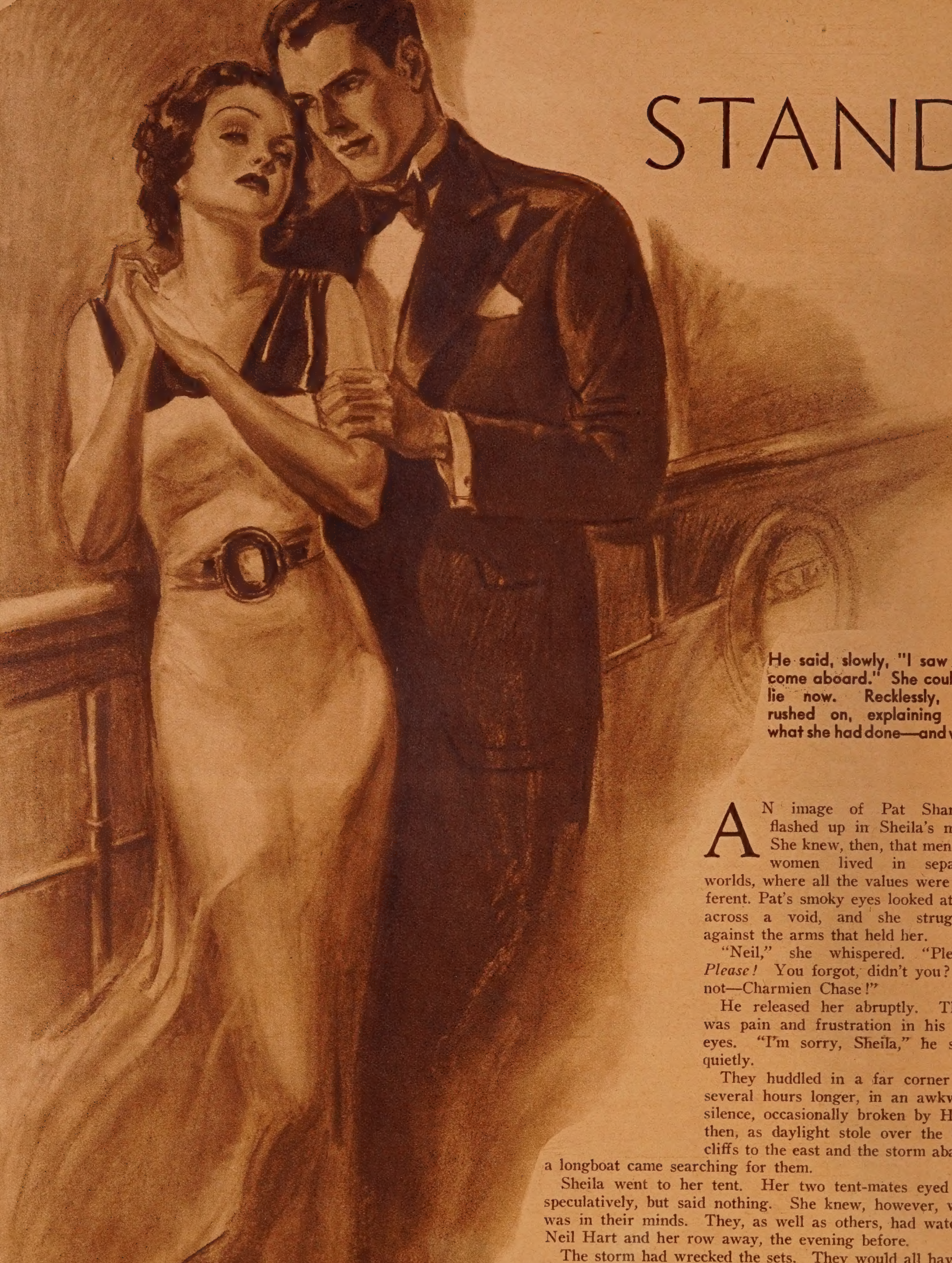
Now both of you stand side by side, feet together, and step forward with your right foot. Step to the left with your left foot, and draw your right foot over to the left. With the weight shifted to the right foot, step backward with the left, step right with your right foot, and draw the left up to it. Repeat this so that you are stepping in a square, continuously and in time to the music.

When you've learned how to do this, your partner should stand facing you; and while you step out the square in the same way, he should do it exactly backwards—so that when your right foot goes forward his left foot steps back. Eventually you'll be able to go into the accepted ballroom clinch, and do the step together.

Now try (*Continued on page* 74)

In her instructions this month, Eleanor helps you to master the fundamental steps of ballroom dancing, with tried and tested tips on those other important matters of dress and behavior. This bit of clowning with James Stewart, right, is an example of what NOT to do.

STAND-



He said, slowly, "I saw you come aboard." She couldn't lie now. Recklessly, she rushed on, explaining just what she had done—and why.

AN image of Pat Shannon flashed up in Sheila's mind. She knew, then, that men and women lived in separate worlds, where all the values were different. Pat's smoky eyes looked at her across a void, and she struggled against the arms that held her.

"Neil," she whispered. "Please! *Please!* You forgot, didn't you? I'm not—Charmien Chase!"

He released her abruptly. There was pain and frustration in his fine eyes. "I'm sorry, Sheila," he said, quietly.

They huddled in a far corner for several hours longer, in an awkward silence, occasionally broken by Hart; then, as daylight stole over the bold cliffs to the east and the storm abated, a longboat came searching for them.

Sheila went to her tent. Her two tent-mates eyed her speculatively, but said nothing. She knew, however, what was in their minds. They, as well as others, had watched Neil Hart and her row away, the evening before.

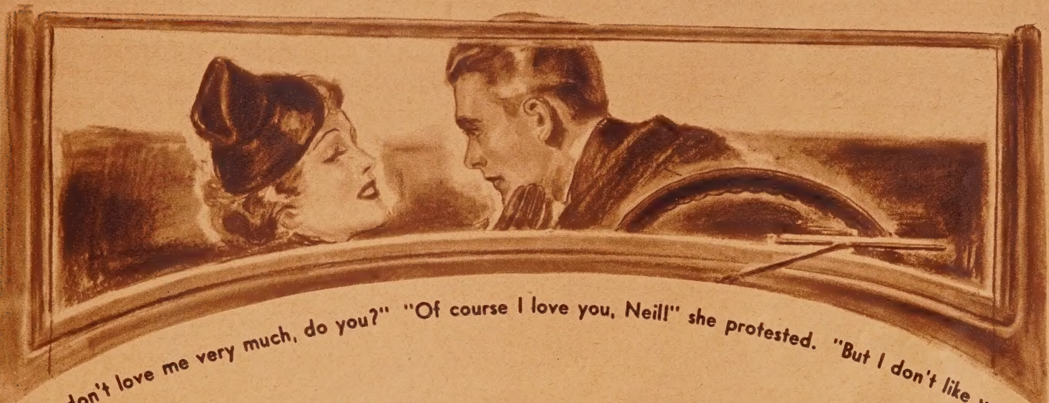
The storm had wrecked the sets. They would all have to be rebuilt before the scenes could be taken. The caravel, key of the scenes, had been driven ashore.

The players and the extras went back to Hollywood, leaving the technicians and the carpenters to repair the ship and the sets.

Before he left her, Hart said, "When we're ready to go

IN FOR LOVE

Concluding the stormy romance of a lovely Hollywood girl who understudied the role of Fate, involving four lives



"You don't love me very much, do you?" "Of course I love you, Neil!" she protested. "But I don't like you!"

By ROY SOMERS

ahead, Sheila, I'll let you know." Then he turned away and left abruptly. She collected her one day's pay as an extra, and went home.

There was an item in an important gossip column the next morning to the effect that Neil Hart had a preference for only one type of girl; and that when his Sublime Moment was out of town, he consoled himself, on location, with a Tropical Night, some screen doubles looking as they did. No feminine names were mentioned, but it wasn't necessary. Sheila saw it and shrugged. An interested friend mailed the item to Charmien Chase, in London.

A week later, Sheila came back to her room, weary and disheartened. She had bought a newspaper so she could read the want ads. She had less than fifteen dollars left.

And then it seemed to her that the world exploded.

On the third page of the newspaper was a three-column picture of the dashing Patrick Shannon, and a headline. Pat Shannon had refused to sign any contracts, said the article, and was going to free lance. There was plenty of time, he said, to consider other pictures after he'd had a thorough rest. He was taking time out for a vacation.

"It became known yesterday," went on the story, "that Mr. Shannon made an unusual arrangement with the Granite National Bank. He deposited $5,200 to the order of Charmien Chase, famous star of National Films. He refused to explain this, except to intimate that he was repaying an old debt. He divulged, for the first time, that he owed his chance, in pictures, to Charmien Chase's kindness in sponsoring him, at American, when he first came to Hollywood, unknown. Charmien Chase, who is on her annual visit to Europe, will first learn of her protege's legacy when she arrives in Hollywood, next week."

Sheila Grant gasped weakly, and the newspaper fell out of her nerveless fingers.

Gradually, her racing brain arranged the pieces of this puzzle in their proper order. A debt! It came back to her, then, that Pat had promised to repay her—*ten times over!* And he had, literally, done so! But *she* couldn't get that money!

Dramatic upheavals would happen in the studios today, she knew. The thing was beyond her reach or control. And why, in the name of all the furies, had she posed as Charmien Chase and given him $520 of her scanty funds? If she had that now, she would probably be able to weather this period of idleness until she again found work of some sort; but, now—!

"Smart little girl!" she apostrophised herself, with lashing self-contempt. Pat was paying back $5,200 to Charmien Chase, thinking he was repaying *her* loan! Sheila boiled. She needed money desperately. However, she couldn't claim that money! She couldn't prove to a bank that she was Charmien Chase! Her desire for retaliation had trapped her!

She paced up and down her tiny room, thinking over the astounding angles the situation might evolve, conscious of a looming and ever-shifting crisis. Something would have to be done about it. What? Go to Pat—confess to a hoax—a cheap masquerade?

Her heart was hammering wildly. Had Pat, by any chance, heard anything about Charmien Chase's screen double and stand-in? Probably not. She was not important; and Pat was new to Hollywood. Her mind clicked into resolve, keyed, tense. She would see Pat Shannon.

There was a phone in the corner (*Continued on page* 84)

CORTEZ THE CONQUEROR

Through overwhelming tragedy, "Ric" found the way to triumph! After fourteen years, he's still at the top

By MARJORIE HAYNES

I WATCHED him standing there with the spotlight playing about him. I listened to the applause his short bow called forth. After fourteen years in Hollywood, here was Ricardo Cortez smiling from his place at the stars' table at Universal's recent banquet, still welcomed, still wanted and still going strong.

Fourteen years. What keeps an actor in Hollywood fourteen years, I wondered as I looked at him smiling there. Why do fans permit some actors to remain and tire of others so soon? For instance, just what does this Cortez person possess besides good looks and fair acting ability that, given the opportunity, flames into something pretty fine, that keeps him on the screen year after year?

Cortez is no back-slapper. He seldom plays the social game. He plays no politics. He never goes about, like a lot of fresh newcomers, screaming for his rights or more money or Allah knows what. And yet, here he is after fourteen years, standing in the spotlight and bowing to the applause.

I turned it all over in my mind until I think I hit on the solution. This man has taken the tragedies which have highlighted his life (and were they tragedies!) and made of them stepping stones. Things have happened to Ricardo Cortez that would have floored you and me and the majority of actors in Hollywood, and Cortez goes right along as if life had always been a bed of roses.

Every setback, every bitter dose of experience he's had to swallow, has gone to make this actor not only a better actor but a finer man. Certainly he isn't the same person who arrived in sunny California all those years ago. Naturally, little things were big things, then, to Ricardo. Now that he knows what big troubles really are, he has become a simple and an honest person and an infinitely better actor.

That he has become an actor at all is something he is grateful for with every fiber in his being. I remember a gloomy, rainy morning not long ago, when a car drove up beside mine at a boulevard stop. It was Ricardo, lost in some deep blue thought. "Another actor on top of the world and feeling sorry for himself," I moaned. Suddenly he looked over and that quick smile lit up his face.

"What are you thinking about?" I asked.

"You'll think I'm crazy," he laughed.

"I think you're crazy, anyhow, so tell me."

"Well, I was just wondering if all these kids on their way to school grow up to be the thing they want to be. Gosh, I hope they do. When I was a kid like that I wanted to be an actor more than anything in the world, and here I am." And off he drove to work, grateful on a cold, rainy morning, with no fans around to admire, to be just what he is. No talk about "getting out of this rotten business when I get my pile," that one hears so much in Hollywood. Nothing like that. After fourteen of the darndest years you ever heard of he's just grateful.

(Continued on page 70)

Reduce Pores... *Soften* Lines

WITH THIS ROUSING
UNDER SKIN
TREATMENT
Age signs begin here
Under your skin are tiny active glands, blood vessels, fibres. When they function poorly, age signs start!

Miss Kathleen Williams: "A Pond's Cold Cream treatment makes my skin feel wonderful—just so fresh and invigorated. It smooths out little lines."

YOU'RE TWENTY...you're twenty-five . . . you're *thirty* or more!

The years slip by quietly enough. The things that tell it to the world are—little lines and—a gradual coarsening of the skin's very texture.

Coarse pores and ugly, deepening lines do more to add years to your face than any other skin faults. What causes them? How can you ward them off?

A Faulty Underskin—

Both come from a faulty underskin.

Pores grow larger when tiny oil glands underneath get clogged . . . Lines form when fibres underneath sag, lose their tone.

To keep these little glands and fibres functioning properly, you must invigorate that underskin. You can—with regular Pond's deep-skin treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils. It goes deep into the pores, clears them of make-up, dirt, clogging oils. Then you pat more cold cream in briskly. You feel the circulation waken. Your skin tingles with new vigor.

THE *Lady Morris*

modern young aristocrat, says it's easy to have a lovely skin in spite of sports and a whirling London season. "I have learned that Pond's is the best way to avoid lines, roughness, or coarse pores."

Day and night—this thorough cleansing and rousing with Pond's Cold Cream. Soon cloggings cease. Pores actually reduce. Under tissues are toned, and lines smooth out. You look years younger!

Day and night—this simple care

Here's the simple treatment that hundreds of women follow, because it does more than cleanse their skin:—

Every night, pat on Pond's Cold Cream to soften and release deep-lodged dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. At once your skin looks clearer! Now rouse your underskin. Pat in more cream—*briskly.* The circulation stirs. Glands waken. Tissues are invigorated.

Every morning (and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking. Your whole face is brighter, younger!

Start in at once to give your skin this invigorating daily care. Get a jar today. Or, send the coupon below. It brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CB, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name______________________________

Street______________________________

City__________________State__________

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Pastry Tips from a Master Chef of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 6*)

CROISSANTS

Dissolve 2 oz. yeast cake in ½ pt. milk. Combine with 1 tsp. salt, 1½ oz. lard, 2 eggs beaten *very* slightly, and 1¼ lb. flour. Roll out and let stand for ten minutes. Place on the center of the dough ½ lb. soft (but not melted) butter and fold the edges up over it. Roll it out flat, and put it into the refrigerator for 10 minutes. Take it out, fold it over in thirds and roll it out flat. Back into the refrigerator for 10 minutes. Fold and roll it out again. Back into the refrigerator for 10 minutes. Fold and roll it out again, and then into the refrigerator over night. Roll out the dough ¼ inch thick. Cut it into triangles and roll each one up with the point on top (see picture). Beat 1 egg with 1 tbl. milk, and brush the top of each croissant. Set in a warm place for 15 minutes. Bake at 400° F.

MONT BLANC

Make a lower crust of plain pastry. Prick all over with a fork, fit down into it waxed paper and fill with dried beans to keep the crust from bubbling up when it is baked. The paper and beans are discarded when the crust is done. When cool, turn crust onto a paper lace doily on the plate from which you intend to serve the Mont Blanc. From a sheet of sponge cake, or other good plain cake (using one of the new ready-mixed cake mixtures is a fine time-saver, and you get excellent cake, too) cut a round the size of the pie-crust. Fill crust amply with French Cream, cover with the cake round. Brush the top with sherry, but do not soak. Pile whipped cream (sweetened and with a little vanilla in it) lavishly on top (with a pastry-bag if you wish). With a very sharp knife, cut the Mont Blanc into the desired number of servings. Now sprinkle on the chocolate curls, and dust over with powdered sugar.

It was only after much dignified negotiation with the powers behind the scenes that I was eventually enabled to spend a morning with Pastry Chef Vecchi, in the spotless, huge, sky-lighted kitchens, learning the secrets of his magic recipes.

I don't know when I have enjoyed anything so much. It was such fun watching the delicious pastries evolve under the hand of a master chef, and being given tastes of things as we went along; listening to Vecchi talk about his boyhood in Italy—how he learned his trade, and worked at it until he could fill important positions like the one he has now. He was so patient with me. When I didn't grasp the fine points at once, he went over and over them.

I found out, right at the start, that the only secrets of these good things are fine ingredients and great care in the making. You have to choose your flour carefully and your baking powder, shortening and other ingredients.

I'll have space to give you recipes for the *Croissants* and the *Mont Blanc*. The *Torte Venetian* is built up in layers and telling just how takes quite a few words, so I'll send that to you when you write me.

FRENCH CREAM

Warm one and a fourth quarts of milk, add one-half pound of sugar and bring to a boil. Mix together four and a half ounces of cornstarch and one-fourth pound of sugar. Beat into this dry mixture one-fourth quart of milk, and then stir in *thoroughly* the yolks of four eggs and two whole eggs. When the sugar and milk on the fire have come to a boil, dip out about a cup and beat into this second mixture. Then turn all of it into the boiling milk and sugar and cook, stirring constantly, till it thickens. Let it cool, stirring occasionally to prevent a crust from forming. Now whip a half pint of cream, and add it, together with one-half tablespoon of rum. The filling is now ready to use. It is an excellent basic recipe for all kinds of pastry.

CHOCOLATE CURLS

May be prepared a day before using. Melt one cake of sweetened baking chocolate over hot water. Pour out onto a baking sheet, just enough so it makes a layer no thicker at the most than one-eighth inch. Put it in the refrigerator until it hardens. Cut into strips with a very sharp knife, used slightly sideways to make the curls.

Children's Hour

SPECIAL CARE IN EVERYTHING...
FROM SPECIAL TOYS THAT TEACH...TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...
THAT'S WHY CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY...

SEE THAT TOY?

It's a *special* toy...made to teach children how to think and use their hands. Doctors tell us that practically everything children get today should be made *especially* for them...even their laxative.

It's common sense, isn't it? For a child's system is tender...too delicate for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

So when mothers seek professional advice on this subject, doctors usually prescribe Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially *and only* for children.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently stimulates the natural muscular movement. It clears away the waste without any harsh irritation, without any violence.

Fletcher's Castoria can never upset a baby's tender stomach. It doesn't rush turbulently through his tiny system. And it won't cause diarrhoea or cramping pains. You see, it contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics. Only the purest of pure ingredients. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

And important as anything else... Fletcher's Castoria tastes good. Children love it—think it's a treat. Some mothers are inclined to overlook the importance of pleasant taste in a laxative. They forget that forcing a child to take a bad-tasting medicine can completely and seriously upset his entire nervous system.

So stay on the safe side, as millions of mothers are doing, and keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. You can get it at every drug store in the country. Ask for the Family Size bottle. It lasts longer...and gives you more for your money. The signature, Chas. H. Fletcher, appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made *especially* for babies and growing children

Cortez the Conqueror

(*Continued from page 66*)

Perhaps one of the reasons is, he never dreamed he'd make the grade. The acting grade. In fact, you never heard of a kid who wanted to be an actor as badly as the Cortez young one. It so filled his heart, he became one of those moody, silent children that no one understands, the kind that are kept polluted with castor oil when all in the world they want is a balcony seat at a matinee. One day when he especially coveted a matinee ticket, he hit on a plan for getting it. He'd buy chewing gum for three cents a package and sell it for five cents, making enough profit to get the ticket. All morning he stood in the park selling gum. At last, his last package gone, he started home, but two older boys had seen the little gum-vendor, and laid for him. They took it all. Every cent. He never said a word about it to anyone, but he can still remember the ache of disappointment.

After years of balcony sitting and actor worshipping, while he was still a boy in high school, he finally landed a part in a movie being made over at Fort Lee. Can't you see him going daffy with joy? It had actually happened at last. He was to start in on Monday, being an actor.

It was Friday when his uncle called for him at his New York high school, and said, "Come quickly." They drove to a hospital where his father lay dying of pneumonia. Ric was with him at the end. "Young man," his uncle said, laying a hand on his shoulder, "you're the head of this family now." There were five children, all younger than Ric, and his mother. The dreams were over, of course. He couldn't take a chance at the uncertain game of acting. He had to have a steady job and forget the dreams.

HE quit school and went to work in a broker's office, taking his father's place as best he could. Gradually, as he grew accustomed to the work, the old longings came back. The actor bug was again doing a bit of plain and fancy biting. After office hours, Ric would stroll up Broadway, sporting suede shoes and pretending he was an actor, breathing in great gulps of the very air they breathed. He even grew to know one or two minor actors and put on an act for their benefit that was a little pathetic and tragic, too. "Just off the road," he'd brag. "Just closed in such and such a show."

Gradually, he got up courage to ask for parts and once, for three whole weeks, he actually got two lines to say in a Broadway show. Luckily, he didn't have to make an entrance until the second act, so on matinee days he'd race like fury, running errands for his broker boss till three and hitting the theater just in time to walk on the stage and say, "Well, isn't this dandy?" or something equally appropriate.

Nights, it was a cinch to make and the double job never fazed him. Bright and early the next morning he was at his office on Wall Street, his dual life never catching up with him. Christmas weeks he'd get a job at night in a department store or drag heavy mail sacks around the post office, always dying and crying a little inside about the acting matter. Sensitive as a babe, he'd take snarling rebuffs that nearly crushed his heart, and go back for more. It went on for years, this struggling of a boy to take a man's place at the head of his family and the pitiful attempts to satisfy an inner longing.

As the months rolled into years, bits and small parts came his way and the day finally came when he could give up his job in a broker's office and be an actor right out in the daylight before everyone.

So we can understand a little, why being just what he is, means so much to Ricardo Cortez. That long, bitter struggle planted his feet squarely on the ground and knocked out of his head any nonsense that he can direct a better picture than any director, write a better scenario than any writer and can demand more money than he's worth. He takes things in their stride. A mediocre picture, a good picture or a bad one. It's all in the life of an actor.

BUT even after he made the grade, he hadn't said goodbye to troubles and disappointments. He hadn't even said "good-morning" as a matter of fact. For soon after coming to Hollywood, he met and fell violently in love with the dark-eyed Alma Reubens. And just one hour and a half after the ceremony, he discovered the woman he loved and had made his wife, was a drug addict. She had acquired the habit through a past illness. The blow staggered him and left him dazed and bewildered, a misunderstood figure in a town that tried but couldn't understand.

It sealed his lips and his heart. "Remember," I can still hear him say, "no one wants to hear your troubles. Keep them to yourself but never feel sorry for yourself."

It was on the way home from Riverside, California, that Alma complained of pain. Frantic, Ricardo rushed her to the Inn at Riverside and literally tore a doctor away from his dinner. When Ricardo saw Alma a few minutes later, the pain was gone. She had become drowsy. Changed completely. But it was the queer, stricken look the doctor threw him that told him the story. And sent Ric off in corners by himself, crushed and silent, for five long years and prompted him to turn down contracts he needed badly in order to be with his bride.

He was fearful every moment that something he said or looked or even thought, would cause her to misunderstand and a scene would follow.

"And she was so swell," he cries even today. "Such a swell girl." He loved her.

There came a day when Alma returned home without the two beautiful bracelets he had given her. He didn't dare press the matter of the missing bracelets too closely for the least thing threw her shattered nerves into a fury. A week later, she confessed. She had given them to a prominent doctor in Hollywood in ex-

(*Continued on page 72*)

THINK A MOMENT!
Has more than one day gone by?

Keep tabs on yourself. Establish regular habits of elimination. Most doctors agree this is for your own well-being.

If more than one day goes by, take an Olive Tablet just as an aid to Nature.

You'll find Olive Tablets excellent for this purpose. Mild, gentle, the formula of an eminent Ohio physician, they are used in thousands of homes as a standard proprietary.

Keep them always on your bathroom shelf and caution the whole family to use them on the evening before the second day. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢. All druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

All Day long

YOU NEED THE 3-WAY PROTECTION THAT ONLY KOTEX OFFERS!

CAN'T CHAFE

The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

CAN'T FAIL

The filler of Kotex is actually 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton. A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

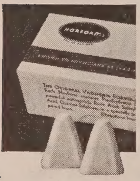
CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

3 TYPES OF KOTEX ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE—Regular, Junior, and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*



THE MODERN METHOD

Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the modern way to feminine hygiene.

Norforms have revolutionized feminine hygiene—made it simple, convenient and *easy*. These antiseptic suppositories are very easy to use... much more convenient and satisfactory than the old methods of achieving inner cleanliness. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor around the room or about your person.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing a concentrated yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged and effective contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is available in no other product for feminine hygiene. Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

(*Continued from page 70*)

change for the drug so necessary to her.

Cold passion took possession of his heart and mind. He walked to the desk, placed a pistol in his pocket and left the house. He found the doctor ready to leave the office.

"My wife's bracelets," he demanded.

The doctor denied knowing anything about them.

Cortez raised the pistol slowly, "I'll give you exactly one minute," he said with deadly calm, the gun never wavering.

The doctor's face grew ashy white. He read the determination in the eyes of Cortez.

"My wife has them," he gasped.

"Get your coat," said Ricardo, the gun still pointing, "we're going after them."

"She isn't home. She's waiting for me in a restaurant."

"Get your coat," Ricardo said again, his voice deadly.

Together they walked to the restaurant. The diamond bracelets clasped around the arm of the doctor's wife gleamed like snake eyes in the lamp light.

The woman looked from one to the other and without a word unclasped the jewels and laid them in Ricardo's hand. And one more incident in the life of this young ambitious actor was closed. There is no doubt, that with the passing of Alma went the biggest part of this man's heart. "She was so swell," he cries. He still weeps for her.

Silent pictures were changing. Sound was creeping in. When talkies finally arrived, Ric was not one of the actors suddenly left by the wayside. He took no elocution lessons and acquired no English accent, but he survived. In fact, audiences liked him better than ever before and he personally determined that he would, by some means, get sympathetic roles for himself. It wasn't until "Symphony of Six Million" came along that he saw exactly the character he wanted to play.

He wanted so badly that part in "Symphony of Six Million" but the producers simply couldn't see him in the role. Unknown to the studio, and with the help of Irene Dunne, he made tests of several scenes from the story and sent them over to the studio. The director and supervisor would run them over and over and look at each other in open mouthed wonder. "Well, we'll have to let him play it, I guess, but how he managed to put that stuff in those scenes, I don't know."

No, they probably didn't. But you see, the tests Cortez made were the scenes in which his father lies in a hospital and the bewildered son is unable to do anything to save him. Ricardo only retold on the screen the very same incident that had burned itself on his heart when he stood, a young man, and watched his father die.

"Say, that Cortez fellow can play anything," I once heard a fan say after a movie. "He's a villain in one picture and a hero in the next."

Why not? He's been both villain and hero in his life. He's had to be. He understands so well the numb rage that sends a man out with a pistol in his hand and he knows just as well what it means to sit and suffer quietly and deeply. To soothe and to comfort. To help a fellow human being in distress. He knows how to take the bumps on the screen just by taking them in life. He knows how to portray acute disappointment by having suffered the very dregs of disappointment. Everything he acts and reacts on a movie screen is just a bit torn from his life pattern. And all of it has made Cortez the actor he is and the man he is. He's taken every blow that has come his way and sapped from it the lesson it was meant to give him without growing cynical, hard or bitter.

"The Lewis Stone of the Younger Generation" someone has called him and a fitting name it is.

"I'll be the kind who will star when I'm an old man," I heard him say one day with a laugh. "You see, I never learned any tricks or any vocal stunts some actors learn so well. I'll learn only through living and experience and it will take years more of real living with the high and low spots, to make me a really fine actor."

With Mrs. Cortez (he is now married to a non-professional, and a beautiful and charming person she is) he went back to New York recently and, walking near Madison Avenue, saw a sight that halted him in his tracks. "Do you see that boy over there eating that hot-dog and drinking that glass of lemonade? Well, I was that boy a few years ago," he told his wife. "Grabbing the cheapest meal I could get and eating right on the street. Today, I'm on my way to buy you a mink coat, but as long as I keep that other self in sight, the hungry, hot-dog eating boy, I feel everything will be all right."

They walked on together in silence.

It suddenly occurred to me as he sat down from his bow, that Ricardo was the only actor who had ever been billed above Garbo. "Ricardo Cortez in 'The Torrent' with Greta Garbo" the signs had read. Many leading ladies had come between then and now. Many big names that had passed into oblivion. Yet, here was Cortez in Hollywood going right on. Life had never beaten him. I doubt if it ever will. He has learned too well the lesson of keeping up the old chin.

I must have been staring at him as I pondered over these things, for suddenly he looked over at me and smiled. And in that smile, frank, open, honest, I knew rested at least part of the reason Ricardo Cortez is still in Hollywood, just fourteen years later.

CINDERELLA REDISCOVERS HER FAIRY GODMOTHER!

The story of Anne Shirley and her long-lost benefactress is one of the truths which are really stranger—and more beautiful—than fiction. Struggle, heartbreak, undying affection, mother love and a friendship that couldn't fail, even when fate was against it—they're all here, with the sort of happy ending which makes everyone's life seem brighter and more worth living. You'll find this exclusive, unusual revelation in March MOVIE MIRROR, on sale everywhere January 22nd.

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And use Tangee Rouge, too. Also contains Color Change Principle. Gives youthful natural color to cheeks.

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Tangee *GLOWING* Lips

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Do not confuse Tangee Natural with ordinary cosmetics—which should be removed at night. Tangee Lipstick's special cream base can't possibly harm, but *soothes* your lips. Day and night it prevents chapping, dryness. Awake each morning, lovely to look at, with soft, smooth lips... No more faded "morning look". Of course, no trace of Tangee on bed linens!

You can safely use Tangee Lipstick *day* and night. Buy one today, 39¢ and $1.10, or tear out coupon and send for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-up Set.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

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ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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. . . what did I do?"

"I found an easy, grand
way to get back those
precious pounds"

TO regain lost weight is a simple matter when certain bodily functions are restored to normal.

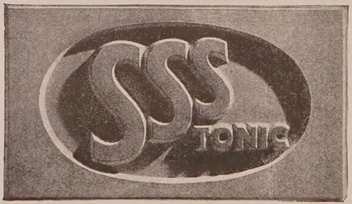
Of foremost importance is the stimulation of digestive juices in the stomach to make better use of the food you eat . . . and restoration of lowered red-blood-cells to turn the digested food into firm flesh. S.S.S. Tonic does just this.

S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite. Foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated and finally the very food you eat is of more body value. A very important step back to health.

Forget about underweight worries if you are deficient in stomach digestive juices and red-blood-cells . . . just take S.S.S. Tonic immediately before each meal. Shortly you will be delighted with the way you will feel . . . your friends will compliment you on the way you will look.

S.S.S. Tonic is especially designed to build sturdy health . . . its remarkable value is time tried and scientifically proven . . . that's why it makes you feel like yourself again.

At all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The large size at a saving in price. There is no substitute for this time tested remedy. No ethical druggist will suggest something "just as good." © S.S.S. Co.



Let Eleanor Powell Teach You to Dance

(*Continued from page 63*)

going in one direction down the length of the room. Your partner will want to go forward and push you backward, but that's all right because the tables will be turned when you start back down the room again. He steps forward with his right foot, then with his left, and then he brings his right foot up to his left and pauses; then, instead of stepping backward with his left foot, he steps forward, and repeats the step by bringing his left foot up to his right.

When you do this in time to a tune like *The Way You Look Tonight* or *The Casaloma Stomp* you're dancing a fox trot. When the orchestra shifts into a waltz, remember the beat is one, two, *three*—pause—one, two *three;* the rhumba, however, counts to four and at the end there's a peculiar little step that admittedly is pretty difficult.

You step forward on your right foot (on the toe); step to the left with your left foot, cross the right foot over the left, step one more to the left with your left foot and your right toe over so that it is beside the left—and on that final small step you come up in a little lilting movement, with your weight on your left toe and your right toe merely touching the floor. Try this over and over, remembering that on the count of four you sway upward. Very suddenly you'll find that you have it—at least it will come to you if you feel the music and have a decided sense of the rhythm.

So now if you can do these two fundamental steps you can at least follow your partner if he isn't too fancy a dancer. I'll give you instructions for turning and whirling later; just at present my specific rules for the-young-girl-about-to-go-dancing are of first importance.

Remember first that no matter how inept you are, or how inexperienced, never admit it. When your companion says, "Let's go down to the Silver Slipper tonight, they've got the hottest band in town," don't ever answer, "You know I'm not a good dancer. Let's go to a show." The best way to learn how to dance is to dance—as often and as long as you can.

When you've accepted an invitation to the waltz don't under any circumstances murmur to your partner, "You'll have to excuse the mistakes I make. I'm just learning." Simply pretend that everything is his fault, and most of the time you'll get away with it. He'll think he's leading badly or doing too many schoolboy steps for your dignity.

AS a matter of fact, the best dancers are the ones who use restraint on the floor. The most superb partner I've ever danced with uses very simple steps; but he leads correctly, he's graceful, he's part of the music. If your partner shows tendencies to leap about or jiggle up and down and kick his feet out, restrain him as much as you can by dancing simply yourself; if that doesn't work you'll just have to tell him you don't like it.

When you're dressing, remember that a frock that would look well at a dinner or in the theater may not be to your advantage in a ballroom. Flounces behind are especially taboo, and fancies of any sort make you very conspicuous. A simple gown is best. If you've a corsage wear it on your right shoulder regardless of the fact that tradition places it on the left; if you don't, one of two things will happen. Either the man will hold his shoulder away from you in order not to crush the orchids or gardenias—and thus lose the relaxed ease necessary to good dancing—or he'll forget about the flowers completely and they'll be a bedraggled mess within an hour.

So far as posture is concerned, it is really one of the most important things to consider and you mustn't forget it for a single second. Heels are important here; if you're very short wear high spikes always, so that if you are asked to dance by an extremely tall man you won't have to stretch yourself into an awkward and uncomfortable position in order to keep up with him. If you're of medium height, or tall, medium heels are good unless you intend to dance with one person all evening and know his height.

PLEASE don't slouch, ever. You must have sat at your table many times and commented on the girl going past whose natural bustle stuck out and whose shoulders caved in. Keep your hips in and your shoulders back, stand up very straight —and this goes especially for tiny girls— and don't bend your knees. It doesn't matter if you're tall and are dancing with a short man; it'll be much less apparent if you don't try very obviously to bring yourself down to his level.

Relax utterly. If you don't you'll automatically make mistakes, try to lead, or do something else equally disastrous. And dance always on the balls of your feet, with the heels never touching the floor.

If you're at a party or at some celebration where you meet many people who know you, you'll run into situations about dancing that require considerable tact. I was at a dinner-dance one evening last month with a friend, and as soon as we arrived he wanted to drift out onto the floor. "Boy! Listen to that band swing it!" he said.

But I thought propriety demanded that we sit down and talk for a few minutes with the host and his friends. The music was pulling at my toes just as much as at my friend's, and I was about to excuse myself from the group when a man I'd met recently asked me to dance.

I'm quite tall; wherefore short men seem to adore me. This fellow was about five feet two. "I'm so sorry," I said, "but I've hurt my foot and I'm afraid I won't be able to do much dancing this evening."

"That's too bad," the man said, and sat down at the table.

My friend got up and held out his hand. "Okay?" he said.

"Okay," I agreed, and was just about to follow when I realized suddenly what I'd done. The short man was a very good friend of the host and so long as he was at the party I couldn't think of dancing with anybody. I'd even have to limp if I walked anywhere!

(*Continued on page 77*)

C'mon—
BOYS · GIRLS
MEN · WOMEN

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Anyone can play this jazzy Ukulele, and you will be delighted with the sweet, mellow tone. Made substantially of strong material to last a lifetime.

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Boys, you can now show movies right at home. This outfit uses films and works like the regular machines. Made of metal, snappy black enamel finish. Uses oil and comes complete with lamp, globe, film, and colored slide. Stormy nights need not be dull. Have lots of fun giving shows. **Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cts. each.** Sent Postpaid.

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This violin is imported from Europe where they know so well how to make violins. Nicely made, highly polished. A pleasing model of good shape. Well-finished finger board and tail piece. Has a full set of strings, bow, and 5-minute Instruction Book with many Popular Songs in words and music. With this remarkable book you can quickly learn to play without a teacher. **Send no money.** Just name and address. We trust you with 24 Pkts. of "Garden Spot" Seeds to sell at 10c a Pkt. When sold send the $2.40 Collected and Violin Outfit will be sent to you Postpaid. Send your order to **Lancaster Co. Seed Co., Sta.** 431, **Paradise, Pa.** We Pay Postage.

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New Beauty!

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GUARANTEED

Movement guaranteed. Case is all one-white metal. This beautiful Watch given for selling only 24 packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds and 98c extra or given **with no extra money** for selling only 48 Pkts. Write for seeds today. We trust you.
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10 PIECES IN ALL

New Priscilla Style

10 Piece Curtain Set

There's a charm of welcome when you fit your home with these dainty Curtains. This is a very natty made marquisette Curtain Set in refined white pattern, finished with 2¼ inch ruffles in colors. Each curtain in 20x90 inches, 2 pairs, 4 Curtains, 4 Tie-backs, and 2 Ruffled Valances, 10 pieces in all. **All given to you as one premium for distributing only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents each.** Sent postpaid to your door.

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Read This Remarkable Offer!

A "regular" man's Watch. Completely new standard 40-size thin model, with improved movement, a guaranteed accurate time-keeper. A dependable and faithful companion. **Given for selling only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10c a Packet.** Sent Postpaid. Send NOW.

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Think of the fun in this straight-shooting gun. Steel barrel and walnut stock. Shoots B B shot with force and accuracy. A gun any boy can be proud of. Sell only 24 Packets of "Garden Spot" Seeds at 10 cents a packet. Sent postpaid.

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It moulds the bust and is tight fitting at the waistline. The skirt gradually widens from the smooth hipline into a gracefully swinging hem. The young idea for afternoons is to match your slip and pantee to your dress.

Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46-inch bust. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material for slip, with 1¼ yards of 35-inch material for pantee. Pattern, price 15 cents.

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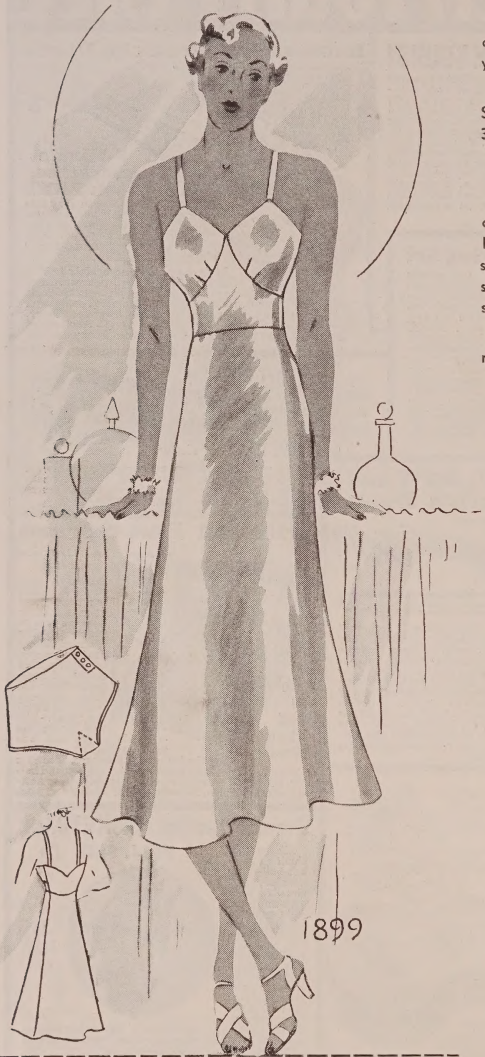
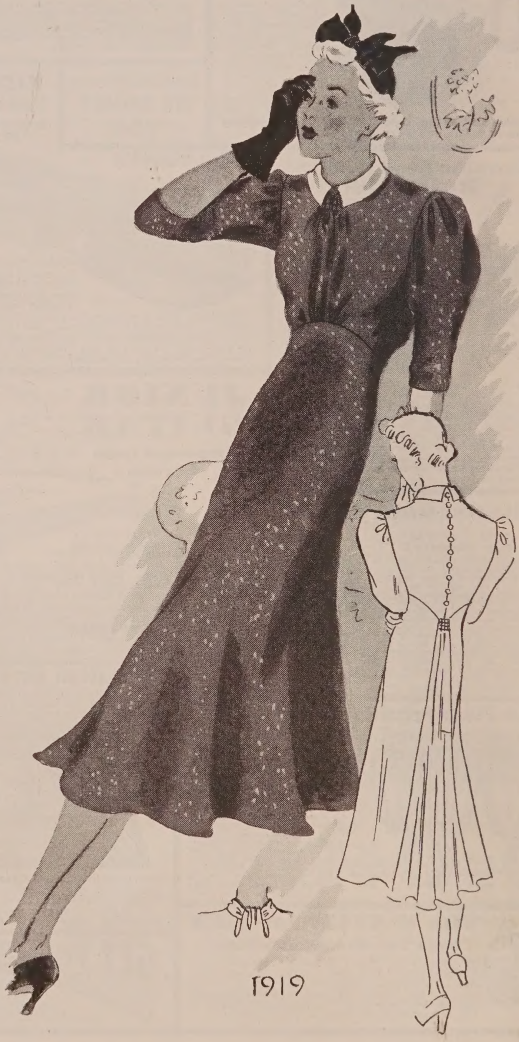
Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18 years; 36, 38 and 40-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern, price 15 cents.





Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed .... Send me
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Address ....

(*Continued from page* 74)

He was still there when we left at midnight; we went to a night club and danced madly until it closed.

Moral: Don't get yourself in that sort of spot. Tell the person you're refusing that the next dance is already taken, or that you're tired just for the moment and maybe later—anything, but don't commit yourself for an entire evening.

The formula for turning: step forward with your right foot; close-step to the side; step to the left with your left foot; turn on it to face backward; pause. Then step to the side with your right foot; cross the left over it to the right, and pivot on it until you are facing forward again. You can adjust this to any type of turn your partner may choose to make.

Whirling is another matter and a science in itself. Don't be alarmed; the thing is quite simple once you've got it—and if you know how you can spin like a top and never get dizzy.

The secret is that your chin follows your shoulder line; you turn your head so that you face right when your right foot is bearing your pivoting weight, and left when your left foot is out. On the transition turn your head very quickly, so that instead of watching the room go around in a constant circle you fix your eyes on one point to the right for a second, and then immediately they're fixed on another point to the left. Keep your body absolutely rigid throughout.

RULES for your partner are likewise simple ones, and if you know them fairly well you can suggest them to him yourself. He should hold you firmly but not too tightly, in the direct small of your back; if the quick step he is about to make will go away from him he should loosen his hold a little, and if he intends to go into a dip or a fast back step, he should tighten it. He should suggest to you at the beginning whether he likes to take long strides or short ones so that you can follow, but try to get him into the habit of putting a little distance between his feet when he moves.

For both of you this is important: a dance floor is a poor place for necking. It looks cheap, and, what's worse, it spoils your posture and ruins your appearance.

From this point on, then, the degree of your success in ballroom dancing is up to your ingenuity and your partner's imagination. You'll soon learn that most smart floors are so crowded that you can only do a simple half step around the edges, with sudden flurries of real dancing when you see a clear space.

As a last injunction, remember that grace is the most important thing, along with rhythm. To achieve this you must follow through with your body. Let your shoulders and torso sway in the direction of the step you're taking, and don't be afraid to unbend a little in doing this.

You'll win more cups in the waltz contests if you do.

THE END

FROM POVERTY AND LONELINESS TO PROSPERITY AND LOVE

Don't miss this heartwarming story of "Loppy" Zifkin's rise to fame, fortune, and romance—as Benny Baker. In March Movie Mirror, out January 22nd.

TRAGEDY
WITH A HAPPY ENDING!

Ha! Ha! My proud beauty! Now I have you in my power . . .

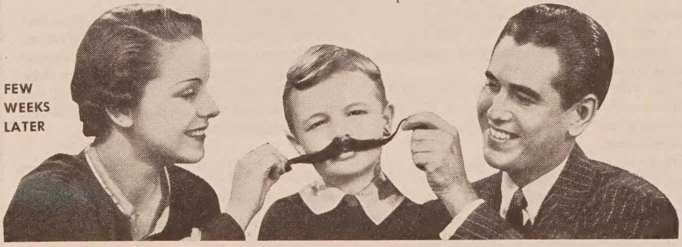
Mr. W.—Clap hands, Margie—what's the matter with you?

Mrs. W.—Oh, look! The curtains—one of those sheets is mine.

Mr. W.—Gosh! Is the gray one yours? It looks sick beside that nice white one.

Mrs. W.—Oh, Russ! Did you really hear all the mothers who helped put up the curtain say those things about me?

Russ W.—Yep! They said your clothes have tattle-tale gray 'cause your soap doesn't wash clean. And they wished you'd use Fels-Naptha 'cause it's got *heaps* of *naptha* in the *golden soap* and that chases out every speck of dirt.



Mr. W.—Great Scott! Have you still got that moustache?

Mrs. W.—Take it off—you're no villain! You saved my reputation with that tip about Fels-Naptha Soap. It's made my washes look so gorgeous, I'm going to take you to town to a *real* show!

COPR. FELS & CO., 1937

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

"DIRT POCKETS" IN YOUR SKIN!

When Pores Become Clogged They Become Little "Dirt Pockets" and Produce Blackheads, Enlarged Pores, Muddy Skin and Other Blemishes!

By *Lady Esther*

When you do not cleanse your skin properly, every pore becomes a tiny "dirt pocket." The dirt keeps on accumulating and the pore becomes larger and larger and blackheads and muddy skin and other blemishes follow.

"But," you say, "it is impossible for 'dirt pockets' to form in my skin. I clean my skin every morning and every night." But, are you sure you *really* cleanse your skin, or do you only go through the motions?

Surface Cleansing Not Enough

Some methods, as much faith as you have in them, only give your skin a "lick-and-a-promise." They don't "houseclean" your skin, which is what is necessary.

What you want is *deep* cleansing! Many methods only "clean off" the skin. They do not clean it *out!* Any good housekeeper knows the difference.

What you want is a cream that does more than "grease" the surface of your skin. You want a cream that *penetrates the pores!* Such a cream, distinctly, is Lady Esther Face Cream. It is a cream that gets below the surface — into the pores.

Dissolves the Waxy Dirt

Gently and soothingly, it penetrates the tiny openings. There, it goes to work on the accumulated waxy dirt. It breaks up this grimy dirt — dissolves it — and makes it easily removable. *All* the dirt comes out, not just part of it!

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It resupplies the skin with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and scaly patches and keeps the skin soft and smooth. So smooth, in fact, does it make the skin, that the skin takes powder perfectly without any preliminary "greasing."

Definite Results!

Lady Esther Face Cream will be found to be definitely efficient in the care of your skin. It will solve many of the complexion problems you now have.

But let a free trial prove this to you. Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you a 7-days' tube. Then, see for yourself the difference it makes in your skin.

With the tube of cream, I'll also send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder. Clip the coupon now.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (30) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail your 7-days' supply of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*________________

*Address*________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Why Ross Alexander Married Again

(*Continued from page* 56)

that I couldn't have; and while that doesn't matter now—and I'm glad for the hard knocks that put me on my own early in life—those things are tough on kids. And so I kept myself happy by forgetting the things I didn't have and thinking only of those things I would have when I became a rich and famous actor; for I had my mind set on an acting career as far back as I can remember.

"I learned that lesson of forgetting so well, that recently in New York when I finished playing a stage role for a solid eighteen months I couldn't remember a single line of my part one week later! Forgetting the past develops a feeling for the future, too, and that has made an incurable optimist of me—which is a handy thing for an actor to be.

"But I don't think it fair that anything that might have happened to me in the past be brought up to reflect on Anne's life or happiness now. I've told her the whole story. She realizes how I suffered, what I went through. But Anne has come to my way of looking at things; she, too, realizes that the past is done and finished.

"DON'T think for a moment, either, that we didn't mull over the consequences of what the world might call our short romance and speedy marriage. It is true, we had known each other but a few months. We met on the Warner lot where we are both under contract. But if we had known each other ten times that long, we couldn't have been more in love. We wanted the happiness, security and companionship that marriage alone could bring us. And so, believing that there would be those who would lift an eyebrow over the idea of my marriage *no matter how long I waited,* we decided that the perfect companionship we had found in one another was too precious to jeopardize.

"But more of this later; I've a date with Anne for luncheon and I'd like to have you join us. We can finish our talk afterwards."

Anne Nagel Alexander was waiting for us when we arrived. In fact, she had already ordered. "Sorry I couldn't wait for you," she said in apology, "but I'm due on the set in half an hour and, since I'm not used to Technicolor make-up, I want to give myself plenty of time." Anne had been asked by the studio to make a test with an actor trying out for the male lead in "The Desert Song."

You see, Anne hasn't yet reached Ross Alexander's screen prominence, so though she has played two or three nice roles, she is still on call for such thankless duties as testing. But she is so anxious to work and so willing to spend her holidays making tests with other and more important actors, that I wager it won't be long before she will catch up with Ross.

Anne is just twenty; slender, with medium-brown hair and delicately molded features. Her face is at odds with her age. Not that she looks or seems older, but she has such a gently-reserved manner that she rises head-and-shoulders above the psuedo-sophistication and scatter-brained demeanor of the average girl who, at her age, is just half-way through the debutante stage. If I had met Anne *before* I met Ross, I'd have thought her too quiet, too reserved for that harum-scarum personality I've been watching pull gags as the peppy young man in Warner Brothers pictures. But I had already met the real Ross, so I saw Anne as the right girl for him.

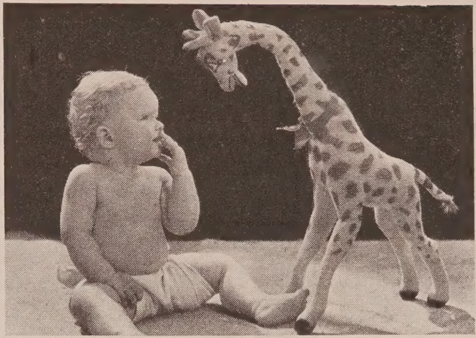
Even so, these two whose studio romance developed into a real love story came from widely divergent worlds. Anne is a Boston girl, who once had an ambition to be a nurse. After one year of preparation, however, she sensibly realized she was far more interested in her singing and dancing than in scrubbing hospital corridors in a Boston training school. Once she had made up her mind, she headed straight for the stage—over much parental objection—and managed to land a job in the chorus of a Shubert show playing in Boston, following it with two or three other shows.

Then, early in the fall of 1935, she visited her uncle, Curtis Nagel, in Hollywood and, through a little help at first, it wasn't long before she was doing bits and small parts in such pictures as "Red Heads on Parade," "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo" and "The Country Doctor." So well did she register, that a talent scout for Warner Brothers signed her to a stock contract six months ago, an event which was not only to lead her to a more interesting career in pictures, but to the romance of her life with Ross.

ROSS came a very different road to that fateful day on the set of "Hot Money" when they met for the first time. A typical kid of the New York schools, his background is filled with such harum-scarum highlights as being requested to leave school, being alternately broke and affluent on Broadway (depending upon whether he was in or out of a job) plus a whirlwind year of success that saw him in two hit plays and most of the Broadway night-spots as one of the better known playboys of a play-mad town. After his marriage to Aleeta Friele in 1933, they set out for the movie town together. Ross's career thrived in Hollywood. But not so for Aleeta. Her career lagged, causing the mental despondency that eventually brought tragedy into Ross's life and ended her own.

From that moment on, everything in life assumed a different complexion for Ross. His playboy days were behind him. He lived the life of a bachelor recluse in the little ranch house he rents in the valley. Now and then he was seen escorting lovely Anita Louise to a preview or to a theater. But there was never anything serious between them and they were both amazed when romance rumors threatened to bring them to the altar. Actually, they had but five dates during the time the marriage rumor whispers were at their most hectic.

"I have few friends out here," continued Ross. "I hadn't wanted any, until I met Anne. Can you believe this? I've never been inside the home of anyone on this studio lot and none of them has ever been to mine. I've always lived to myself in Hollywood. And if I was lonely, it



● ***"Good grief, Mr. Giraffe, what a perfectly terrific rash you've got! You're broken out all over, even on your tail. And your neck's a sight! When a person has so much neck, it must be awful!"***

● ***"I can remember when I used to have rashes... Boy, did I itch! In those days before we had Johnson's Baby Powder, there were times when I felt like jumping right out of my skin!***

● ***"But take a look at me now! Not a rash or a chafe anywhere since we've been using that soft, downy Johnson's. You try it—and see if it doesn't knock the spots off you, too!"***

● ● ●

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick N.J.
Chicago Ill.
Borated Talcum

● ***"Feel a pinch of my Johnson's—isn't it smooth and slick? Not a bit gritty like some powders. It keeps my skin as fine as silk!"... That's the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! And Johnson's Baby Powder is made of the finest Italian talc... no orris-root. Always keep Johnson's Baby Soap, Baby Cream and Baby Oil in your baby's bath-basket, too!***

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

What Do People Say About Your Eyes?

DRAB—Pale, colorless lashes without benefit of eye make-up. Definitely uninteresting.

DREADFUL—Crude, Stiff lashes, lumpy, stuck together as with ordinary mascara. Inexcusably artificial.

DELIGHTFUL—The NATURAL appearance of long, dark, lustrous lashes—soft and silky—with Maybelline. Truly, eye make-up in good taste.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara—darkens, beautifies, and tends to curl lashes. Applies smoothly and easily without water. Black, Brown, or Blue. Complete with brush in dainty zipper bag.

So Important—that First Impression

Everyone notices your eyes first—remember this! Eyes without proper eye make-up often appear dull and lifeless — bald and unattractive. Many women deplore this in their appearance, but are timid about using eye make-up for fear of having a hard "made-up" look, as with so many ordinary mascaras.

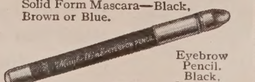
Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste, has changed all this. Now you may have the *natural* appearance of lovely, long, dark lashes—instantly and easily—with a few simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline mascara. Non-smarting and tear-proof.

You will be delighted with the other exquisite Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! Try the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil to form graceful, expressive eyebrows—it may be had in shades to match the mascara. Use Maybelline Eye Shadow for truly glamorous effects — a touch gently blended on the eyelids intensifies the color and sparkle of the eyes immensely.

The new Maybelline Cream Mascara and the ever-popular Solid Mascara are preferred by over 10,000,000 discriminating women the world over. Either form is only 75c at leading toilet goods counters. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be purchased at all leading ten cent stores. For the finest in eye make-up, insist on genuine Maybelline!

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Solid Form Mascara—Black, Brown or Blue.



Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown or Blue.

Eye Shadow—Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

wasn't the sort of loneliness that demands a lot of people, night-clubs and fun; it was the awful loneliness that comes from wanting just one person, a person to share my life and enjoy the things I enjoyed with me." Anne had left the table by now and Ross and I were sitting alone.

"I found that one person when I met Anne. It is funny, really, the way we met. The first picture that found us in the same cast was 'Hot Money.' Anne was all decked out in glasses, a funny hairdress and the persnickity attitude that her old maid secretary role called for. I didn't pay much attention to her those few days we worked together. But fortunately, Anne was so interested in learning more about her work that she came back to the set after her role had been completed. I'll never forget that day. I had just finished a scene and was heading for the dressing room to change, when I saw a vision in pale blue pajamas coming across the stage. I turned to one of the boys and asked him who the beautiful girl was. He laughed, thinking I was pulling a gag. When he discovered that I was actually serious, he explained that she was the same girl who had worked as the old maid secretary, glasses and all. I couldn't believe him; I think I even offered to bet him he was wrong.

AND so we met—and laughed about our 'old maid.' Both of us, I think, realized that we had suddenly found something we had been looking for—call it love at first sight, if you want to. But neither of us did anything about it. In fact, we made 'China Clipper' and had begun work on 'Here Comes Carter!' before we ever went out together at all. On our first date, we didn't go to the Trocadero or the Grove. We went to an inexpensive place called the Palomar where we danced and had a flock of fun. Wow! was that place crowded; it seemed as though every fellow in Los Angeles who had a date that night had decided on our spot.

"Well, that was the beginning of the end," Ross laughed. "I didn't want to see anyone else after that—and I'm mighty lucky that Anne felt the same way. From that night on, we saw each other plenty; and if our romance and marriage came as a surprise to Hollywood, it's because we didn't frequent any of the popular night clubs together. Instead, we spent most of our evenings before the fire having long talks about ourselves and our work.

"Then one Sunday not so long ago, I picked Anne up early in the morning. We drove out to my ranch and found a marvelous country breakfast waiting for us. We spent part of the day wandering around the ranch—feeding the chickens, picking fruit and talking as we walked.

"Then, when evening came, we piled a lot of logs on the fire and set a bridge table in front of the fireplace. We picked up a swell cold supper out of the icebox. After we had finished eating, we just sat there, looking across the table at each other; suddenly, I knew that this companionship and Anne were all I wanted out of life! It seemed as though I had known her all my life, so close had we become in the few months we had known each other. To think of going on without her was intolerable. It was that night that I told Anne about . . ." Ross hesitated, as though the words were being forced ". . . about Aleeta. And Anne's understanding and comforting sympathy seemed to draw us even closer together."

"That night I asked Anne if she would marry me.

"I had hoped our wedding would cause little comment, attract little attention—for Anne's sake. Even then, I realized what might be in store for her with the publicity and the revived stories of Aleeta's death. We went by plane to Yuma. We were married under our own names, but of course the Hollywood-wise clerk at the license bureau recognized us. So we got the usual round of publicity—just what we had expected: a sort of combination 'sob story-surprise.' But now we are back at the ranch together, where we belong. Anne has made a few changes in what has always been a bachelor house and it seems much more livable. And when I am through at the studio, these days, I go back to a real home and a real wife instead of the loneliness that was mine until I met her."

And that is the real story back of the romance and elopement of Ross and Anne—except to add that Anne has learned Ross's secret of leaving the past to the past. Their life and their being together are all important to her now. Against the painted merry-go-round of the movies, they are launched on a love story that is not a "second chance at happiness for an unhappy boy" but a beautiful beginning of a new life for two.

Robert Taylor's Amazing Homecoming

(*Continued from page* 29)

Beatrice conceded that much, at least, to Hollywood.

'Round and 'round the streets they drove, Bob waving, calling, shouting. Suddenly in the midst of the excitement a maneuvering umbrella caught his eye. He nearly fell out of his car in his fervor. "Aunt Jameson, where's Earl?" he screamed. Aunt Jameson could only point with her umbrella. Skyward. There was no room left for any other direction.

"Do you suppose he's dead?" Bob murmured. The next second revealed cousin Earl atop a barrel. More cries. More cheers. More screams. Bands played in competition. Bells rang louder and Bob Taylor grew more excited.

At the hotel entrance, mobs of people were gathered. In the midst, stood a little old lady in a brand new black hat with lace, mind you, shouting commands to the surging crowd.

"You leave him alone! Don't you shove him like that! Arlington," she cried, "don't let them do that to you. They'll tear off all your clothes again like they did in New York. Stop it, I say."

The next instant she was in Bob's arms. His Grandmother Stanhope. He had missed her eightieth birthday celebration a short time before but he had promised he would come as soon as he could. He told her all this while she laughed and wept in his embrace.

Committees began arriving the minute he was safe in his room.

She had everything but love

UNTIL SHE FOUND THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING... FRAGRANT BATHS WITH **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP**

WHY MODERN GIRLS ARE FLOCKING TO THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP

HELEN MERRIMAN, OF NEW YORK, points out: "No girl can afford to risk perspiration odor. Men simply can't stand it! That's why I bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For the deep cleansing lather of this lovely soap keeps me so sweet and clean . . . so safe from any danger of body odor. And then, its lingering, flower-like perfume leaves my skin so alluringly fragrant!"

AND DORIS ELLIS, OF AMARILLO, TEXAS, explains: "Cashmere Bouquet is so utterly *different* from ordinary perfumed soaps! Its fragrance is just as exquisite as that of the costliest imported perfume. And long after your bath, this perfume clings to your skin . . . makes your daintiness simply *irresistible!* Isn't it wonderful that this lovely soap costs only 10¢?"

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. This pure, creamy-white soap keeps your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth!

Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap
Colgate
Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

always
ardent color..
never
lipstick
parching

Put sweet, ripe color on your lips—by all means. It thrills!...But remember, too, that—lips must be soft, not dry—smooth, not rough. Only smooth lips tempt romance. Avoid Lipstick Parching.

Get protection along with warm color by using Coty "Sub-Deb." It contains a special softening ingredient, "Theobroma." Because of its soothing presence, your lips are kept soft and smooth. In five indelible shades. *New! "Air Spun" Rouge—50¢.* Torrents of air blend its colors to life-like subtlety.

COTY
SUB-DEB LIPSTICK *50¢*

Precious protection!...Coty melts eight drops of "Theobroma" into every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick. This guards against lipstick parching.

He was scheduled to speak to the assembled high school and junior high school children in the school auditorium. Would he go?

He went. He reminded them he had made the dedication speech from that very platform. He recalled little things that had happened to him there in that auditorium.

Outside the high school, the manager of the Rivoli, the little local movie house, waited for him. They fell upon one another with shouts and cries, he and Bob. "Would he," the manager wondered, "make a personal appearance?"

He would. Like wildfire the word spread through the town and the banner that had been painted so hopefully the week before, was flung to the breeze.

"ARLINGTON BRUGH (Robert Taylor)" it said, "will be here."

Crowds thronged the place.

From the tiny theater platform Bob pointed out to them the exact spot he had sat in while playing the cello in the theater orchestra. An orchestra of three. Farmers cheered, their wives wept and all the children, worn out from their four o'clock rising, yelled for a drink of water at one time. It was marvelous.

It was marvelous.

A roast beef dinner of welcome followed. Behind the mashed potatoes, the cole slaw, the fruit laden pies, Bob Taylor saw the days of planning, thought and care. The frequent gatherings of the Ladies' Aid to see who should bring the baked beans and who the pickles. He was too close, too near to it to forget.

Between the passing all around of the home-made pickles and the tomato preserves, the doors flew open. The governor of the state burst in with a speech of welcome to Bob.

"Would they, these two, Arlington and Governor Cochran, make a double appearance at the theater?" the theater manager again wondered. They would. They did. And put on the best team act in the history of the state.

THE town dance followed. They had it all planned for him. Glassy-eyed from lack of rest and sleep, Bob moved among them, thrilled and happy. There was Ella who had sat next to him in modern history class. There were Bertha and Agnes and Mary, their eyes following him about the hall. "Who will he choose as his partner?" they wondered. Their eyes almost shrieked the question: "Which one will he choose?"

The orchestra revealed, in swing time, that *You Turned the Tables On Me* when Bob Taylor walked over and looked down at the round, eager face of his pal's wife, Mrs. Ed Weekes. Ed and Bob had once been rivals in love and Ed had won. And now with the girl he had lost in his arms, Bob danced and danced and danced.

The climax of the evening came when the American Legion Quartette marched to the platform and rendered, with much feeling and a bass solo thrown in, their own original song, entitled *Welcome to Arlington Brugh.*

The *Welcome to Arlington Brugh* number was the test in a way of what Hollywood had done to Bob Taylor, if anything. There might have been room for a bit of sly fun on his part when the quartette to a man sang "Arlington Brugh, how are you?" but Bob never thought of it. Boyishly he'd clap midway between verse and chorus in his enthusiasm. He blew his nose in a confusion of emotion that might have told Beatrice, Nebraska, had there been any doubt in their minds, that Bob was still theirs.

It was two o'clock when he finally got to his room. He paced up and down, up and down in his excitement. There was a difference between the thrill he felt now and the kind he had experienced on those other trips. The one to Dallas, Texas, and the jaunt to New York. These were people with whom he had lived closely and lovingly. Every eye that looked into his, every hand he clasped, every voice he heard was somehow woven into the pattern of his life.

"I think I'll take a walk," he said, and while Beatrice slept, Bob Taylor walked the familiar streets, paused in familiar doorways and recalled half forgotten memories.

CHICKEN dinner, twelve o'clock noon at Aunt Jameson's was on the program this second day. Up to the small frame house in the country Bob drove in the Packard loaned him for the occasion by the local agency. The dinner table, set squarely between his uncle's crayon portrait and his uncle's empty Morris chair, groaned with the load. One notch at a time Bob let out his belt and finally when the home-made pumpkin pie came on, he just tossed aside the belt completely.

Strange, Dorn told me, to see him in that setting. In a neat small room of an old fashioned farm house. The butter churn out on the back porch was glimpsed through the open door. A picture of Bob when about twelve years old—with one stocking hanging—sat framed on the golden oak table. A picture torn from MOVIE MIRROR stood framed beside it. Little tidies and doilies, snow white, lay over the plush chair backs.

After dinner, he must try his uncle's vacant chair. Vacant many years. Grandma, detecting the odor of Bob's cigarette, came in from the kitchen to investigate.

"Huh," was her scornful disapproval and Bob tossed away the smoke. Grinning sheepishly.

Out around the farm, now, to look at his cousin's stock, he went. To ask about the wheat and corn. "Let's go hunting," Bob finally suggested. And Earl grabbed up the shot gun. Bob's mother and Aunt Jameson stood in the doorway and watched them far over the hill as the two boys walked away. They didn't have much luck. They returned to the farm empty handed. And then, as Bob stood by the barn, gun in hand, out shot a rabbit with Ring, the dog, barking at its heels. Bob grabbed up the gun wrong end to and almost blew Earl's head off in the excitement just as the rabbit wheeled back toward Bob. He took aim and fired.

The rabbit succumbed to Mr. Taylor's gun in fine style.

Dinner with the faculty down in the basement of Doane College where Bob had gone to school followed that evening. The walrus whiskers of Professor Burrage, Greek and History instructor, quivered as he announced it was very interesting to meet Bob again.

That night, after the college dinner, Bob in his Packard, drove out of town alone.

He had gone to find the one he sought. The girl he'd left behind him.

She lived in Lincoln, did this Vera Bascom, and Bob Taylor was on his way to see her. The girl he'd said goodbye to three years ago and told of his hopes and plans for getting somewhere in the world.

SOMEONE spotted the car and license, however, for when Bob rang the Bascom doorbell, they leaped out at him from the bushes. Reporters, photographers galore.

Bob seized Vera by the hand and they ran for it. Into the car they climbed and zoomed away.

The Lincoln newspapers reported the story neatly. They said, "Robert Taylor called on Vera Bascom last night. Vera works in a manufacturing plant in Lincoln. Robert Taylor works in Hollywood."

Everyone around town had some little story to tell about young Arlington Brugh. Mr. Roszell, the photographer, proudly displayed in his studio window all the photographs he had taken of Bob. "Arlington Brugh at six months, Arlington Brugh at one year, Arlington Brugh at six years." He recalled with a chuckle the time Dr. and Mrs. Brugh had brought in their six months' old son to be photographed and the screaming tantrum the baby had thrown until they were all obliged to stand in the picture to keep him quiet. "Dang near had to get in myself," the photographer laughed.

John Liedtke, the corner cop, told of chasing young Brugh and a gang that had stolen the ice cream freezer off Mrs. Wentworth's porch the evening she was entertaining the sewing circle. And how Doc Brugh had just enough money to put Bob through Doane College and how badly Bob felt when one of his pals couldn't go, too. "Well, Bob, I'll tell you," Dr. Brugh had said, "if you two lads are willing to work and pay half your way, I'll give to you and your friend the amount I was going to give you alone. That way you can both go."

And the joy of those two boys! Bob immediately got a job playing the cello at the Rivoli and also at the broadcasting station, KMMJ, over at Clay Center. So his pal could go to college, too.

Of course, there was Charley Scott, colored boy at the corner drugstore. Charley had been a soda jerker for years, watching and serving Bob from the time his nose just reached the counter top.

One old codger told of his part in the festivities. "They come down there to the factory," he explained, "and said, 'Well, Jed, we're gonna blow the big whistle.'

"WHY, I said, 'that there whistle ain't been blowed in fifteen year. It'll rip the top off the whole durn building.' But they said to go on and blow her anyhow. Young Brugh was a'comin' home and let the factory rip if she wanted to.

"So, I let her have it. It dang near blasted the ears off the folks over to Clay Center. But it was worth it. Young Brugh had come home."

A final farewell at the old Rivoli was made on that last morning. The kids of the town had crowded in to say goodbye. Before Bob could speak they pulled their carefully rehearsed stunt.

"Knock, knock," they cried in chorus.

"Who's there?" Bob asked.

"Arlington."

"Arlington who?" Bob went on.

"Not Arlington Who, but Arlington Brugh."

"I guess we got you that time," they called to Bob as he left them.

He said goodbye then. To the little grandmother who dared him to let any human rip off a single garment. To cousin Earl and Aunt Jameson. To Mr. Roszell and John Liedtke and Charley Scott and his pals Ed Weekes and Spive Eweth, and all the other residents of Beatrice.

THEY shed tears at his going. He frankly swallowed and re-swallowed the lump in his throat.

The people of Omaha mobbed him as he attempted to board the plane. With one last running leap through them he landed inside the plane, exhausted.

Outside the plane window the sleet tore and lashed. The ship climbed steadily. Bob Taylor slept peacefully.

"How high are we now?" Dorn asked.

"Eleven thousand feet," he was told and still the plane nosed upward to escape the perilous peaks of the Rockies hidden in the blinding mists.

"How high now?" Dorn asked again.

"Thirteen thousand five hundred feet."

After they changed planes at Salt Lake City he again sank back into deep slumber until they set him down in Hollywood.

Bob had come back to Hollywood to work. Come back. From home.

WHAT A LUCKY BREAK THAT TOOTHACHE WAS!
LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT IT. I HAD JUST BEEN FIRED—ALTHOUGH I KNEW MY WORK WAS GOOD...
SORRY, BROWN, BUT WE'RE CUTTING DOWN
THEN MY GIRL THREW ME OVER
YES, PHIL, I LOVE YOU, BUT I WON'T MARRY YOU
AND TO TOP IT ALL, THIS TOOTH BEGAN TO ACHE. SO I WENT TO THE DENTIST. HE PULLED THE TOOTH AND THEN SAID...

BROWN, DO YOU KNOW THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH? THAT'S WHY I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS
AND SINCE THAT TIP ON COLGATE'S...
I HAVE MY JOB BACK... HELEN'S CHANGED HER MIND... AND I'M THE HAPPIEST MAN ALIVE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

MAKES TEETH CLEANER AND BRIGHTER, TOO!

6 WEEKS AGO HE SAID: "SHE'S TOO SKINNY"!

BUT NOW
JUST THINK, DARLING, IN A FEW DAYS WE'LL BE MARRIED!

Posed by professional models

NEW DISCOVERY GIVES THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 POUNDS – *in a few weeks!*

IF you seem "born to be skinny"—if you've tried everything to gain weight but with no success—here's a new scientific discovery that has given thousands of happy people just the pounds and rounded curves they wanted —*and so quickly they were amazed!*

Not only has this new easy treatment brought solid, naturally attractive flesh, but also normally lovely color in their cheeks, new pep, and all the friends and popularity these bring.

New body-building discovery

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of the food you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of wonder-working Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite, and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, as you take them, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm and new winning personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets should aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, your money will be instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be careful you get the genuine Ironized Yeast. Don't accept any substitute. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 222, Atlanta, Ga.

Stand-in for Love

(*Continued from page* 65)

drug store, but Pat's name was not in the book. He probably had an unlisted number. She called American Films. She told a deliberate lie about serious illness in Pat's family. They wouldn't tell her where he lived, but she did, finally, get his telephone number. She called it. A valet informed her that Mr. Shannon was in San Francisco.

Slowly, Sheila hung up. The fat was in the fire now. If she couldn't *see* Pat, nothing could be done. Pat Shannon would enjoy a vacation, Charmien Chase would get the $5,200 that had been meant for Sheila Grant, and Sheila—well, Sheila would go down into the terrifying depths of poverty and despair.

The morning newspapers brought her another surprise—the first skirmish shots of disaster were sounding.

National Studios announced that Pat Shannon was not a protege of their famous star, Charmien Chase, and never had been. It was a cheap publicity trick, coupling his name to an established star's, nothing more. And Miss Chase had certainly not sponsored his appearance with American Films! Mr. Hart, Miss Chase's director, attributed the entire story to a misguided publicity stunt.

AND, in rebuttal, on the motion picture page, an alert reporter printed an interview with Carlton Shires. Mr. Shires, of American Films, smiled wisely when shown the statements made by National and Neil Hart.

"I'll give you a photostatic copy of a letter," he said, "which Miss Chase sent me, introducing and commending Shannon to us. Too bad Miss Chase is away, or you could ask her."

The letter was printed. It was a photostatic copy of the letter Sheila had written, on Charmien Chase's stationery. "You see," beamed Mr. Shires, to the reporter, "Miss Chase *intimated* that Shannon had exceptional ability, that it was the *reason* she sent him to us instead of risking his ability elsewhere. She knew, of course, that American had the best facilities for developing him, and the results speak for themselves. Look at 'Lafayette.' While Mr. Shannon has elected to free lance, temporarily, I might hint that his future pictures will be released here."

Hollywood rocked with the mysterious controversy.

Sheila Grant was aghast at the consequences unleashed by her letter. She hadn't the strength or the heart to seek further for work. If she had the money, she thought, desperately, or any way to raise it, she'd go back to the peace and security of Pearl Harbor, to the quiet and comforting affection of her father.

She threw herself on her bed and lay mute, lonely, frightened before the infallible sweep of the destiny she had unwittingly set in motion.

Nor was she the only one who stared, bewildered, at this battle of newspaper headlines.

Neil Hart sat and read a cabled item in a prominent gossip column. "Miss Charmien Chase," announced the London correspondent, "the celebrated cinema star, has been seen around the bright spots with Lord Edgemont Trippe. It is rumored that they are 'that way' about one another."

Hart flung down the paper and picked up some others. He read Shires' statement, looked at the photostatic copy of Charmien's letter, and swore vividly and with point. Charmien was on the *Queen Mary* and would land in New York any minute now. Impulsively, he radioed her:

WHY DID YOU CONCEAL PATRICK SHANNON FROM ME STOP AM SURPRISED AND DISGUSTED AND BROKENHEARTED. NEIL.

He decided to get out of the office. His secretary informed him that Mr. Arden, Miss Chase's attorney, wanted to see him.

"Tell him to go practice jumping bail," he instructed the girl, viciously, "for the next Olympics! I'll see no one and answer no calls. I'm going out and I don't know when I'll be back—and I want no calls relayed to my home. I don't want to be disturbed by anyone. Get it? *Anyone!*"

He left in a fury. He was disturbed, however, and by no less a personage than Ben Silvermann, executive head of National.

"Look, Neil," he said, tensely, "we've got a chance to get Patrick Shannon to play opposite Charmien! We'll have to pay his price, on a sliding scale contract, but it's dirt cheap—considering the box office on 'Lafayette.' I managed to get to him. What d'ye think? Our attorneys are with Shannon now, in Frisco."

NEIL HART leaned forward. It was like the pounce of a jungle cat. "Sign him!" he advised, tersely. "He's cheap at any price." His strong teeth closed together. "Yeah!" he nodded, slowly. "Yeah! I'd like to know this Mr. Shannon! I'd like to direct his destinies! Sign him, Ben. I'll do things with Mr. Shannon! Just watch me!"

Sheila ate a hasty breakfast the next morning and went for the newspapers. It had become a battle between National and American which, apparently, would be tried in the newspapers—to the unbounded delight of the gossip writers and columnists. Rumors coupling Charmien Chase and Pat Shannon, flew thick and fast. *The Hollywood Reporter* announced that Charmien Chase had arrived in New York and was flying to the Coast that day. She would arrive tomorrow.

Further, went on the story, Charmien Chase would arrive in time to catch the *President Garfield,* out of San Francisco, for Hawaii—the same ship that was carrying Pat Shannon to Honolulu for a vacation! National had booked passage for Miss Chase, it was announced, because, to cap the climax—National had just signed Pat Shannon to a long-term contract to play opposite Miss Chase!

Sheila sat back, her knees trembling. She read on:

"Miss Chase and Mr. Neil Hart will sail on the *President Garfield* with Mr. Shannon. Preliminary story conferences will take place, en route. A crew of players and technicians will follow on a later ship to shoot the location scenes in Hawaii, of the next picture, 'Tropic Interlude,' which will star Miss Chase and feature Mr. Shannon. Mr. Shannon signed contracts with National last night,

It wasn't the Blizzard that turned him cold 'twas her red rough hands!

OUR WHOLE DAY WAS SPOILED when Bill saw my red, chapped hands. They did look horrid. I'd tried everything but I couldn't seem to get my hands smooth...

THEN—I HEARD HOW WONDERFULLY Jergens Lotion softens hand skin. I use Jergens all the time now and Bill says, "Put your dear soft hands against my face."

but Jergens brought back Warmth and Romance!

WATER — as well as wind and cold — is hard on your hands. It takes away their special beautifying moisture. Yet women say they wash their hands eight times most days — have them in water eight times more.

No wonder hands tend to crack and chap in winter—look red, feel harsh. But Jergens Lotion heals that chapping and roughness in no time.

Why is Jergens so effective? First, this lotion restores moisture *inside the skin cells,* where hand skin needs it. Tests prove Jergens goes in more thoroughly than any other lotion tested. It leaves no stickiness.

Second, Jergens contains two famous ingredients that doctors use. The first application helps. Use Jergens Lotion for soft hands a man loves. At drug, department, 10¢ stores.

All four sizes — $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, — contain more lotion than similar sizes of other well-known hand preparations. The $1.00 size is a bargain!

JERGENS LOTION
2 FAMOUS INGREDIENTS

JERGENS LOTION

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE

Prove for yourself how swiftly and thoroughly Jergens *goes into* the skin, conserves and renews the youthful softness of your hands! The Andrew Jergens Co., 1726 Alfred Street Cincinnati, O. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Name ____________________
PLEASE PRINT
Street ____________________
City ______________ State ______________

THE RIGHT AND WRONG ABOUT COLDS!

Facts It Will Pay You to Know!

THE "Common Cold" is the scourge of our civilization.

Every year it takes more in lives and health and expense than any other ailment to which we're subject.

The sad part of it is that much of the misery caused by colds is due to carelessness or ignorance in treating colds.

A cold, as your doctor will tell you, is an internal infection caused by a virus or germ. In other words, regardless of the locality of the symptoms, a cold is something lodged within the system.

Everything but the Right Thing!

The failure of many people to recognize the true nature of a cold results in much mistreatment of colds. More often than not, people do everything but the right thing in the treatment of a cold

They employ externals of all kinds when it's obvious that you've got to get at a cold from the inside. They swallow all kinds of preparations which, for seven months of the year, are good for everything but colds and which suddenly become "also good for colds" when the cold weather sets in.

Many of these methods are good as far as they go—but they don't go far enough! They don't treat a cold internally and thereby get at the infection in the system. The result often is that a cold progresses to the point where "complications" set in and it becomes a serious matter.

What a Cold Calls for

It's obvious that a cold calls, first of all, for *a cold treatment!* A preparation that's good for all kinds of different ailments can't be equally good for colds.

A cold, furthermore, calls for internal treatment. An infection within the system must be got at from the inside.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets supply reliable treatment.

First of all, Bromo Quinine tablets are *cold tablets!* They are made for colds and only colds. They are not a "cure-all" or a preparation only incidentally good for colds.

Secondly, Bromo Quinine tablets are internal treatment. They work within you and they do four important things.

Four Important Effects

They open the bowels, an acknowledgedly wise step in treating a cold.

They combat the infection in the system.

They relieve the headache and fever.

They tone the system and help fortify against further attack.

This is the fourfold effect you want for the treatment of a cold and in Bromo Quinine you get it in the form of a single tablet.

Safe as Well as Effective

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine tablets impose no penalty for their use. They contain nothing harmful and are safe to take. Their dependability is proven by over 40 years of use.

Bromo Quinine tablets now come sugar-coated as well as plain. The sugar-coated tablets are exactly the same as the regular except that they are coated with sugar for palatability.

Every drug store in America sells Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets. Let them be your first thought in case of a cold.

Ask for, and demand, Grove's Bromo Quinine tablets! The few pennies' cost may save you a lot in worry, suspense and expense.

RADIO NOTE: ***Listen to Gabriel Heatter review the news. Mutual Broadcasting System, every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evening. 7:45 to 8:00 EST on some stations. 9:00 to 9:15 EST on others. Consult your newspaper for time listing.***

in San Francisco, and expressed his delight at the prospect of playing opposite Charmien Chase."

This was too much, whispered Sheila, to herself. Fate was hitting below the belt! Dealing the cards from the bottom! It wasn't fair. It began to look as if Pat might again be cast in the role of innocent bystander—and be hurt again! Charmien—ageless, the eternal Lilith, wealthy—would, undoubtedly, set her cap for the incandescent Pat; she'd forget all about Neil Hart, forty-ish, unexciting. Charmien was adroit enough, and could manage—if she wanted it so—to make Pat believe that she was the girl who had helped him to stardom.

The papers were full of the suspected, sub-rosa romance between the two outstanding screen personalities in Hollywood. Another story read:

"This simultaneous flitting, on the same liner, seems too well-timed to be mere coincidence. Does it spell romance for these two idols of the screen? At one time, Charmien Chase was reported enamoured of her director, but perhaps this romance has gone *'pfutt!'* "

A sudden thought brought Sheila to her feet. Neil Hart! Maybe he could do something to stop the impending crash! She raced out to the corner drug store.

Mr. Hart, she was told, wasn't at the studio. He wasn't home. Sheila hung up, impotently.

SHE'D wait until evening, then she'd go direct to Hart's home, she decided. She walked aimlessly during the intervening hours. At six o'clock she was at Hart's door. The butler examined her with stolid British immobility.

"Tell him Sheila Grant must see him at once," instructed Sheila. "It's important, tell him—about Miss Chase."

She was shown, finally, into the drawing room, and the butler departed. She was utterly limp after the day of sharp reactions and sensations; drained of all emotions save the blind fear that something would happen to Pat. Neil Hart strode into the room, and paused at the sight of her.

"Sheila!" he said, abruptly. "You startled me, for a moment, you looked so like —Charmien! What is it? What's wrong?"

She said, "I have something I must tell you—before anything else happens."

Rapidly, her words tumbling over one another in her eagerness, she told him the entire story. He stared at her, listening with opaque eyes fixed upon her face, unblinkingly.

"You never saw Pat Shannon, in the flesh," she wound up. "If those two meet, he'll think it's I, and any girl would go overboard for him! If those two meet now, nothing can stop them, and the stage seems to be all set for them!"

"So, that's how it all came about?" he said, softly. He glanced at Sheila. The girl's whole being implored his assistance, and he sensed the hidden crisis of her sheer youth; and recognized its significance—she was in love with Pat Shannon. He said, "So you think nothing can stop them, eh? Well, guess again!" His sultry eyes brooded with flashes of storm; moisture glistened on his forehead. "She gets in by plane tomorrow," he said.

"If you can keep her from sailing on that ship, I'll find some way to explain this thing to Pat Shannon," Sheila said. "Some way—any way—"

"Charmien will not sail on that ship," Hart told her, grimly. "I'll promise you that!" He arose, impatiently, and Sheila got up, too. Hart continued, somewhat absently: "See me at the studio in a couple of weeks, Sheila. I'll have something to say to you."

She stood mute, her eyes slowly widening with a daring thought that was bulleting through her brain. If Hart could keep Charmien Chase away from that liner, keep her away so no one would *know* about it, she—Sheila—would suddenly have the means of getting home to Hawaii—to safety! It was a chance—if—*if!*

"You're *sure* she won't take that ship?" she asked. "Will anyone *know* she's not sailing, as she was supposed to? Will there be any publicity, or will the studio know?"

He eyed her keenly. "Not even Charmien," he told her, tensely, "will know she's not sailing—until it's too late! Why?"

"I—can't tell you," she evaded. "Only—I'd keep it quiet, until after the *President Garfield* is days at sea!"

Hart was busy with his own thoughts. "Don't worry," he said, with abstract kindness. "Charmien won't sail with Pat Shannon!"

THE eastern plane zoomed in nine minutes late. Neil Hart had been pacing back and forth feverishly; now, he watched as the passengers disembarked.

Charmien saw him at once. "Neil, darling!" she cried, oblivious to the reporters and camera men. "Oh, darling—I've missed you so much!" She thrust out both her hands to him. Her eyes sparkled. She held up her flower-like face for his kiss.

Her chauffeur had come up, grinning a welcome. Her maid and secretary stood with the baggage. Neil Hart took command.

"Roger, take the others home in your car—and the baggage. I'll take Miss Chase in my car."

The others nodded, smiled and departed in the Chase limousine. Charmien talked excitedly as he guided her to his roadster. He seated her and climbed in beside her; started the motor and waved away the horde of reporters and camera men.

"Stand by for a loop," he ordered, as he swung away, recklessly. "We're going places! Ever see so many reporters before?"

Charmien Chase looked up at him. "Not too many places, darling," she smiled, affectionately. "I'm tired; and I just have time for a rest, and then we'll have to catch the plane for Frisco. Neil—you look grand! I'm so glad to see you!"

He didn't answer, grimly watching the road as the speedometer needle climbed.

"What's happened here?" asked Charmien. "The newspaper stories seem crazy! Or is that the press department's idea of publicity? Did Pat Shannon actually leave me that money and say he was my protege? I never met him, did I? Is it a build-up, because he's going to play opposite me?"

"That's an angle," said Neil, amusedly.

"Neil—he's marvelous! I had time to see 'Lafayette' in New York. Oh, Neil, you precious fool! You saw the picture,

"I WANT HOME GROWN VEGETABLE SOUP
the kind that Gerber's makes!

"Say, mother, we'd need our own garden to get fresh, *Home Grown* Vegetables like the Gerber folks use in their vegetable soup!

"And even then, our vegetables wouldn't be as good as Gerber's, for theirs are grown from special pedigreed seed in extra-nourishing soil. When the vegetables are ripe and just right, they rush 'em to the big shining Gerber kitchens nearby so they have no time to lose the food values that make them so good for me.

"You ought to see the way Gerber's prepare those *Home Grown* Vegetables! After scientific straining, the vegetables are cooked in an exclusive Gerber way that preserves, to a high degree, the vitamins and minerals that you are apt to lose when you cook at home. Gerber's *Shaker-Cooking* means faster and more even cooking, too. I wish I had some Gerber's right now!"

ONLY GERBER'S OFFER ALL THESE ADVANTAGES

***Pedigreed Seeds*—developed by expert horticulturists for prize vegetables of highest nutriment.**

***Controlled Farms*—for proper soil, and harvesting at the correct degree of full ripeness.**

***Home Grown*—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent appreciable loss of quality.**

***Shaker-Cooked*—after scientific straining, at right temperatures with air excluded, for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree, and even cooking throughout every can.**

(Gerber's Strained Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are raised in the Santa Clara Valley of California.)

P.S. *Gerber's Strained Vegetable Soup* is a well-balanced nutritive combination of strained carrots, peas, spinach, rice, barley, beef, tomatoes and celery. *Other Gerber Strained Foods:* TOMATOES, GREEN BEANS, BEETS, CARROTS, PEAS, SPINACH, PRUNES AND CEREAL.

Gerber's
Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
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Vegetable Soup

Actual size, 8 in. high

Give Your Baby This Fine Stuffed Doll

Made of good quality stuffed sateen, boy doll in blue, girl doll in pink. Sent for 10c and 3 Gerber labels.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Fremont, Michigan 112

(In Canada, Gerber's are *grown and packed* by Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

Name...Address...

City...State...

Check items desired: ☐ Boy Doll ☐ Girl Doll. ☐ Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding. ☐ Baby's Book, on general infant care, 10c additional.

why didn't you sign him immediately? How did American ever get him, to begin with?"

Neil chuckled, ironically. "You'd be surprised," he said. "Wait till you get all the story and read today's papers!"

"What?" asked Charmien, puzzled. She sighed with pure delight. "With a leading man like that . . ." she added, softly. "He and I, together . . . it's nothing short of incredible luck, Neil"

He said, "Yeah! I was afraid of that!"

She gave him an impudent grimace. "Aren't you thrilled to get him?" she asked. "The man's incredible!" Her eyes were speculative, starry, with dreams of conquest stirring in their violet depths.

Neil said, abruptly, "You don't love me very much, do you, Charmien?"

"Of course I love you, Neil!" she protested. "But I don't like you! You're always quarreling with me," she complained.

"Funny," he mused. "I feel the same way about you. There are times . . ."

SHE chuckled and supplied, "When you could kill me, I suppose? But. really, darling, I've missed you so much."

"Even when you were playing around with that Lord Tripe, in London? That's one for the book!"

"Lord Trippe," she corrected, calmly; "and I wasn't playing around! And that wasn't as silly as you playing around with my ex-stand-in. I know! I was told all about it! I hate you!"

"Yeah!" he said. "We'll get along swell—like a couple of strange tigers; still, I suppose we're both crazy, and I know that we do love each other, Charmien. Will you marry me, tonight?"

"Neil!" she protested. Her hand went to lay on his, at the wheel; a smooth, flexible little miracle of living velvet. "I'm going to marry you, Neil—you know I'm going to—"

"Tonight?"

"No! Goose! We can't get married in the middle of all this. I just got home. Wait until after we've made the next picture—we'll both have more leisure then."

"Always something, isn't there?" he asked, quietly.

Her voice was a silver thread of persuasion. "Neil, darling, please! We'll talk about it on the ship. I'm so anxious to look over the new script and meet Patrick Shannon."

"You will," he nodded. "When we're ready, we'll both go to Honolulu. May take us some time, though."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, swiftly. *"I'm* leaving on the *President Garfield,* tomorrow. The studio wired me that everything was all set—and Ben Silvermann said to be sure to be in time—"

"You're not going, Charmien, not until later, that is, with me. It'll be our honeymoon trip."

"Neil!" she cried. "You're crazy!"

"Am I?" he asked. "You can meet Shannon after you're Mrs. Neil Hart. He won't like you, anyway. You almost killed him!"

"What?" she asked, astonished. "I?"

And he told her all that Sheila had told him.

For minute after minute Charmien Chase sat in a stunned silence. Finally, in a small voice, she said:

"Neil, it's a crazy business, isn't it? Imagine me playing opposite a taxi driver I almost killed."

"So what? I was once a scene shifter. I understand he's a swell guy—college man—used to be a teacher of English. And you once danced in a cheap burlesque—"

AND Sheila Grant," she mused, unheeding. "I'm sorry about Sheila, Neil. I was too hasty. I understand, now, why she defended him. Find her, Neil. I'll give her back her position."

Neil Hart grinned, nodded approvingly. "We'll come back to that later. Just now—do you go to Yuma with me and get it over with, or do I take you up into the mountains, to my cabin?"

"Why, Neil! Have you gone crazy?"

"Gone? I'm practically there! And, I think—"

"Well—think again! I won't be kidnapped and married! Take me home this instant, or I'll—"

"Not a chance! And, if you act like this—"

"I'll scream, Neil! I'll yell bloody murder! I'm going to Hawaii, tomorrow, I tell you! I've got to go—nothing will stop me!"

"We'll see!" he said, grimly.

"All right, we'll see!" snapped Charmien Chase. "When that ship sails, I'll be on her. I hate you! I really hate you!"

The pier was crowded with relatives, guests and well-wishers; cameramen, reporters. Sheila stood far back, her hat pulled over her face, watching the mill-

STAN WOULDN'T WANT ME

READ HOW PIMPLES ALMOST RUINED TINA'S DATE FOR THE PROM

HE'S MARVELOUS LOOKING...
ISN'T HE TOO THRILLING—AND HE'S ASKED ME DOWN FOR THE PROM NEXT MONTH—OH, TINA—YOU'RE GOING, TOO, AREN'T YOU—WITH STAN?
WHY-I-YES HE DID ASK ME—BUT I-I DON'T THINK I CAN GO NOW—I'VE GOT TO BE HOME —
TINA DEAR, WHAT IS WRONG?
TH—THESE AWFUL PIMPLES—I JUST C-CAN'T HAVE STAN SEE M-ME LIKE THIS—THEY'RE HORRIBLE—HE'D HATE ME—I KNOW—
MY GOODNESS—WHAT'S GOING ON—WHO'S GOING TO HATE YOU TINA?
OH AUNT KATE, DO YOU KNOW HOW TO GET RID OF PIMPLES—JUST LOOK AT ME...
WELL—I HAVEN'T BEEN A NURSE 20 YEARS FOR NOTHING. FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS WHAT YOU NEED CHILD. EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY—AND THOSE PIMPLES WILL CLEAR UP, I'M SURE

ing passengers and the piles of trunks. The gangplank would be lifting soon, and after that, it would be too late for many things. If Charmien Chase didn't arrive pretty soon, she'd chance it and rush aboard, just before the gangplank went up.

She'd play the imperial Charmien, plead illness and stay in the Chase cabin until they reached Honolulu, and then she'd see Pat and tell him everything. She'd be safely home, then, she thought. But Pat mustn't know, now, that she was penniless, doubling for Chase again, so she could get home; and he mustn't think she'd come after his reward for her loan.

She glanced up at the crowded rails. Her heart drummed loudly. The last trunks were going aboard. Minutes counted now. She didn't see Pat in the sea of faces aboard, along the rail. She hoped, fervently, that she wouldn't see him until they disembarked at Honolulu. Pray the gods of the open skies, now, that Neil Hart would succeed in keeping Charmien Chase away from this ship! If he failed to do so, she was sunk. She didn't even have enough for fare back to Hollywood. Her last money had gone for bus fare to Frisco.

THERE was a stir aboard. Time to act! The last minutes were at hand. So far, she knew, Chase had not come aboard, for she had watched carefully. She pulled her hat low and tried to get aboard unseen; but reporters grabbed her arms, blocked her way.

"Hello, Miss Chase!" yelled one. "We knew you were sailing. Been waiting for you. Any statement for your fans?"

Other reporters fired questions at her. Her heart was in her throat.

"Sorry!" she said, hoarsely, trying to conceal her huskily sweet contralto. "No statements. Bad cold—that's why I'm sailing for sunnier skies—"

"We heard that you and Shannon were married an hour ago. Is that right? Someone said you met this morning and—"

Her heart leaped. "Sorry!" she gasped. "Can't talk!"

She hurried aboard, a new fear stabbing at her. These were the last moments of grace. The purser would help her—the steward—somebody. She had to take the chance now, she was irrevocably committed. The gangplank would rattle up in another few minutes. If Charmien Chase didn't arrive at the last minute, as she usually arrived everywhere, everything would be all right; but if she *did* show up—Sheila shuddered.

She knew where the Chase cabin was located. She had telephoned, asking that her reservations be placed in her cabin, as she would be late. She had been respectfully assured that this would be done, and informed that the studio had taken care of everything.

She found the cabin and set her one small grip down, trembling. She shut the door and waited, hearing the thunder of her own heart in her ears. Then, there was a peremptory knock at the door. Sheila's heart flopped like a live fish and slid down into her shoes. Charmien Chase had arrived! Neil Hart hadn't been able to hold her! The fat was in the fire.

A voice she would never forget called: "Miss Chase?"

She couldn't answer. Her tongue was frozen. The door opened slowly and Patrick Shannon stepped inside. He stopped short, staring at her, and the words of explanation she had rehearsed a hundred times, deserted her. There are things not easily said.

A HARD, dry sob constricted her throat, and all the desperately-mustered courage went out of her eyes and only supplication remained; curiously, all the adultness drained from her features, leaving a small, white and frightened-looking little girl. She stammered:

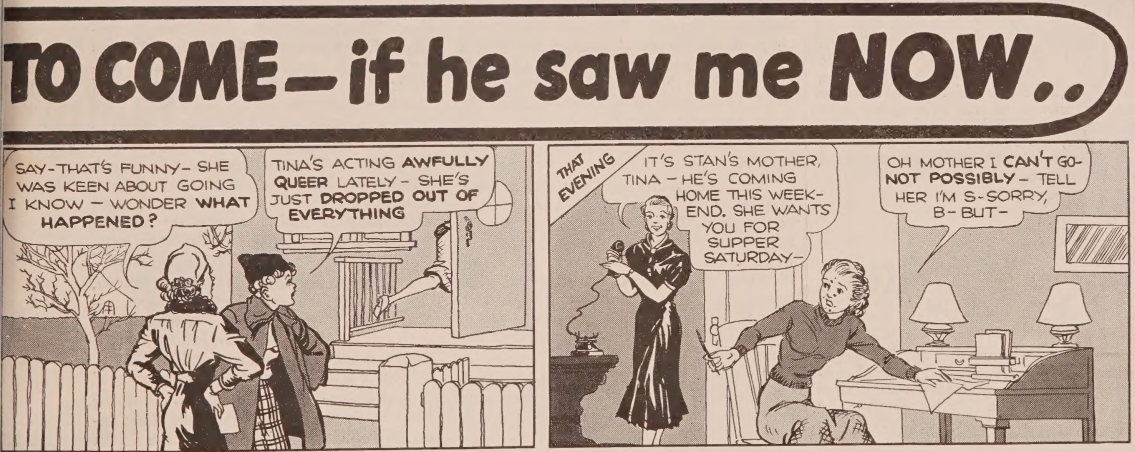
"I—I—am not Charmien Chase."

He stared at her. She saw the amazement, the startled incredulity; then his eyes kindled with an electric brilliance too bright for her to meet. He said, slowly, "I saw you come aboard."

She couldn't lie now. Recklessly she rushed on, explaining just what she had done—and why. She didn't spare herself; she clenched her fists and minced no words; and while she talked, he came closer to her, and she was as achingly aware of him as if she had been in his arms. "I'm sorry," she faltered, "that it had to be that way. I owe you this explanation."

"And it never occurred to you that I might have learned that you weren't Charmien Chase?" he asked, quietly.

"You *knew* I wasn't Charmien Chase?" she whispered.


TO COME—if he saw me NOW..
SAY-THAT'S FUNNY- SHE WAS KEEN ABOUT GOING I KNOW — WONDER WHAT HAPPENED?
TINA'S ACTING AWFULLY QUEER LATELY - SHE'S JUST DROPPED OUT OF EVERYTHING
THAT EVENING
IT'S STAN'S MOTHER, TINA — HE'S COMING HOME THIS WEEK-END. SHE WANTS YOU FOR SUPPER SATURDAY—
OH MOTHER I CAN'T GO- NOT POSSIBLY – TELL HER I'M S-SORRY, B- BUT-

LATER
GEE, TINA - AM I GLAD YOU CHANGED YOUR MIND AND CAME - Y'KNOW, YOU GET PRETTIER EVERY DAY
STAN, YOU MAKE THE NICEST SPEECHES
OH DON'T I LOVE AUNT KATE FOR GETTING ME TO EAT THOSE YEAST CAKES
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

DON'T LET ADOLESCENT PIMPLES WRECK YOUR BIG "DATES"

PIMPLES cause countless girls and boys to miss out on good times. They are very common after the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place. Disturbances occur in the body. The skin gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin—pimples appear.

Fleischmann's Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go! Eat 3 cakes *daily*, one about ½ hour before meals—plain, or in a little water—until skin is entirely clear. Start now!

—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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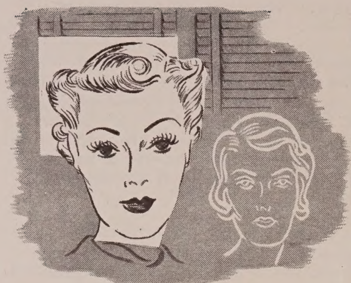

DON'T BE A DROOP!

SAYS
Jane Heath

• Do you know the difference between a "Droop" and a glamour girl? Nine times out of ten it's her eyes! And it's so easy . . . just slip your lashes into Kurlash, and in 30 seconds they'll be curled back in an entrancing sweep. Kurlash is that handy little beauty necessity that curls your lashes without heat, cosmetics, or practice. $1 at all good stores.

• The worst kind of "Droop" is the one who is a "Beetling Droop," with heavy, sinister eyebrows, or a fringe of unwanted hair ruining her hairline. But you don't have to be one! Use Tweezette, that clever little automatic gadget for painlessly removing unwanted eyebrow and face hairs. $1 everywhere.

and then this

• But curling and grooming aren't enough. You must color those sweeping lashes. Lash-pac is your purse-size mascara in a neat lipstick shape, with a tiny brush, all ready to use, popping out of the other end. Comes in brown, blue, green and black. Only $1.

Kurlash

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To: Jane Heath, Dept. MG-2
The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3
Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal coloring plan for my complexion.
Eyes_____Hair_____Complexion_____
Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____
(please print plainly)

"Of course! That little scar. Chase is several years older than you are."

"Then—why did you leave her—that money—"

He grinned. "Bait, me darlin'! I wasn't sure which one of you it was. I saw you at the bungalow; Chase, at the depot. I thought it was the same girl. I promised the bungalow girl that I would repay her ten times over. I tried to. At first, I thought you *were* Chase; and, of course, I heard about Neil Hart. So, I thought I was presumptuous to think—anything. When I signed with National, I asked questions. Silvermann may have thought that I was crazy, but I don't care. Pat Shannon gets what he goes after, these days, thanks to you, who gave me back my confidence in myself.

"I looked for you, high and low, but I couldn't find you. When I found out that you were Charmien Chase's double, I tried all the studios. Some told me that you had applied for work, but no one seemed to know where you lived."

"I moved to another place," she whispered, trembling.

"I know," he nodded. "I traced you as far as the kitchenette, on Olive Street. After that the trail petered out. Where do you think I've been living?" he finished, softly.

"I'm sure—I don't know."

"In *your* little furnished bungalow! Where you took me that first night. I liked it, for many reasons. And then, when my position at American was secure, I knew I could afford it. I stayed."

She didn't answer.

"I made American pay me plenty for my first picture," he went on; "then I held out. Frankly, I thought there might be a chance to play opposite the girl I knew as Charmien Chase. I've signed to play opposite the actual Charmien Chase. She'll be an inspiration to me—because she looks like you, Sheila."

Her frantic eyes searched his face swiftly.

"And," he went on, "you didn't quite clean up your bungalow. When I moved in for good, I found a snapshot that had slipped down into your dresser. And, last week, there was a letter from Dr. Grant of Pearl Harbor. Quite shamelessly, I opened it, Sheila, and found it was from your father—and he gave the whole works away. Didn't you put in a change of address at the postoffice?"

She felt her cheeks flood with hot blood, but her tongue was clumsy and stiff with emotion. He rushed on, eagerly:

"WHEN I found out about your father, I cabled him; but he could tell me nothing about your new address. Not nice, Sheila—you should write your father oftener! Then, I put up that money in the bank, hoping that you would see the announcement and claim it, knowing in your heart why I deposited it, and for whom it was meant. The bank was to call me in case anyone came for it or even asked about it. I was waiting. You didn't come. So, finally I decided to go to Honolulu.

"I was going to see your father. I thought, maybe, you'd gone home. And while I was here, in Frisco, the chance came to sign with National and go to Hawaii to make this new picture, so I took it. If I didn't find you in Hawaii, I was coming back to Hollywood, to search further."

The brazen din of the last warning broke out in the adjoining passageway. A loud voice rang down the corridor: "All ashor're that's goin' ashor-r-re!"

Sheila whirled. Pat glanced around the luxurious suite, at her single grip, and his eyes sparkled. Intuitively, she knew that he guessed why she was in the Chase cabin. Her cheeks flamed.

"SHE'S not coming," he told her, gravely, as if reading her thoughts. "That's what puzzled me when I saw you come aboard." He drew a telegram from his pocket and handed it to her. She read, swiftly:

> PATRICK SHANNON—ABOARD PRESIDENT GARFIELD. SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA. CHARMIEN CHASE AND I WERE MARRIED YUMA LAST NIGHT AND WILL SEE YOU HONOLULU SOON STOP SORRY CAN NOT JOIN YOU FOR TRIP BUT DECIDED TO STOP OFF PALM SPRINGS STOP WE SAIL WITH CREW IN TWO WEEKS STOP LOOK FORWARD WITH PLEASURE TO WORKING WITH YOU STOP YOU AND I HAVE SIMILAR TASTES IN IMPORTANT MATTERS STOP BON VOYAGE. NEIL HART.

"That's—that's—fine," said Sheila, bewildered, and glanced, desperately, at the door. "Maybe, after all, I'd better be getting off." She flushed, painfully. "I was going to go home on Miss Chase's passage; but it wouldn't be honest, of course—"

Patrick Shannon turned and locked the door. He took the key and slipped it into his pocket. "That settles that," he stated. "You're staying right here! Do you think I looked all over Hollywood for you—and then suddenly find you here—to let you go? Not much! And we both know why, don't we, Sheila? We do, don't we, dear?"

He swept her into his arms. "Sheila, my darling!" he said, and the words vibrated down to her toes. "You're going with me! We'll be married on board. That's what captains are for."

"No, Pat!" she cried. "That's crazy!"

A vast roar shook the ship, a deafening blast of the hoarse whistles; the floor beneath them began to tremble to the thrust of the giant turbines. He released her slightly, laughing down at her, gleefully. "You can't get off now, darling! The ship's off! We're bound for Hawaii—together! Radio your Dad and tell him you're bringing home a brand-new husband."

A moment later, she moved closer into the circle of his arms. Her flushed, wet face was lifted to his, her lips tremulous. "You big bully!" she whispered. "It's piracy—on the high seas—that's what it is!"

"To the captain's bridge," he ordered, sternly, "or you walk the plank, my beauty!"

THE END

"I Have No Regrets," Says Jean Harlow

(*Continued from page* 43)

right for me to take 'just one little piece' if I didn't *eat* it; if I sucked it.

"I awakened sometime after midnight, when they returned. Maybe my conscience awakened me; I have a regular New England conscience. Anyway, I went into her room to ask my mother if it was wrong for me to have taken a candy, when I hadn't *eaten* it.

"She laughed and said that I had kept to the letter of the law, but not the spirit—since it was the candy, not just the eating, to which they objected. That was typical of the way they handled me. They encouraged a conscience in me."

ONE bit of advice that her grandfather gave her has played a tremendous influence in her life.

"He wasn't a very zealous believer in the moral code based on 'What will people think?' He had another kind of code. He told me once:

"'If you can look yourself in the eye in your mirror, just before you go to bed, and can honestly say that you haven't done a thoughtless thing all day, or willfully hurt anyone, you don't have to answer to anybody else on earth.'

"I didn't appreciate that then, half as much as I did ten years later."

She had never had a date in her life when she went off to boarding school, at fourteen. And she was at the school two years before she went to one of the dances. Then things happened fast. In a few months, she eloped. The boy's name was Charles McGrew III.

"Chuck was twenty; I was only sixteen. We were much too young to make a go of a marriage based on nothing more substantial than impulse, attraction and good times together."

They made that discovery almost before the honeymoon was over. And Jean regretted the impulsiveness that had led her into the elopement. She isn't exactly jubilant today that she was married at sixteen; but she says, "I learned a valuable lesson from that mistake: never to rely on impulse when making a decision that may affect your whole life."

And how could Jean regret something that was indirectly responsible for putting her into the movies? The honeymoon took place in Beverly Hills. There she became friendly with another young bride, who did occasional movie work. Through the other girl, she received some letters of introduction to casting directors. Some other friends bet Jean that she didn't dare to use the letters. To win the bet, she looked for her first movie job.

"That's how I entered the movies—as an extra, on a bet. I didn't have an hour's acting experience.

"Something else I used to regret was that I came into the movie whirl straight from the social whirl. I didn't seem to fit in with the other girls. I didn't have their easy camaraderie. I had to *work* at making them like me. That made me plenty unhappy then."

Hal Roach lifted her out of extra ranks to be one of the girls in slapstick comedies. Jean neglected to tell her grandfather about that. But he found out for himself.

HE and Grandmother went to the movies one night, and saw a comedy. In that comedy, they saw their beloved granddaughter saunter into a hotel lobby in black lace teddies, blissfully unconscious of the loss of her skirt.

"He telephoned me, long-distance. He was raving mad. He insisted that I give up this movie career or be disinherited. I persuaded Mr. Roach to tear up my contract. And did I regret that—at the time!"

Jean's persuasive talents must have been eloquent. For people were deciding, even then, that in the super-blonde girl the movies had something.

Some of the people were newspapermen. She had been asked down to a local newspaper office one day to pose for some fashion pictures. She had put on a simple $7.95 dress and had made it look like a $77.95 model. Every man in the place had found some excuse to visit the fashion editor. Perhaps Jean has forgotten that. But the newspapermen haven't. One of

"HONEY-I DON'T MEAN TO STEAL YOUR MEN"
HELEN WAS JEALOUS OF HER ROOMMATE UNTIL—
HELEN, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. SEE HERE, DON'T GET MAD IF I SAY SOMETHING PERSONAL...
BUT YOU DO TAKE MY MEN — THEY DATE ME ONCE. THEN NEXT TIME GO OUT WITH YOU
I'M GLAD RUTH WAS FRANK AND I'LL NEVER TAKE CHANCES WITH PERSPIRATION ODOR FROM UNDERTHINGS AGAIN. SHE SAYS LUX TAKES IT ALL AWAY, SAVES COLOR, TOO
SOON HELEN HAD DATES GALORE!
OH, SAY— CAN'T I SEE YOU BEFORE NEXT WEEK?
SORRY, JIM. I'VE PROMISED BOB AND DAVE AND STEVE ALL MY DATES TILL THEN!
LUX

ONCE you get the Lux habit you need *never* worry about OFFENDING. Lux takes away perspiration odor completely—without cake-soap rubbing or the harmful alkali found in many ordinary soaps. Safe in water, safe in Lux.

Removes perspiration odor—saves colors

DON'T LET
HALF-WAY CARE
STEAL ANOTHER TOOTH

DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Firm, handsome teeth depend upon two things—cleaning them thoroughly and keeping gums healthy. Even if teeth *look* white the tooth paste you are using may provide only *half* the care you need. Forhan's ends this half-way care. It whitens teeth and—

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was developed by an eminent dental surgeon especially to give you *double protection.* When you brush your teeth, massage your gums, too, with Forhan's, rubbing it in gently with the fingers. Note how it stimulates your gums, how it leaves in your mouth a clean, fresh feeling! Forhan's costs no more than most ordinary tooth pastes. Try a tube today.

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Forhan's The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R. J. Forhan D.D.S.

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USE Saxolite Astringent—a refreshing stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use daily. ***At drug and department stores everywhere.***

them told me about it only two days ago.

For eight months, after her departure from the Roach studio, Jean did nothing. That is, she went swimming and rode horseback. And day by day, the call of the greasepaint became more insistent. Finally, she succumbed to the temptation of "just one 'bit' part"—much as she had once succumbed to the lure of "just one little piece of candy."

"The assistant director on the picture asked me, 'Who ever told you that *you* could act?' That nearly finished me. I wasn't fooling myself; I knew I couldn't act—yet. But apparently I wasn't fooling anybody else, either.

"I'm glad that happened. If it hadn't, I don't think I'd be where I am today. Because I wouldn't have got mad enough to go looking for a second part. Then several more. Until finally I had the chance of the feminine lead in 'Hell's Angels'.

"Grandfather dealt me a blow then. He kept his threat; he disinherited me. I was bitter about that then. A nice lot of gratitude I was getting from my family, for trying to make something of myself!

"I couldn't see, then, how much my grandfather was doing for me. He was giving me the acid test. He was making me find out if I really wanted to become an actress or not. He was forcing me to make good on my own, if I made good at all. A very smart man, my grandfather.

"He still pretends that he isn't interested in my movie career. He wrote that he saw 'Libeled Lady' and that *'Mr. Powell* was fine.' But my grandmother tells me that he sits through my pictures four or five times."

Everyone knows what happened to Jean Harlow after the release of "Hell's Angels." She was a sensation, in demand at every studio for hard-boiled-charmer roles, like the one in which she had scored her first hit. She couldn't seem to escape them. Neither could she seem to escape the label of "the Platinum Blonde."

"What cost me the hardest fight was the public impression that I must be like my screen characters, in real life. I was branded and that hurt."

AT the peak of her progress, after she attempted her first escape from platinum-blondism (in "Red Headed Woman"), Jean married Producer Paul Bern, long a close friend. The day of her wedding was the happiest day of her life. Two months later, she lived the saddest day of her life. Paul Bern was dead, a suicide.

That was Jean Harlow's Gethsemane. Before she had recovered from the first paralyzing shock of grief, the headline-hunters were trying to crucify her.

She said nothing in self-defense, made no attempt to court sympathy. Blindly, she sought refuge from chaos in work, work, more work.

One of Bern's closest friends had been Hal Rosson, ace cameraman. He now became one of Jean's closest friends. He worked with her during those desperate days. He helped her to salvage her career, renew her courage, find herself.

They married. Seven months later, they parted.

The girl in the dark-blue silk slacks, embroidered with a small white "JH" on the pocket, leans forward, fingering her ring.

"I cannot regret anything that has happened to me—even regret. I have learned from that, too. But it has been painful learning.

"I used to think that my mother and grandfather had let me down; now I have changed my mind. I certainly don't regret any happiness I had as a child. I don't regret either that they encouraged a conscience in me. And, while I used to regret my tow-headedness, I am now grateful to it, since it really gave me my first chance in pictures. Although I had no acting experience when I came into movies, I am glad I started at the bottom. I am glad I had to learn to make other girls like me. I do not regret those 'platinum-blonde' roles any longer, since they gave me a chance to learn more about acting. Because I was branded as being in real life what I appeared to be on the screen, it taught me to cultivate mental poise, and that's a good thing.

WHEN Paul Bern died I did not know I had a friend on earth, but I learned then how many friends I had, how far-flung they were, and how loyal.

"Later I did not regret my friendship with Hal Rosson, even though that friendship was not enough to maintain a marriage.

"To me, regret is something akin to self-pity, self-sympathy. It warps vision. It retards growth.

"I don't know where I picked it up along the way; somewhere early in the struggle. I don't know where I left it behind, its going has been so gradual.

"I only know that I feel happier without it—more articulate as an actress, more grown-up as a person. I feel as if I am putting more into life, getting more out of it."

Suddenly conscious of toying with her ring, she holds it forth for close-up inspection. There is a smile in her eyes.

On her finger is a huge square-cut diamond and, beside it, as part of the same setting, a ruby of equal size.

"I hope," she says, "that it's one diamond ring that looks like something besides an engagement ring.

"The diamond isn't a new acquisition. Mother gave it to me years ago. Only I haven't been able to wear it for ages. I couldn't appear in public with a diamond on *any* finger without risking a swarm of engagement rumors.

"I didn't want that. Yet I did want to wear the stone. It's one of the few pieces of jewelry I possess. So my mother—who is clever at such things—has designed this new setting. Designed it to forestall rumors. The ruby ought to counteract the implication of the diamond. Yet it may still get me into difficulties. I may have some more explaining to do."

A few days later, she wears the ring in public for the first time. Immediately, engagement rumors fly, linking Jean's name with that of William Powell. Not only does Jean have to explain that the rumors are premature; Bill has to explain also.

And *what* does that look in Bill's eyes suggest? Can it be—regret?

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page* 51)

canned tomatoes, creamed vegetables, wholewheat bread.

5. Fresh fruit and nut salad (chewed well), wholewheat crackers or bread, sweet or sour cream.

6. Fresh fruit and vegetable salad (Waldorf), peanut butter sandwich, buttermilk.

BETWEEN MEALS. You may eat either fruits (fresh, unsweetened) or drink buttermilk. Real hunger between meals proves that the previous meal is digested.

MEATS. Should be rigidly excluded in this condition for some time as they require much acid for their digestion, and in this condition the acid is lacking.

DAIRY PRODUCTS. Like meat, these require much acid for their digestion; therefore, limit the quantity eaten. If cheese disagrees, stop eating it.

SEA FOOD. Fish and clams may be eaten. No shell fish, such as lobsters, etc. No fried fish. Always serve fish with tomatoes. Don't season fish too highly.

LIQUIDS. Don't drink more than three or four glasses of water daily. Don't drink with meals, but between meals. Too much liquid (soup, water, etc.) with meals may have a tendency to dilute the deficient digestive juices too much.

FRUITS. Eat particularly the following fruits between meals, on arising, and upon retiring: oranges, grapefruit, lemons, lime juice, pineapple, cranberries. No sugar or cream on fruit. Eat only ripe, fresh fruit.

EGGS. Eat sparingly of eggs as they require much acid for digestion; not fried.

DON'T eat unless you're really hungry. Chew your food a long time. Leave the table still a little hungry.

AS you progress, your diet can be more liberal, so be patient and follow instructions absolutely. Remember that you are giving your internal body a rest, so if you happen to lose some weight, don't get worried; you will regain it as soon as you come back to health. Don't brood. Be in the open. Emotional upsets may be harmful.

Finally, you must rebuild and strengthen the muscles of your abdomen by exercise.

Get a small cot, or a table long enough to lie on, and put a box under one end of it, so that the surface inclines. Now, with your feet toward the box, lie down and repeat the following routines:

1. With your back straight and keeping your shoulders flat on the cot or table, raise your legs so that they point to the ceiling, and then lower them again. Do this slowly, with the knees stiff, first alternately and then together.

2. Repeat the exercise, except that when your legs are up as far as they will go, spread them until there is a distance of from twelve to eighteen inches between your feet. Bring them down in this position, put your heels together again, and repeat.

3. Still lying on your back, raise your legs toward the ceiling and then, together and alternately, bring your knees down to your chest. Do this as many times as you can.

4. Stay on the incline, legs down and back flat; sit up and try to touch your toes with your fingers. Then put your hands behind your head and keeping your legs flat on the surface sit up and touch your elbows to your knees.

If you follow this treatment rigidly, without cheating, you'll have a waist like a sylph in two or three weeks.

So far as hips are concerned, almost every letter that has come to me since this series began has contained a plea for advice on how to remodel them into rounded firmness again. Admittedly, some middle-aged woman find that over-weight only is their difficulty and these I must refer to my earlier article on general reducing.

But in most cases where age is working its vicious changes the muscles of the buttocks become soft and sag, leaving skin wrinkled. For this condition do the following exercises each morning and night:

1. Stand with your feet about twelve or eighteen inches apart and, with the feet flat on the floor throughout and with your hands stretched out before you

Skin Flaky?
WON'T TAKE MAKE-UP?

HAVEN'T you come in often from the crisp, cold air and felt your skin all dry and flaky?

Impossible to put powder on. Those little flaky bits catch your powder in horrid little clumps.

You can change all that—in no time at all. Change that flaky "feel" of your skin to a slipping touch under your fingers—with just one application! See your skin so smooth you can put make-up on with joy!

How can this be?

A dermatologist explains

It's a special kind of cream that works this quick transformation. A *keratolytic* cream (Vanishing Cream). This is how a distinguished dermatologist explains it:

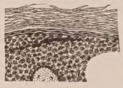
"A keratolytic cream has the ability to *melt away* dry, dead cells clinging to the surface of the skin. It does this the instant it touches the skin. This brings the new, young cells into view at once—smooth and soft."

That's how Pond's Vanishing Cream can smooth away skin roughnesses so quickly. Use it two ways:

For powder base— Right after cleansing, put on a film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. It gives your skin a wonderful smoothness. Powder and rouge go on softly. Stay for hours.

For overnight— To give your skin lasting softness, apply Pond's Vanishing Cream after your nightly cleansing. Leave it on. It won't smear. As you sleep, your skin gets softer.

Melt it Smooth ... Instantly!



How skin roughens. Dead, dried-out particles on top scuff loose, catch powder. You can *melt* them off!

8-Piece Package Pond's, Dept8MM-VB,Clinton, Conn. Rush 8-piece package containing special tube of Pond's Vanishing Cream, generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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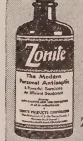

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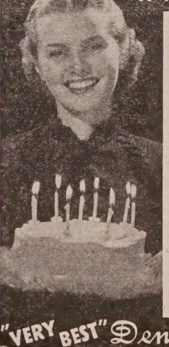

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for balance, bend your knees until you're in a squatting position. Try to force your hips as close to the floor as possible each time, and when you stand up again straighten your legs until your knees are rigid. Do this at medium speed until you are tired.

2. Stand facing a table which is about the same distance from the floor as your hips; now lean over until the upper part of your body is lying on the surface, and clutch the sides of the table with your hands. In this position raise both feet off the floor and up behind you just as far as they will go, by arching your back.

For thighs which are too large and soft, there is one superlative exercise which, if you do it often and regularly, has a twofold purpose. It will first remove every trace of fat that may be in evidence, and secondly it will build strong, resilient muscle to replace the astrophied tissue already there.

IN a normal standing position, stretch your arms out in front of you and bend your knees until you're in a squatting position. Then, instead of merely standing up again, straighten your legs very quickly and jump as high as you can into the air. When you come down to the floor again don't pause, but let the downward motion carry you once more into a sitting position. Remember to push with the leg muscles as fast and as hard as possible from the very beginning, so that the jump you make starts from the floor.

Be forewarned, your thighs will ache like mad for a day or two, and you won't be able to repeat the exercise very often at first. But measure those protesting thighs in two or three weeks; you'll be amazed at the difference.

For over-sized calves I know of no better exercise than skipping rope. It would be waste for me to describe a lot of routines here when their basic purpose can be achieved if you have a bit of rope and a clear space in which to skip up and down. If you have thin, shapeless lower legs, however, repeat these exercises when you get up each morning and before you go to bed each night:

1. Stand four feet from a blank wall and lean against it with your hands as high on the wall as they will go. With your hips well forward and your body straight, go up on your toes slowly, lower your heels again just as slowly, and repeat. You had better wear rubber-soled shoes or else do the exercise barefoot; otherwise you'll slip.

2. Get a board that's two inches thick —a step will do just as well—and stand on it with your heels over the edge. Thus only the ball of your foot will hold your weight. This time when you go up and down on your toes, your heels will be forced over the edge of the step or board by your weight, and the pull on your leg muscles will be greater. Be sure that you hold on to something for balance.

Fat ankles are unsightly and make walking difficult, but if they're large because of the bone structure I'm afraid I can offer no remedy. Mere superfluous tissue can be removed in a short time through exercise and by vigorous massage, which you'll have to administer yourself.

The exercises:

1. Stand beside a chair, hold onto it with one hand, and rise to your toes; go up and down as rapidly as you can, and posture means nothing this time. It sounds very simple and it is, but you'll tire quickly if you do it rapidly.

2. Sit on the side of a bed with your feet over the edge. Stretch your legs out in front of you and rotate your feet, first to the left and then to the right. Then bring your feet back toward the ankles and stretch them out again, so that the line from knee to toe is straight. In each movement strain the foot as far as it will go, and do the whole thing as fast as possible. Don't be surprised if you can't do very many repetitions at first.

Only one fault is left to be considered and that is the small hump, caused by indifferent posture and sometimes merely by age, which usually begins to show at the base of the neck; the exercise I prescribed for round shoulders in a previous article is very good for this condition. Massage is decidedly important, but naturally someone will have to do this for you, since the trouble is located in a portion of the body which you can't reach with your own hands.

Stand with your head back, arms out to the sides, and swing your arms in a circle so that your hands describe small arcs in the air. Elbows should be stiff and all efforts must be concentrated in the shoulders, which are held back as far as they will go. Do the exercise very quickly and until you are tired.

Then stand at arms' length from a table and, keeping the knees stiff and the entire body straight, bend forward until your upper body is lying on the table-surface. Now move backward until only your hands are left on the edge, about two feet apart, and put your head between your arms. With arms, knees, back and neck rigid, force the shoulders back by pushing down with the upper part of your body. Your arms offer the resistance. Pull down against your shoulders as far as you can, at medium speed, and until you are tired.

WHEREFORE the fight against age and its effects, at least in the telling, is finished. You've exchanged your knitting clubs for cabarets and your poke bonnets for silly becoming hats; you've exchanged your casual diet for a regulated one and you've assumed the habit of getting plenty of sleep; you exercise regularly and with a purpose, so that over-sized busts are assuming their natural shape and thin arms are rounding into firmness.

With the new routine of your life are coming health and a greater happiness, because the wasted, wrinkled flesh is renewing itself with young, strong tissue and your muscles are regaining their vitality and spring. Work is easier for you and so is play, and the business of living carries with it all the excitement and vitality of younger years. At least if you are intelligently ambitious these things are true.

Next month Mr. Loomis will discuss remedies, exercises and diets for those of you who are tired and underweight, thin from fatigue and faulty living. If you're nervous and run-down, a month or two of careful work will restore you to health. In March MOVIE MIRROR, *on sale January 22nd.*

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

hop, skip and chase with the scene shifting to New Orleans. Walter Brennan is the musical riverman who tries to hold the bewildered couple together. Katherine DeMille is the shanty belle who plays to McCrea, and Tony Martin is the café singer who makes passes at Barbara.

Banjo on My Knee is a nice tune, supplemented throughout the picture by *There's Something in the Air, Lazy River,* and the inimitable *St. Louis Blues.* There are some beautifully subtle comedy touches. Not once are soulful dramatics allowed to spoil the fun. Miss Stanwyck's singing is exciting, McCrea underplays, Walter Catlett troupes as a wandering photographer, and Buddy Ebsen is unjointed and amusing, but honors belong to Brennan.

Your Reviewer Says: It's grand fun.

✓✓ Born to Dance (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, Una Merkel, Virginia Bruce, Sid Silvers, Frances Langford, Alan Dinehart, Juanita Quigley, Raymond Walburn, Buddy Ebsen.*

It's About: *A small town girl who makes good as a dancer in New York.*

There are times when "Born to Dance" rises to new heights of beauty and there are times when it hits a new low in unfunny dialogue, too long dance sequences, and frail plot.

However, the lavish sets, the grand dancing of Eleanor Powell and the Cole Porter tunes more than make up for the defects, and, if it's musicals you crave, here is your heart's desire.

As a small town girl, Eleanor Powell comes to New York to seek fame as a dancer. She is befriended by Una Merkel, hostess of a lonely hearts club. Here she meets James Stewart, submarine officer, who falls in love with the talented Eleanor and helps her climb to success.

James Stewart trots off with acting honors. Virginia Bruce as the testy tempered stage star in love with Stewart is beautiful to see and lovely to hear in her song number. Una Merkel and Sid Silvers should be much funnier than they are. Buddy Ebsen and Frances Langford are fair in several novelty numbers. While the picture lacks the charm and grace it deserves, there's always Powell's dancing.

Your Reviewer Says: It will please the eye and set the toes to tapping.

✓ Garden of Allah (United Artists)

You'll See: *Marlene Dietrich, Charles Boyer, Basil Rathbone, C. Aubrey Smith, Tilly Losch, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Marshall, John Carradine.*

It's About: *A woman and a man in the desert; their love and sacrifice.*

Typically Boleslawski in direction, composed of innumerable exotic scene-compositions, and deathly static in quality, this long-awaited color picture is nevertheless so wondrously beautiful you must see it.

Dietrich has never been so stunning but she is insufferably stilted. Unhappy and deeply religious, she seeks her soul in the Sahara; undoubtedly her million-dollar wardrobe aids in capturing the heart of sulky Charles Boyer, who has run away from a Trappist monastery. They marry, make a pilgrimage into the eternal monotony of sand, and are passionately happy until she discovers his sin. Thereafter the battle between earthly lust and heavenly reward begins, and you are left to judge whether his decision is tragedy or not.

Boyer retains his basic charm but is strangely unhealthy in this. Dietrich has creeping paralysis throughout, so that the short moment in which Tilly Losch dances is extravagant relief. Despite its faults, this has great conviction as a portrait of despair and inner turbulence.

Your Reviewer Says: The idea is dated, but go for the beauty of the production.

✓✓ Love on the Run (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, others.*

It's About: *A lady who escaped the altar only to find more trouble; two newspaper men share it with her.*

An inconsistent, unbelievable story which is too fantastic for serious handling and not impossible enough to be sheer farce. The thread is thin and snaps frequently, but it's goofy and speedy and you'll like the individual performances of its three stars.

Joan Crawford loses a little of her care-

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IT'S AMAZING THE WAY WINX BLENDS SO NATURALLY I DO HOPE WENDY IS RIGHT
SAY BABS HOW ABOUT MY DANCE TONIGHT?
(TO HERSELF) MAYBE WENDY IS RIGHT!
AFTER ALL, FELLOWS, DON'T FORGET THAT BABS AND I ARE ENGAGED
YOU'RE SIMPLY DIVINE TONIGHT BABS LET'S ELOPE!
THAT'LL BE GRAND BOB!
(TO HERSELF) THANK GOODNESS FOR WENDY'S ADVICE

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fully built restraint and is refreshingly human as *Sally Parker*, an American heiress who leaves her royal bridegroom at the church. Gable, newsman, interviews her, helps her escape by stealing a plane belonging to a baron and his baroness. Franchot Tone, rival pressman, follows—and so do the owners of the plane; they are spies, and the ship carries their stolen plans. Whereupon the picture becomes a race across most of Europe, hilariously executed and explosively concluded.

Despite the company in which he works, Tone burgles every scene he's in and walks off with the picture. He is smooth, funny in the correct places, polished in technique. Gable offers his usual animal appeal and thus is most acceptable. Miss Crawford will please her fans.

Your Reviewer Says: It's pretty swell stuff. Bettter go.

Hideaway Girl (Paramount)

You'll See: *Martha Raye, Shirley Ross, Robert Cummings, Monroe Owsley, Elizabeth Russell.*

It's About: *A missing diamond necklace, a fleeing bride, and a young man with a yacht.*

Martha Raye comes to you once more with all her rhythm and—everything—intact, in a hurried little farce which attempts satire and fails, but which will amuse you. Story is old with a few new ideas in it, the music is original and good, and there are some of the best drinking scenes ever put on celluloid.

Pretty Shirley Ross, running away in a stolen car, meets Robert Cummings, millionaire playboy, at a filling station. They go to a yacht club where he introduces her to a party, which includes Martha, as his wife. There is much to do about a stolen necklace, romance develops, and the ending is supposed to surprise you but doesn't.

Outstanding are the songs, *Dancing Into My Heart; Beethoven, Mendelssohn* and *Liszt*, and *Two Birdies Up a Tree.*

Your Reviewer Says: Go to watch and hear that Raye woman.

Under Your Spell (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Lawrence Tibbett, Wendy Barrie, Gregory Ratoff, Arthur Treacher, Gregory Gaye, Berton Churchill, Jed Prouty.*

It's About: *An opera singer's escape from his publicity-mad manager.*

Here is a musical treat for all those who enjoy fine singing. Lawrence Tibbett delights with *Le Veau d'Or* from *Faust, Under Your Spell, Amigo* and *My Little Mule Wagon.* But aside from Tibbett's glorious voice, there is little to recommend. The story is weak, the direction disappointing, and the tempo inexcusably slow.

The story concerns a hard-working, gifted opera singer who is kept in a constant rush of publicity activities by his ambitious manager (Gregory Ratoff). He finally rebels, seeking seclusion in his early New Mexico home. He is followed there by Wendy Barrie, a pampered New York society girl, who is determined that he will sing at one of her parties. He refuses, and the girl stubbornly remains at his cabin. They fall in love, but another publicity stunt by Ratoff ruins their romance and the girl rushes back to New York, and Tibbett, of course, follows her.

The picture may not be all that it could or should be, but Tibbett is grand, and so is the comedy of Gregory Ratoff and Arthur Treacher.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy the singing.

Flying Hostess (Universal)

You'll See: *William Gargan, Judith Barrett, William Hall, Astrid Allwyn, Andy Devine, Ella Logan, Addison Randall, Marla Shelton.*

It's About: *The adventures of nurses who become air hostesses.*

You've probably heard and read about the superior type of young woman who is waiting to serve you as hostess on any of the big airlines. This interesting little film, dedicated to the bravery and thoughtfulness of these sky nurses, makes pleasant enough entertainment.

Judith Barrett, a graduate nurse who has been rejected for a job as air hostess, sets out to show the officials of the airline that she can take it. She jumps from a stunting plane, in the National Air Races, to call attention to her physical and mental fitness to hold a job requiring precision and fortitude. But the officials merely call her reckless. Her interest in ace pilot William Hall, however, finally results in her being hired for transcontinental hops. She proves an ideal hostess, and when escaped convicts ride her plane and disable both pilots, she prevents disaster.

William Gargan, as divisional superintendent, gives a fine performance. William Hall, Andy Devine, Astrid Allwyn, Addison Randall and Ella Logan are satisfactory in smaller roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrilling aviation film.

✓ The Plot Thickens (R-K-O)

You'll See: *James Gleason, ZaSu Pitts, Owen Davis, Jr., Louise Latimer, Arthur Aylesworth, Richard Tucker.*

It's About: *The mystery behind the theft of a valuable museum piece.*

If you like the sad and timid ZaSu Pitts and the know-it-all James Gleason, you're bound to enjoy this little mystery.

The mystery surrounds the theft of a Cellini cup from a museum. James Gleason, a police inspector who has a penchant for tripping over clues without seeing them, is called on the case. Schoolmarm Zasu Pitts decides to aid the inspector and her naive curiosity leads not only to many laughs but to the solution of the crime as well.

Owen Davis, Jr., and Louise Latimer carry the love interest admirably. Arthur Aylesworth creates shivers and quivers. The entertainment value, however, rests pretty much on the capable shoulders of Miss Pitts and Mr. Gleason.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like your mystery stories tempered with laughs.

✓✓ Tarzan Escapes (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan, John Buckler, Benita Hume, William Henry, Herbert Mundin, E. E. Clive, Darby Jones.*

It's About: *Another episode in the life of* Tarzan *and* Jane *with the lovers rising above all obstacles.*

Tarzan and *Jane* return in another exciting episode of the African jungles. This time the lovers are cozily and peacefully ensconced in their tree top bungalow oblivious of the outside world. Into this idyllic setting appear cousins Benita Hume and William Henry in an attempt to lure *Jane* back to civilization. After a tender farewell to *Tarzan, Jane* begins the trek back but through the treachery of John Buckler, leader of the safari, they are captured by savage tribes and doomed to die. In the meantime, *Tarzan* has been tricked into a steel trap and while natives beat the jungle drums of death, *Tarzan* fights for his freedom.

Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan are perfect in their roles. Cheetah, a comical monkey, runs Herbert Mundin a close second as comedy relief.

Your Reviewer Says: Popular and thrilling entertainment for Tarzan fans.

✓✓ Reunion (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *The Dionne Quints, Jean Hersholt, Rochelle Hudson, Helen Vinson, Slim Summerville, John Qualen, Robert Kent, Dorothy Peterson, Alan Dinehart, J. Edward Bromberg, Tom Moore, Esther Ralston.*

It's About: *The reunion held for a country Doctor by his "babies."*

If you've wanted a better look at the famous Canadian Quints at play, showing them as they really are, you'll get a big thrill out of "Reunion." The whole picture is grand entertainment, and the Quints sequences are just about perfect.

The story concerns a grand old country doctor (Jean Hersholt) who allows his grateful townspeople to stage a reunion of the babies he has brought into the world. A state governor, a movie actress, a great writer, a pickpocket, an estranged married couple and the Quints are but a few of the several thousands who arrive to do honor to the grand old physician. Grown or small, most of them have problems which yield to his sage advice and understanding.

Slim Summerville, the community constable who hopes his wife will have sextuplets, and John Qualen, father of the Quints, furnish grand comedy. The pleasant love story between Rochelle Hudson and Robert Kent also will delight.

It's the Quints, however, who steal the honors.

Your Reviewer Says: An entertainment treat. Don't miss it.

✓✓ Gold Diggers of 1937 (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Joan Blondell, Glenda Farrell, Victor Moore, Rosalind Marquis, Irene Ware, William Davidson, Lee Dixon, Osgood Perkins, Susan Fleming, Charles Halton, Olin Howland.*

It's About: *A stranded theatrical company thrust into the business world and winning its way to success.*

Bigger and better grows this annual song and dance film with its beautiful girls, lavish sets, and last, but not least, its splendid cast.

Joan Blondell is less boisterous and more personable in this 1937 version and makes a perfect foil (and why shouldn't she?) for Dick's love making.

Glenda Farrell draws a meatier role than usual and comes through with flying colors. Victor Moore is a card even as a gold digger and keeps the fun rolling along.

The story has more plot and suspense than the usual musical. It deals with the leading lady Joan Blondell, falling in love with a smart young business man, Dick Powell, and eventually bringing the weary troupers back to Broadway and glory. The dances are snappy and the tunes tuneful.

Your Reviewer Says: A tip-top musical with snap, pep and beauty.

✓ Mad Holiday (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Elissa Landi, ZaSu Pitts, Ted Healy, Edmund Gwenn, Edgar Kennedy.*

It's About: *An actor on vacation who solves a colossal mystery.*

This is the best farce satire on the typical murder mystery yet devised, with plenty of surprises and no little laughter. Some of the comedy is pretty low and the production quality slips too often into the quickie class, but generally it represents happy entertainment.

The story is confused and cluttered, having to do with an actor, Edmund Lowe, who boards ship for a vacation cruise and there meets Elissa Landi, hack writer of murder stories. Also aboard are criminals, a rich Chinese woman, and a famous diamond. Corpses soon strew the decks and staterooms, with Lowe and Landi inextricably involved in the mess. Together they work it out, despite masked little

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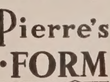

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men sneaking menacingly about.

Edmund Gwenn, who has an ambiguous and inherently good part, disappoints greatly with over-acting, apparently he could not recognize the satirical implications of the role. Lowe is smooth, Elissa gorgeous, ZaSu more than usually funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than ordinary fare. Take Grandpa.

Can This Be Dixie? (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Slim Summerville, Helen Wood, Thomas Beck, Sara Haden, Donald Cook, Claude Gillingwater, James Burke, Jed Prouty, Hattie McDaniel, Troy Brown.*

It's About: *The troubles of a Southern planter in keeping the sheriff from his door.*

You'll be unbelievably bored. This conglomeration of indifferent music, songs and dancing owes what little value it may have to the youthful Jane Withers, who tries hard. Slim Summerville obviously gave up in the first reel.

As members of a traveling medicine show, Jane Withers and Slim Summerville arrive at the plantation of Claude Gillingwater, a testy and poverty stricken planter. With the sheriff constantly at his rundown heels, Gillingwater attempts to marry off his grandaughter, Helen Wood, to Yankee Thomas Beck in order to thwart Villain Donald Cook, who, incidentally, makes marvelous hissing material.

In an effort to help everyone, Jane and Slim go to New York and win first prize on Major Bowes' amateur hour. With the money in hand, they return South to more plot confusion. Somewhere in the melee a horse race takes place, but alas, even the horse runs the wrong way. So it really doesn't matter.

It seems too bad to bury the up-and-coming Jane Withers in such inane material.

Your Reviewer Says: Skip this one by all means.

✓✓ Theodora Goes Wild (Columbia)

You'll See: *Irene Dunne, Melvyn Douglas, Rosalind Keith, Mary McLaren, Thomas Mitchell, Elizabeth Risdon, others.*

It's About: *A small-town girl who visits the big city—but this time the story's different.*

Consistently fast, genuinely amusing and concocted of great charm, this ingenious photoplay establishes Irene Dunne as an excellent comedienne.

Theodora, the daughter of a tiny community's first family, writes secretly a blazing novel which becomes a best-seller. When the town paper starts to print it in serial form, under *Theodora's nom de plume,* the local stiff-necks rise in wrath. *Theodora* goes to New York to talk with her publishers, meets married but whimsical Melvyn Douglas, falls in love, and returns to her home. He follows, there are more (and amusing) complications, and a deepening love; but when she finds he won't get a divorce because of possible scandal she goes wild in earnest and you witness epochal madness.

Gorgeous Miss Dunne is at once naughty and innocent, mischievous and adorable; she is not coy. Douglas foils beautifully, ridiculing himself when necessary and under-playing for sustained comedy. Supporting cast is individually fine.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll go wild with *Theodora.*

✓✓ Three Smart Girls (Universal)

You'll See: *Deanna Durbin, Binnie Barnes, Alice Brady, Ray Milland, Charles Winninger, Mischa Auer, Nan Grey, Barbara Read, John King.*

It's About: *Three sisters who set out to rescue their father from a gold digger.*

Here is one of the best pictures of the month with youth, pep and gaiety from the first reel to the last. Here is a downright honey with no star names to attract, but what direction, what dialogue, and what charm.

No "ifs" about it, Deanna Durbin, the fourteen-year-old miss with the million dollar voice, is a find. As one of the three smart girls she turns in a performance—her first, by the way—that is worthy of a trouper. With her sisters, Barbara Read and Nan Grey, Deanna leaves her home in Switzerland for New York to rescue her millionaire daddy (Charles Winninger) from the clutches of Binnie Barnes and her gold digging mama (Alice Brady). The older sisters find romance with handsome Ray Milland and John King. Mischa Auer as a bogus count is riotous. Director Henry Koster deserves a bow too.

It's rollicking fun with every line gag and situation ringing true.

Your Reviewer Says: The best comedy in town; don't pass this one by.

✓✓ Lloyds of London (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, Tyrone Power, Sir Guy Standing, C. Aubrey Smith, Virginia Field, Douglas Scott, George Sanders, Una O'Connor, J. M. Kerrigan, Forrester Harvey, Gavin Muir, others.*

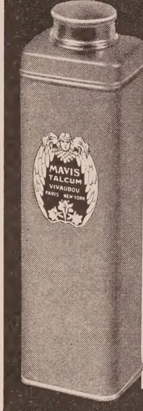
It's About: *A young man, his career, and his great love, also Lloyds of London.*

Important primarily because it introduces Tyrone Power as a star, this is the history of a great insurance firm which helped to build the glory that is Britain. There is a great deal about empire and the sacred navy; the story enthralls, combining grandeur, romance and adventure.

Freddie Bartholomew plays the young tavern boy who has a childish pact of allegiance with little *Lord Nelson* of the Manor House. They uncover the plot of insurance robbers and Freddie goes to Lloyds' Coffee Shop in London to save the day. Later Lord Nelson becomes admiral of the fleet, Bartholomew becomes Tyrone Power, for which you are thankful. The child star has no chance in this.

The rest of the picture is concerned with Power's sensational rise as an integral unit of Lloyds, his almost thwarted romance with Madeleine Carroll, and his courageous fight to save Lloyds from bankruptcy when Nelson's Trafalgar victory is delayed.

Miss Carroll is beautiful, young Douglas Scott as the child *Nelson* is excellent, Sir Guy Standing does nice work, and you will like Virginia Fields as the lovelorn Polly, a waitress, but all honors must go to Tyrone. He's good looking and well dressed, he's a superb actor and he doesn't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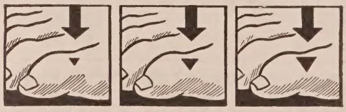

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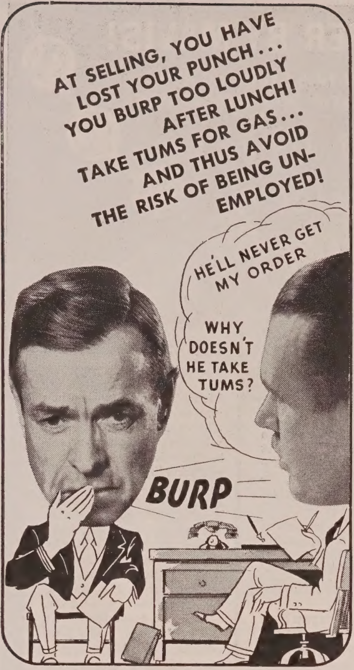
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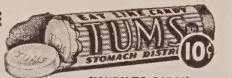

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worry you by flexing his muscles at every opportunity. His absolute youth is refreshing. Watch his smoke, and go to see this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: It's got just about everything.

✓✓Pennies From Heaven (Columbia)

You'll See: *Bing Crosby, Madge Evans, Edith Fellows, Louis Armstrong, Donald Meek, William Stack, others.*

It's About: *A modern troubadour who tries to save a little girl from an orphanage.*

Bing Crosby has found his ideal role in this 1936 bed-time story. The romantic, appealing warmth of his voice is translated to his personality in almost every scene, so that his portrayal is more sympathetic than ever before.

The story, one of eager tenderness, is about a good-for-nothing singer who leaves the prison in which he has been unjustly held and visits the family of a cell-mate. He finds little Edith Fellow's and her grandfather, Donald Meek—a couple impoverished, and desperate because they are being evicted from their home. Madge Evans, social worker, is on the verge of placing Edith in an orphanage.

The cell-mate has given them his old hide-out, a haunted house, and Bing turns this into a cafe; then he substitutes for Death Defying Devlin in a carnival in order to pay the bills. In the interim he and Madge have fallen in love.

Miss Evans plays her simple role with restraint and freshness. Edith Fellow's is a wilful little truant, repeating her previous successes. Crosby's four songs, *Pennies From Heaven, So Do I, Let's Call a Heart a Heart,* and *One, Two, Button Your Shoe,* are melodic masterpieces. You'll like Louis Armstrong in his big number, *Skeleton in the Closet.*

✓The Great O'Malley (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Pat O'Brien, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, Sybil Jason, Frieda Inescort, Donald Crisp, Mary Gordon, others.*

It's About: *An Irish cop with a law book heart.*

Solid entertainment, with a splendid plot and acting, and generous portions of laughter and sentiment.

As a dumb, but duty conscious, East Side cop, Pat O'Brien spends his time digging up believe it or not ordinances to inflict upon the citizens on his beat. When Humphrey Bogart receives one of Pat's freely flowing tickets for having a faulty muffler on his model T, he loses his chance at a job, and in desperation commits a robbery for which he is sent to the penitentiary. Demoted to assisting school children cross the street, Pat meets Sybil Jason, Bogart's crippled child, and Ann Sheridan. They give O'Brien something to think about besides laws. He secures medical aid for Sybil and arranges parole and a job for Bogart, only to have his kindness repaid by a startling climax.

O'Brien's role is made to order and he gives one of the best performances of his career. Humphrey Bogart is fine, Sybil Jason adds further honors to her already successful career, and Ann Sheridan makes the most of her small role. Frieda Inescort as Bogart's wife deserves more screen time. Donald Crisp, Mary Gordon, and the supporting cast are likewise excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: A family picture that is real entertainment.

✓✓Champagne Waltz (Paramount)

You'll See: *Gladys Swarthout, Fred MacMurray, Jack Oakie, Fritz Leiber, Veloz and Yolanda, Vivienne Osborne, Frank Forest.*

It's About: *A jazz king and a waltz queen, and their troubles.*

Briskly farcical, gay and amusing, this romantic musical is definitely suited to the individual talents of Gladys Swarthout and Fred MacMurray. It is primarily tuneful, replete with young love and comedy; and the bit of near-tragedy is handled quietly, without melodrama.

Miss Swarthout plays the daughter of Fritz Leiber, a descendant of Johann Strauss. Together they own a waltz parlor in Vienna, which is very successful until MacMurray brings his rhythm swing band over from America and sets up a rival dance-hall across the street. Gladys, enraged, goes to the American Consul to protest; and MacMurray, who happens to be there, pretends he is the consul. Thereafter he weaves an ingenious fabric of falsehood about himself, because they are in love and he doesn't want her to discover his identity.

MacMurray is utterly charming, Miss Swarthout beautiful and in excellent voice, Jack Oakie, as Fred's manager, troupes nicely, and the supporting cast is no disappointment.

Your Reviewer Says: Superb cinema, swell entertainment; be sure to go.

✓✓Rainbow on the River (Principal Productions)

You'll See: *Bobby Breen, May Robson, Charles Butterworth, Alan Mowbray, Benita Hume, Henry O'Neill, Louise Beavers, Marilyn Knowlden, Lillian Yarbo, others.*

It's About: *A little lad of the South who finds himself a new home in the North.*

Three stars for the voice of Bobby Breen, one of the sweetest on the screen. Here is music to thrill the heart, a story that will bring tears, an imposing cast, and a beautiful setting.

In the old South, just after the Civil War, we find Bobby living with a Negro Mammy (Louise Beavers). A priest (Henry O'Neill), interesting himself in the boy, discovers he belongs to a Northern family whose son died in the war. Bobby is then sent North to meet his grandmother, a crochety old lady, played beautifully by May Robson. After many heartaches with jealous relatives, Bobby finally comes into his own.

Benita Hume, Alan Mowbray and little Marilyn Knowlden are the overbearing kinsfolk. Charles Butterworth is an amusing butler.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for all the family to enjoy.

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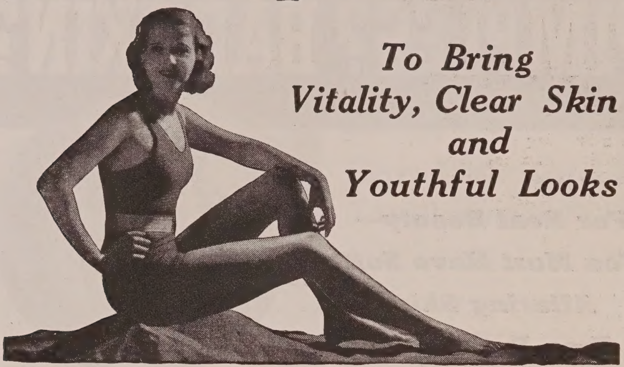

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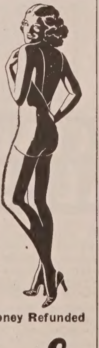

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✓Career Woman
20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen, Isabel Jewell, Eric Linden, Virginia Fields, Gene Lockhart, El Brendel.*

It's About: *Two young lawyers who discover that justice has two faces.*

With tongue firmly wedged in cheek, this satire on modern courts and modern justice offers plenty of entertainment. Apparently made too quickly for much polish, it nevertheless is well written and played.

Michael Whalen and Claire Trevor, lawyers with ideals about law and order, work against each other in the big city, Whalen effectively using theatrical tricks, Miss Trevor upholding the dignity of the bar. When she is called upon to defend an open-and-shut case in a small town, she is balked by bigotry and prejudice until Whalen's imagination saves the day.

Although co-stars are well cast, honors go to Isabel Jewell, the country girl accused unjustly of murdering her father.

Your Reviewer Says: It's at once a blast at, and a commendation of, justice.

With Love and Kisses
(Melody Pictures Corp.)

You'll See: *Pinky Tomlin, Kane Richmond, Arthur Houseman, Russell Hopton, Fuzzy Knight, Kenneth Thomson, Toby Wing.*

It's About: *A country boy who comes to New York to write songs, and his entanglement with the city slickers.*

The only bright spots in this weak, slow moving little piece are Pinky Tomlin's singing and Arthur Houseman's portrayal of a drunk.

Pinky, a naive, unsophisticated song writer, comes to New York to recover the rights to a song which have been stolen from him by a crooner (Kane Richmond). Richmond gives him a small contract which is later taken over by a gang of crooks headed by Kenneth Thomson. Toby Wing, the object of Pinky's affections, and her brother (Houseman) try to help.

Tomlin, aided by a cow who serves as the inspiration for his songs, is ingratiating in a weak part.

Your Reviewer Says: It's faintly amusing if you like Pinky Tomlin.

✓More Than a Secretary
(Columbia)

You'll See: *Jean Arthur, George Brent, Lionet Stander, Ruth Donnelly, Reginald Denny, Dorothea Kent, Charles Halton.*

It's About: *The editor of a health magazine who is fairly booted into love and success.*

Playful, frisky, perky, here is a saucy little love story that simply hits the spot.

George Brent is the editor of a health magazine who practices what he preaches, but somehow the magazine doesn't jell and loses circulation rapidly. Into this bit of dejection comes Jean Arthur, former teacher of a secretarial college, and Jean has ideas, some of which are incorporated in the book, increasing the circulation as well as Brent's pulse, for after one very sad episode with a blonde secretary, Brent realizes it's Jean he loves.

Lionel Stander and Ruth Donnolly couldn't be anything but funny and both Brent and Jean are in fine form.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll chuckle.

Their Hearts Are in Their Handwriting

(*Continued from page* 55)

One of his intriguing writing symbols is the sail-shaped capital S; you may be sure he goes full sail ahead into even uncharted seas, even that of matrimony. He's a thoroughly male biped and "takes after mother," which is good fortune for a lad. He is always doing things with his nimble fingers, if it is only jingling a key, scribbling on a pad while telephoning, or picking up and putting down the evening paper —he never reads one straight through. The curved scroll under his signature and the initial of his surname are very musical. Joan if ever troubled, will find Dick a cheerful comforter.

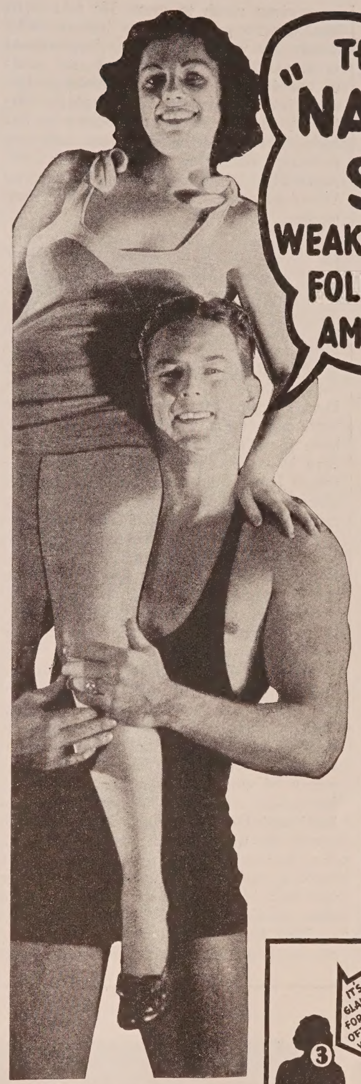
JOAN CRAWFORD'S handwriting is so devastating and powerful, that one recognizes instantly her tremendous magnetic sway. The occultists would call her an *Old Soul,* ripened by the most unusual experiences of other lives. She is going to be the animating, motivating better half in a union. Instinctively, she *knows.* Therefore, it is difficult for her to incur coercion, to be humiliated by less developed egos, to live with any one who is picayunish, timid, unjust, insincere. She plays the game of life openly. If she suffers she will take her medicine bravely.

Joan is not one to evade responsibility, she can be almost defiant in accepting any challenge given by the Fates. Her signature underscoring is superb. It means, "Here I stand. You may not like what I do, but I must see this thing through." Yet she has won those laurels only after treading a path of super-sensitiveness, putting up a good, stiff upper lip, and grinning when sorrow-devils pronged the heart. Joan will find that new portals to joy open as soon as the old gates are barred. She is a progressive woman, eager to develop; smart, not a natural student; an absorber and originator. She would be ever an improver.

With her excitability, emotionality and creativeness there is the background of a fine body. Joan should last for years if she avoids flirting with clouds via airplanes. She has the spirit of eternal youth. Her fine-spirited generosity has worked for ill many times; she gives of herself and her possessions in prolix fashion. An enthusiastic booster for one who has served well, she brings people together for mutual aid. She will love to find work for those in need—but don't rush her, you avid fans! One who has such an all-covering warm nature must be ruled by warmth of love in turn. Lead her with loving understanding and she is as docile as a lambkin. She is just beginning to learn the value of reticence and self-protectiveness. Her way was to fling caution to the breezes and to act on the impulse of the moment, but one learns anew in building; doubtless Franchot Tone has been an understanding helpmate to bring out new traits. She has undoubtedly hitched her wagon to a star.

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were not mated, they lived on different planes of consciousness.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is a mental type. And his sensitiveness, refinement and pride



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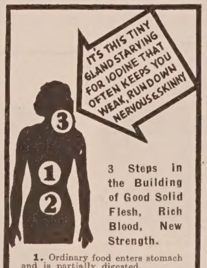
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have given much to meet. He is a born idealist who gradually has become utilitarian. He works with fiery inspirational faculties. Money will never be his goal; he could not be a gross materialist. His script is of the modest sort, thoughtful, often introspective. His resemblance to his father has been detrimental; the more one resembles the parent of the opposite sex physically, the easier the road. George Washington and Napoleon were like their mothers.

FORCE goes by opposites, where sex is concerned. When you find a dynamic script, you know the individual is like the opposite sex always. Fine, sensitive strokes are significant; there you have likeness to same sex. So in Doug's evolution it is greatly to his credit that he is working out problems he faced in his early years. Doug's script also shows that he made more use of the wishbone than the backbone for a long time. In short, he could cave in—as do those upright penstrokes—where Joan would carry on like a warrior chief, at any cost. Besides, Doug is very critical, the sharp-pointed letter tops are those of cognition, perceptivity, analysis. Joan, as we have intimated, doesn't like to be criticized adversely, a bad press notice would bring her grief.

Carole Lombard is introspective, egocentric to some degree. She handles her problems shrewdly, will get good value when shopping, has a fine eye for color and placement. Her will stabilizes her emotions. The upright strokes signify balance, self-control and a habit of considering all sides of the equation before making a decision. Though she has plenty of emotional warmth, she budgets her assets cleverly. The cautious backhand and the left-swing of the terminal are of the watchful-waiting variety. Then, too, her resistance is marked; various strokes end below the invisible writing line in a "foot-down-hard" manner, which also stands for use of the "soft pedal."

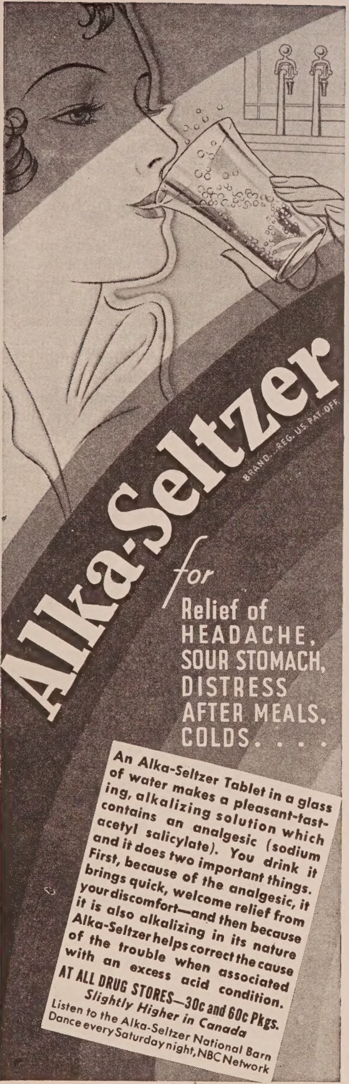
Clark Gable wrote only five words for me so I am hampered to some extent in presenting him accurately. Clark hates being money-bound, he never would take kindly to financial limitations. His carelessly framed S's have no acquisitiveness; he would drop dollars or women without qualms and seek new fields to till. He has the element of success which brings an ever increasing yearly stipend. He loves humor—his Y is particularly smiling, and its heavy downstroke is a bit obstinate, so he doesn't do things which are displeasing if he can crawl from under; not as a weakling, but rather by finding an open Sesame to delightful self-indulgence.

His script flows rhythmically, has its romantic-poetic movement, and yet begins to slant backward protectively. Clark should swim and go yachting, live near water and avoid desert areas. He is an admirer of beauty, very impressionable and susceptible—the D swells with responsiveness. Here's another male who won't stand being manhandled by the dear deadlies of the species. He can be very good natured and kind if you let him rule, but stages a walk-out when inharmony raises its hydra-head. As an actor, he is not a genius, he is a builder. Magnetism such as his attracts success, yet his big danger-zone is middle age so he should study characterization very earnestly to prepare for the time when fickle public switch to other male idols.

GINGER ROGERS' character is revealed in her tall, ambitious, imaginative, inventive capitals. But on the other hand, there is that very sensible, practical underpinning of the plain lower strokes, and if Ginger keeps on putting her roots into such fertile soil as she now cultivates, she will emerge a great capitalist, for she's got business acumen.

She is quite a medium, by the way. The inquisitive nose at the end of the G-loop is that of the investigator; she's always being told bits of gossip, but she has enough secretiveness not to be a repeater. The natural back-curling of her looped letters is the symbol of guarding the mental portals. She is powerful enough to practice

Two of M-G-M's greatest (though rather different) stars, Spencer Tracy and Bob Taylor, lunching together at the studio commissary.



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restraint of emotions and impulses. A clever and inventive person who could make her living at designing, as well as in the Terpsichorean art. She reaches for great goals; life is interesting to one who has always furnished her own motivation. As a child, she doubtless amused herself easily. You could not picture her asking her mother, "What shall I do now?" Apt to rush into mischief, but oh, so very lovable!

GARY COOPER carries many of the characteristics of W. S. Hart. The outstanding penstrokes are the careful backstrokes on the G and Y. He can conceal much and give rise to misunderstanding, not because he wishes to be elusive, but rather because he shuns display of deeper feeling. He is as ardent a he-man as Mr. Hart.

A person so intense, earnest and honest, so very sincere and conscientious, must choose the wife very carefully. This star could never stand for deception, and since he harbors a bit of distrust, nothing should be done to foster suspicion in him. He learns very rapidly, is keenly observant, a wonderful analyst. He could have been a great surgeon, he is deft, quickwitted and farsighted and the writing speaks of the healing magnetism. In characterization he will always excel—it's his natural bent.

Great self-respect is found in the tall, well-formed capitals, and he's like his mother who must be a forthright, sturdy character. His training has been excellent, there's never a vulgar flash in the pan. The generous instincts, compassion, and deep sentiment emblazoned in these penstrokes make one feel that Mr. Cooper would befriend waifs, in the human or animal kingdom. I'd just like to see him on the sidewalk if a teamster were abusing his nag! The rapid-fire action of Gary Cooper brings deliverance. He's unafraid, he works with principle. The quick, restless, aggressive type of man who dislikes procrastination—delayed dinners, disorder.

ROBERT TAYLOR'S script portrays a natural gentleman. One of the potent factors for his success is his almost abnormal love of justice and righteousness. Few persons pen such elongated upper strokes, reaching out to the furthest limits. This script has a background of forthrightness, and Robert Taylor is painting a foreground with brilliant nuances. He's ambitious, not greedy. The wide spacings indicate not only his friendliness and kind disposition, but gratitude. Those who narrow down their strokes cannot experience that quality. Mr. Taylor could have been successful as a sculptor, has a very unusual perception of form, proportion, placement, grace.

Words beginning without upstrokes bespeak high order of intelligence. Why? Because there is elimination of waste motion. This boyishly fresh, beguiling personality should scintillate behind the footlights. But Robert Taylor won't stay married if he rushes into the noose now; he needs maturity. If he marries at thirty or thereafter, his chances for celebrating a gorgeous golden wedding are a mighty good risk for a Lloyd's insurance policy.

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Trocadero Love

(*Continued from page* 45)

There was something about her that made him dizzy with excitement. It was only a jazz tune that she sang, but her voice had soul behind its rhythm. To him she was seductive, but sweet. Her eyes were wide with the clear innocence of youth and were breathtakingly blue. Her softly waved hair was a passionate red, a perfect match to the color of her lips. There was a vibrant warmth to her that swept him loose from his everyday bearings. It's always like this in love at first sight.

Abruptly he attempted to kill this glow. He ordered a liqueur, hastily paid his bill and left. "She was dynamite," he said to me after he dared to be honest with himself. "I realized that she could play havoc with me if she wanted to. I wondered how I could risk falling in love."

The next night, when he was through with scenes that were never ending, he was drawn to the cream-white cafe on Sunset Boulevard, ostensibly for dinner only. He lingered on to enjoy the music; Marjorie sang. In his pictures Brian portrays super-confident fellows who seize love impulsively. He was endeavoring to submerge this streak in himself, so for a week he made no effort to meet her. "But I was sunk," he exclaims with a grin.

Marjorie, meanwhile, had noted the apparent admiration of this actor who began showing up every night. She wasn't allowed to dance, being an entertainer, but she could pause at the tables briefly. Brian had noticed this, and he had mutual friends introduce them. She was piqued into nodding yes when he proposed that he escort her home when she had finished.

Brian Donlevy is too much of a he-man to relish dinner clothes, so he hurried away to his apartment to change into a comfortable suit. It was early morning of the first day of the year, and he wanted to take her around the town. But when he got back she'd disappeared. He was furious. He had to become used to being furious occasionally, however. That's part of being madly in love!

THE day dragged. By dusk he was ready to glare at her, to freeze her. But he melted at sight of her. All he mustered up was a flow of impetuous words that amazed each of them. She had presumed he was handing her a line. Although she's just in her early twenties, Marjorie's no fool; she doesn't pay serious attention to lines, even those of exceedingly attractive screen males.

They were friends again. It was bliss again. But eventually, when Brian heard that her real date New Year's Eve had been Robert Taylor, he dived into despair. He didn't let her know he was worried. But what man wouldn't have been at news of such competition!

She wasn't sold easily on a star for a husband. Hadn't she listened to plenty about actors developing into wandering husbands? Also, she suspected that here was a Good-Time Charlie. Wasn't he out every night, spending his money?

But Brian continued to go there, because it was only at the Troc that he could see her. The doorman shortly greeted him with that cordiality reserved for an ace customer; the waiters bowed with extra respect. Only Marjorie herself was a major problem.

She wouldn't agree to fly to Yuma; she wasn't going to marry an actor! She was companionable, but elusive. "A girl mustn't let a man monopolize her," she vowed regularly. When she avoided him he drifted downstairs to see who was in the Troc Cellar, completely in the dumps. When their tete-a-tetes grew emotional they had finally to recall they might be conspicuous, sitting so close to and yet so far from interested onlookers. But the music and the gala festivities were but a symphonic accompaniment to his wooing, the stars of Hollywood simply a backdrop.

IT took an eternity for Brian to prove his true self. He isn't socially-inclined, but when there was no alternative what could he do but become the Troc's most faithful guest? As a matter of fact, he did more. He took to sharing quarters with the manager! They'd been friendly in the East, and with his increased fondness for the place an apartment with Marjorie's boss seemed an advance towards his goal of winning her.

One evening in February she sat at his table. After six weeks he was making a little headway, anyway. What girl could resist such persistence! Brian told her of his past, how he had been born in Ireland, and had come to Wisconsin with his parents when he was less than a year old. He'd been a dare-devil kid, quitting school at fourteen. Later he returned to a military academy, after jaunting around, so he might enter West Point and become an Army flyer. The appointment he rated sent him to Annapolis instead. A year there and he bade the Navy goodbye when informed he'd have to put in four years at sea duty before he'd have a chance at flying. At Columbia he started to study writing, but gave it up for the stage.

Then he was unable to hold anything back. He confessed that he had been married once before. But he'd never had a genuine home. He and his first wife had stayed at hotels and in apartments and since she was acting too they were often separated by road tours. When his wife went to Europe, for a play in London, she met someone else. He couldn't believe she was forsaking him, but when he sensed the irrevocableness of her decision he understood there was no use arguing. This was the greatest hurt that he had ever experienced; gradually he reconciled himself to the theory that love is as intangible as quicksilver, that when it slips away it can't be recaptured.

Later on this same evening Marjorie's boss joined them at the table. In the merrier conversation it was revealed that her birthday was approaching. The manager turned generous. "You've been so fine a draw for us," he said appreciatively, "that we'll give you a present of a silver fox fur!"

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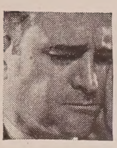

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Brian took a big breath. "And what," he interrupted, "do you want from me?"

Marjorie laughed. The blarney in him couldn't be squelched, evidently. She flipped, "Oh, a tailored suit, I guess!" He made no reply to that and she supposed her rebuff had worked. On her birthday she was opening her mail and her mother still recollects that particular shriek. In one envelope was a receipted bill for a lady's suit at a leading tailor's, with a note from Brian insisting that she avail herself of it.

By this time she had to admit that this star of her wasn't kidding.

MARJORIE, who hails from Topeka, grew up in Los Angeles because her father, a Santa Fe railroad publicist, had been sent to California. When she graduated from high school she perceived that she could capitalize on her voice. She's never had a single singing lesson; Brian moans that he had eight years' coaching and nobody claps when he interprets a melody of the day! Jimmie Grier was glad to have her sing with his orchestra in the Biltmore Bowl; then when the Troc opened Phil Ohman invited her to help put the ultra spot over. She did. And there astute studio officials heard her and signed her to contracts to lend her voice to several top-notch musical heroines who screen and dance better than they can carol.

The night club atmosphere hadn't made Marjorie a bit artificial. Brian, during that historic first week when he struggled silently with himself, was pleased to observe that between her vocal numbers Marjorie retired to a distant corner table. "She could have flirted," he relates proudly. "But, believe it or not, she preferred to read a book. I don't know," he goes on, recalling that she's within earshot, "if it was a good book, or if it took her all week to read one book. But nevertheless she did select a book rather than the boys about Hollywood!"

He went on dining at the Troc. In March he and Marjorie became engaged and she quit her job. Now they had some time to themselves, so they went dancing—the first opportunity they'd had to dance. They went for moonlight drives, and usually wound up atop the Beverly hilltop Brian fancied for their home.

They planned to be married in the summer. Then Marjorie was required to work so steadily, dubbing her voice, that they determined to wait until New Year's Day, the anniversary of their very first conversation.

In the meanwhile, love performed its wonders. Marjorie turned domestic. And Brian claims he found out why he never got a tumble from the studio scouts on Broadway. He had to tackle Hollywood on sheer speculation.

"They tested so many of the actors with whom I worked, and yet never bothered about me. I'd sit in my hotel room in a dumb daze. I couldn't detect what was wrong with me. Now I know. You see, Marjorie's a bear on clothes; she always looks like a million. But I'd never worried about what I put on, and for years I'd been incorrectly assembling myself. I'd worn the same sort of shirts—the wrong sort! She told me to try a different shaped hat; she chose my ties. And honestly, I'm getting better breaks on the

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screen! Incidentally, about that last suit I had made. She made me go back to the tailor's so many times, to have it absolutely right, that I blushed!"

The house the Donlevys will settle in is on top of the hill they approved. It's semi-Spanish, large and comfortably sprawling and with a swimming pool and all the trimmings. Of course, ever since Marjorie made an ill-advised dive and hit her head on the bottom she's been afraid to do more than sample the shallow end. (With a rubber tire Brian has to blow up!) And lying in the sun sets her sensitive skin afire, while it gives him a healthy tan. He's crazy about riding, but she's had her doubts since a horse threw her high and far. Too, the servants will actually fare better than either the master or the mistress. He likes steaks and she has to have lamb chops or ham, which he can't abide. So they'll compromise by having both prepared.

While this is a second marriage for Brian Donlevy, it isn't by any stretch of the imagination taken lightly by him. Not even though this love blossomed at the glittering Trocadero. He knows he's lucky and he's determined to be the ideal husband.

"Marjorie had me on needles for a spell. I mean, special needles! She sported a new evening gown every night that first month I put in at the Troc. It sure stumped me how she could afford them." He sighs contentedly. "Then I stumbled upon the fact that she earned the additional income being the singing voice for a couple of other girls."

He wants her to continue working, if she wants to. They'll have a home and she won't let it suffer. "She deserves the leeway to achieve whatever she wishes." The only thing he doesn't intend to okay is a trip to Europe. "Not unless," he qualifies, "I go with her!"

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 24)

Years ago his father invested his life's savings in the stock of a mining company. At the time of his death the stock appeared to be so worthless that Mrs. Cummings saved it only because of its sentimental value.

A few weeks ago, officials of the newly reorganized mining company began bidding for outstanding shares of the stock. The Cummings certificates were finally located in the jumble that filled an old trunk.

It brought more than a million dollars!

* * *

THEY'RE telling an amusing story about a certain young leading man who must be nameless here. It seems that he lives in a house which is surrounded by a high, dense hedge and it seems, furthermore, that he enjoys nothing more than to play nudist while working in his back yard.

On a recent sunny afternoon, while he exercised the family lawnmower, a commotion in the hedge attracted his attention and, suddenly, from out of the hedge, fell the lady who lives next door.

ON-AGAIN, OFF-AGAIN

Isabel Jewell's hectic romance with Owen Crump has Hollywood woozy.

On a Sunday, they announced that they would be married in the immediate future; on Monday, after many of their friends had sent them wedding gifts, they announced that it was all off; on Tuesday, they patched up their lovers' quarrel and said that they would indeed marry, but not for a year; on Wednesday, they declared that they would marry during the early half of January.

By the way, Lee Tracy, who was Isabel's intended a year or so ago, sent the bride-to-be an elaborate silver service.

NOBLE-ABILITY

With the Baroness Gottfried Hohenburg (known on the screen as Luli Deste) contracted by B. P. Schulberg, Lady Ashley playing in a Sam Goldwyn opus, the Countess di Frasso planning a series of new parties, and the Earl of Warwick starting his screen career under the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer banner, you must admit that we're acquiring class in this once plebeian town of Hollywood. It's a far cry from the dear, dead days when cow-waddies were our millionaires and polite society turned up its nose at "those picture people."

By the way, the Earl of Warwick, renamed Michael Brooke for picture purposes, is being seen very, very often with Elizabeth Allan and it does look like a romance.

HOLIDAY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD

Strangest Thanksgiving party was one given by Michael Bartlett at his Hollywood home, in which a dummy dressed in his clothes welcomed guests by means of a phonograph record while Bartlett carved a turkey in London. Singer had issued invitations to dinner honoring Kirsten Flagstad, noted opera singer, when sudden call to England forced him to leave.

Margaret Sullavan's Christmas present to herself was a home in New Jersey, purchased after her marriage to Leland Hayward. Sullavan announced she was through with pictures but apparently forgot she must make two pictures for Universal and one for Walter Wanger under existing contracts. "Wings over Honolulu" will be her next Universal picture.

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Buddy Rogers' Own Story of His Romance With Mary Pickford

(*Continued from page* 31)

It was as though I had left something behind me that needed finishing—something that was vitally important to whatever happiness I would ever know!"

This, then, was Buddy's frame of mind when he came back to Hollywood to fight out this battle with himself, shoulder-to-shoulder with the one person whose sympathy, advice and counsel he treasured above all others in the world: Mary Pickford.

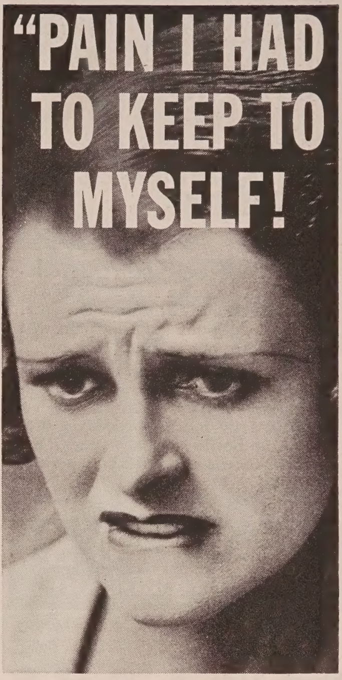
"I can't tell you what Mary's friendship has meant through these years I've been trying to find myself and stop this terrific restlessness that kept tearing at me," he said, seriously. Then he added, with an honesty that startled me, "It is so difficult for me to speak of just what Mary has meant to me all along. I have been in love with her for such a long time. And the realization of her feeling for me is so new in comparison.

IT is a strange thing," he mused, "but I find myself wondering whether this continual rumoring of our 'romance' (which didn't exist, at least on Mary's part) hasn't been responsible for keeping our friendship alive during the long spells when we did not see one another, times when we did not even correspond for weeks and months at a time? Now that I think of it, I'm really grateful for those rumor-boys who used to make things so embarrassing for us. Sometimes, when I would be two or three thousand miles away, the telephone would ring in my hotel room and it would be Mary's voice saying, 'Since the papers have us engaged again tonight, I just thought I should ring you up and at least say "Hello." '

"Each time she came East for a conference with her publisher or radio sponsor, she would drop by and see me and immediately the marriage rumors would break out anew. We'd laugh about them, or Mary would. She used to tell me not to mind, that as foolish as the talk was, it would never come between us as friends. No one would have believed that, then, Perhaps no one will believe it now."

Somehow, through Buddy's stumbling words, I began to piece out the amazing story behind the romance everyone has been so sure of ever since America's Sweetheart shocked the world by divorcing Douglas Fairbanks. The picture really began to take form way back in 1928 when Buddy was cast opposite Mary in "My Best Girl."

He was new to success and fame, despite his starring contract at Paramount. Mary was the biggest star on the screen, the woman whose career has not been equalled before or since in glory. As Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, she was the social ruler of Hollywood. During the making of that picture, Mary invited her leading man to a dinner party at Pickfair in honor of Prince George, who was visiting in Hollywood. The boy who admits he was just a kid—who was slightly bewildered by Hollywood and just a little afraid of it—must have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thought Mary Pickford the most glamorous, successful and fascinating woman in the world that night.

And as the picture progressed, she took great interest in his work. She advised him about the mistakes he was making in his work. Perhaps, without realizing it, he fell in love with her at that time, when her love for another man and her happiness in her marriage would have made the fulfillment of that love impossible forever if Douglas Fairbanks had not developed a wanderlust that eventually ended the most famous marriage in Hollywood history.

Whether Buddy Rogers' love for Mary Pickford was born then, no one will ever know. At one time, later, he was rumored engaged to Claire Windsor. At another time his name was linked with that of Mary Brian. And Buddy was in Florida when the news of Mary's divorce action against Douglas Fairbanks broke as the big news story of the hour. He was amazed when reporters flocked to his room asking, "Will you and Miss Pickford be married as soon as the divorce becomes final?"

At that time, Buddy hadn't seen or corresponded with Mary for over six months!

He called her long-distance, hoping that the rumors hadn't embarrassed her, and he knew he was talking to a heart-broken woman. The world can never know what that divorce meant to Mary Pickford. But the knowledge of what he knew she was going through, brought out every protective instinct in Buddy Rogers, all the gallantry in his nature, to preserve and cherish the friendship of the finest woman he had ever known.

So the rumors continued, and from them was born the half-apologetic, half-amused continuance of their friendship by way of telephone. Occasionally and at rare intervals, they saw one another; and every time they met, Buddy realized it was becoming more and more difficult to conceal from himself the knowledge that he was in love with Mary Pickford and had been for a long time.

YET despite the rumors that had them practically standing at the altar, he did not feel free to ask her, since Mary had given no indication that she returned his feelings. There was the memory of that other great love standing between them, for one thing. And there was the uncertainty of his own career for another.

Thus it was not until he returned to Hollywood five months ago, that Mary Pickford discovered the real truth behind the romance the press had been writing for her these many months!

I asked Buddy if he and Mary had any definite plans about their future together, where they would live, what kind of life they would pursue.

"Have we!" with prospective bridegroom enthusiasm. "I'll say we have plans. We're going to start from scratch. I mean, we live in my house; we won't live at Pickfair. I don't know whether the story is true concerning Mary's wish to deed the estate to the city of Beverly Hills. But we are going to begin our marriage with a brand new home.

"It is going to be a ranch house on a piece of acreage I have in mind down beyond Santa Monica and not far from the ocean. And there will be old trees, barns full of horses and lots of chickens and ducks.

"It's going to be a new life for both of us, particularly for Mary. Last night we were talking about our new home-to-be and she made me promise that there would be no formal rooms and not a stick of period furniture. All the doors will have little swinging gates built into them so that the dogs can go in or out at will. There's not going to be a chair that you can't put your feet on if you want to. Mary said that we'd have three sets of slip covers made for every piece of comfortable furniture we buy and if dogs track mud onto the divan or I decide to stretch out with my riding boots on, we have but to change to another cover.

FOR the first year of our marriage, I hope that Mary won't do anything professionally. She has worked hard in her career and she has always spent so much time and energy planning for others that I want her to forget everything, all the responsibilities, and just do the things she wants to do. Mary is thrilled with the idea. She told me, 'I want to be a working man's wife. I may even decide to burn a few biscuits—and if I do, you've got to pretend to love them!' "

Is this a brand new slant on Mary Pickford to you? It is to me. Mary has always stood for the gracious hostess, the gallant woman of the world, wrapped as thoroughly in social tradition as she has always been in the tradition of her profession. But even her friends have noticed the great change that has come over Mary in the new love she has found. Buddy's interest in sports has been contagious. She's riding horseback with him every morning (and Buddy says she is a grand horsewoman). She gave him two polo ponies as an engagement gift. She's going to football games, eating hot-dogs and yelling her heart out for his favorite team. They go dancing at the Grove or the Trocadero and Mary, who has sponsored more than one ultra formal concert, is now an authority on "swing rhythm" and can tell you all about "hot tunes" and "breaks." For the first time in her life, Mary Pickford is learning to play!

I asked Buddy if he or Columbia (or Mary) would once more attempt to dignify his nickname to the more staid Charles, now that his new career and approaching marriage are upon him. He grinned as he replied, "You can't carry a name for twelve years of a career and then drop it. Paramount tried it once, but it was no go. So no matter what happens in the future, it will have to be Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Rogers!"

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No matter who their favorite star may be, no matter what their private tastes in acting, music and entertainment, all fans admire the lovely Irene for her poise and graciousness and exquisite grooming! Next month, Irene herself tells you how she discovered and developed these qualities through bitter experience—and how you yourself can benefit by this knowledge. In MOVIE MIRROR for March, out January 22nd.

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Six Stars' Rules for a Happy Marriage

(*Continued from page* 47)

were both working when we got married, and we needed both our jobs in order to have enough money to live on. Suzanne had a contract with Paramount, and I was appearing in the stage play, 'Yellow.'

"We got married on a Monday afternoon. That very same evening I received two weeks' notice. The following day Sue was discharged. She had forgotten that there was a clause in her contract to the effect that she was not to get married for five years.

"And so we had to live with my parents that year. Well, you know, no matter how nice a mother-in-law is or how much she loves her daughter-in-law, she can't resist telling her how to take care of her husband.

"Then, too, my folks were all connected with the theater, and they talked shop all day long. Sue knew a little about the movies, but she didn't understand a word of our theatrical jargon.

"Finally I discovered her sneaking out each week to buy a copy of *Variety*. She would study it to learn what we meant when we talked of a 'turkey' or of So-and-So getting a 'split.'"

At the end of that year, Chester Morris and Sue were able to live by themselves, and they found that they could frame a happier pattern for their marriage.

Sue believes, as Chester does, that solving marriage problems is largely a matter of adjustment. She is scrupulously methodical. Chester never puts books back on the shelves; he misses the ash tray, throws his coat across a chair, and leaves the top off the toothpaste. Sue accepts all this as a part of Chester, and has never tried to reform him.

Both feel that each must give seventy-five per cent to keep things going harmoniously.

Chester never forgets anniversary dates. He remembers the date when he first kissed Sue, and always brings her flowers. Never a week passes that Chet does not bring her a "surprise." It might be anything from a candy bar to an ermine coat.

They are thoughtful about little things. Always when Chester comes home he whistles when he enters the door—and Sue answers with the same whistle from wherever she may be, regardless of guests or what she might be doing.

So, Rule Two: *Make whatever adjustments you must during the first year.*

A STRANGE man, Ricardo Cortez. Strange because he's never allowed himself to fit into the Hollywood pattern, and because he's something of a lone wolf. Living with such a man isn't altogether easy, I imagine.

We sat in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and his voice was so low that I had to strain to hear him. He was much more likable than I'd ever dreamed he'd be. For on the screen he has an oily, suave manner. But when he talks to you he's direct and candid.

I've never met his wife, Christine Lee, but from what he told me of her contribution to their marriage, I have a pretty

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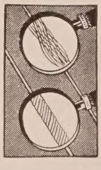

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good idea of the kind of person she is.

There was the time, for instance, when Ricardo decided that he wanted to go to New York to see the Baer-Louis fight. He mentioned it to Christine. Instead of arguing with him, she said, "Why, of course, Riccy. I think it's a grand idea. It'll give you a chance to get away from Hollywood for a little while, too."

A few days before the fight, he began to waver about it. "I don't think I'll go after all," he told Christine. "Oh, go, Riccy," she said. "You know you've set your heart on it. If you don't go you may be sorry you missed it."

And Ricardo went. After two days in New York, he was homesick, eager to go back to Hollywood. I think his wife had foreseen that. She must also have realized, even though Ricardo never said so in words, that he had come to one of those moody periods in his life when it was best for him to be alone for a short time.

As with so many marriages in Hollywood, the Ricardo Cortez plan isn't the Ricardo Cortez plan at all. It's the Mrs. Cortez plan! And it gives us Rule Three for a happy marriage: *Don't be too possessive.*

MRS. EDDIE CANTOR is one of the wisest wives I know in all of Hollywood. Simple, unaffected, she goes right to the heart of things. And she has a sense of values from which every woman could learn a great deal.

At one time she was frankly, unashamedly over weight. But when I met her recently she was slim and youthful looking. I asked her what had happened.

The charm bracelet on her arm jingled as she turned toward me and said, "Eddie wanted me to reduce."

It took a great deal of will power for Mrs. Cantor to give up the rich desserts she loved. *But Eddie wanted her to.* It was enough.

"People say," she continued, "that opposites, though they may attract each other, do not get along well together. When Eddie is excitable and upset, occasionally, I'm calm and quiet. It helps.

"So many women, when their husbands come home tired and argumentative, argue back with them.

"When a man is upset, there's a reason for it. When things have gone wrong at the studio, I can tell it the minute Eddie walks into the house. But he won't come out with it at once. Instead he'll complain about other things—that the children are making too much noise or that the steak is tough or something like that. If I said to him, 'But, Eddie, the steak isn't tough at all. It's cooked just right,' he'd get very angry. Instead I say, 'It's too bad, darling, but those things will happen sometimes.'

"Finally he'll calm down a little, and burst out with the real reason he's upset.

"All through our married life I've been interested in Eddie's business affairs and I've listened to his troubles and triumphs. I've tried to be with Eddie whenever he wanted or needed me, even though in the early days of our married life it meant living in a trunk and traveling from town to town with him on a moment's notice.

"When Marilyn was born, I was in New York, and Eddie was appearing in vaudeville in Chicago. I knew how heart-broken he was at not being able to see the baby and me, but he is a trouper and he stuck it out. As soon as I could, I left the hospital and got on a train to Chicago with the new baby.

"When the children were going to school and Eddie was touring all over the country, it was difficult for us to keep our family together, but somehow we managed it. Once when he was lonesome, I rushed to Texas, although I could only be with him for one day. And as for Eddie, he'd come all the way from Detroit, just to be with us for two hours! Then he'd rush back again to keep an engagement.

"If a wife sticks close to her husband when he needs her, he won't have to turn elsewhere for advice or encouragement."

So, Rules Four and Five:

When the person to whom you're married is upset, never argue with him. When he complains about trivial, irrelevant things, remember that they're not the real reason for his unhappiness. Agree with him until he finally gets the real thing out of his system.

Take an interest in your husband's business affairs. Let him know that he can always come to you with his troubles. Then there will be no temptation for him to tell them to someone else. Stick close, to him when he needs you. This does not contradict the rule laid down by Ricardo Cortez's experience. The ideal wife sticks to her husband when he needs her, but is not jealousy possessive.

ROLAND YOUNG was about to sail for England to make "King Solomon's Mines" when I went to see him in the most luxurious apartment I've ever laid eyes on. Even the movies have never duplicated that apartment, with its spaciousness, its air of almost mediaeval luxury.

"I hear you've solved the in-law problem," I said.

"I have no in-law problem," he retorted. "My mother-in-law, Claire Kummer, the playwright, is one of the most charming women in the world."

But, of course, regardless of how nice a mother-in-law is, no man can get along perfectly with her unless he is willing to meet her half way.

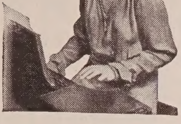
"A great many people create in-law problems for themselves," he added, "because, even before they meet their in-laws, they are afraid that there may be antagonism between them. If you meet your in-laws with the expectation of finding difficulties, you will create them where they don't naturally exist. If people would only get rid of their prejudices, they would find it much easier to establish harmonious relations with their in-laws."

Rule Six, then: *Don't make up your mind beforehand that you are going to have difficulty getting along with your in-laws.*

The way to solve marriage problems is by not having any," said Irene Dunne amazingly.

"But what in the world do you mean by that?" I asked.

"All the problems that are likely to arise in marriage ought to be settled before two people get married," said Irene slowly, pouring tea for me as she spoke. "Then they'll discover whether their differences



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are so deep-seated that they can't be adjusted. The trouble with most people is that when some difference arises between them, they don't air it at once, but they think, 'When we're married, I'll change that.'

"That's why I think that when two people quarrel bitterly and stormily before marriage, it's a very good sign. Dr. Griffin and I used to quarrel continually before we were married, yet we're very happy now. Mostly we argued about my career, to which he was very much opposed. But as time went on, his opposition wore down, and when we got married he was more interested in my work than I am myself."

Irene's eyes sparkled.

The phone rang just then, and she answered it. She laughed as she spoke. Not for long can Irene Dunne control her laughter, even when she's phoning. Always some inner happiness seems to come bubbling up to the surface.

When she turned back to me, I said stubbornly, "But don't you think that if two people get into the habit of quarreling before marriage, they'll do it afterwards, too?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "Marriage is different. Once you're married, you know you have to make adjustments. But you'll find it's much easier to get along, if you haven't stored up a lot of potential arguments."

So! Rule Seven: *Start solving your marriage problems before you get married.*

Happiness in marriage is not something that descends like manna from heaven. You have to work for it as tirelessly as you would at any other job. Perhaps all of us could learn something from the design for marriage these Hollywood stars have evolved.

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Movie Mirror, Jr.

(Continued from page 12)

sing by myself for two weeks. Then I worked at the Tivoli and all the other B. and K. houses. But in about six months I had sung at all the theaters and there were no more left for me to go to.

When our money almost ran out, Sally went to see Mr. Lipstone again and told him she thought we had better go to New York. He gave us a letter to a friend of his in New York, who was the manager of the Paramount Theater.

That night Sally and I thought and thought about what to do. We didn't have money enough to buy two bus tickets to New York, so I said, "Sally, I'll sit on your lap." She laughed and then cried, but said that was the answer to our problem.

The next day we started for New York. We both hoped there would be an empty seat on the bus for me, but it didn't turn out that way. I really had to sit on Sally's lap all the way. But it wasn't so bad because I could stand up and run around in the bus.

That trip was a lot of fun. I sang for the people on the bus, and when we stopped to eat, everybody wanted to buy sandwiches and salads and milk for Sally and me. That helped out, too, because our money was about gone.

WE had never been in New York before and I could tell Sister was getting worried as we got nearer. She talked to the bus driver about a room and he told her he knew about a place we could stay.

It was late at night when we arrived in New York and everybody got out of the bus. The driver then took us over to a rooming house. The lady who ran it told us she only had one room left. It was way up on the third floor in the back. But Sally and I were too tired to care much what it looked like.

Sally got me up bright and early the next morning. We went over to the big Paramount Theater building to see the man we had the letter to, Mr. Morros. We got there at eight o'clock in the morning. The girl said Mr. Morros wouldn't be in until late that afternoon, but we waited. Sure enough, he didn't come until that afternoon.

When we showed him our letter, he acted just like Mr. Lipstone had when we first saw him. Once again Sally told him that his opinion would mean more to us than a job. You see, that was true, because if he had said I really couldn't sing well, I guess Sally would have written the folks about it and we would have had to go back to Montreal.

Mr. Morros also told us that the Gerry Society would not let him hire children for his theater. But after I had sung *La Donna e Mobile* in Italian for Mr. Morros, he took us in a cab and we went to see the judge of the Gerry Society. I sang for the judge, too, and the following week I was singing at the Paramount Theater in New York. It was wonderful.

But after awhile, New York turned out to be just like Chicago. There were lots more theaters, but I could not get a job singing in them. Finally, I got a job in a musical comedy, but that failed before we had worked a week.

It wasn't long until we were broke again. Sally had been sending money home all the time, but now things were much worse. I thought sure we would have to give up and go home.

Just then, Sally was told about a job for a cigarette girl in a hotel. She put me in the Children's Professional School and started working at the hotel. She didn't get home until two or three in the morning, but she got up and took me to school at eight.

The only place I could sing was in our apartment. But I practiced on all the new songs I could.

One day, a lady living in our building heard me and asked Sally why she didn't do something about my voice. Gee, imagine that, after Sally and I had been trying so hard to find some place where I could sing.

"Would you like to come to dinner with some of my friends tomorrow night?" this lady asked us. We jumped at the chance.

We went to dinner at a very beautiful apartment, the next night, and had a wonderful meal. Then, our friend asked me to sing. I chose *Eli Eli,* a very famous Jewish song, and some of the people started to cry. Pretty soon they telephoned somebody else and asked him to come over. He was Mr. Shapiro, a theatrical producer, who had just returned from London.

That certainly was a wonderful evening. Before it ended, Mr. Shapiro asked me if I would sign a contract, and said that he would try to put me into the movies. It didn't sound real, at first.

Before long, he told Sally and me that we were to leave for California. We were so happy that the time went by very quickly. But, I don't think it was just luck that had made things happen for Sally and me. After all, we had been trying so awfully hard.

When I got to Hollywood, I was put right into a picture. It was "Let's Sing Again." I had such a good time making it, too.

ONE night I was singing at a Hollywood benefit when Eddie Cantor heard me. He asked if I wouldn't like to sing over the radio on his program. Guess you can imagine how happy that made me.

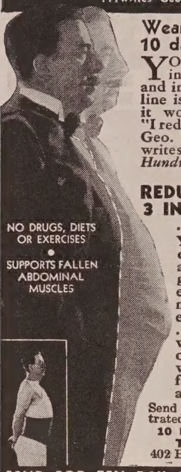
When you see my latest picture, "Rainbow on the River," I hope you will enjoy it.

I've never had a singing lesson. My sister Sally has taught me all I know about music and the foreign languages I use for opera songs.

I love sports, too. My favorites are swimming and baseball. I went to the Black Fox summer camp for my vacation and had a swell time. I won medals for both the breast stroke and the back stroke, in swimming. I was captain of the baseball team. The boys gave me a dandy nick-name. They called me "Spike."

I am nine years old and my birthday is the fourth of November. I'm in the fifth grade at school. While I'm working in a picture, I have to have a private tutor, but otherwise I go to the Third Street Public School.

My family live with me in Hollywood,



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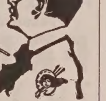

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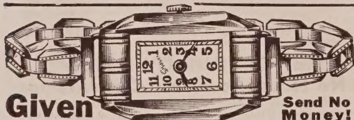

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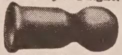

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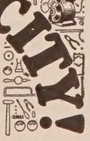

now. They came to California right after I finished making "Let's Sing Again." We have a big house, and have a wonderful time together.

Goodbye,
Bobby Breen

I will give twenty-five autographed photographs of myself (big ones, too) to the twenty-five boys and girls who write me the twenty-five best letters in answer to this question: "Which do you like best—pictures with music or Western pictures with lots of animals and Indians?" Letters will be judged upon the basis of interest and convincingness.

Write to me in care of Miss Betty Turner, Movie Mirror Junior, *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. But be sure to mail your letters before February 5, 1937.*

News In New York

(*Continued from page 27*)

for hours. I can't disappoint them." And he played the game *their* way until the moment he left town.

APPARENTLY, Burgess Meredith does not believe all those wonderful paeans of praise he got from the critics for his stage performance in "Winterset." He was as nervous as any amateur about the reception he would get in the RKO screen version. But, if he really wants reassurance, we can pass on a confidential criticism from his wife, Margaret Perry. "Buzz" didn't see himself in the film until its press showing in New York, and Margaret saw it the following day without him. Afterward, she was raving: "Oh, what a marvelous personality! What that man does to you on the screen! Why, I'm falling in love with him all over again."

ELIZABETH PATTERSON, who does such a swell job of eccentric old maids and small town characters on the screen, is still chuckling over a recent experience while she was staying at the Hotel Gotham. Afraid she would be called back to the studios at any moment, she spent a perfectly delirious first week in town, with visits to every evening and matinee performance of the Broadway shows, the Fifth Avenue shops, and her old friends in the theater. She spent the following week in bed, with a bad cold. One morning, her waiter brought in her breakfast, beaming from ear to ear. "Everything is all right now," he assured her happily. "My wife, she has been so jealous. She says I do not talk of anything but Elizabeth Patterson—Patterson—Patterson, and she is suspicious. Last night she saw you were in the picture at our little picture house—'The Quest of Timothy'—and she came home and said, 'Oh—why did you not tell me she was so old a lady?' " It's perhaps as well that she never saw the *real* Miss Patterson, a very chic and charming lady with a swellelegant sense of humor.

PARADOXICALLY, the farthest East that Olivia de Havilland has ever traveled, starting out from her birthplace in the Far East (Japan), is Manhattan. She was as thrilled as a ten-year-old by the skyscrapers, the Fifth Avenue buses,

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and all your own Dresses FREE of a penny cost

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Get details of our Special Plan that enables you to get started easily and quickly, without canvassing house-to-house. We will help you build up a successful, permanent dress business—working full or spare time—that pays you a good regular income.

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From Housewife To Hotel Hostess

Helen Armitage, Hotel Hostess, Secures Position, Though She Knew Nothing About Hotel Work and Had No Business Experience

"Imagine my predicament. I had never been in business—I knew nothing about any trade or vocation. Then my situation became such as to make the finding of a position imperative. One day I read an advertisement, 'Be a Hotel Hostess,' and sent in the coupon. The Lewis Schools' book, 'YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY,' convinced me I could make good in this fascinating profession, and so I enrolled. Now I am Hostess of this lovely Nebraska hotel, earn a fine salary and have splendid opportunities. All entirely due to my Lewis Leisure Time, Home-Study Training."

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Helen Armitage is but one of the many Lewis-Trained men and women holding well-paid hotel, club, restaurant and institutional positions. Registration FREE of extra cost in Lewis National Placement Service, which covers country thru special arrangement with the more than 23,000 Western Union offices. Write your name and address in margin, and mail this ad TODAY for Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," which tells how to qualify for a well-paid position at home in leisure time.

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Grant's Tomb and the harbor—goals of all typical sightseers. "You see," she confided, "I had just finished a picture in which I was supposed to be a New Yorker, and my dialogue mentioned all these things and places. I could hardly wait until I actually saw them!" She wished most of all to see the Statue of Liberty, but her only good glimpse of it was from the top of the Empire State building. "I wanted to salute when I saw it," she confessed, "but I didn't dare. I was with two young men and they would have thought I was being awfully childish." She fed the squirrels and ducks in Central Park, visited the theaters and such popular night clubs as El Morocco, "21" and the Rainbow Room—a special treat since, because of her youth, she goes out very little at night in Hollywood. It turned out to be almost as good as Hollywood, too! One of her first evenings in town she visited the Sixty Club at the Hotel Pierre and counted at least a dozen well-known film personalities in the supper crowd, including Ricardo Cortez and his wife, Sally Eilers and Harry Joe Brown, Carl Laemmle, Howard Hughes and no less than four members of the Warner family. "I couldn't help wondering," she added, "if this were only *one* room in New York, how many picture people must be enjoying themselves all over town that night!" All of which only adds to our growing suspicion that New York is rapidly becoming just a glorified vacation resort for visiting Californians.

OLIVIA had one really exciting experience in New York. Scheduled to make a personal appearance at the Strand in connection with "Charge of the Light Brigade," she received a long telegram that morning from the American Federation of Actors and Musicians Union, warning her not to go on the stage because of their drive to bring back live entertainers to film theaters. We don't quite get the connection ourselves, but Olivia didn't appear in the flesh on the Strand stage that night; she just sat in the audience, unheralded and unannounced. She was permitted, however, to "appear" on the Rudy Vallee air program with Peter Lorre, and she had loads of fun at the first rehearsal. She's been on radio several times on the Coast, but she was a bit bewildered by the enormous NBC studios at Radio City. After finding her way to Studio 3-A, according to instructions, she slipped in quietly, for a lot of important people seemed to be practicing a lot of important things. Finally, one nice young man approached her and said, "Are you on the Vallee program, too? I'm sure I've seen you somewhere before." Then he added, in a burst of confidence, "You'll think me silly, of course, but you do remind me of Olivia de Havilland." "And that," she says, twinkling, "is the first time I've ever been told I look like myself. People are always telling me I look like Janet Gaynor!"

A*ROUND the Town with a Candid Camera*: Sylvia Sidney avoiding the press and crowds on her arrival in New York . . . Eleanor Powell, coming in on the same train, posing for hours and hours for cameramen and chatting gaily with reporters . . . Wally Beery strolling down Broadway past the Astor Theater (where "Romeo and Juliet" has been showing for *months*), unrecognized by the passing throng and feasting his eyes on the brilliance of the Great White Way—which is rapidly turning crimson, what with neon signs and all . . . Rosalind Russell attempting to dodge the autografans at her recent broadcast here in order to get to a play in time, her lovely lace gown streaked with ashes from her exit through the furnace room, her simply elegant headdress almost pulled to pieces by the admiring crowd (yes, of course, they caught up with her!), but thrilled almost to tears by their enthusiasm . . . "Theodora" going wild in the bleachers—Irene Dunne sprained her ankle rather badly in the excitement at a recent football game here . . . Eddie Cantor beaming happily over the success of his thirteen-year-old protege, Deanna Durbin, at the big party he gave for her at the Pierre—the little Universal starlet sang very prettily, too . . . Gertrude Michael still smiling gamely—and on the road to recovery, we're glad to say—after weeks in a local hospital.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 4)

were apologizing for itself and saying: "Oh, look at me! I'm Arty now—I'm not the old Hollywood at all any more."

But we want the old Hollywood—the Hollywood of gangster pictures, Westerns, Theda Bara, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" and the like. There is enough and to spare of real and artificial culture elsewhere without Hollywood entering the battle-line. The very essence of Hollywood's individuality lies in the fact that until recently it has never put on airs and has never tried to be anything but itself. It should continue that way.

Stephen Leacock, Jr.,
Montreal, Canada.

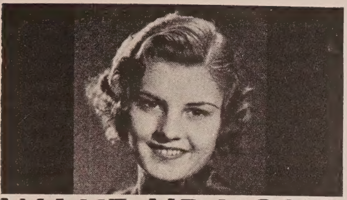
$1 PRIZE LETTER

Or Hollywood Improving?

About two years ago the congregation in my church was asked to stand and take the pledge of the Legion of Decency. Along with several hundred others I stood, thinking it all very foolish, because I thought the movies were good enough and that this was some more work of cranks. But I was mistaken. The movies were good, but are now much better.

After seeing "Craig's Wife," "San Francisco," "Anthony Adverse," "Mary of Scotland," "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie," I must admit it feels good to be clean. Whatever did it, the Legion of Decency or producers' decency, the pictures are cleaner, better, more lavish, more interesting and entertaining. And I believe most people will agree with Fredric March in "Anthony Adverse" that morals are the foundation of a man's soul.

Mary Redeker,
Springfield, Ill.



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The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

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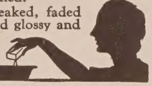
Dr. Stotter, 50 East 42nd St., Dept. 8-S, New York

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy, by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, makes it soft and glossy and takes years off your looks. It will not color scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.



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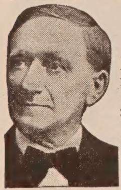

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BROOKS COMPANY, 182-J State St., Marshall, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

It's a Strange World!

Suppose you went to the movies tonight and saw a picture with Norma Shearer, Clark Gable, Leslie Howard and Lionel Barrymore. Norma—shades of *Elizabeth Barrett* and *Juliet!*—plays a hot-cha modern, Gable is the menacing villain and Leslie the conventional hero who has to kill Mr. Gable before either Norma or the audience notices him.

You saw them back in 1931 when you saw "A Free Soul."

Or suppose you saw a musical with Maurice Chevalier—remember Maurice?—Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert. Miriam is a sexy little dish and steals the show, and Chevalier is good, but as for La Colbert, well, nobody pays much attention to her.

You saw it back in 1931. It was "The Smiling Lieutenant."

Or suppose you saw a different musical, with Crawford, Gable, Astaire, Eddy and Tone. What a cast, you say. Yet you'd find that Fred does only two dances and speaks no lines, while Nelson is too unimportant to even receive screen credit.

You saw them back in 1933 in "Dancing Lady."

You can find innumerable other proofs of how star types and star values have changed in only a few years.

M. Cronburg,
San Diego, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Right-About-Face

Last night I saw "Fury," with Sylvia Sidney and Spencer Tracy, and I came out of the theater with greater respect for the motion picture than ever before. I have seen many pictures in my life; some thrilled; some entertained; some stimulated the mind; but "Fury" did more than any of these for it reversed my ideas about a paramount social issue.

I live in a state that has never frowned on lynching. Mob murders have taken place in my own town. Like most of my fellows, I had never bothered to take any stand against mob violence. In fact, I have thought in many cases that a lynching would be justified. "Fury" presented a different side of the story; a side that I had never really seen before. It showed the horrors of mob justice better than any treatise of text ever could. For the first time, I saw lynching in its bloody colors, shorn of prejudice or bias.

To me, "Fury" was more than a mere motion picture; it was a declaration for social justice.

Joyce Lerman,
Athens, Ala.

HONORABLE MENTION

Why do movie executives thrust newcomers like Robert Taylor, Simone Simon, Doris Nolan, headlong into stardom before they know what it's all about, while such well-known players as Madge Evans, Karen Morley, Mary Brian, keep working year after year as support? But then that's better, since stars who have earned their stardom—Bette Davis, for instance—are given and forced to do second—no,

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No other Physical Instructor in the World has ever DARED make such an offer!

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third—rate material on which to work after having won the Academy Award—Florence M. Edwards, Provincetown, Mass.

* * *

So often both British and American films depict the sins, sorrows and meannesses of life that "Mr. Deeds" and his home-town neighbors afford a welcome relief to the general run of screen characters and a wonderful contrast to the city "smart alecks" who indulge in wise-cracks at their expense—Mona G. Rogers, Southall, England.

* * *

I heartily disagree with the suggestion offered by Mrs. C. S. Barker in the November issue, in regard to Bob Taylor's roles. There is character and good breeding in every line of his face, every inch of his bearing—then why make him a wharf-rat? You do not make *Tugboat Annies* of our Grace Moores and Jeanette MacDonalds!—Vera Sheldon, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I have just seen "Libeled Lady" and I think perhaps this young woman, Jean Harlow, has more on the ball than just being a living symbol of an exaggerated impression of the feminine form and its allures. Here's looking forward to her pictures and watching a progress, which now seems to be in the beginning, toward the coming existence of a really important dramatic actress. Let's hope she gets a shot at distinctive roles of greater possibilities—F. M. Lindstrom, Chicago, Ill.

Recently, I noticed that a huge number of pictures are automatically censored by hundreds of concerns because they depict life as it really is. The proper thing for these would-be reformers to do is to reform living conditions, not try to keep it from the eyes of the public. Most Americans claim freedom of speech as a natural heritage—why not claim freedom of speech for the movie people?—L. E. Cottingham, Charlotte, N. C.

* * *

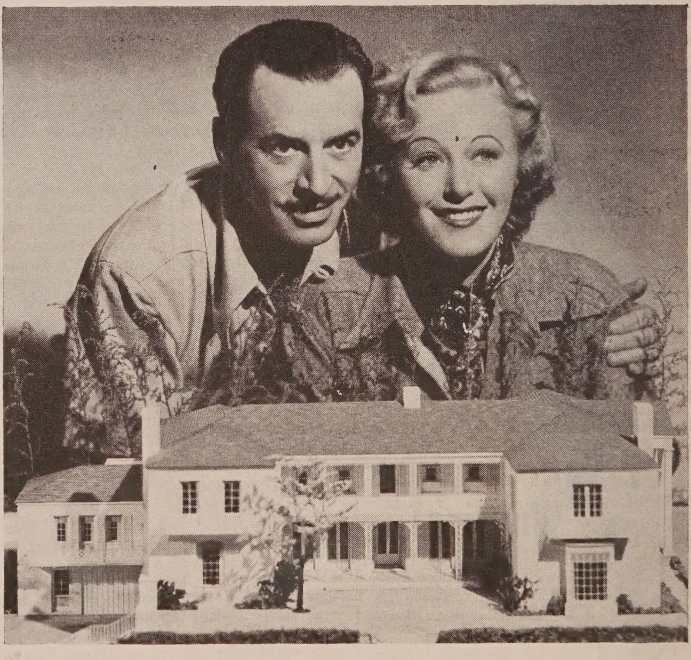
I can't help but notice the prize winning letters in your column. One writer says he has been inspired by an article in MOVIE MIRROR, and another says she has been reformed after seeing a certain picture. I don't want to be inspired! I don't want to be reformed! I don't want to be educated! I wanna laugh!—Mrs. Evelyn Jones, Richmond, Ky.

* * *

Can't we have Miriam Hopkins as Scarlett O'Hara in "Gone With the Wind?" She is a Georgia girl and I know she would be splendid. Of course, Clarke Gable *is* Rhett Butler; everyone agrees on that—Miss I. C. Neelley, Atlanta, Ga.

* * *

If Shakespeare could look down from heaven he would be pleased with the shining soul of Norma Shearer beaming from her beautiful person. Her children in later life will be most thankful they were blessed with so good a mother—Mrs. Maude E. Rayborn, Corning, Ark.



Something new—a preview of a great star's home before it has even been built! Grace Moore and her husband, Valentin Parera, are looking over the exquisite model of their new French-and-Georgian manor house, which is being constructed on the site of an old farmhouse in exclusive Brentwood.

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Greater Beauty for Your Hair

(Continued from page 10)

"What shall I use on my hair?" is a good, commonsense question, one which I expect to receive, and do receive constantly in my mail. There is another question which comes in, too: "Shall I use *anything* on my hair?"

If you've been following this department, or corresponding with me, you know I'm pretty much of a back-to-nature advocate. As a matter of fact, I couldn't be otherwise, and handle a modern beauty department. Nowadays, beauty treatments, the best creams, cosmetics, tonics and so on, are designed to work with, and to supplement nature.

There's a solid, scientific reason for each of the ingredients in our beauty treatment formulas. A beauty treatment which is worth anything at all (and I won't recommend, and I hope you won't use, any other kind) has a definite function to perform, to help nature cleanse and stimulate or to augment nature's supply of something essential to our health and beauty.

Of course you should "use things on your hair"—a good shampoo, a tonic, perhaps a rinse; and if you want to change the color, there are any number of ways of doing it.

Aids to hair-beauty are just as important, should occupy as much of your time and thought, and have as prominent a place on your beauty budget as soap, toothbrush, cleansing cream and other essentials to modern keeping fit and lovely. Nor do you need to go in for a lot of expense lining up your hair cosmetics. Many of the finest would be prohibitive in price for most of us if we tried to make them at home. Fine oils, perfumes, and other ingredients are not cheap. Yet, thanks to modern manufacturing and marketing, good things are within reach of everyone now.

As to the question of which shampoo, which tonic and so on, that is entirely up to the individual. You yourself, are the best judge. You can tell immediately how your hair responds. Only be sure you follow the directions carefully. You can't expect results unless you do, you know.

Many girls swear by a liquid shampoo, just as many others use soap, or a jelly. Some types of hair benefit amazingly by slight toning rinses. Here's one tip, however, that is good for everyone, and that's the regular use of a fresh lemon juice rinse. Remember you need one more rinsing of clear, warm water afterwards.

Another excellent rule to follow if you possibly can, is to finish drying your hair in the sun, and not to brush or comb it till it is entirely dry. I was interested to hear that Gail Patrick follows this rule. She also relies on the constant brushing which is rule number one for lovely hair, but we'll come to that in a moment.

How often should you wash your hair? Every two or three weeks is a good average. And during the summer, never, never let salt water dry on your hair after swimming. Always use a fresh water rinse and a thorough one.

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no trespassing!

ASK yourself these frank questions—

"Am I earning enough money to get married?"

"Is there a prospect of my ever earning enough money to marry?"

If the answer to both questions is "no," you are in a quandary!

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Third Prize, 2 @ $500	**1,000**
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Total of 10 Prizes	**$5,000**

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1500 first prize, the person submitting the second best story will be awarded the $1000 second prize, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you can help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first-class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter, except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, January 29, 1937.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 28C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WRITE FOR BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS, ADDRESS:

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It is entirely possible that lack of tone in hair is due to a tight condition of the scalp. Use tonic and massage.

And all the time, brush, *brush,* BRUSH! Brushing doesn't only keep out tangles, you know. It tenses each individual hair, making a slight pull on the surrounding tissues of the little bulb at its base, vitalizing and stimulating them. Curiously enough, brushing is just as good for over-oily hair as it is for healthy and dry hair, since this stimulation helps to bring back to normal the tiny oil-ducts which are pouring out the oil too fast. Brushing polishes the hair, as it removes dust and dirt.

If you've been exposed to excessively dusty weather, try this at the end of the day. Press a thin layer of absorbent cotton down over the bristles of your brush. Now brush your hair with this, and see how much dust and dirt can be wiped off before you begin the ordinary brushing. This is a regular Hollywood trick used on location, after filming in the open country scenes which are fun for us, the audience, but hard on the skin and hair of the stars who make them.

And last, what about changing the color of your hair? If you don't like it afterwards, you don't need to keep it that way. But if you do decide to "dye for beauty," make this an infallible rule: go to a good beauty parlor for first advice. There are any number of good safe dyes and bleaches. It is vital that you find the one that is safe and good for you.

Let me explain about this, as I want its importance to be very clear. You've heard about people who can't eat strawberries, breaking out in a rash or being actually very ill, if they do. Yet most of us eat strawberries with impunity. Those who can't, have an allergy for strawberries. In other words, the chemistry of their bodies, and the chemistry of the fruit simply won't get on together. It sometimes happens that a person is allergic to a dye or a tint, and when such a case comes up, the results may be most unfortunate. So make very sure about yourself before you begin. Also with a new color hair, remember you need entirely different harmonies in your cosmetics. It is lack of attention to this which often gives that hard look, which adjusted color in rouge, lip-stick and so on, can obviate.

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

Announces the following winners in the Jackie Cooper letter contest. Autographed photographs of Jackie Cooper have been sent to the winners.

Helen Wills, Lumsden, Sask., Can.; Dorothy Meyer, 9543 Prospect Ave., Chicago, Ill.; Mariko Tsuneta, 1028 Francisquito Blvd., Baldwin Park, Cal.; Mildred Hardy, 402 McGowen, Houston, Tex.; Phil Cullimore, 317 N. Washington, Columbia City, Ind.; Berta Conley, 524 E. 44th St., Indianapolis, Ind.; Doris Chernick, 95 Farren Ave., New Haven, Conn.; Philip Pearce, 1412 Hamilton Ave., Palo Alto, Cal.; Anton Midlo, 703-A Exchange Ave., East St. Louis, Ill.; Fujiko Marianne Fujii, 1312 Yesler Way, Seattle, Wash.; Nanete Milleson, 719 Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.; Frances Stoddard, Massapequa, L. I., N. Y.; Virginia Reichert, 170-09—118th Ave., Jamaica, N. Y.; Mitzi Yasui, Hood River, Ore.; Martha Helbing, 110 E. 16th St., Wilmington, Del.; Lens Murakami, (Please write Betty Turner your address); Clara Jim Jumper, 1511 N. Virginia, El Paso, Tex.; Anna M. Ryan, R. F. D., 2, Port Byron, N. Y.; Betty Ferrara, 2215 Eldred Ave., Lakewood, O.; Barbara Norton, 4410 N. Cramer St., Shorewood, Milwaukee, Wis.; James Beagles, General Delivery, Boynton, Fla.; Chas. Shode, 576 N. Claybrook, Memphis, Tenn.; Sylvia Forshoit, 520 Williams Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Bellemere Eich, 14 Lester Place, White Plains, N. Y.; Bertram R. Levi, 1064 Nelson Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

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How Fred Astaire Helped Ann Sothern Find Happiness

(*Continued from page 53*)

a dark handkerchief tied about his neck, going over and over a number, seemingly tireless. She can remember him saying, "No, no, that isn't good," and starting all over again. She says the only thing that ever caused Fred and Adele to have anything bordering upon a brother and sister scrap was work. Adele believed an easier course would serve as well, or well enough.

"The lesson about work which I learned from Freddie has served me well," Ann continued, "for, like his friendship, it came to me at a time when I needed it. Watching Freddie, I learned that if you want to give a smooth, finished performance, a performance that will look slick and easy, hard work is absolutely essential. It is that little extra effort that raises you above the crowd. It is that little extra effort that makes champions.

UNDOUBTEDLY one of the reasons Freddie is tops today is that he does all his work and worrying before the camera starts to turn, just as he used to do it before the curtain went up."

Ann had three numbers when she started to work in "Smiles." One was taken away from her during rehearsals. Immediately this happened Fred was at Ann's side. "Listen," he whispered once again, "don't let anything worry you. Everything will be all right." He knew in spite of the smile with which Ann accepted this bad break that it upset her and made her a little fearful that for a second time the cards were stacked against her.

"But for Freddie's assurance," she informed me, "I easily might have gone to pieces, especially when a second song was taken away from me after we opened in Boston. He managed to make me feel it was all in the game and that it would be very silly and foolish to be humiliated by any part of it. He helped me keep my perspective and remember that there were many reasons why numbers were taken away from people and that many of them had nothing to do with the performer's ability at all. So, thanks to Freddie's understanding and kindness, I managed to carry on and acquit myself with some small credit."

"Don't let anything worry you," Fred told Ann over and over. Yet he is the greatest worrier in the world. He worries that his new numbers won't be as good as previous numbers. He worries about the selection of his neckties. And he worries because he worries.

At the end of the season when "Smiles" closed, Adele and Fred and Ann said goodbye. The following year they opened in different shows. Very much thanks to Fred, by this time Ann was on her professional feet again and not long afterwards she even returned to Hollywood where she had sworn she never would go again, changed her name from Harriette Lake to Ann Sothern, and started to build the brilliant success she knows today.

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I'll train you at home in spare time

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Many Make $5, $10, $15 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

Practically every neighborhood needs a good spare time serviceman. The day you enroll I start sending you Extra Money Job Sheets. They show you how to do Radio repair jobs that you can cash in on quickly. Throughout your training I send plans and ideas that have made good spare time money for hundreds of fellows. I send special equipment which gives you practical experience—shows you how to conduct experiments and build circuits which illustrate important Radio principles.

Find Out What Radio Offers You—Mail Coupon

Mail the coupon now for "Rich Rewards in Radio." It's free to any fellow over 16 years old. It describes Radio's spare time and full time opportunities, also those coming in Television; tells about my Training in Radio and Television, shows you actual letters from men I have trained, telling what they are doing and earning; tells about my Money-Back Agreement. MAIL COUPON in an envelope, or paste on a postcard—NOW!

J. E. SMITH, President
Dept. 7BT
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.

MAIL NOW for FREE PROOF

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J. E. Smith, President,
Dept. 7BT,
National Radio Institute,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Smith: Without obligating me, send "Rich Rewards in Radio," which points out the spare time and full time opportunities in Radio and explains your 50-50 method of training men at home in spare time to become Radio experts. (Please Write Plainly.)

NAME...AGE...............

ADDRESS..

CITY...STATE...............

Adele Astaire married Lord Cavendish and became a great English lady. And eventually, inevitably, Fred arrived in Hollywood too.

It was after Fred's success in "The Gay Divorcee" that he and Ann met again. He spied her on the RKO lot one day, jumped out of the modest car he drives, and ran over to her.

"It's Ann now, isn't it?" he asked, grinning. "Well, it will be hard for me to remember to call you that, I'm afraid. I always think of you as Harriette."

Ann told Fred how grand "The Gay Divorcee" was and how grand he was in it. She told him how excited she and all Hollywood was over his sensational success. He pulled his dark, polka-dot handkerchief from his coat pocket. He mopped his face. "Yeah," he said. "I've been pretty lucky!"

"He's so grand," Ann's tone was enthusiastic. "So very grand. I've never known anyone else who had his pride and reserve and yet wasn't stuffy. And I've never known anyone else who had his great success to be so truly humble."

She threw back her arms and the little gold telephone and the little gold heart and the little gold dog house and all the other little gold bangles which Roger Pryor has given her for her bracelet jingled and jingled. And I thought how, in a way, Fred Astaire had even helped her towards this happiness, too. For it's doubtful that Ann and Roger would have met if she hadn't come back to Hollywood. And it's also doubtful that she would have gone back to Hollywood if it hadn't been for the new courage she found when she and Fred met during "Smiles" and she stood at that difficult cross-road.

Last Minute News

The flu epidemic is still raging through Hollywood. Fred Astaire, one of the victims, delayed the start of his new picture, "Stepping Toes," and missed two radio broadcasts. Other flu victims are Fred Keating, Henry Fonda, Miriam Hopkins, Jean Arthur, Jeanette MacDonald, Norma Shearer and her two children.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Tracy are making their first visit to New York in four years.

Barbara Stanwyck and Mrs. Zeppo Marx are building a horse ranch, and will breed racers. The girls have twenty-five men working on stables.

Jack Oakie has landed the chief spot on Camel Caravan, starting first of year and running twenty-six weeks. Jack will put on college bands, glee clubs. Rumor has it that all is not well in the Oakie marriage situation.

Bette Davis and Warner Brothers have kissed and made up. Her next picture, appropriately, is "The Marked Woman."

Roscoe Karns will star in "Clarence," which served as a starring vehicle for Wallace Reid. He will celebrate by a vacation in New York on completion of the role.

Since his return from New York, Clark Gable has found his ultra masculine dressing room buried each day under a fresh avalanche of red roses sent "With Love" by Carole Lombard.

Complaining that so many people had discovered his address that he no longer could have privacy, Nelson Eddy has purchased a home in a secluded canyon of the Santa Monica mountains. He has instructed the studio that his address is not to be given under any circumstances.

Peter Lorre, the horror specialist, who has been absent from the screen for more than a year, has signed a new contract with Fox and will share stellar honors with Victor McLaglen in "Nancy Steele Is Missing."

Michael Whalen and Cecilia Parker, who have been touring Hollywood's night spots together, admit that it's a romance, but deny rumors that they are engaged.

Credit Helen Woods with the origination of the latest Hollywood fad. She appeared at the Trocadero recently in a gold lamé dress and wore gold hair, gold powder, gold nail polish and gold eye shadow to match. Hollywood beauty shops can't lay in supplies fast enough to fill the demand which has been created by her innovation.

It looks like a serious romance between Rochelle Hudson and Austin Parker, the playwright, who are being seen together constantly at Hollywood parties. Austin Parker was formerly married to Miriam Hopkins.

Rumors are again insisting that all is not well between Gary Cooper and Sandra Shaw. It's the old story. "Gary doesn't like social activities and Sandra wants to make him a social lion," say the gossips.

George Raft turned his recent quarrel with Paramount to a nice profit when he walked out a few weeks ago. He was earning a reputed salary of $3,500 a week when he consented to return three days later to play in "Souls at Sea." His salary was upped to $5,000 per week, according to the studio.

Love reigned supreme at the Hollywood premier of "Lloyds of London." The thousands gathered in front of the theater cheered madly as Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers, Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald, Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck and Anne Shirley and Owen Davis, Jr., entered the foyer. Hollywood expects the Pickford-Rogers wedding as a February attraction.

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This is but one of the many similar letters I am constantly receiving. Post yourself! It pays! I paid Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500.00 for a single silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received $740.00 for some old coins. I paid W. F. Wilharm, of Pennsylvania, $13,500.00 for his rare coins. I paid J. T. Neville, of North Dakota, $200.00 for a $10 bill he picked up in circulation. Mr. Mehl paid $1,000.00 to Mr. Brownlee, of Georgia, for one old coin. Mr. Brownlee, in his letter to Mr. Mehl, says: *"Your letter received with the check for* $1,000.00 *enclosed. I like to deal with such men as you and hope you continue buying coins for a long time."* In the last thirty-six years I have paid hundreds of others handsome premiums for old bills and coins.

All Kinds of Old Coins, Medals, Bills and Stamps Wanted

$1.00 to $1,000 paid for certain old cents, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. Right now I will pay $50.00 for 1913 Liberty Head nickels (not buffalo), $100.00 for 1894 dimes ("S" Mint), $8.00 for 1853 quarters (no arrows), $10.00 for 1866 quarters (no motto), $200.00 each for 1884 and 1885 Silver Trade Dollars, etc., etc.

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Any bank in Fort Worth or Dun & Bradstreets will testify as to my responsibility. My volume of business, built on fair and prompt dealings for 36 years, is such that I own and occupy my own building devoted to my coin business. You will find every representation I make to be true and not exaggerated. It will pay you to do business with me.

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There are single pennies that sell for $100.00. There are nickels worth many dollars—dimes, quarters, half dollars and dollars on which big cash premiums are paid. Each year a fortune is offered by collectors for rare coins and stamps for their collections. The prices paid are amazing.

It Pays to Post Yourself on the Big Values of Old Coins and Stamps

Knowing about coins pays. Andrew Henry, of Idaho, was paid $900.00 for a half-dollar, received in change. A valuable old coin may come into your possession or you may have one now and not know it. Post yourself.

Huge Premiums for Old Stamps

Some old stamps bring big premiums. An old 10c stamp, found in an old basket, was recently sold for $10,000.00. There may be valuable stamps on some of your old letters. It will pay you to know how to recognize them.

Let Me Send You My Big Illustrated Coin Folder! It Will Open Your Eyes! Use the Coupon Below!

Send the coupon below and 4 cents for my Large Illustrated Coin and Stamp Folder and further particulars. *Write today* for this eye-opening, valuable wealth of information on the profits that have been made from old money. No obligation on your part. You have nothing to lose—everything to gain. It may mean much profit to you.

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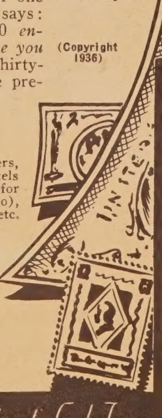

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movie MIRROR

MARCH

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A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

MYRNA LOY

Why Joan Crawford Kicked Over the Traces

"I gargle LISTERINE twice a day and have had fewer sore throats"

Says Florence Sundstrom

"It's slick for giving quick relief for sore throat"

Says Ronald Pierce

"I haven't had a cold in the three years I've been using LISTERINE"

Says Albert Herman

"I don't have sore throats like I used to"

Says Emma Wahlrab

Listerine gargle kills millions of germs associated with colds and sore throats

If you are a regular user of Listerine Antiseptic because you like the wonderful freshening effect, you've probably made this happy discovery: that you have fewer colds and sore throats—and milder ones—than you used to.

Such results are not at all surprising. Remember, that when Listerine Antiseptic is used as a gargle, it kills on throat and mouth surfaces, literally millions of the bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Even 4 hours after its use, tests have shown germ reductions in mouth rinsings ranging up to 64%.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic twice a day—at least during the winter months. See if your health is not better. At the same time note how much cleaner and fresher your mouth is—how much sweeter your breath.

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Wisely Medicated

Lovely as a Melody

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]

She evades close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored the warning of "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

How often a girl has thrilled to a passing glance—to an admiring look that says, "If only there were someone to introduce us now."

Lucky for her if she has a youthful smile—a smile that reveals sparkling white teeth and healthy gums. But how pitiful the smile that *shocks* the expectant eye. How sad the smile that betrays dull teeth and dingy gums—tragic evidence of unforgivable neglect.

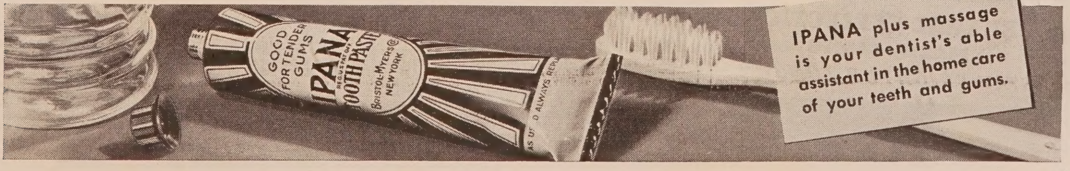
NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

That first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—how harmless it appears and yet how serious it can prove. For trivial, trifling as it may seem—*ignored*, it can exact a heavy penalty.

When you see it—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but your dentist is the only competent judge. Usually, however, he will tell you that yours is simply a case of gums that have grown soft and sensitive under our modern soft-food menus—gums that need more resistance and work—and as so many modern dentists advise—gums that will respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

For Ipana is a modern tooth paste—not only designed to keep your teeth clean and sparkling—but, *with massage,* to assist the health of your gums. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation increases. Lazy tissues waken. Gums become firmer.

Play safe! Adopt this common-sense dental health routine in your own home. Change to Ipana and massage today—help safeguard yourself against gum troubles. You'll have a better chance for whiter, brighter teeth and sounder, healthier gums—a better chance for a smile of enchanting loveliness!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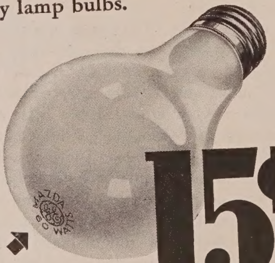

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MOVIE MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10 NO. 4 MARCH, 1937

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Natural Color Photograph of MYRNA LOY
by James N. Doolittle

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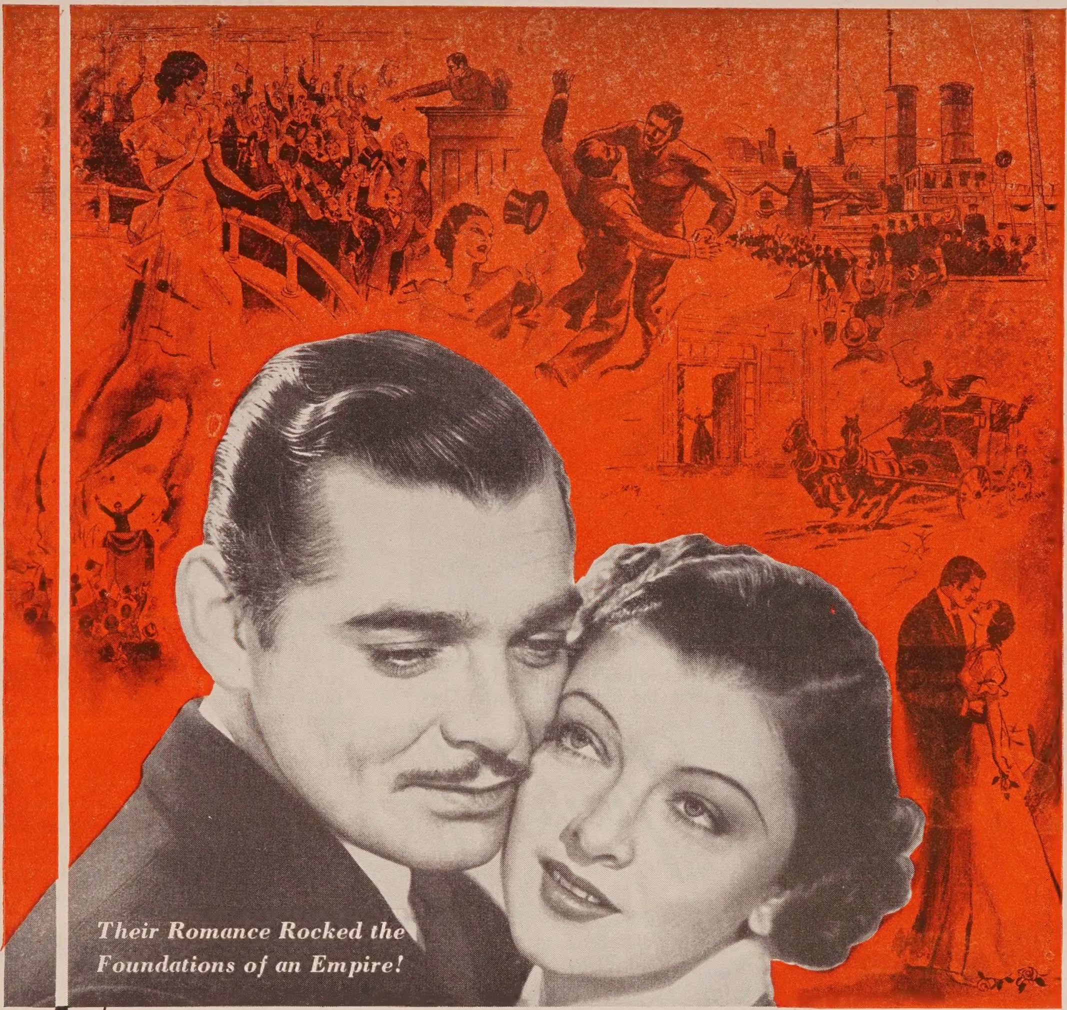
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CLARK GABLE • MYRNA LOY

IN

PARNELL

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production based on the great stage play that thrilled Broadway for months, with EDNA MAY OLIVER, BILLIE BURKE, and a great M-G-M cast. Directed and produced by John Stahl.

That man's here again—and he seems to have his hands full! But many men will envy Bill Powell, since the handful is Myrna Loy.

Speak for Yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

Infinite Variety

Wouldn't this old world be a mad, exciting and enchanting place if we, like the chameleon, could change ourselves upon occasion? For instance, suppose we could, without effort, become the following:

Upon awakening—Anita Louise, dewy, darling and desirable.

For morning canters and swims—Maureen O'Sullivan, eager, enticing and effervescent.

For luncheon at the Ritz—Joan Crawford, poised, polished and pretty.

For afternoon bridge—Kay Francis, scintillating, suave and subtle.

For the cocktail hour—Jean Harlow, swanky, silken and sophisticated.

For dinner—Dolores Del Rio, smooth, smart and sparkling.

For late dancing—Ginger Rogers, devilish, delectable and dangerous.

For the hour of repose—Rochelle Hudson, dreamy, delicious and divine!

Mrs. Preston Chapman,
Atlanta, Ga.

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

Accent on Truth

I expect American girls who are keen film fans feel as I do about miscast accents. I love the American "twang," especially the sibilant accents of Virginia and Georgia. But why, oh, why does Katharine Hepburn in "Mary of Scotland" strive to convince either British or American students of history that the beautiful and much-beloved Queen of Scots had a voice like a factory hooter on the Harlem side of the river in New York state? After all, Mary, Queen of Scots did go to "high school," and her tuition at the French court must had some effect upon her speaking powers.

I wonder what American film fans would say or think if Elstree or Denham, two of Britain's leading studio sites, attempted to turn out a quota film depicting George Washington as a cockney costermonger in speech and action? Well—shoot it! And that's exactly how we over in this little country feel when your home folks turn up via Hollywood to teach us Britons to rewrite history! Accents quaint or queer or like liquid music leaping over cascades of pearls we love, but to hand out to gentle ladies a voice like the Bull of Bashan after that beast has been years in vocal exercises in the Bronx is beyond what Artemus Ward would call a "goak!"

Mona Rogers,
Southall, England.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

She Came, We Saw, She Conquered!

Is it true what they say about new faces? Can this be a new era in the movies, when we see a great picture like "Come and Get It" and discover the leading lady to be a newcomer like Frances Farmer?

We love the old stars, yes! We're loyal to them. But we are still human and variety is still the spice of life. It intrigues and fascinates us to watch a capable new personality. When she turns around we do not know how she's going to hold her head, thus we find ourselves interested. It's like watching an exciting game—we wonder what her next play is going to be.

Here's to you, Sam Goldwyn—another feather in your cap, another new face on the screen, another glamour girl started on her road to fame in a stirring film.

Agnes Waunita Pipher,
Madison, N. J.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Sob Story

I think Bill Powell is great. I enjoyed "The Great Ziegfeld" to the fullest extent, but I don't relish the idea of having to send a girl friend flowers,

(*Continued on page* 120)

THE INSIDE STORY OF "MAID OF SALEM"

Frank Lloyd looking for a new screen yarn.

By FRANK LLOYD

(Director of "Cavalcade", "The Sea Hawk", "Mutiny on the Bounty")

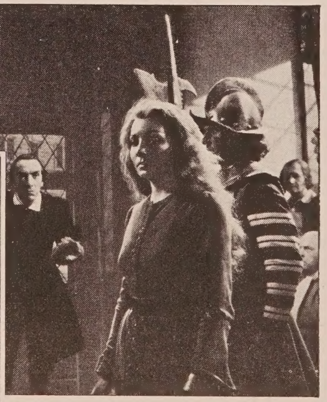
NATURALLY, ever since "Mutiny on the Bounty" swept the country, I've been on the lookout for another yarn with the same sweep and power to bring to the screen. I wanted a story with plenty of drama and with plenty of chance for me to direct big out of doors scenes, the kind I get the most kick out of.

» Well, to make a long story short, I found just such a yarn . . . "Maid of Salem". Here is the story of a young girl and a young lad who have the nerve to fight off a whole town of fanatics who try to break up their love . . . a story with the same drive and surge of "Mutiny". For here love and courage face the fanatic venom of a whole mob of Captain Blighs.

» But finding a story is only half a director's battle. The next thing was to find stars able to play the parts. I had recently directed Claudette Colbert in "Under Two Flags" and knew what she could do in a highly emotional part. Fortunately, I was able to cast her as the stout-hearted little "Maid of Salem". A hero? I needed a swashbuckling, hard-boiled lad who could carve his way with a cutlass through an armed mob, with a grin on his face . . . I found him. Fred MacMurray, I honestly believe, does as fine a job in this picture as any of the heroes of my big adventure pictures. The girls are going to say it's Fred's swellest part.

» Last but not least a producer-director has got to have freedom to make a picture his own way. I, personally, want my pictures absolutely authentic. If it's an historical picture, I want my history correct. Well, let me say, right here and now, Paramount has made this, my first picture for their company, the easiest I have ever worked on. For they have told me to spare no expense to make "Maid of Salem" the most authentic, the most powerful of my productions. So I think when you see "Maid of Salem" you will agree with me that it tops them all for sheer entertainment.

Frank Lloyd on the set with Claudette Colbert as the cameras start cranking for "Maid of Salem"



Claudette Colbert in her greatest part, as the young New England girl who dares the wrath of a whole countryside for the love of her dashing Southern hero .

A typical Lloyd action scene, a bunch of hard-boiled vagabonds pitting their strength against the courage of one tough lad and his stout sword arm . (Advertisement)

Fred MacMurray in his first big historical role since "The Texas Rangers", as a swashbuckling Southern gentleman who can carve his way through any mob with his good sword .

Movie Mirror Junior

Shirley Temple —GUEST EDITOR

Shirley dearly loves all her pets, and she's particularly fond of her pony, Roan II, a former champion in trick riding competition.

DOWN at the Desert Inn, in Palm Springs, Shirley Temple was enjoying her fifth vacation in a year. Palm Springs, you know, is the very nice pleasure resort where so many Hollywood stars go to rest and enjoy themselves between pictures. Shirley loves to go to Palm Springs, and she will probably be there, playing in the sun, when you are reading this.

"When I'm older," Shirley said, as we sat talking about her department this month, "I can write to the Juniors, myself. But, now, I will tell you what to say about me."

Believe me, it was some job taking down all the things Shirley said. She was so alive and active, just like the little Pekinese puppy she was playing with. Ching Ching, that's the name of her new pet, kept waddling away and Shirley had to scramble after him every few minutes, and talk at the same time.

She told me to tell you, first, about her two brothers, Jack and George, Junior. Jack is a senior at Stanford University, and George goes to the New Mexico Military Academy. Jack is twenty-one and George is eighteen. They are, Shirley says, the best two brothers in the whole world. At least, she thinks so. They can't be at home as much as Shirley would like, but they do get there during vacations, and then they have a grand time playing. They are proud that Shirley is a movie star, but she is just "little sister" to them.

"My birthday is April 23rd," Shirley announced, "and I am seven years old." Shirley was born in the Santa Monica hospital, in Santa Monica, California, and has always lived right in that town.

She is really in the 3A grade, but her teacher, Miss Frances Klamt, had just given her an examination in Palm Springs that showed she was really doing the work of a 4th grade pupil, Shirley said. Her teacher was appointed by the Los Angeles Board of Education, and Shirley is required by a California law to have three hours of schooling every school day. Even when she is on a "vacation" at Palm Springs, Shirley must attend to her school work, just like all you other Juniors.

Miss Klamt gives Shirley an examination of her day's work at the end of each school day. Then, at the end of every semester, Shirley takes a general examination. Her report cards are sent to the Board of Education. School rules for children working in pictures are very strict, but that is all right with Shirley, because she likes school.

"I love books," Shirley said. "It's fun reading them, but best of all I like my daddy to read stories to me. He reads me one every night before I go to bed. Fairy tales are her favorites, right now. She also likes the Oz books, books about flowers, birds, natural history and anything about horses.

As you probably know, Shirley gets more pets given to her than any other motion picture star in Hollywood. She never can tell what kind of pet may next be delivered to the studio for her. A great many people give her puppies. They are usually such nice pets, too, that Shirley wants to keep them right with her. But that is a problem, she admits.

She has about twenty-five pure white and coal-black rabbits. These are kept in nice pens in the backyard of her bungalow, at the studio. She also keeps her little flock of bantam chickens there. The calf, recently sent to her by the children of Tillamook, Oregon, is cared for at a big Hollywood Creamery farm. Her dogs, Rowdy, Corky, and Ching Ching, are kept at her home. Her pony is kept at home, also.

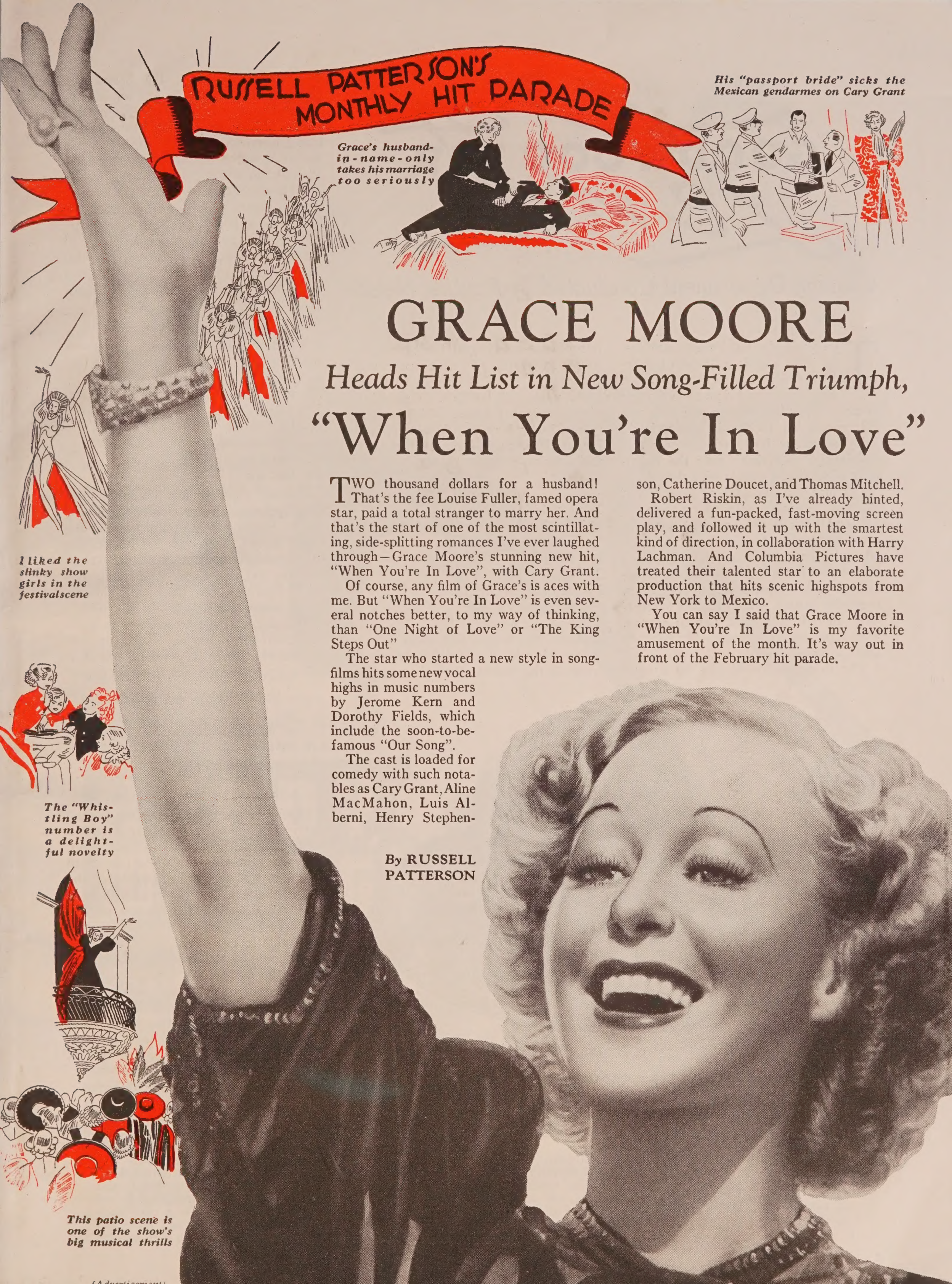
Shirley doesn't forget about her pets, either. Just before she went to Palm Springs, she was finishing some scenes from her latest picture, "Stowaway." The script called for her to carry a kitten in some of the shots.

"Why can't I carry Ching Ching, instead of a kitten?" she asked the director. Finally, the studio agreed. So Shirley's newest puppy made his first screen appearance at the age of three weeks. The funny part about it is that the studio paid Shirley for using her puppy. Watch for him when you see "Stowaway."

You might think that a little girl with so many pretty dresses as Shirley has would just love clothes. But Shirley wants it understood that she likes plain dresses best. She likes to be neat, of course, but she hates skirts. Dressing up for her picture roles is fun, she admits, but she thinks it mighty queer that anyone ever had to "really and truly wear so many clothes at one time," as she has had to do in some of her costume roles. She has one each of all the Shirley Temple dresses that are sold in stores, but she has her favorites. All her dresses are kept in order by a housemaid in the Temple home.

You can bet that when Shirley grows up she is going to have lots of telephones in her house. She just loves them. She is permitted to use a phone, now, only as a reward of merit—for lessons well done, doing her screen work real well, and things like that. She has a small-sized phone in her studio bungalow, but she doesn't get to use the telephone at home. While at work, she can call up her friends on the lot, and phone her daddy at work. Even when she calls up a busy executive, who might be very occupied in work, he is always glad, like everybody else on the

(*Continued on page* 123)


RUSSELL PATTERSON'S MONTHLY HIT PARADE

Grace's husband-in-name-only takes his marriage too seriously

His "passport bride" sicks the Mexican gendarmes on Cary Grant

I liked the slinky show girls in the festival scene

The "Whistling Boy" number is a delightful novelty

This patio scene is one of the show's big musical thrills

GRACE MOORE

Heads Hit List in New Song-Filled Triumph,

"When You're In Love"

TWO thousand dollars for a husband! That's the fee Louise Fuller, famed opera star, paid a total stranger to marry her. And that's the start of one of the most scintillating, side-splitting romances I've ever laughed through—Grace Moore's stunning new hit, "When You're In Love", with Cary Grant.

Of course, any film of Grace's is aces with me. But "When You're In Love" is even several notches better, to my way of thinking, than "One Night of Love" or "The King Steps Out"

The star who started a new style in song-films hits some new vocal highs in music numbers by Jerome Kern and Dorothy Fields, which include the soon-to-be-famous "Our Song".

The cast is loaded for comedy with such notables as Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Luis Alberni, Henry Stephenson, Catherine Doucet, and Thomas Mitchell.

Robert Riskin, as I've already hinted, delivered a fun-packed, fast-moving screen play, and followed it up with the smartest kind of direction, in collaboration with Harry Lachman. And Columbia Pictures have treated their talented star to an elaborate production that hits scenic highspots from New York to Mexico.

You can say I said that Grace Moore in "When You're In Love" is my favorite amusement of the month. It's way out in front of the February hit parade.

By RUSSELL PATTERSON

(Advertisement)

GOOD FOOD FOR Lent

Cooking Department Conducted by Pauline Nelson

THE use of canned vegetables, just as they are, is a standard practice, and an excellent one. It's a time-saver, and if you use the fine brands, it is also a guarantee that you get vegetables picked in their fresh, juicy prime, and cooked properly and deliciously. But that's only the beginning of what you can do with them!

I'm sure you've found, as I have, that some of the nicest recipes for vegetables in good cook books are just too discouraging to read. They call for such laborious preparation of the vegetables before you can get started on the interesting part—soups, souffles, casseroles, vegetable plates. This becomes particularly difficult if it's the Lenten season. You want meatless meals—but they do seem so much trouble.

The thing is that if you leave meat out of the menu, you must remember to use something else which will supply the needed protein—cheese, beans and peas, nuts will do this. One of the nicest recipes I know, which makes a splendid dish for a meatless meal, is this Lenten loaf, as it contains both beans and cheese.

LENTEN LOAF

1 can kidney beans
½ lb. American cheese
1 chopped onion
1 tbl. butter
2 eggs
1 cup soft bread crumbs
¼ tsp. paprika
Salt and pepper to taste

Drain the beans, and chop fine together with the cheese. Now brown the onion in the butter. Beat the eggs and mix thoroughly with the beans and cheese, the bread crumbs and the seasoning. Stir into the onion. Use a little melted butter and hot water to make the loaf a consistency which can be shaped, and then roll it in extra bread crumbs. Place it on a flat pan and bake for an hour in a moderate oven (350°F.), basting once or twice with melted butter and hot water so it won't dry out too much.

Tomato sauce is just the thing to serve with Lenten loaf, and this is also a good recipe to file away, as it is good with other things, too, such as hamburgers.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups canned tomatoes
1 cup water
2 cloves
3 allspice berries
3 peppercorns
3 tbls. butter
2 slices onion
¼ cup flour
1 tsp. salt

Simmer together for fifteen minutes the tomatoes, water, onion and the spices. Strain out the pulp, keeping the liquid warm. Now melt the butter, stir in gradually the flour and salt. When smooth, add the warm liquid and continue cooking until thick and smooth, stirring constantly.

Still stressing the presence of proteins in Lenten fare, here's a way of preparing canned peas. Try it and see if it doesn't give them a new interest.

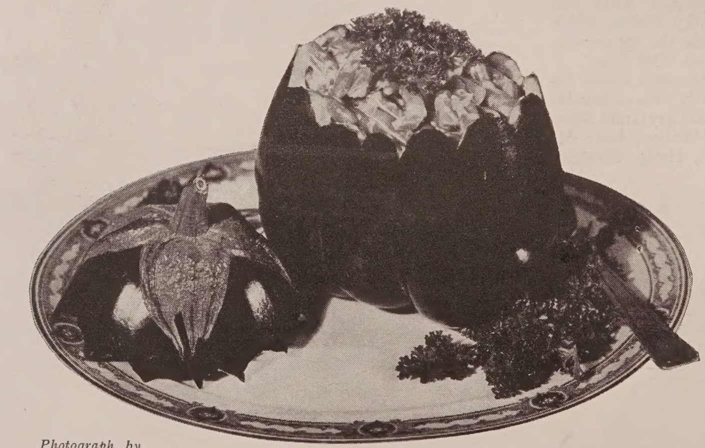
FRENCH PEAS AU BEURRE

1 can French peas
1 pt. boiling water
1½ tsp. salt
1½ tsp. butter
½ tsp. sugar
½ tsp. white pepper

Drain the peas and add to the boiling water with one teaspoon of the salt. Boil briskly for three minutes. Drain again. Melt the butter and add the peas with the sugar and pepper, and probably the rest of the salt, but this is according to taste. Toss gently for about two minutes and serve hot. If you're lucky enough to be able to get fresh mint leaves, add a teaspoon of the finely minced mint leaves the last thing. Peas prepared in this way are perfect with lamb.

By all means pay special attention to canned baked beans at this time. Shop around for these, as they now come in many different combinations of flavors and sauces to suit every taste.

(*Continued on page* 80)



Photograph by R. A. Whitten, Los Angeles

STRING BEANS POULETTE, SERVED IN EGG PLANT CASE

2 cups canned string beans
1 tbl. butter
1 tbl. flour
¼ cup milk
¼ cup cream
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. cayenne pepper
⅛ tsp. nutmeg
1 egg yolk
1 scant tbl. lemon juice
Parsley

Measure the two cups of beans and then drain well. Place them in boiling water for two minutes, remove, and drain again. Now melt butter, stir in flour, add milk and cream, stirring carefully so it will cook smoothly. Add the seasonings and continue cooking until mixture thickens. Beat up the egg yolk with a tablespoon of milk and gradually add to the sauce, still stirring. Put the drained beans into a saucepan and strain the sauce over them. Add the lemon juice, mix thoroughly and heat slowly for two minutes, but do not allow to boil. Serve hot in a case made by slicing the top from an egg plant and scooping out the pulp. Garnish with parsley.

SING! SWING! YOUTH HAS ITS FLING!

Ruby
KEELER
Lee
DIXON
Louise
FAZENDA
Allen
JENKINS
Winifred
SHAW
Teddy
HART
Ross
ALEXANDER
Carol
HUGHES

Salute a stunning new musical joyride produced with all the smartness and variety and zest Warner Bros. are famed for! ... A grand all-round show ...new dances...new song hits... and girls galore! A side-splitting story as new as the New Year! ... with a star cast of favorites willing and able to either sing it or swing it! This riot of rhythm and fun easily takes the screen honors of the month.

"READY, WILLING and ABLE"

Ray Enright directed... Bobby Connolly arranged the dance ensembles... And Johnny Mercer and Richard Whiting wrote the 3 song hits—"Too Marvelous for Words", "Sentimental and Melancholy", and "Just a Quiet Evening"

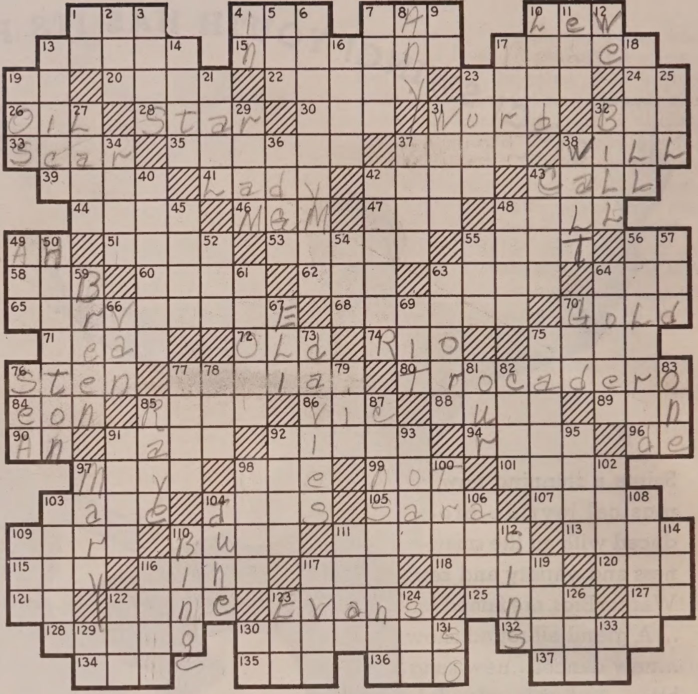
Warner Bros.

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH

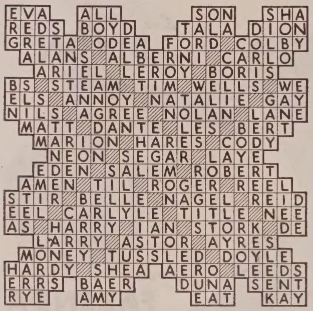
Davis

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE


EVA ALL SON SHA
REDS BOYD TALA DION
GRETA ODEA FORD COLBY
ALANS ALBERNI CARLO
ARIEL LEROY BORIS
BS STEAM TIM WELLS WE
ELS ANNOY NATALIE GAY
NILS AGREE NOLAN LANE
MATT DANTE LES BERT
MARION HARES CODY
NEON SEGAR LAYE
EDEN SALEM ROBERT
AMEN TIL ROGER REEL
STIR BELLE NAGEL REID
EEL CARLYLE TITLE NEE
AS HARRY IAN STORK DE
LARRY ASTOR AYRES
MONEY TUSSLED DOYLE
HARDY SHEA AERO LEEDS
ERRS BAER DUNA SENT
RYE AMY EAT KAY

HORIZONTAL

1. - - - Campo, newcomer from South America.
4. English ingenue
7. "- - - 99"
10. Star of "Lady Be Careful"
13. Savage in "The Last of the Mohicans"
15. Sennett comedienne
17. Male star of "Craig's Wife"
19. Be quiet!
20. A deep, hollow sound
22. Masculine name
23. Given name of Mr. Brisson
24. Pronoun
26. "- - - For the lamps of China"
28. "- - - for a Night"
30. Pen for swine
31. "Valiant Is the - - - - for Carrie"
32. Nickname of Miss Lillie
33. Muni starred in "- - - - face"
35. - - - - - - Myrtle
37. Given name of Miss Engels
38. "A Connecticut Yankee"
39. Margaret Lindsay's real name
41. "The First - - - -"
42. Producers of "Early To Bed" (abbrev.)
43. "- - - - of the Wild"
44. Miss Naldi's given name
46. "The Great Ziegfeld"
47. Before
48. His surname is a Western state
49. "- - Wilderness"
51. Girl in "Midnight Phantom"
53. Heroine of "Laughing Irish Eyes"
55. Gloria in "Kelly the Second"
56. "Love - - Forever"
58. Convulsive sigh
60. Earnest entreaty
62. Cheat (slang)
63. Watch pockets
64. "- - - and Bill"
65. Chaplin's leading lady in early films
68. "Romeo"
70. "Sutter's - - - -"
71. - - - - O'Casey is author of "The Plough and the Stars"
72. "- - - Hutch"
74. "Flying Down to - - -"
75. Drill Master in "Crash Donovan"
76. Russian actress
77. "Becky Sharp"
80. Night club frequented by the stars
84. Long period of time
85. A big hit with the fans
86. "The Magnificent Brute"
88. Silent Indian in "The Gay Desperado"
89. "The Bitter Tea of General - - -"
90. "Murder by - - Aristocrat"
91. Eskimo actor
92. Maiden name of Mrs. Bill Seiter
94. - - - - Cansino, dancer from Spain
96. Olivia - - Havilland
97. Warner Bros. director
98. He and Spencer have the same surname
99. "We're - - - Dressing"
101. Bessie is her given name
103. Girl in "O'Malley of the Mounted"
104. Shirley's mother in "Bright Eyes"
105. - - - - Haden
107. Heroine of "Nine Days a Queen"
109. Meat
110. Kitty in "Follow the Fleet"
111. Belonging to Miss Barrymore
113. Star of "Abdul the Damned"
115. - - - Atwell
116. Widow of Sam Warner
117. Feminine name
118. Star of "The Way of All Flesh"
120. Lick up
121. Star of "One Man's Bonus"
122. "- - - - of the Saddle"
123. Girl in "Piccadilly Jim"
125. Indigo plant
127. Sun god
128. "- - - - - Time"
130. That Farmer girl
132. Rafael's surname
134. Comedienne in "We Went to College"
135. Given name of Mr. Keith
136. Prefix meaning outside
137. Formerly Mrs. Harry Bannister

VERTICAL

1. Louis - - Pron, dancer
2. Recede
3. Author of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"
4. "Ladies - - Love"
5. Female deer
6. He's in "Without Orders"
7. Mary Brian's boy friend
8. "- - -thing Goes"
9. Hero of "Devil's Squadron" (init.)
10. "Mrs. Wiggs"
11. Measure for cloth
12. "- - Who Are About to Die"
13. Mr. Chandler's given name
14. Frank Lawton's name in "The Devil Doll"
16. Very small particle
17. Early screen vamp
18. Hard outside covering
19. Wireless call for help.
21. Karie in "Come and Get It"
23. - - - - Witherspoon
25. Elongated fish
27. Past perfect of lay
29. Chain of submerged rocks
31. "- - - - Only Human"
32. Negro tap dancer
34. Silent screen idol
36. "People Will - - - -"
37. Twist out of shape
38. Creator of Mickey Mouse
40. Dusky comedian
42. Jane Withers stars in this
43. Mongrels
45. - - - - Nazimova
48. Mrs. Ben Lyon
49. Poisonous snake
50. Star of "Captain Calamity"
52. Nickname for Leonard
54. To be ill
55. Hawaiian food
56. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, nee - - - - - - - Davis
57. "- - - of the Trail"
59. Boy protege of Cantor
61. Art - - - -, deceased actor
63. Given name of Miss Finch
64. "Hot - - - - -"
66. Woody - - - Dyke, director
67. Name for Yale
69. Repose on a seat
70. Supreme deity
73. Co-starred in "Cain and Mabel"
75. Star of "The Bengal Tiger"
76. "- - - Spoilers"
77. Gina - - - -
78. Former wife of John Gilbert
79. Popular cowboy star
81. "- - - Little Girl"
82. Furnish with a ceiling
83. "- - - in a Million"
85. Big-mouthed comedienne
87. One of the Bennett girls
91. "The - - - - of Zorro"
92. Given name of Mr. Hamilton
93. Wally's brother
95. Stratford-On- - - -
97. Mistress of Pickfair
98. Formerly Mrs. Lew Ayres
100. Woody plant
102. Morally bad
103. "A Son Comes Home" features him
104. Girl in "Road to Glory"
106. Late wife of Ricardo Cortez
108. Arouse to danger
109. Prefix meaning before
110. Hero of "Pennies From Heaven"
111. Middle name of Joe E. Brown
112. "- - - - of Man" stars Jean Hersholt
114. Mineral spring
116. Alice in "Our Relations"
117. Given name of Mr. Lebedeff
119. Mother of the Chaplin boys
122. "The - - - of Madelon Claudet"
123. Period of time
124. Distinction between male and female
126. He was "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
129. "Dr. - -"
130. Invalid wife in "Give Me Your Heart" (init.)
131. "And - - They Were Married"
133. Registered nurse

DELIRIOUSLY, MAGNIFICENTLY MAD!

The same mad-cap, riotous spirit that set "My Man Godfrey" apart from any other picture makes this spectacular musical DIFFERENT from anything you've ever seen! It tops them all!

Giant cast!.. Sparkling personalities!.. Seven songs by that never-miss hit team, McHugh and Adamson!.. Breath-catching gowns!.. Fun, frivolity, frenzy!.. Music, mad-waggery, mirth and magnificence!

THE NEW UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

TOP OF THE TOWN

With a glittering galaxy of stage, screen and radio favorites including:
Doris Nolan • George Murphy • Hugh Herbert • Gregory Ratoff • Gertrude Niesen • Ella Logan • Henry Armetta • Ray Mayer • Mischa Auér • The Three Sailors • Peggy Ryan
Gerald Oliver Smith • Jack Smart • Claude Gillingwater • Ernest Cossart
Directed by Ralph Murphy • Associate Producer Lou Brock
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

THE SCREEN HAS NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT!

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Left—W. S. Van Dyke with two world-famous glamour gals, brunette Aileen Pringle (of "Three Weeks" fame) and fair Jean Harlow at the Clover Club.

Above, another trio at the Clover Club—this time your choice (and Hollywood's!) of tall, handsome men—Cesar Romero, Gary Cooper, tennis ace Frank Shields.

HOT NEWS: **John Barrymore** and **Elaine Barrie** temporarily are separated as the result of a quarrel which flamed on New Year's Eve in the Troc. Caliban walked out of the party and left his Ariel furiously predicting that he would apologize before she forgives him and takes him back.

Simone Simon welcomed **Marc Allegrot,** the French director who discovered her, to Hollywood. But he's sitting on the sidelines while she continues to romance with **John Swope,** a prominent socialight.

"Of Lena Geyer," the most famous novel ever penned about an opera star's career, will be **Grace Moore's** next for Columbia. The book was written by Marcia Davenport and is said to be based on the life of her mother, Alma Gluck.

Mrs. George Raft, long separated from her husband, has at last signed a definite agreement to divorce him this spring, thereby clearing the way for his marriage to **Virginia Pine.**

Jane Wyatt (Mrs. Edgar Bethume Ward) is blessed eventing.

With her divorce from **Frank Fay** becoming final, **Barbara Stanwyck** has made the definite statement to friends that she will not marry **Bob Taylor.**

Tallulah Bankhead dashed out for a film test for "Gone With the Wind," had dinner with George Cukor (above) at the Brown Derby—and flew right back to New York.

Eleanor Powell, suffering from an infected wisdom tooth, has lost so much weight and strength that M-G-M has postponed the production of her next starring vehicle, "Rosalie."

Merle Oberon has taken a house in swanky Regent Park, London. She was one of the party, which included **Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks** and **Kay Krancis,** which spent the holidays in Switzerland.

Dick Powell renewed old acquaintances with the Pittsburgh football crew when **Jack Warner** entertained them at lunch following their Rose Bowl victory. Dick won fame as a singer in Pittsburgh.

Chester Morris, ill with flu brought on by under-water scenes in "Devil's Playground," has been ordered to take a long rest.

Fred Keating has several publishers interested in his second novel dealing with American humor.

Sam Goldwyn and his wife, **Frances Howard,** are on vacation at Sun Valley, Lodge, Idaho.

Filming of the **Bette Davis** picture called "Marked Woman" was delayed when **Jane Bryan,** member of the cast, became snowbound in the mountains.

Joel McCrea is dickering to make his first trip to England for a film under the direction of Harold Schuster. They were pals in Hollywood, and started picture work together.

Glenda Farrell has purchased two lots in San Fernando Valley, and her sweetheart, **Drew Eberson,** is designing houses which Glenda will build.

Rochelle Hudson, enjoying the snow sports at Lone Pine with a party which included her current romance, **Austin Parker,** fell and broke her kneecap. She will be out of pictures for several months as result of the injury.

Newest romance: **Shirley Ross** and assistant director, **Eddie Sutherland.**

Tilly Losch, the dancer recently signed by M-G-M, will have both **Clark Gable** and **Robert Taylor** in her next picture.

Edmund Lowe is writing a book called "Men Must Love."

NEW! VITAMIN D THAT IS ABSORBED BY THE SKIN—IN THIS FAMOUS HAND LOTION

(left) **NO "SANDPAPER HANDS"** for this lady! She knows what Hinds Honey and Almond Cream does for chapped skin—brittle hangnails. Its bland skin-softeners soak dry skin smooth again. And its Vitamin D is actually absorbed—does skin a world of good. Gives skin some of the benefits of radiant sunshine! Use Hinds daily to keep skin smooth and supple, in spite of drying winds and household heat. Creamy, not watery—Hinds works better!

Now Hinds brings your skin some of the benefits of sunshine!

Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by the skin. Seems to *smooth it out!* Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," scaling and tenderness caused by biting winds, dry indoor heat, hard water, and housework. Use this luscious lotion regularly for soft, supple skin. Every drop of Hinds—with its Vitamin D—does chapped skin *more* good!

CAREFREE DAYS in the open call for Hinds! It's the lotion with Vitamin D that gives dry, winter skin some of the rich benefits of sunshine. Soothes cold weather scaling, chapping. Softens and supples sore, wind-burned skin. Every drop works!

WIVES WORK HARD! Look at the way you dump ashes, clean the house. And your hands show it! Red. Chapped. Rough as sandpaper. Use Hinds, the lotion with "sunshine" vitamin. It softens up dry, chapped skin *fast*.

HINDS CREAM

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

FREE! The First 1-Piece DISPENSER with every 50c size of Hinds

At last! The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser—free on the Hinds 50c size. Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds, the lotion with Vitamin D. Hinds puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c sizes.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to Happiness and to Beauty. Monday to Friday, 12:15 pm E.S.T., WABC-CBS.

HINDS *is Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!*

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

For lips that never look old

Through the day use Tangee . . . watch the blush-rose shade of youth appear . . . Tangee, with its magic Color Change Principle, changes from orange in the stick to blush-rose on your lips . . . Paris says, "A painted look is not in keeping with today's fashions." Tangee *isn't paint*—cannot give you a "painted look". Use Tangee Rouge for cheeks. It also has the magic Color Change Principle.

Through the night . . . Tangee Lipstick's special cream base softens and protects your lips . . . Tangee Natural Lipstick's special cream base protects lips. Do not confuse Tangee with ordinary cosmetics you must remove at night. Try Tangee. 39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's 24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set.

Painted Tangee

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"

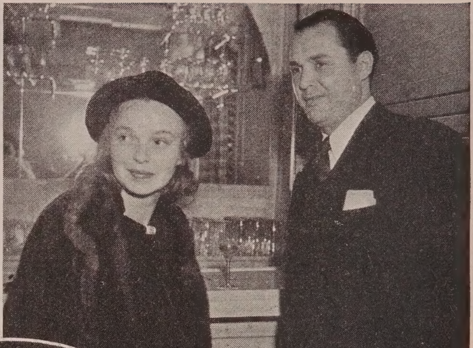
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name________________
(Please Print)

Address________________

City__________ State__________ MA37



Is the beloved Rogers name coming back to the screen? At right, Will's only daughter, Mary, at Cafe Lamaze with Eddie Granger.

Below, the three busy B's of the airwaves. Jack Benny, George Burns and Bob Burns, attended the Examiner's big Christmas Benefit.

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

BETWEEN scenes on a Twentieth Century-Fox set, the usual bedlam of noise died away as a rich tenor voice rang out in the theme song of "Broadway Melody."

" . . . don't bring a frown to old Broadway. . . ."

"That sounds like Charles King," someone observed unbelievingly.

It was Charles King. A star only a few years ago, he was there on the set, working as an extra—for $7.50 a day!

* * *

A FEW days ago, Hollywood Boulevardiers gasped at the sight of an eccentrically clad figure parading down the street. It was John Carradine, one of the finest character actors on the screen, the man who played that unspeakable villain in "Shark Island." Abnormally tall, abnormally thin, abnormally stooped, he was shrouded in a long sable cloak, lined with crimson satin. One end of the cloak was thrown dramatically over his left shoulder, in a gesture of defiance to the dictates of fashion.

Carradine's like that. Before his sudden success, he used to go to the Hollywood Bowl on nights when that great ampitheater was deserted and stand on the stage as he spouted Shakespeare to the stars and the coyotes that live in the hills.

* * *

THEY'RE kidding Frank Tuttle, director of Bing Crosby's new opus, "Waikiki Wedding," unmercifully these days. Tuttle has always professed to be unusually canny in selecting the "perfect type."

A few nights ago, while sitting in a Hollywood night club, he spied a striking brunette at a table across the room. After studying her for a moment, he declared:

"What a perfect Hawaiian type for the picture!"

And forthwith he crossed to her table, introduced himself and demanded to know whether or not she would consider a screen role, a speaking part.

And she answered that she would in an Irish brogue as thick as the fogs that drift in from the Irish sea.

* * *

NELSON EDDY's avowed intention of becoming a recluse is on the way to fulfillment. He found and purchased that secluded home in the Hollywood Hills that he was searching for—and only two people in the studio know the address.

* * *

THE WEEKLY NEWSFLASH, Jane Withers, Editor-in-Chief, is the latest Hollywood periodical. The first issue mimeographed very neatly by some nameless underling in the 20th Century script office, made its appearance just before Christmas. Featured was a column by the editor paying tribute to certain "swell people."

Heading the list were:

"Warner Baxter—because he is never too busy to give me an autograph," and "Alice Faye—because she

NATURE IS STINGY WITH TOOTH ENAMEL

This Beautiful Enamel, Once Worn Away, Never Grows Back.. NEVER!

be safe_

Protect precious enamel . . . win flashing new luster and Be Safe . . . change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM!

Nature is lavish in restoring skin, hair, nails. But She's terribly stingy with tooth enamel. Once you allow it to be injured, or you permit film to start its deadly decay, enamel can never grow back—never.

That is why the discovery of IRIUM has caused such a sensation in the dentifrice world. The flashing new luster it brings with *safety* is causing new thousands every day to change to Pepsodent, the *only* tooth paste containing IRIUM.

Acts on new principle

Instead of acting on enamel with scrub-hard friction, Pepsodent containing IRIUM *softens* the tough film that forms and glues itself on teeth and gums. Then gently lifts and floats it away — polishes the enamel to a brilliant sparkle you have never even seen before—and imparts a new, firm, refreshed feeling to the gums.

You get a new taste-thrill out of eating, drinking, smoking! And bad breath——caused by film on teeth which ordinary tooth pastes fail to remove completely—is no longer a worry to you! For the first time you know what cleanliness of mouth, teeth and gums really means!

Be *safe* every day of your life! Get results always hoped for but never experienced with a dentifrice–and get them with *safety!* Change to Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent requires NO SOAP.. NO CHALK.. NO GRIT.. NO PUMICE

—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scrubbing it off.

—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM..

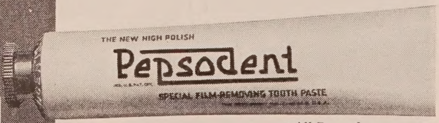
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums and promotes free-flowing saliva.

—Refreshing!

be safe_

Change to **PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE**

IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM

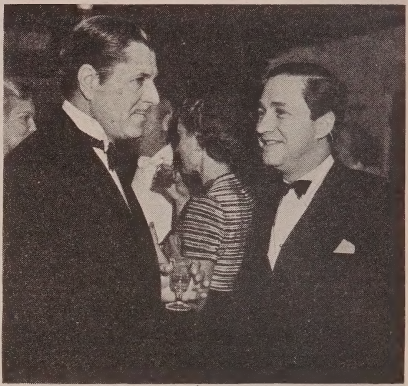


● All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Presenting the real lowdown on the higher-ups in Hollywood, at work and play

A new escort and a brand-new coiffure for the ever-popular Mary Brian (at left, with George Sanders at that recent gala evening at Pickfair).

Happy in her engagement to Buddy Rogers, America's Sweetheart can entertain again. Right, Warner Baxter and Director Mervyn LeRoy at the Pickford party.



INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

has the biggest heart and the bluest eyes."

* * *

DIXIE DUNBAR is again on the "eligible young lady" list. With her heart and hand committed to Bob Davis, a millionaire automobile dealer of Beverly Hills, and the marriage set for early spring, the romance went pfft of a sudden.

On a Wednesday, she returned a star sapphire and a Packard automobile which had been given her by her intended.

On Thursday, Friday and Saturday she was seen dancing in Hollywood's nightspots, each time with a different escort.

Below, Buddy Rogers at his fiancee's lovely party, with Warner Baxter and Madeleine Carroll, one of the most rapidly-rising beauties in filmland.

Paulette Goddard (below) enters the party in a simple swish gown.

AND, speaking of love and tiffs and such, all is over between Rochelle Hudson and Lieutenant C. C. MacCaulay of the United States Navy, to whom she was reported engaged. The lieutenant will not visit Hollywood this spring as planned, and that will leave Rochelle just that much more leisure to be with author Austin Parker, who is Miriam Hopkins' ex. There's a romance that looks serious.

* * *

FRANCES LANGFORD couldn't escape the crowd which swooped down on her as she tried to leave Loew's State Theater in downtown Los Angeles after making a personal appearance there with the picture, "Born to Dance."

Blocking the way to her car, they

Below, Lady Castelrose, hostess Mary Pickford and Miss Goddard (or should we say Mrs. Chaplin? maybe Mary, one of Charlie's best friends, knows).

"YOU'RE STILL A BRIDE TO ME, DEAR"

Neglect of Feminine Daintiness had never tarnished their Romance

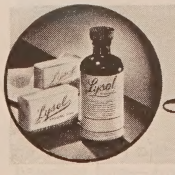
OTHER WIVES envied her life-long honeymoon . . . told their husbands, often, how nice *he* was to *her.*

It is not easy to analyze the qualities that make romance endure through the years. Individuals are so different. But, in *one* respect at least, all husbands are alike. Lack of perfect personal cleanliness in a woman is a fault they can never understand. And few things are so apt to dampen a man's affection.

Strangely enough, in many cases, a woman is not, herself, aware of neglect of proper feminine hygiene. She would be shocked to learn that she is guilty of not being thoroughly dainty. Yet, if the truth were known, many a case of "incompatibility" can be traced to this very fault.

If you have been seeking a means of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleanly, to promote intimate daintiness, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been used for feminine hygiene by thousands of women.

"Lysol" disinfectant is known as an effective germicide. Among the many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" provides—



Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

•

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp.,
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A. Dept. 3- M.M.
Sole Distributors of "Lysol" disinfectant.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

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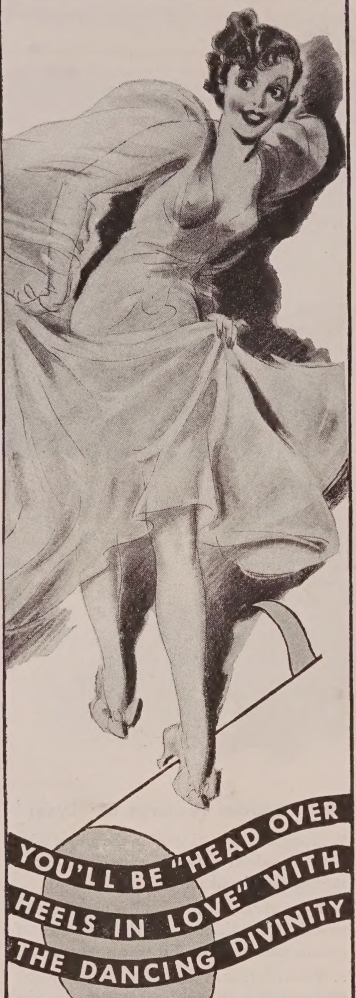
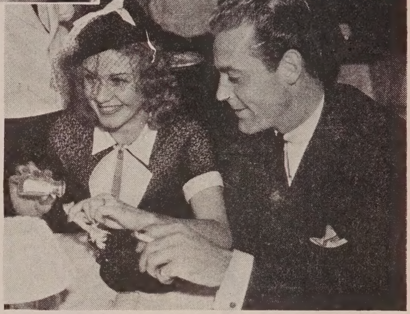


Jessie MATTHEWS
in her dancing-est musical picture
"HEAD OVER HEELS *in* LOVE"
With two new dashing leading men. Songs by Gordon and Revel. You just can't afford to miss it.
Coming to your favorite theatre
A GB Production



How that Rogers gal does get around town these days! At left, she shakes a reproving finger at Hymie as he snaps her picture with Jimmie Stewart at the theater. Below, eatin' celery at the Clover Club with Allan Lane.

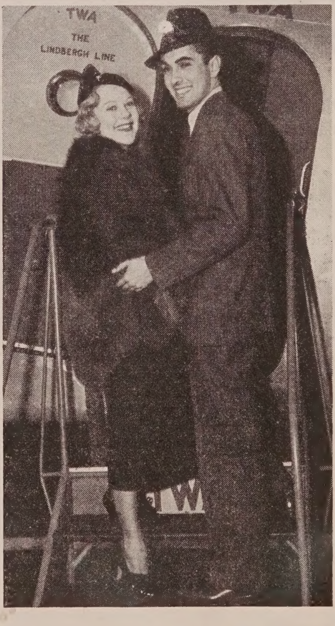
INSIDE STUFF
(Continued)

demanded a song . . . and kept on demanding until Frances finally yielded and sang *Easy to Love* and *You Are My Lucky Star.*

By the way, did you know that Frances Langford had a coloratura soprano voice and was training for opera until a tonsil operation changed her voice to a low, throaty contralto?

* * *

IT'S the South Seas and a month or two of big game fishing for Lee Tracy as soon as he finishes his next picture for RKO. He's having his schooner yacht overhauled and plans to sail to the Galapagos Islands.



Tyrone Power saw Sonja Henie off on her plane to New York—and followed right after her within a day or two.

* * *

A NEW streak of pay dirt is being developed in that radio gold mine which the cinestars have been working so industriously these past few months. Some fertile mind conceived the idea of having Hollywood's famous ones make electrical transcriptions to be broadcast in screen-star-conscious, radio-minded South America. Janet Gaynor, Gene Raymond, Charles Boyer, Fay Wray and Tom Brown have already made recordings and a number of other stars have been placed under contract. And the fees that South America Broadcasting company pays!

* * *

AN executive of one of the larger toothpasteries, visiting in Hollywood, has the temerity to name the six girls who in his opinion have the "most perfect teeth." Jeanette MacDonald stands alone at the head of his list and he names as the other five Merle Oberon, Miriam Hopkins, Ginger Rogers, Dolores Del Rio and Anita Louise.

* * *

SOME of Hollywood's title-worshipping socialites are going to be shocked when they learn that Nigel Bruce, the English character actor, is in fact SIR Nigel Bruce. Imagine having a potential lion like that practically underfoot and never knowing it!

GLAMOUR? She has it... and good sense, too

CLAUDETTE COLBERT
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"Maid of Salem"

She keeps her complexion exquisite—guards against Cosmetic Skin—with this simple care . . .

"USE COSMETICS? Of course I do," says lovely Claudette Colbert. "But I always use Lux Toilet Soap!"

9 out of 10 other lovely screen stars use this famous soap. Lux Toilet Soap guards against Cosmetic Skin—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. Its ACTIVE lather goes deep into the pores, *thoroughly* removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use Lux Toilet Soap before you renew make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed. "Soft, smooth skin is very important to charm!" says Claudette Colbert.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

This picture should give the lie to rumors of a Crawford-Tone separation—Joan and Franchot lunching at the Troc.

And, below, another Hollywood couple, the Gary Coopers, who continue to beam on each other despite rumors.

DURING the production of "One in a Million," a young and handsome stranger lingered on the set each day and held long, whispered consultations with Sonja Henie.

Rumors grew wilder and wilder until at last half of Hollywood's gossip-mongers were ready to swear that the mysterious one was the other party to a secret marriage.

As a matter of fact, he is Sonja's dramatic coach, engaged in Europe at the time she decided to come to Hollywood. She did not want it known that she was being tutored for her scenes, hence the profound secrecy.

She'll have you know that she's not married and never has been married. But don't be surprised if her record is shattered this spring. Her romance with Tyrone Power has that orange-blossom glow.

* * *

THE release of the Clark Gable-Myrna Loy picture, "Parnell," is going to cause an unexpected sensation. The story, as originally okayed for shooting, offered a close parallel to the world-shaking "Simpson Affair." After the abdication of King Edward, the final scenes of the picture were hurriedly changed and "Parnell" is now an uncannily close parody on the most talked-of romance in modern times.

* * *

CASTING OFFICE JOTTINGS

Mary Astor will play opposite Edward Arnold when he stars in "The World's My Oyster" for Selznick. . . . Immediately after completing her work with Fred Astaire in "Stepping Toes," Ginger Rogers will star alone in "Summer Hail." Fred Stone will play her father in the opus. . . . Sue Carol is attempting a comeback and will soon start work in a B. P. Schulberg production entitled "A Doctor's Diary." . . . John Boles will star in Universal's production of the Norman Krasna story, "As Good as Married." . . . Barbara Stanwyck and Preston Foster will be co-starred in "A Love Like That" by RKO. . . . Warner Baxter, Wallace Beery and Peter Lorre share the top billing in the recently announced Twentieth Century super, "The Last Slaver."

Bette Davis doesn't seem at all downhearted about her troubles (don't miss the story on page 28) at the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, with Noel Langley.

* * *

DIRECTOR BILL WELLMAN has always had a conviction that red haired gals are bad luck for him, and he regarded Janet Gaynor's auburn tresses with misgiving when he was assigned to direct her in "A Star Is Born." A week after the picture started, he caught the flu and spent a week in bed.

* * *

LAST month we told you about Garbo going to a party; this month we present even more startling evidence that the Sphinx Woman is at long last un-Sphinxing.

It happened on the set where Joan Crawford is making "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." At precisely 4:30 p. m., all visitors were shooed away, a small door at the rear of the stage opened, and Garbo entered on the arm of Robert Taylor. He introduced the one-time recluse to Joan Crawford, to Director Boleslawski. Robert Montgomery joined the party, and then, by gosh, they called the commissary and had tea brought to the set! And Garbo was the life of the party!

Believe it or not, in all the years they had spent as fellow-stars in the same studio, Garbo and Crawford had never met.

* * *

THEY do say that Virginia Bruce, Eleanor Powell and Jimmy Stewart are the three sides of the proverbial triangle. Jimmy Stewart makes no effort to conceal his adoration of Virginia Bruce, Eleanor Powell is . . . well, call it fond . . . of Jimmy, and Virginia is not interested in committing herself to any one suitor.

And meanwhile the studio pays out good money for picture plots!

* * *

WITHOUT anyone in Hollywood or New York being the wiser, Luise Rainer has made three round trips to Broadway via the airlines to see Clifford Odets. Each trip has been a two-day sprint; leaving Hollywood Friday afternoon, she has spent Saturday night in New York and been back in her home late Sunday evening. Every evening at seven-thirty, Odets telephones from New York, and it's an odds-on bet that their romance is heading for the altar.

* * *

IT'S really a shame to tip this off, but . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is planning a *coup d'etat* by suddenly springing upon an unsuspecting public a sensational new star. Her name is Della Lind.

M-G-M executives consider her the greatest discovery since talking pictures and have given orders that not one word of publicity is to be released about her until her first picture, untitled as yet, is ready for release. She is a Viennese, an accomplished singer and a great beauty.

* * *

DELAY after delay has set back the completion of Grace Moore's current opus, "Interlude." Various members of the crew and cast have been ill, recordings have had to be made over, "mob scenes" have taken more time than anticipated, and the star has been forced to cancel two radio engagements, a concert date and two grand opera appearances. Her losses will total fifty thousand dollars, the Chicago Grand Opera Company is threatening suit if a satisfactory substitute cannot be found, and to cap the climax Miss Moore was forced to abandon plans for a Christmas vacation with her family in Tennessee, the first Christmas that she could have spent at home in nearly ten years.

* * *

IT'S an open secret that Dick Powell's marriage has done him no good—and lots of it—at the box office, and Warner Brothers are worried.

* * *

CREDIT Gladys Swarthout with the most novel Christmas "card" of this season. . . . a paper-thin phonograph record from which her voice rings out in a joyous Christmas carol. In the center of the disc is a still from her current picture and a wish for a merry Christmas.

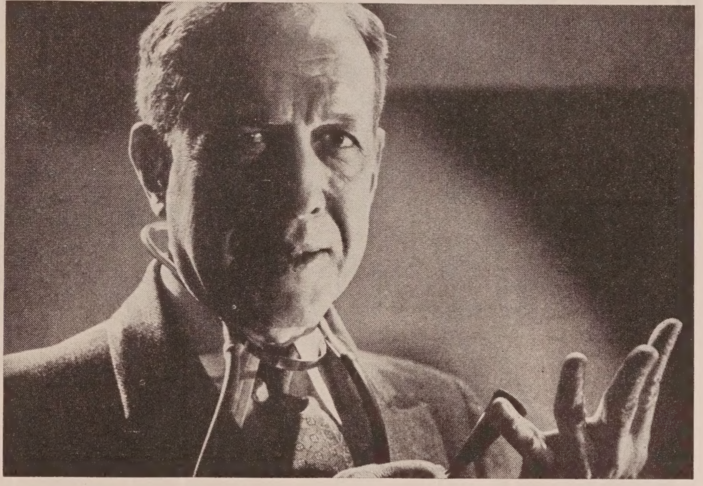
Try that one on your Victrola!

* * *

THAT Alice Faye-Tony Martin romance which has been receiving so

That grand trouper, H. B. Warner, presents a rose to his companion, Pauline Miller, at the new Cinnibar.

HOW the *doctor chooses* from hundreds of laxatives



MOST of us remember, with gratitude, some crisis in our lives when the doctor's vigilance and skill proved priceless beyond words.

But many of us forget that the doctor is equally on guard in *minor* matters of health. Consider a little thing like a laxative, for example. It may be news to you that the doctor has a definite set of standards which a laxative must meet before he will approve it.

Check the eight specifications listed below. How many of them will your *own* laxative meet?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS ALL THESE REQUIREMENTS

Ex-Lax checks on *every single one* of the points listed above. Meets the doctor's demands of a laxative fairly and fully. So it's no surprise to find that many doctors use Ex-Lax in their own homes, for their own families. In fact, Ex-Lax has made so many millions of friends, among all kinds of people, that it is the most widely used laxative in the whole wide world.

A REAL PLEASURE TO TAKE

Convince yourself of the facts. Try Ex-Lax the next time you need a laxative. You'll find that Ex-Lax *is* mild . . . that it *is* thorough. You'll discover that it does *not* bring on stomach pains or nausea. On the contrary, the easy comfortable action of Ex-Lax will leave you with a pleasant sense of freshness and well-being. Children, particularly, are benefited. For the standards set up by the doctor are *doubly important* to a child.

Another agreeable thing . . . if you have been taking bitter, nauseating cathartics, Ex-Lax will be a pleasant surprise. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets–remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 F-37
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS
Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!

Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn separately
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
Abdominal Fat Is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

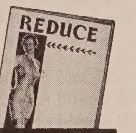
YOU APPEAR SMALLER AT ONCE!
■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! The difference is amazing. Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing . . . and at hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm—the spots where surplus fat first settles.

NO DIET . . . DRUGS . . . OR EXERCISES!
■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

THE SAFE, QUICK METHOD
■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

SEND TODAY FOR 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND SAMPLE OF MATERIAL
■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 283, 41 E. 42nd ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________
Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

INSIDE STUFF (Cont.)

much notice in these columns has entered the ultra-serious stage. Friends of the couple are standing by with wedding presents ready, Alice blushingly refuses to deny that "well . . . maybe . . . this spring," and it's a safe bet orange blossoms will be in order by April.

* * *

NOW that Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise no longer make the least pretense that they are happily married, Hollywood is wondering why the long-predicted divorce fails to materialize.

The true answer, according to an intimate friend of La Marquise, is that she is genuinely fond of her mother-in-law, a staunch disbeliever in divorce, and dreads to hurt her.

* * *

ALLAH Akbar! This month it's Natalie Draper who is getting a burning rush from that tireless Tom Brown. They're seen here, there and everywhere together and the gossips say that Tom's given her a ring. What a Turkish Pasha that lad would have made!

* * *

MARY MAGUIRE, the beautiful young Australian miss who was imported by Warner Brothers, is beginning to believe that this is a trying, desperate business. First she sprained her ankle, next a lamp fell and struck her on the forehead while she was visiting a set, and finally, when she reported for duty on her first picture, "Love Begins," she caught the flu and had to be taken home to recuperate.

MORE CASTING NOTES

EDWARD ARNOLD wins the coveted role of Victor Herbert in Paramount's forthcoming epic of that name. Gladys Swarthout and Fred

A varied but highly talented trio at the Barrymore's—George Jessel, Jimmie Cagney and Freddie March.

What's the matter, John? Mr. Barrymore seems to be highly doubtful about the hors d'oeuvres at his own cocktail party, while Elaine looks on. And only a few days later they were separated!

At left—a happy group from the Barrymore party (left to right, from top to bottom): William Bakewell, Martha Raye (bigosh, she's pretty!), Audrey LeMaire, Edward Arnold, Russell Gleason.

MacMurray will co-star with him. . . . Mabel Stark, the most famous "cat woman" of the big tops, will bring her educated lions, tigers and leopards to the screen in an opus tentatively titled "Circus Queen." . . . Maybe you won't consider it important but Tyrone Power has the thickest and longest eyelashes ever seen in a studio, femme beauties notwithstanding. . . . Warner Oland has signed for a new series of ten Charlie Chan thrillers; (*Continued on page 76*)

"GLARE-PROOF" POWDER...

POND'S
FACE POWDER
POND'S
FACE POWDER

doesn't show "powdery" in dazzling light . . . girls say

Out in that glittering snow—look at the faces around you. Look in your own mirror!

That "powdery" look in the white glare from the snow is one of the things girls hate most in a powder.

In a recent inquiry, they gave first place to Pond's for *not* showing up "powdery" in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Carefully blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give a soft flattering look to your skin even in the hardest light. Try Pond's Powder for your winter sports, your brilliant evenings in town. Special ingredients make Pond's soft and clinging—fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE! 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-PC, Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test. (This offer expires May 1, 1937)

Name____________________

Address____________________

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FOOTNOTES ON *Beauty*

By GLORIA MACK

Eleanor Powell knows how important care of the feet is to beauty, as well as to dancing.

THERE are so many aspects of beauty. The subject is endless and always fascinating. This month we're going to give our full attention to a most interesting aspect of beauty, feet.

If you've been following these articles, you'll remember that whenever I get a chance I bring in the subjects of good posture, and personality. I keep at these for two reasons: first, they *are* of vital importance to feminine charm; and second they are assets which any girl or woman may have if she will only work to acquire them.

The connection between feet and good posture is obvious, and good healthy feet are literally the foundation for your personality.

What is the unique quality which so endears Eleanor Powell to all of us? She has a pretty face, a lovely figure. These are charming, of course, but Eleanor's whole personality has a lilt and a lift, a joyous rhythm that is individually hers. When those beautifully cared for, perfectly trained little feet of hers start to tap out a dance, there is no effort, no strain.

She can't make a move without expressing the fundamentals of the dance—control, rhythm, co-ordination. And her feet are the basis of all this, just as yours may be. Few of us will be professional dancers, but there isn't one among us who can't enhance her personality by acquiring some of the control, rhythm and co-ordination which are the secrets of Eleanor's special charm.

Of course neither Eleanor nor any other girl can have nice feet without correctly fitting shoes.

There was once a very big star who had the prettiest little feet imaginable. She was quite rightly proud of them, but quite wrongly, to emphasize their tininess, she *always* wore the highest of spike heels and the smallest size shoes she could crowd her feet into. Time went on, and the star became older. In spite of all her precautions, her face began to show lines, to look haggard. She began to slip from her important place on the screen.

Then one day her poor little abused feet made such an outcry that she was forced to consult a podiatrist. He scared her so with his warnings of what might happen if things were allowed to go on like that, she began to take treatments, and she gave up her ridiculous shoes and humbly wore the special ones he prescribed.

After a while, her feet came back to normal—and so did her face! She began literally to look ten years younger. And no wonder! The strain on the nerves of years of neglect and abuse of her feet was removed, and nerve strain will age a woman (or man) as fast as any other one factor. The same star is now slated for a come-back, and the moral of this tale is: watch your feet.

Wear shoes that fit, and which are appropriate for the occasion. No matter how smart you may think you look when you dress for a walk in the country, you are not smartly dressed if you are wearing anything but low-heeled, stout walking shoes.

The really clever girl whose work requires her to stand much of the day, wears attractive, but absolutely comfortable, well-fitted, low-heeled pumps or Oxfords. If she doesn't, the otherwise attractive effect of her well-groomed hair, careful make-up and becoming costume will be ruined by the expression of strain on her face, and the awkward carriage which she can't escape if her feet are contorted and tired. And don't forget to buy properly fitted stockings, too. A too long, or too short stocking can do a surprising amount of damage. I do not mean to seem averse to high heels. Naturally you want them for dancing and dress wear but always be sure they are the right size and that the heels balance your foot in the best way for your posture.

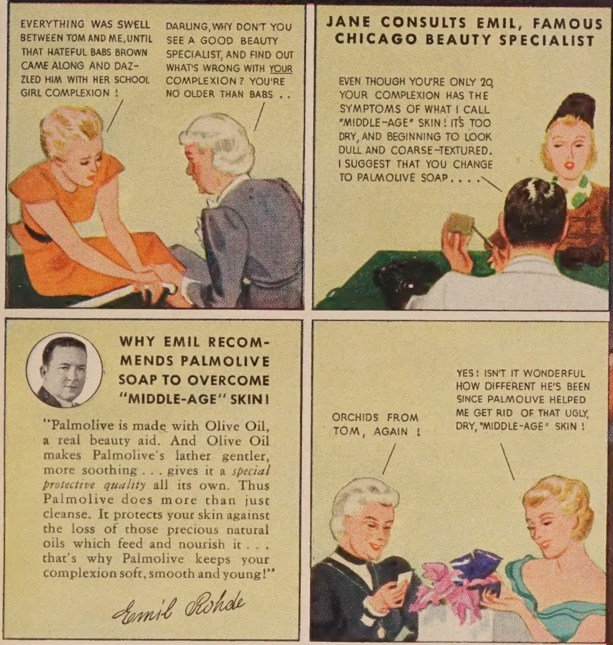
Many of us who keep house get into the habit of "wearing out" slightly shabby dress shoes around the house. Don't do it if it means walking on run-over heels. The price of that last bit of wear you get out of the slippers isn't worth the foot trouble this can cause.

When your feet are tired, learn a simple routine from Eleanor Powell. When she finishes a strenuous day of rehearsal, she soaks her feet in water with a generous portion of epsom salts, and then rests (*Continued on page* 118)

MOVIE MIRROR BRINGS YOU GLORIA MACK AS YOUR PERSONAL BEAUTY CONSULTANT. There is no cost to you for Miss Mack's personal consideration of your letter, and equally personal answer to you. Have you figure troubles, blackheads, or skin troubles? Do you want to learn a new way to do your hair, or have you some problem that is individually yours? Would you like her exercises for the feet? Write Miss Mack freely and frankly at any time. And please remember to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Gloria Mack, c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal.

Sweethearts Again

SINCE JANE LEARNED THAT "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN THREATENS EVEN A GIRL OF 20


EVERYTHING WAS SWELL BETWEEN TOM AND ME, UNTIL THAT HATEFUL BABS BROWN CAME ALONG AND DAZZLED HIM WITH HER SCHOOL GIRL COMPLEXION !
DARLING, WHY DON'T YOU SEE A GOOD BEAUTY SPECIALIST, AND FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOUR COMPLEXION ? YOU'RE NO OLDER THAN BABS . .
JANE CONSULTS EMIL, FAMOUS CHICAGO BEAUTY SPECIALIST
EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE ONLY 20, YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN ! IT'S TOO DRY, AND BEGINNING TO LOOK DULL AND COARSE-TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE SOAP . . . .
ORCHIDS FROM TOM, AGAIN !
YES ! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL HOW DIFFERENT HE'S BEEN SINCE PALMOLIVE HELPED ME GET RID OF THAT UGLY, DRY, "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN !

WHY EMIL RECOMMENDS PALMOLIVE SOAP TO OVERCOME "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . that's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Emil Rohde

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

DOES *your* complexion show even a hint of dryness, dullness, coarse-texture? Then *watch out,* famous beauty experts warn. For these are the symptoms of a condition which adds years to even a young girl's appearance . . . ugly, heart-breaking "middle-age" skin!

Use Palmolive regularly, these same beauty experts advise. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse! Its gentle protective lather prevents your skin from becoming dry, lifeless, old-looking . . . keeps your complexion soft, smooth and *young!*

Does the soap you are using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you *sure* it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty aids . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils. That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?

MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

THE VARIED ACTIVITIES OF

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR.

MRS. LOUIS SWIFT, JR., of Chicago's prominent family, is well-known throughout the Middle West and East for her vivid and active life. She entertains frequently with small, superbly appointed dinners. "Camels," says Mrs. Swift, "contribute to the success of my dinners. Their delicate flavor suits the equally delicate flavors in the food, and they also help digestion. I always allow enough time between courses so that every one may smoke a Camel through."

MRS. SWIFT DINES in the Casino Room of Chicago's Congress Hotel. "Here, too," says Joseph Spagat, Maître de Café, "Camels are the favorite cigarette."

AS A SPORTSWOMAN, Mrs. Swift is world famous. She spent dangerous months in India and Africa hunting wild boars, tigers, elephants. In the States, during the winter season when society is so engrossed with outdoor sports, Mrs. Swift enjoys skiing. "It's fun," she says, "but requires healthy nerves. So Camels are the only cigarette I care to smoke. They set me on my way feeling right."

Camel's aid to digestion . . . on your busy days!

Most modern women lead quite active lives. Preparing meals, parent-teachers' activities, and social life are enough to tax nerves and affect digestion. A pleasant way to assist good digestion is to smoke Camels during meals and afterward. Smoking Camels promotes the natural flow of fluids so necessary for good digestion. Alkalinity increases. Tension eases. A comforting "lift" follows. Equally important is Camel's mildness. They never get on your nerves, or tire your taste. Smoke Camels for digestion's sake—and better "busy days"!

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*
MRS. ALEXANDER BLACK, *Los Angeles*
MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE II, *Boston*
MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore*
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*

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FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE . . .
SMOKE
CAMELS!

Costlier Tobaccos
Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS . . . Turkish and Domestic . . . than any other popular brand
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

MOVIE MIRROR
VOL. I No. 3
MARCH, 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA BUXTON

There's a strange true story behind the reunion of Roland Young and Sir Cedric Hardwicke, in costume for their roles in "King Solomon's Mines."

NEW YORK may go quite mad—with gaiety and excitement and Christmas spirit—over the holidays, but it has to do so practically without help from the cinemalites! There was a rush to the city before and after the Yuletide season, as usual, to take in the theaters and shop in the busiest stores that Manhattan has had for many moons, but Hollywood claimed most of its stars for the actual celebration of Christmas and New Year's. Buddy Rogers, for instance, finished his last personal appearance with his band, the California Cavaliers, at Loew's State at 10:45 on Christmas Eve. Dashing to the Newark airport, he caught a plane that had been held awaiting his arrival and set out for Hollywood—via Kansas City, where his family joined him for the thirty minutes' wait at the airport. His mother had brought him a large helping, with all the fixings, from the Rogers' turkey dinner at his home town of Olathe, twenty miles from K. C., and they exchanged Christmas presents. Then on to Hollywood, where Buddy arrived in time to inaugurate the first of his new series of "Twin Stars" radio programs, with Helen Broderick and Victor Moore co-starred, at 6:30 Pacific Time. That's cutting corners pretty closely, but Buddy was happy. "From wintry New York on Christmas Eve to the very edge of the desert on Christmas day," he exulted, just before he left Manhattan, "with visits to friends and relatives all the way. Why, that's my conception of an ideal Christmas! My past two Christmases were spent in England, making pictures, so perhaps you can understand what it means to me, not only to be in my home country this year at Christmas, but to be with those I love, both in Kansas and on the Coast."

That, of course, refers to his fiancee, Mary Pickford, who preceded him to Hollywood from New York by a day or so, accompanied by her niece, Gwynne. Mary's Christmas was spent very quietly, because of the death of Gwynne's mother, Lottie Pickford, only a short time before, but she must have been pleasantly surprised by her present from Buddy. The last thing he did before leaving town was to look at the latest and spiffiest models in expensive automobiles as a gift for Mary. He's looking handsomer than ever and much happier these days, though their marriage plans are being held in abeyance because of Mary's tragic and sudden loss. He couldn't name a date, for he'd received a third postponement on his commitment for BIP's picture, "Radio Parade of 1937," in England, to enable him to go on with his broadcast. He'll be going abroad then in February or March, to make this long-delayed film with some of Europe's most noted band leaders, and it seems pretty certain that Mary will be with him—on their honeymoon.

ANOTHER Hollywoodite who has spent many months in England recently and was as thrilled as a schoolboy to see the skyscrapers of New York again was Douglass Montgomery, who was in town to see how American doctors agreed with the London specialists about treatments for his injured arm. His left wrist was splintered almost a year ago while he was making "Tropical Trouble" in Great Britain and has been causing him plenty of trouble and inconvenience since then. Doctors disagreed as to whether or not having the wrist rebroken—and perhaps a bit of new bone grafted in—would prove successful, so Douglass is compromising on plenty of treatments and special exercises for the time being. Funny thing about that accident—he'd already done the actual diving scene from a real yacht for the long shots, but on a retake in the studio, it was decided to have him go over the prop deck-rail in a different manner. It was different, all right, for when he struck the mat out of camera range on the other side he broke his arm. All of which might have turned out much less seriously if he hadn't insisted on finishing the day's work without benefit of X-rays and competent medical care. Meanwhile, Douglass isn't letting anything get him down and he hurried to Hollywood and his family just before Christmas in the best of spirits. "You have no idea," he confided, soon after his return to this country, "how good your own country can look to you after you've been away for months! There are so many things in London that I like, so many British traditions I admire, but I suppose America will always look good to Americans. I'd forgotten how tall the skyscrapers were, how busy everyone was over here—and it seems to me as though people you pass in the streets now are looking so much happier than they did at the time I left. Why, I'm en- (*Continued on page* 124)

Rebellion Has Created a New Bette Davis

By BEN MADDOX

WHAT has happened to Bette Davis?

I saw her yesterday.

I was taken out to her set, where lunch had just been called. I was curious as to her conduct at her first interview since her return from London and the courts. What would she say—now?

Bette's great shining blue eyes stood out from the frame of her dark hair with a surprising happiness in them. A car had been ordered to take us to the Green Room where we could talk at a table for two. Everyone streamed past us, until only Bette and I were left in the huge door of the sound stage.

She kept peering down the studio street. "Do you suppose that car is coming for me?"

None of them was.

Bette shrugged, and smiled. "The idea was to save time and at this rate we'll do it by walking. Come on!"

As we strode through the narrow avenues, Glenda Farrell was whisked by. "It looks as though you don't get any respect around here," I said.

"Nonsense!" Bette retorted. "The trouble is they didn't send for the car until practically noon and the transportation department can't produce one if they're all already out."

I admit I was startled. The Bette Davis who had gone away from Hollywood would never have reasoned like this. Something had happened to her, something pretty important. I wondered if losing her battle had crushed her. Had the fire which carried her to the fore suddenly become just a sickly flame?

She had to return to Warners. She learned that when you sign a piece of paper the bargain sticks. Even though one may conclude that circumstances should alter cases.

Of course the newspapers played up her reputed $3,000-a-week salary no end, and many people decided that Bette was a spoiled brat. As a matter of fact, she won't be earning the highly publicized sum until 1942.

There were lots of hard feelings on both sides. The studio that made her a star considered her ungrateful. Bette had her own notions about protecting her career. But we needn't go into those details again because it's best to forget the whole squabble. Bette had the courage of her convictions, anyway, and they cost her a most imposing price. She has had to pay $14,000 to her own lawyers. She had had to pay the entire legal expense the studio incurred. She sacrificed her salary for the ten months she didn't work. Altogether she has been out $150,000! There isn't much doubt of the sincerity of a woman who sticks to her guns like that, is there?

Yet you won't get a trace of a sob story from her. Not even if you catch her alone, as I did. Not even when you have known her well ever since she first came to Hollywood so unprepared for the town. Bette hadn't the foggiest idea of the picture business and its ways, you see.

I can tell you this. I talked to her and I remember what meaning there was below the words that came to the surface, remember how she had behaved and talked in times past. I can tell you that behind the calm face she shows the world is a woman who is still going through a struggle. The end of this soul-testing turning-point for Bette will be next July. How she will cross the finishing line then determines her future once and for all—not only as a screen actress, but as a woman. I believe that she will dash down to the Los Angeles station with a triumphant song of victory almost bursting the heart within her. I have a strong hunch that she will be able to hug Ham Nelson with fierce joy. The seven months that they have traveled their own trying routes a continent apart will be blotted from their minds forever.

This brilliant young woman who has stirred up so much commotion with her vivid personality sat across from me in the Green Room. She wasn't belligerent. And so I thought to myself once more, and more tensely, "Something has happened to Bette. What is it?"

It was quite obvious that here wasn't the utterly wretched person who had stormed away. The Motion Picture Academy had given her its award for the finest feminine performance of 1935. Shortly afterwards came the blow-up. I recall that night when she was hailed there in the gala Biltmore Bowl. Bette grinned like a child; she wore a gayly polka-dotted gown and was pleased as Punch at winning the coveted honor. But in spite of her gracious acknowledgment that evening there was a sullen dissatisfaction in her. Only those of us sensitive to Bette's feelings caught it. She was drinking from an empty cup. How did she know when her success might be taken from her? She was searching for some sort of tangible guarantee that she could hang onto it.

Her arguments with executives reached an impasse within the following weeks. Defiantly Bette stepped out on the whole mess, as she called it. She prepared to start anew in England, say goodbye to her own country to work where she would be "appreciated."

And yesterday she sat there so happy, so perfectly at ease!

"When I reported for the first day's shooting back here on the lot my knees shook, my elbows shook; I couldn't seem to recollect a single line!" Every eye on the vast Warner stage was on her, attempting to pierce her guard, waiting to see how a rebel carried on in a spot like that. Actually Bette did her acting for the onlookers.

Now she is all friendliness.

"Why this peace, Bette?" I asked.

"Somehow I feel completely different," she answered. "I can't explain just how. I've tried to analyze it myself, and it isn't clear yet. I haven't new basic theories, but some way I realize how much effort we can waste by criticizing and bothering over affairs that aren't truly worth the emphasis.

"The awful strain of that long fuss has lifted. At least it's settled. I can plan. I can work—and that's what I want to do.

"I have discovered several things, I guess. Several darn vital things, if you must have it. About life. First, that we can't always have what we want, even if it seems as though it's our just reward. We get slapped down, in different ways, and there is no answer why. Then, I didn't know what Hollywood was all about when I landed here, as you can remember. It stunned me. I got off on assorted wrong tracks. In the beginning I presumed that I was to prove that I was an actress. So I acted, realistically, and I was told I was dull. Artificial glamour was the vogue. In desperation I determined to shove all my acting ideals into the discard and be what Hollywood (*Continued on page* 87)

The real story of what her contract defeat and now a separation from her husband have meant

"I didn't know what Hollywood was all about," says the new Bette of the old one, below, with bleached hair and false eyelashes. Things are different now!

The Exclusive and Romantic

Her unexpected marriage to Bob Cobb was just the climax of a romance full of gay surprises. Gail tells you all about it!

GAIL PATRICK still was too excited to talk calmly about her elopement.

I talked with her on Friday at noon. Thirty-five hours before, in Tijuana, Mexico, she had been married—in a surprise ceremony that caught columnists and reporters, her studio and her closest friends completely off-guard.

Twenty-eight hours before, she had been supposed to start work on a new picture, "Love Trap." And she had not appeared. Paramount had been frantic about her romantic disappearance.

Just ten minutes before, she had arrived back at the studio.

And at first sight of her all had been forgiven.

Gail—the poised and remote, the girl who never seemed to find romance on the screen (thanks to those Other Woman roles)—was wearing a smile that would not come off. Her black eyes were dancing. She was lilting happiness, personified. And her happiness was infectious. Everyone who came in contact with her caught some of it.

Every few feet, someone stopped her. One girl in the front office, trying to make out that she had known Gail's secret all along, said, *"I* wasn't very surprised."

"I was!" Gail replied, smiling as if she meant it.

And she did mean it. She was almost as surprised as she was in the autumn, 1932, when some sorority sisters—for the greater glory of Delta Zeta and Alabama—made Margaret Fitzpatrick enter Paramount's "Panther Woman" contest, and she emerged with a film contract and a new name.

She denied when she entered the contest that she wanted to be an actress. Ever since, she has been denying any desire for matrimony.

"I've got used to the idea of myself as an actress, but I haven't had time yet to get used to the idea of myself as a wife. After all, this is the first time I've talked about it."

Gail's first and only husband is Robert Howard Cobb. He is about ten years older than she is. He once washed dishes in Herbert K. Somborn's Brown Derby Restaurant. He rose to be general manager, saw one Derby expand to three. Upon the death of Somborn, Gloria Swanson's second husband, he became half-owner with Somborn's young daughter, Gloria.

When and where did he and Gail meet?

"Two and a half years ago. In July, 1934, to be terribly exact. At a press party at the Brown Derby, to which I wasn't invited."

But how?

Story of Gail Patrick's Elopement

By JAMES REID

Enthroned on a desk (she was too excited to be confined in a chair), Gail related:

"Mack Gray, George Raft's pal, had been telling me that he knew a man who was in love with me, and was anxious to meet me. I thought he was kidding me—he had a habit of doing that.

"This particular night, I was having dinner at the Derby, when I saw Mack and George at a table across the room.

"After a while, Mack came over—no, it was George who came over—and said he'd like me to do a favor for him. He'd like me to meet a very nice man who was in love with me, but had never been introduced to me.

"I said, 'Oh, is that so? How *tall* is he?' "

Gail, remember, stands five feet seven.

" 'Six feet or so,' George said.

"I decided this kidding had gone far enough. I'd call his bluff, and Mack's. I told him that life wouldn't be complete, if I didn't meet my unknown admirer. . . . Little did I know!"

Her eyes seemed to sparkle even more than before.

"George said, 'I'm not going to tell you who he is. You'll have to guess when I introduce him to you.'

"He told me that the man was at a big press party in the private dining room. I thought to myself, 'So they think they'll still lead me on! They think I won't have the nerve to crash the party!' I practically *insisted* on being taken to the private dining room.

"I didn't believe a word of George's story, even if he did act serious. George is a good actor. I certainly wasn't expecting to lay eyes on any secret admirer.

"Just inside the door, we encountered a man who spoke to George and Mack. George said to me, 'Miss Patrick, I'd like you to meet Bob Cobb. He manages the Derbies.'

"I said, 'How do you do?'

"Bob said, 'Oh, I know Miss Patrick.'

"I thought, 'What is this, anyway? I don't recall ever having seen *him* before, though I rather like him.' "

Gail's whole expression added, "I can't understand now how I ever had such a mild reaction!"

"George and Mack and I went on into the room, and I met about fifty other people. And I didn't believe George, at the finish, when he told me that among them was the mystery man who was in love with me.

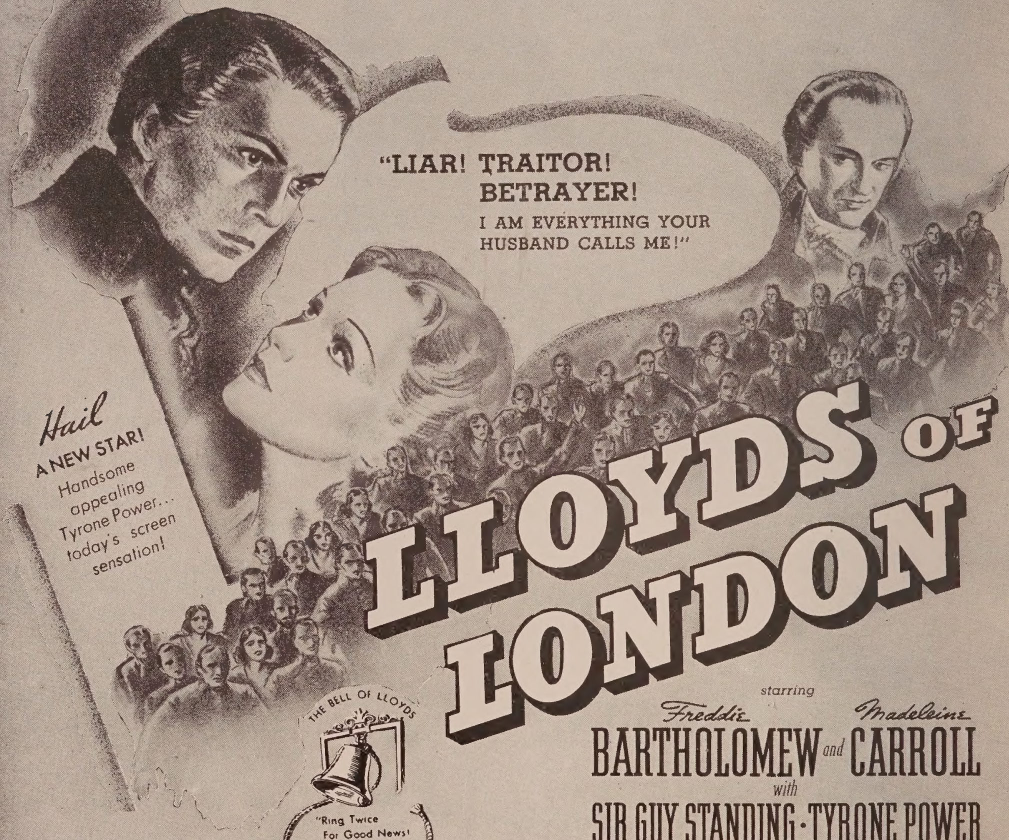
"A couple of nights later—it was a Friday night—Bob telephoned and asked if I'd like to go to the fights. I told him (*Continued on page* 84)

GO WHERE THE CROWDS ARE GOING...

Now you can see

THE LOVE STORY WHICH CHANGED THE DESTINY OF AN EMPIRE! THE PICTURE THE WORLD IS WAITING FOR!

. . . Direct from its sensational $2.00 runs in Hollywood and New York!


"LIAR! TRAITOR! BETRAYER!
I AM EVERYTHING YOUR HUSBAND CALLS ME!"
Hail A NEW STAR! Handsome appealing Tyrone Power... today's screen sensation!
THE BELL OF LLOYDS
"Ring Twice For Good News! Ring Once For Disaster!"

LLOYDS OF LONDON

starring

Freddie **BARTHOLOMEW** and *Madeleine* **CARROLL**

with

SIR GUY STANDING · TYRONE POWER

C. Aubrey Smith · Virginia Field

AND A MAMMOTH CAST

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan

Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

The critics agree . . . it's ringing TWICE for you!

"Hittraction!" cheers Walter Winchell!

"Huzzahs for 'Lloyds'!" shouts N. Y. Sun!

"Exciting as a bugle call!" applauds Time!

20th CENTURY FOX

WHEN THIS TRADE-MARK FLASHES ON THE SCREEN...

WHERE 20TH CENTURY-FOX HITS ARE SHOWING!

The smartest musical ever filmed!
The grandest songs ever written!

"THIS YEAR'S KISSES"
"I'VE GOT MY LOVE TO KEEP ME WARM"
"THE GIRL ON THE POLICE GAZETTE"
"HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM"
"SLUMMING ON PARK AVENUE"
"YOU'RE LAUGHING AT ME"

Dick POWELL · *Madeleine* CARROLL
in
IRVING BERLIN'S
"ON THE AVENUE"

with
ALICE FAYE · THE RITZ BROTHERS · GEORGE BARBIER
ALAN MOWBRAY · CORA WITHERSPOON · STEPIN FETCHIT · SIG RUMANN

Directed by Roy Del Ruth · Associate Producer Gene Markey
DARRYL F. ZANUCK *in Charge of Production · Music and Lyrics by Irving Berlin*

The tops in swank! • The smoothest in rhythm!
The greatest in stars! • The newest in love!
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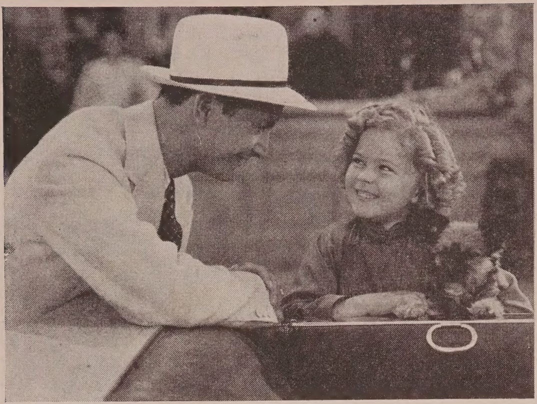


There's plenty of grand entertainment in Shirley Temple's new film, "Stowaway," with Robert Young.

The title role of "Camille" and the part of Armand are ideal for the talents of Garbo and Bob Taylor.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks, (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓Stowaway (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Shirley Temple, Robert Young, Alice Faye, Helen Westley, Eugene Pallette, Alan Lane, Arthur Treacher, Astrid Allwyn, J. Edward Bromberg, Philip Ahn, others.*
It's About: *The adventures of an orphan in China.*

If you've been disappointed in recent Shirley Temple pictures, you'll be glad to know that this offering packs plenty of entertainment and good acting.

Shirley's parents, missionaries in China, are murdered and she is brought up by a wise old Chinaman. When she loses her kindly guardian, wealthy playboy Robert Young appears. She falls asleep in his car and is put aboard a liner, much to the delight of "uncle" Robert Young and pretty Alice Faye, who is on her way to marry spineless Alan Lane. Their mutual love and protection of Shirley draws Robert and Alice romantically together, despite many complicating circumstances.

You Gotta S-m-i-l-e and *Goodnight, My Love* are two of Shirley's song hits. She does imitations of Cantor and Ginger Rogers in amusing style.

Robert Young and Alice Faye give excellent performances. Arthur Treacher is funny as Young's valet, and Helen Westley does splendidly as Lane's grouchy, meddling mother.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole family will enjoy this.

✓✓Camille (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, Jessie Ralph, Henry Daniell, Lenore Ulric, Laura Hope Crews, E. E. Clive.*
It's About: *The tragic love of a Parisienne courtesan for a young man of wealth and family.*

This version of Alexandre Dumas' classic romance tops its screen predecessors in glamour and artistry.

Marguerite (Greta Garbo), although deeply in love with *Armand Duval* (Robert Taylor), gives him up at the insistence of his father, who persuades her that she is ruining the young man's life. Convinced, subsequently, that their devotion is genuine, the father attempts to reunite the lovers, but unhappiness has undermined *Marguerite's* health and she dies in *Armand's* arms.

Garbo, more vivid and alluring than ever, gives a breath-taking performance. Taylor is the ideal *Armand*. The supporting cast is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

✓✓Green Light (First National)

You'll See: *Errol Flynn, Anita Louise, Margaret Lindsay, Walter Abel, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Henry O'Neill, Henry Kolker, Spring Byington, St. Luke's Choristers.*
It's About: *A young doctor who sacrifices his career for another.*

Lloyd C. Douglas' dramatic novel provides a powerful screen story, which is enhanced by excellent performances and direction and superb photography.

The story concerns a young physician (Errol Flynn) who assumes responsibility for an operation, performed by his instructor, which resulted in the death of the patient. Margaret Lindsay and Walter Abel oppose his attitude, but it is not until Anita Louise, the daughter of the deceased patient, with whom Flynn has fallen in love, discovers his identity, that he consents to join Stafford in research for a spotted fever vaccine. The way Errol saves his life and finds romance makes for absorbing drama.

Flynn does superb work in this modern role, with Hardwicke pressing him hard for acting honors. Miss Louise grows in beauty and ability with each picture. Abel and Margaret Lindsay give excellent support.

Your Reviewer Says: See it.

✓✓That Girl From Paris (RKO)

You'll See: *Lily Pons, Gene Raymond, Jack Oakie, Herman Bing,*

(*Continued on page* 69)

Movie Mirror's Personality Parade

Nothing but the finest for Katharine Hepburn! She plays her second Barrie heroine in "Quality Street"—then on to New York for a second try at stage fame in "Jane Eyre" with the Theatre Guild. Better luck this time, Katie!

The world's most popular triangle—Cupid, a lovely girl, a handsome man! The cast: Cupid—himself; girl—Jeanette MacDonald; man—Gene Raymond. The latest story: Gene gave a huge party, and Jeanette was still missing, long after the last of several hundred guests had arrived. The impatient Gene finally had to call his fiancée's home, only to hear, "Why, Miss MacDonald is asleep!" Curtain—and end of Act One.

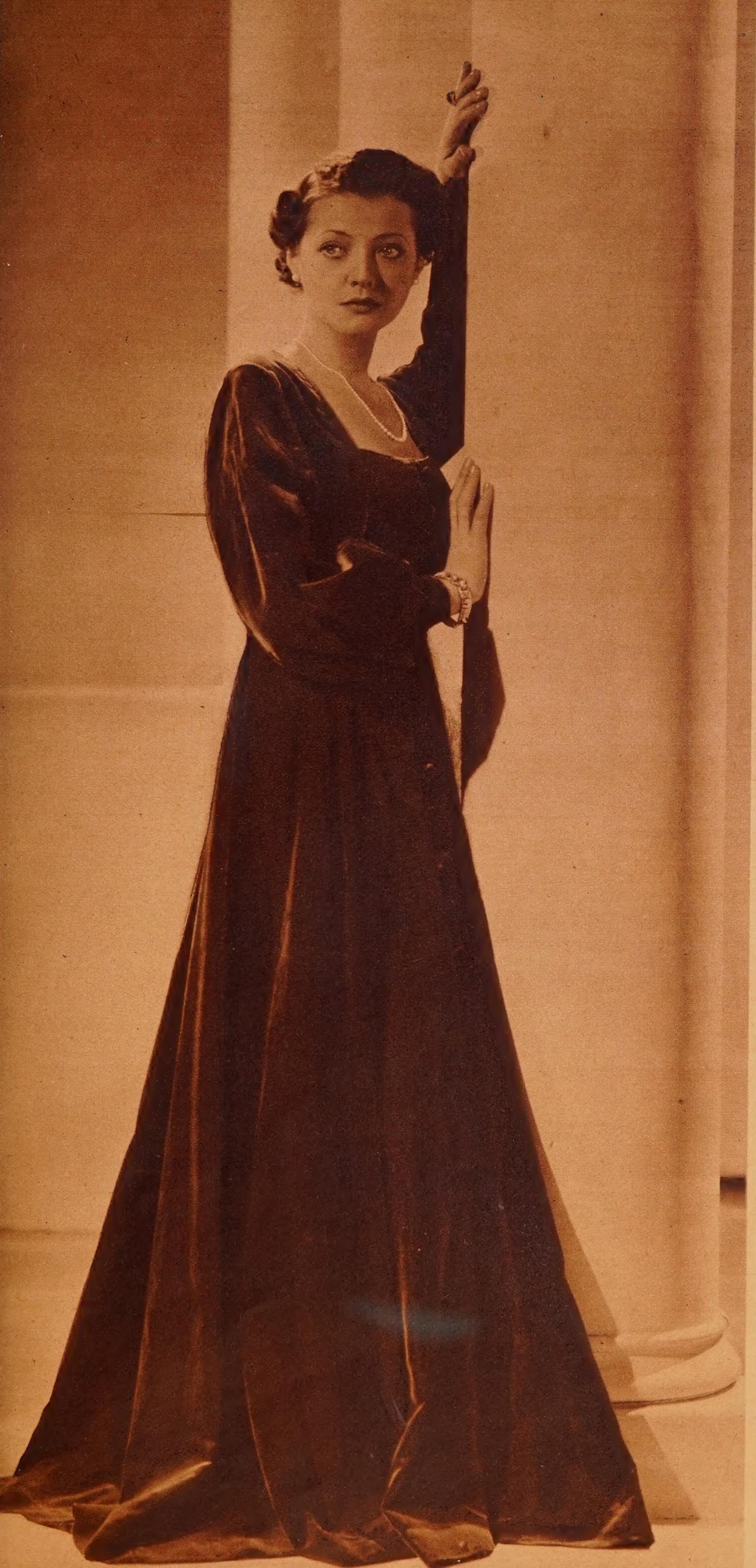
Act Two: Gene pulled out a whole handful of that blonde hair and demanded to talk to the sleeping beauty. A drowsy voice drifted over the wire. "What time is it?" asked Jeanette. At last she came over—and was the life of his party! Finale: And they will live happily ever after—after next June seventeenth, the date set for their wedding (and, incidentally, the second anniversary of their first date).

Don't let this quietly peaceful Eighteenth Century portrait of Nelson Eddy (in costume for "Maytime") fool you! He's one of the greatest practical jokers in Hollywood. Too bad that the screen's never caught either his full handsomeness or his grand burlesque —with gestures—of both opera and operatic tenors. Particularly his take-off on Nelson Eddy himself!

Some personal notes on Craig Reynolds, sensational newcomer who's drawing in just about the biggest fan mail on the Warner lot today: he's crazy about dogs; very handsome indeed, but has to shave twice a day because of that black beard; favorite drink—martini; favorite girl (this month, that is)—Gertrude Niesen; mad about all sports—and a pushover for sob stories.

Loretta Young

She was at that same party of Gene Raymond's we told you about—with, of course, director Eddie Sutherland, who was wearing his broken middle finger in a very becoming splint! Hollywood is betting on Loretta to be the next (sixth, if memory can be trusted) Mrs. Eddie.



Sylvia Sidney

On these pages we have two entirely different types of real feminine loveliness—Loretta the tender, and Sylvia the intense. Still, they are alike in being very charming, very quiet—and very much in love, if we're not wrong. Sylvia's heart is B. P. Schulberg.

TALL, dark-eyed Maleta Martin looked across the crowded room that buzzed with party guests come to do honor to the concert violinist son of Beaver Dam's Presbyterian minister, and that one glance changed the entire course of her life. For one brief and romantic moment her eyes met those of the laughing, tempestuous young musician whose gallant bow seemed just for her and whose smile burned deeply into her heart.

Until that moment, nothing very exciting or different had ever happened to Maleta Martin. The folks in Beaver Dam thought she was just about the most beautiful girl in those parts—with her tall, regal figure and the proud way she carried her head—but then, no one ever took time to tell her much about it because her beauty was taken for granted, just like the routine of Sunday morning church, the Ladies' Aid Society, bridge teas and showers for girls who were going to be married. Her beauty fitted the pattern and was quickly forgotten.

But Frederick MacMurray, the smiling violinist, was something else entirely; even if he was a local boy, son of the leading

The Very PERSONAL HISTORY

minister. From the very beginning, he had been an alien, an artist who could play the violin so beautifully that people out in the bigger world came to hear him when he played in concert. He was so exciting, dynamic and somehow foreign that it seemed hard to believe he had been born a mid-westerner just like the rest of them.

But this disbelief was mild compared to the romantic hysteria that gripped Maleta when he told her he loved her and wanted her to marry him. It was as if life were reaching out to her for the first time, offering color and glamorous excitement.

TWENTY-SEVEN years later, the only son of that romantic union was to flare across the star-laden sky of Hollywood as one of the quickest success stories the movie city had ever known: the meteoric film rise of Fred MacMurray (Jr.) from extra boy to stardom. Fred remembers little of his father; thus it is difficult for him to realize how much of his present success may be traced to that vital and volatile artist whose name he bears. And when his own vitality and personality registered so quickly and overnight blossomed into fame, the modest reserve of the beautiful Maleta Martin caused Fred to wonder, he does to this day, how such success could be his.

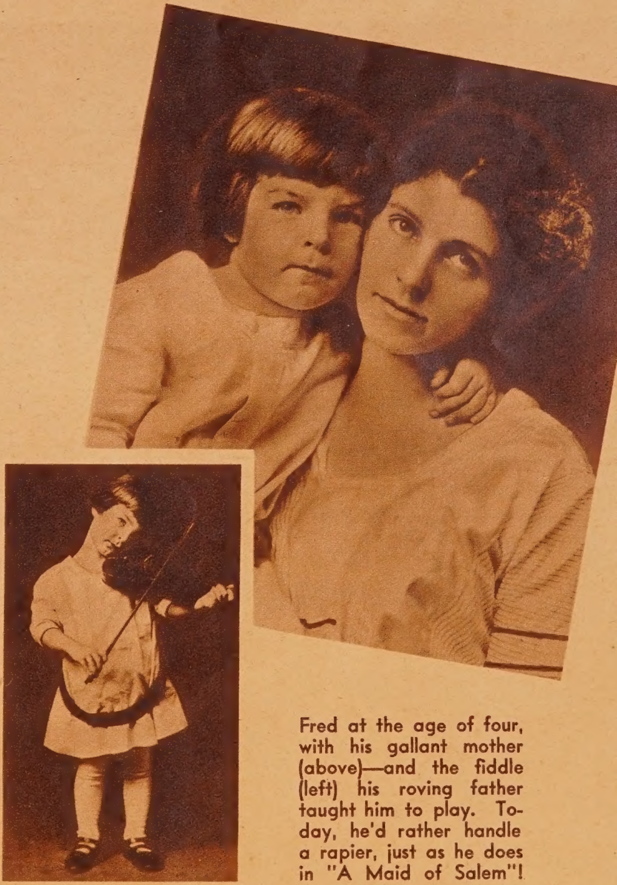
It is his strong maternal inheritance that forces Fred to look upon the Hollywood scene as a strange and illogical habitation for anyone so "everyday" as himself. He will probably always wonder how he ever got here and just how he made the grade so quickly. Even now, he doesn't quite trust Hollywood. Despite the bright flare of his success, he has never become a part of it. People used to say, upon seeing Fred escorting Lillian LaMonte back to work at the fashionable dress shop where she modeled, after they had lunched together at a nearby tearoom, "Did you ever see a popular young actor like Fred MacMurray? Doesn't it seem funny to see him walking down the street with his best girl just like any other young fellow, just like a clerk from the corner store?"

And Hollywood night clubs have been almost as much of an unknown quantity to Fred as they have to the real clerks. When he wasn't eating dinner with his mother, he'd go up to Lillian's little flat where she would prepare his favorite foods with her own hands. After dinner, they would wash and dry the dishes together. In all the time he has been in Hollywood (even long before his engagement to Lillian was announced) he has never been seen escorting a glamorous film star anywhere—and that isn't because they wouldn't have been more than willing. In the very heart of the most exciting unconventional and hectic town in the world, Fred MacMurray has remained a mid-western boy content to leave the fanfare and ballyhoo to others while he went his own simple and uninvolved way.

But because he can trace his tall slenderness, his dark brown hair and lighter eyes to his mother and since he must bow to his father for his musical talent, his quickness to rhythm and for that fundamental temperament that must underlie his calm (*Continued on page* 97)

Beginning the enthralling story of the boy who was born to be a gypsy but determined to be a gentleman—and how he realized his ambitions

By WALTER RAMSEY



Fred at the age of four, with his gallant mother (above)—and the fiddle (left) his roving father taught him to play. Today, he'd rather handle a rapier, just as he does in "A Maid of Salem"!

# of FRED MAC MURRAY

You can tell a lot about people from the things they enjoy doing most! Eight famous stars reveal:

THE Best Times

I SAT the other evening in a well-known and very smart night club in Hollywood, alternately eating the California equivalent of sole and observing the crowd of merry-makers.

They were making merry with a grim intensity possible only among people to whom money for entertainment is no object, who frequent gay cabarets and parties; most of them were film stars.

At the next table a very famous woman said suddenly to an equally famous man, "Are you having a good time?"

Some people make a fad of honesty. He shrugged. "Not very."

She looked interested for the first time that evening. "Why not?" she asked him.

"There's nothing excitingly different about the music, the chef here never heard of garlic and you, my sweet, haven't said an amusing thing since you arrived." The famous man smiled. "Probably, though, the trouble is the entire shindig has been planned for days in advance. To be good, an evening has to be impromptu."

The famous woman looked wistful. "I wish I knew how to have a good time."

Her companion started to say something, thought better of it, and remarked instead, "That's a bit of information that would be welcome to every actor in Hollywood."

"And to every reader of MOVIE MIRROR," I appended soundlessly. . . .

MYRNA LOY finished the final take of a minute-long scene for "Parnell," adjusted the lace at her throat, and came over smiling. "I want you to tell me," I said, "about the very best time you ever had in your entire life. Where you went, what you did, who went with you, how much it cost, why it was such a nice evening. Or day. Or whatever."

Myrna sank into a camp chair and accepted a cigarette.

John Barrymore (just below) looks 'way back into the colorful past and remembers one of those mad, hectic—but typically Barrymore—episodes, this time involving brother Lionel as well as John (and a gentleman with a most important gold tooth), in early trouping days.

Carole Lombard (above) confesses that she is "one hostess who enjoys her own parties," and proves it with an incident from one of them, a practical joke that turned out to be a boomerang! But the Henry Fondas love to remember an evening when they ran away from a swanky party—straight into a big storm.

"That's a stumper," she muttered. "But I think—yes, the most fun I ever had was on the day of my wedding."

"Oh, come now," I protested. "Only a bride would say that. Besides, it isn't logical. Women getting married are supposed to be nervous and frightened and all sorts of things."

"Well, I'll tell you about my wedding day," Myrna said, letting flash one of those overpowering grins of hers, "and you see what you think."

They met at breakfast, she and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., on this particular summer morning. A few days before, Arthur had brought the news of his divorce and had asked her how, when and where she wanted to be married.

"Will it be stained glass, a muted organ, and sprites strewing rose leaves," he inquired, "or will it be Yuma?"

"No grand stuff," Myrna had decided. "But don't let's make any plans. We'll set a day—and on that day we'll do anything that comes into our heads."

So this was the day. "Sun shining, breezes blowing," Myrna said softly, her nose pressed against the window. "I'll bet it's swell down in Ensenada today."

"That's it, then," Arthur agreed. "I'll get the car."

They picked up Myrna's stand-in and best friend and her fiance, Ray Ramsey. They pointed the nose of the sleek phaeton south.

It must be recorded that Southern California, as well as the Baja Peninsula, did its best. The Pacific, sprawling on the right as they drove, sparkled blue and white; the usually bleak hills and fields were in a gay mood. When they reached Ensenada the sun was high and hot, and it was siesta time.

"We'll get a license right away, have the ceremony, and then for a swim!" Arthur said.

Blind optimism. Brown, mustachioed clerks had to be awakened, prodded, incited to life. *"Cuidado, cuidado,"* murmured the clerks.

By HOWARD SHARPE

THEY *Ever Had*

Robert Montgomery's good time was so good (no kidding!) he has only a hazy memory of parts of it, but what he does remember was grand. It happened in Paris, in a foreign automobile (but not the one he's driving in the picture below)—and almost wrecked the Place Vendome.

As you might expect of newlyweds, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow love to look back on the delightful day they were married—but they have special reasons for remembering. Young Tyrone Power (above) recalls the sort of escapade that youth has always enjoyed—and some granddads, too.

"I'll speak to them in Spanish," Arthur told Myrna. To the clerk he exploded, *"Andale! Nosotros—uh, nosotros—gueremos—"*

They got the license, finally, after two hours of this: and then only after they had discovered that both clerks spoke fluent English.

"I have to have flowers," Myrna remembered. The four, still laughing, started out in search of a florist. There is, they found, no florist in Ensenada.

"But there's a garden behind the inn," Shirley said suddenly. So, while the population slept, they raided the patio for Myrna's bridal bouquet. Poppies and daisies, they found; and bright little red blossoms and some camellias, and some fern.

In the little alcalde's office they stood, at last, and listened intently while the sleepy magistrate read the ancient Mexican ceremony in his soft slurring Castilian. Then they went out into the sun.

Myrna stopped at the door. "Will you have that service translated for me?"

The alcalde shrugged. "Perhaps, by tonight, we may have some of it for you," he said hopefully.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hornblow, Jr., and the two friends came in from their swim, they found the little town awake and cool, filled with shadows.

While they were at dinner the magistrate came bowing to their table. "The translation, Señora!" he exclaimed, proffering a paper.

Myrna, reading it, began to laugh. "What is it?" Arthur asked.

"It says here," she gurgled, "that I've promised that if ever you get sick I will go out and plow the fields until you are well again."

Her eyes, suddenly, were misty. "But it's so beautiful," she added softly.

There was a little silence. Then with the sharp Mexican wine they toasted Ensenada—and the future.

BOB MONTGOMERY was resting from a night club scene for "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." I found a chair opposite him and asked my question.

"The answer has to be printable, eh?" he wanted to know.

I grinned, and he thought, his eyes half closed.

"Well, it was many years ago in Paris," he began.

They had been to the races, Bob and a French friend of his. Their luncheon cocktails had been followed by conversation in a sidewalk cafe, where they had left many saucers, and after that by dinner—a frivolous, bibulous Parisian dinner.

You will hence appreciate that by ten o'clock that evening young Robert and Monsieur his pal were in a gorgeous mood. "The night," Bob remembers saying, "is but a purp. Got any ideas?"

His friend eyed him owlishly. "Bet I can beat you!" he shouted suddenly.

"A thousand francs says you can't," returned Montgomery, immediately belligerent.

"We shall see," said the friend, pulling Bob to his feet. They floated out of the cafe.

At a Renault agency on the next corner the friend bought a roadster. "I haven't enough money for two," he said apologetically, "so we'll just have to take turns. Get in."

They drove through the front door, disengaged themselves from the debris, and headed for the Place Vendome, that tremendous circle in the heart of Paris.

By this time it was at least (*Continued on page* 81)

An evening of dining and dancing with Franchot Tone lingers in Joan Crawford's memory. Can you guess why?

It was a big hat like the one Jeanette MacDonald wears here that helped to make her "best time" so memorable—a big hat and such sophisticated clothes!

Why Crawford KICKED OVER THE TRACES

Here's the real story behind Joan's walkout from "Parnell"—and the reason

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WELL, what did *you* think when you read of the sensational switch of Joan Crawford out of the cast of "Parnell," in which she was to have co-starred with Clark Gable, and into the cast of "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," originally planned as a Myrna Loy vehicle?

Did it seem no more or less than another one of those unfathomable Hollywood production wars that frequently wind up in lawsuits, or at least in stellar walk-outs until frantic lawyers can solve the difficulty?

Did you believe, as did many in Hollywood, that Joan, disappointed over "The Gorgeous Hussy," was turning thumbs down on all costume pictures in the future to return to the modern mood and dress of her greatest screen triumphs?

Had Joan turned studio autocrat, and for the first time in her career, was she skating on the thin ice of dictating what she would and wouldn't do in regard to pictures?

Whatever your thoughts on this subject, Hollywood had doubled them in spades in this most discussed topic of the month, the by now famous "inside" on why Myrna Loy was out of "Mrs. Cheyney" and Joan was into it. This seemed to be a far more important angle on the story than the reverse which was equally true, that Joan was out of "Parnell" and Myrna into that one.

The columnists have been in a minor uproar over the developments, albeit a little confused.

Next, came the editorials taking sides pro and con. The cons were distressed "that Miss Crawford, always such a tractable star, would start kicking up her heels at this late date by attempting to manage her own career, always a sure way to screen oblivion," while the pros were delighted that Joan had, at last, begun to (*Continued on page* 115)

From POVERTY and LONELINESS

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

There weren't any rugs at all in Benny Baker's half-starved childhood. Today he has a magic carpet!

THE boy had a pumpkin face, reddish hair that swirled the wrong way, ears that were so big they flopped over a bit like wilted cabbage leaves. His figure was slightly on the barrel side, and short. His pants were too tight for him, and his leather lumber jacket was too big. He stood uneasily on thick rubber soled shoes. His name was Benjamin Michael Ziskin, sometimes known as Loppy, in honor of his ears. He was an assorter and a notch-putter in pants for a Rochester men's clothing factory.

Beside him, at the entrance to the dance hall, stood the factory's model—a proverbial tall-dark-and-handsome, Harry Longo. Lithe body. Sleek hair. A padded-shouldered, double-breasted, pin-striped suit—pants, coat and vest all of the same material. This second young man stood easily, glanced casually around the dance floor. He gracefully touched his lumber-jacketed friend on the arm, said, "Well, Loppy, have a good time. I see my girl. Meet you here after the last dance."

Loppy suddenly felt a strong inclination to run after his friend, tell him he felt ill, say he was going home. "Hey, Jim, wait a minute. I—" Then unhappily his shuffling hands felt and realized the emptiness of his pockets. Not even a nickel for the trolley. Because Jim had a car, and because he'd have to wait till Jim got good and ready to go, he was doomed.

Twenty-one years old and he had never been to a dance before! He'd always dreamed about it. The music, the girls, the soft fluttery dresses. He'd meet a girl, put his arms around her, they'd fall in love, get married. It was as simple as that in his visions. But now, standing here in the stag line, the reality had changed his happy dream to a nightmare.

There was a girl in pink, powdering her nose. She was alone and it seemed his only chance. Somehow his feet got him over to her.

"Dance?"

The look she gave him was all violet ray. "I'm sorry, I . . ."

"Please!"

Oh, well. She shrugged. Stiffly placed herself in his arms. He was one of those counting dancers. "One, two, three, turn. One, two, three, turn." He didn't mean to say the words aloud, but he was so intent on making a success of this. "One, two, three, turn." He wasn't looking at her, wasn't conscious of her slow pulling away. Finally she braced all her slim weight against him, broke loose. Said, disgustedly, the one word, "You!" and walked away. Three couples off she regained her maddened breath, turned and howled a second contemptuous "You!" Then topped it off bitterly with, "Who told you you could dance, you—you *hill-billy!* Just look at my shoes!"

Loppy was the only one who couldn't look. He heard the laughter around him, booming, rolling, uncontrollable, and ran. Years later, when he had become a successful comedian, he was to remember it as the only laughter he had ever caused that wasn't salve to his soul.

The next morning at the factory he scarcely saw the pile of cloth in front of him. There were forty-five pieces in all, potentially forty-five pairs of pants. He marked the top piece where the notches were to be cut, to indicate to the sewer where to sew. Shears in hand he began to snip. He didn't know it but the snips got bigger as he dug through the pile. He finished sooner than usual, passed the pants along to the sewing room. A few minutes later the manager of the factory suddenly loomed large in the doorway. He, too, shouted the word the pink girl had flung at Loppy the night before. "You! Meet me at the door! I'm going to get your pay check right now."

The next day Loppy secured a job selling candy in a burlesque theater. It may not sound like much of a step up to you, but to Loppy it was as promising a career-beginning as there could possibly be. In the theater at last! "Imported chocolates, twenty-five cents a box. Nice fresh chocolate covered cherries, only two bits! And a souvenir in every box. Get your souvenirs, folks. A snappy picture of a nude girl in every box! A regular fifty-cent box of candy, and a souvenir, only twenty-five cents, folks. How many, please?" With such an exciting new calling Loppy felt that he owed himself a new name. Something more dignified than Loppy Ziskin. He'd shorten his own first name, Benjamin, to Benny, and for a last name—well, Papa Ziskin was working in a bakery at the time: Benny Baker, that was it. It was short, easy to remember, and it would look well in lights, up over Broadway. If and when. And Benny never doubted that that time would come.

He couldn't remember exactly when the idea had been born in him. He only knew that when he was ten, back in Lincoln, when Gus Edwards and his Discoveries were playing at the Gaiety (ten cents in the afternoons), he had spent the whole week hanging out of his front window, singing at the top of his lungs, just hoping against hope that Mr. Edwards might come along, hear him, and sign him up.

The senior Ziskin, like many immigrants in this country, was reduced to working as a laborer. To further complicate the financial situation there was not only Benny to support but two young sisters, Ruth and Libby. At one period they had only eggs to eat; eggs could be "borrowed" from neighboring chicken yards. It was, perhaps, the boredom of eggs for months on end that inspired the young master of the family to lift himself to theatrical heights. Actors made money, lots of it. They ate eggs only for breakfast. They also walked on thick beautiful oozy, squashy rugs! There were no rugs in the Ziskin home. And in the winter the floors were cold. The only warm place was in school.

If it hadn't been for this fact, the young Benny might never have had any education at all. There were only two subjects which he liked and those were history and English, but strangely enough he had an avid hunger for reading. Between the ages of ten and sixteen he read all the books in the school library—all except the encyclopedia and he had only read the first four volumes of that.

His bookishness never really got him very far, except in connection with baseball. Second to his theatrical ambitions was his keen desire to play the great American game. But his roly-poliness stood in the way. It was a book which made him an integral part of the school team. One day he showed up on the field with a great thick book under his arm. It was "The Big League Rule Book." From that moment on Benny became baseball boss around the place. He couldn't play baseball, but he talked a good game. His word and the book which backed him up were law to all the Lincoln teams. And so his book won him a much coveted seat on the bench.

HE was always terribly shy, always knew he was awkward, always felt that his roundness was a handicap. Still, in spite of all that, he dreamed of being an actor.

It was only after he became a candy salesman in the Rochester burlesque theater that he confided his secret to anyone. During the show he used to sit in the balcony, elbows forward on knees, hair straggling in his eyes, his chocolates melting on his lap, studying the work of the comedians on the stage. The girls, even in their almost complete nudity, never held any fascination for him. He had determined, that night at the dance, that he would always hate all of them.

There was an agent who also frequented the balcony, looking for vaudeville talent. Benny cultivated him, gave him free candy, which he had to pay for himself out of the forty cents a day which he made. But it was worth it. One day the agent told him that the town's stock company was to do a play with a crowd scene in it. He'd send Benny over. There wouldn't be any lines and Benny would get only four dollars a week.

His lumber jacket filled like a sail in the wind as Benny's short legs carried him quickly down the street.

The stock company was under the direction of none other than the now famous George Cukor. Mr. Cukor told Benny all he would have to do would be to run across the stage with the others. Oh yes, and he could carry a suitcase.

Would he need a costume, the breathless young would-be wanted to know.

No, the lumber jacket was just right. He was supposed to be just a bum, that was all. (*Continued on page 90*)

to PROSPERITY and LOVE!

"Loppy's" greatest fear was girls—until the right one came along! Now she's Mrs. Baker (right); they're at the Casanova with Frances Langford.

WHAT THEY COLLECT

A MERE hundred or so filmites give the assessors who appraise Hollywood property more headaches than any hundred thousand Los Angeles County taxpayers put together. All because they have a yen for collecting rare, quaint, and curious articles; articles on which it is difficult or downright impossible to put a dollars and cents value.

It's simple for Mr. Assessor to squint his practiced eye at Pat O'Brien's domain and domicile and set down "Land, $2,500; Improvements, $7,480." But when he scrutinizes Pat's personal property he finds himself in a morass.

For that matter, few of us would know any better than the poor assessor what value to put on:

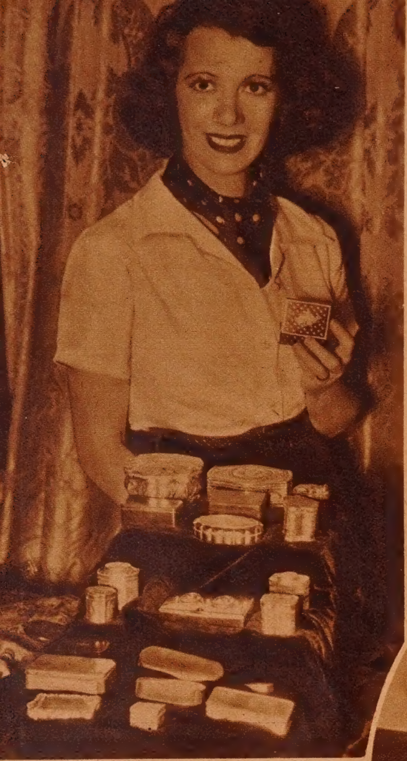
Gene Raymond's bell-mouthed Arabian blunderbuss.

Erik Rhodes' Hindu idols.

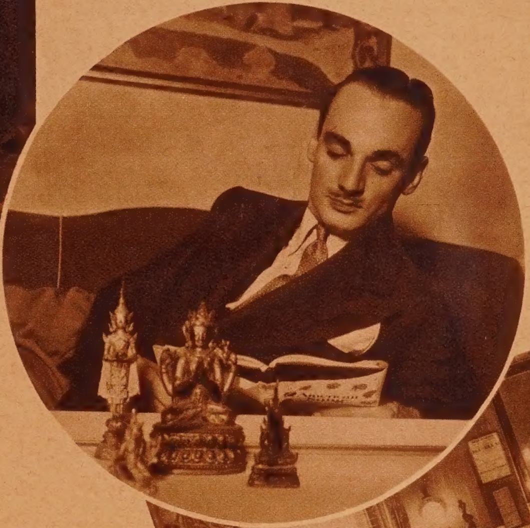
Lord Nelson's snuff box, Lily Pons' prized possession.

Lionel Barrymore's century-old etchings.

Which sort of gives you an idea of the range of articles being assembled by the picture people who really go in for collecting. Art



Lily Pons had no idea of beginning a collection when she purchased a little snuff box years ago. Today she has many cherished items, not the least of which are Lord Nelson's snuff box and inkwell.



It's a personal reason that makes Erik Rhodes so fond of his unusual collection of old Hindu idols, a few of which are shown at the left.

and antique collectors, philatelists, bibliophiles, numismatists there are, of course, but most of Hollywood's collectors snoop around for such *bizarrerie* that there are no terms yet coined to fit them.

Jeanette MacDonald, for one, defies the vocabulary of old Noah Webster himself when it comes to cataloging her as a collector. The M-G-M warbler is engaged in the laborious task of assembling a china philharmonic orchestra.

So far the willowy singer has a hundred pieces. Everywhere she goes Jeanette ransacks curio stores. She will trek miles to some tiny shop in a far corner of a city in the hope of finding some instrument she does not possess. Getting its start as a small gift set, today the "orchestra" is probably the largest of its type in the world.

The set is kept on a three-tiered table in regular orchestral arrangements. Each piece only about three inches high, the hundred instruments stand in eloquent silence, as if waiting to be taken up by an equal number of Liliputian musicians.

Singers seem to run to collecting articles related to their art. With Bing Crosby it is autographed batons. The crooner got started when Paul Whiteman gave him one. Since then Bing has collected batons wielded by practically all of the well-known band leaders of the day. Some of the staffs are of wood, some of metal, and several are tipped variously with gold, platinum, and ivory. Strangest of all is one made of Mexican cactus. It was presented to Bing by the conductor of the Tipica Orchestra of Mexico City.

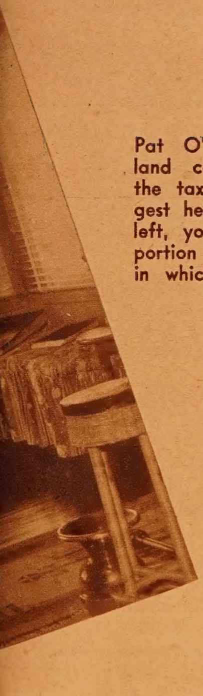
Most characteristic of the donor of all the batons in Bing's collection is one given him by Louis Armstrong, negro band leader, noted for his hot music. Armstrong came to Hollywood to work with Crosby in "Pennies from Heaven," and upon departing gave Bing an ebony stick autographed in white ink.

To the lovers of antiques, passing from Bing Crosby's collection to that of John Boles is going from the ridiculous to the sublime. For John is one of the most serious collectors in Hollywood and he owns some pieces that many an antique collector would give an eye for.

The prizes of his collecting career are a Duncan Phyfe table, a Sheraton couch and chairs, a mahogany secretary built in 1760, a complete tea set of Queen Anne porcelain ware made in 1725, a Queen Anne mirror also of 1725 vintage, an ornamental centerpiece (*Continued on page 74*)

Philatelists—bibliophiles—numismatists! No, we're not calling the stars names, but they're all collectors. And some of them can't even be classified!

By JOE WILL LLEWELLYN



Pat O'Brien is the filmland collector who gives the tax assessors the biggest headache of all. At left, you see just a small portion of the many objects in which he is interested.

John Boles' great interest in American antiques dates from a visit to the Metropolitan Museum. Now he's particularly proud of this 1760 mahogany secretary and the 1725 Queen Anne porcelain it contains.

He learned to swim—and fell in love with the girl who is his wife today—in Hawaii.

LARRY CRABBE'S Love Masquerade

No wonder the girl he loved snubbed Buster—he had made her believe he was a native beach-boy!

By SHEILA WORTH

WHEN Larry Crabbe first looked upon the girl who was later to be his wife, he was swimming in the water that swirled around the incoming boat, *The City of Los Angeles,* as it juggled for position alongside the dock at Honolulu. He wore only trunks, and his sun-bronzed body gleamed olive through the water. He was splashing around, shouting loudly in Hawaiian, and diving for pennies, and coming up with the coppers glistening between his white teeth. On all sides of him were other boys, real natives, real wharf rats, shouting and splashing just as loudly in eager competition. The five hundred passengers on the boat were clustered at the rail. Larry looked up and saw, laughing down at him, a pretty girl in a smart mainland hat. She held a nickel in her hand, or perhaps it was a quarter; he wasn't sure. She caught his eye, let him think for a moment that she was tossing the coin to him, then laughed in delicious meanness as she tossed it far over his head to some other boy in the water behind him. He shook his fist at her, and made a grimace as wharf rats always do. She laughed again, nudged her companions, more pretty girls like herself—but not quite so smart—then patronizingly tossed him a penny. He let it sink.

A few minutes later the boat had docked. The boys came dripping out of the water to lounge in the sun and count their spoils. Larry sought his brother, Buddy, who, in white flannels, idly and magnificently leaned against a pillar. "It worked," Larry said, panting. "*Too* well. I not only pass for a native beach boy, but I make a perfect wharf rat, too. I only swam out there for a gag—but did you see what that girl in the hat with the feather did? Treated me like the scum of the earth. Laughed, and there wasn't any pity in it, either!"

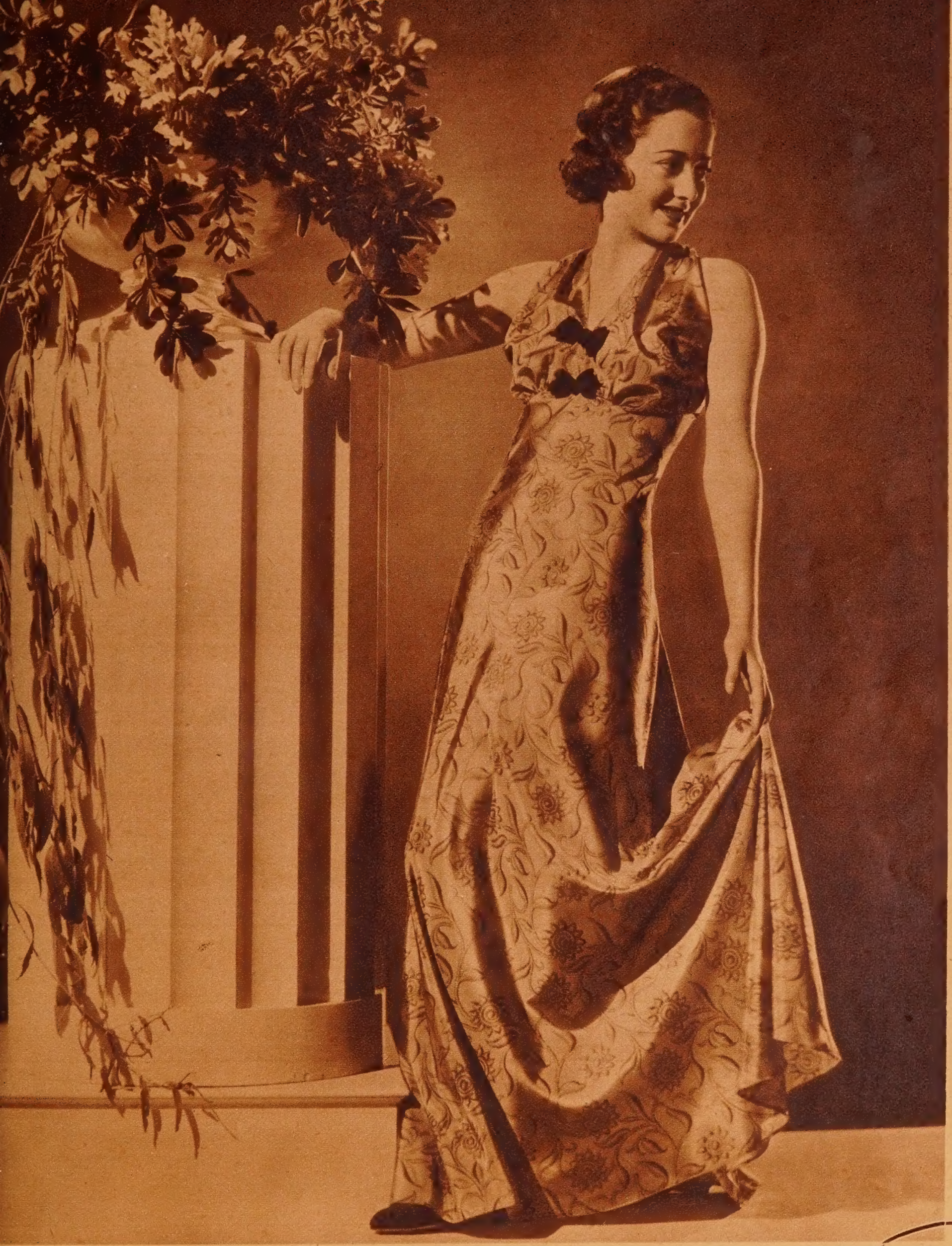
"Well, you know how wharf rats are ranked around here," his brother yawned. "It's bad enough to masquerade as a beach boy without lowering yourself any further. Even this beach boy stuff is going to get us into trouble some day. Look, Larry, suppose you really fall for one of these girls sometime—that girl with the feather on her hat, for example. Oh, she'll go walking with you and maybe dancing, and let you take her driving, but do you think she'll really let herself fall? For a beach boy! Don't be crazy!"

"Who wants her to fall?" Larry scoffed. But nevertheless his eyes had found her now in the crowd, and they followed her with interest as she made her way toward the Royal Hawaiian taxis.

"And even if you told her you were white," Buddy added, "she wouldn't think much of you for being in this business!"

"Oh, the heck with it!" shrugged Larry. "Let's get down to the beach before the customers arrive!" And the two boys flopped into their Ford.

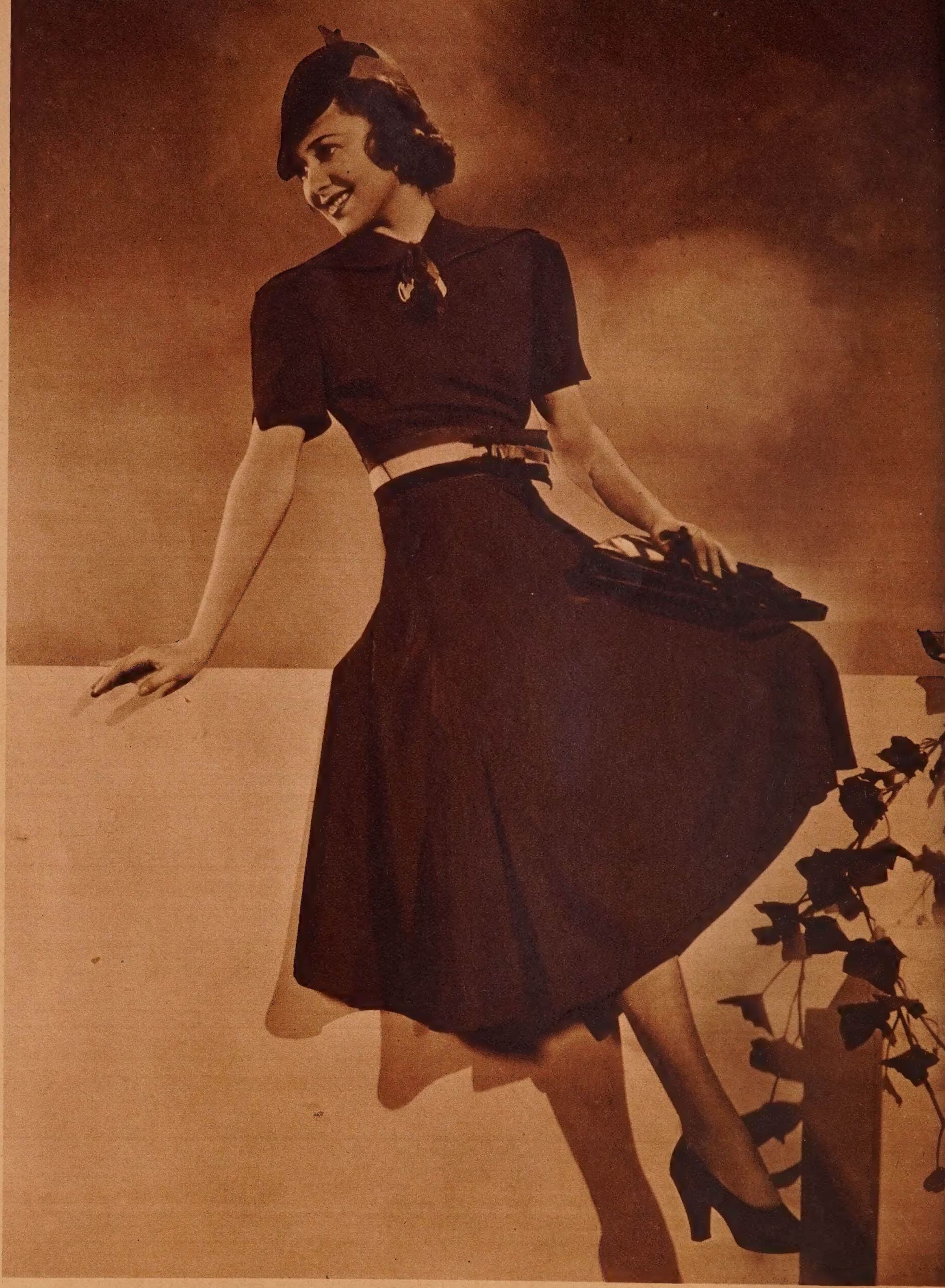
All this was in 1930—the third year of Larry Crabbe's unique masquerade as a beach boy at Waikiki. Now the beach boys in Honolulu have one (*Continued on page* 93)



Olivia de Havilland is only five feet three, yet she is one of the best dressed stars in the film colony. The petite girl always faces a distinct clothes problem in adapting fashion trends to her figure; she must be ever on the alert to avoid extremes, paying particular attention to fabric, line, skirt length and simple trimmings. Olivia's wardrobe was especially designed for her by Patricia Perkins. Powder blue taffeta printed in a wallpaper design of navy fashions this evening gown, cut on princess lines for added height. Diminutive navy velvet bows trim the softly draped bodice, with its halter neck.

Star Fashions

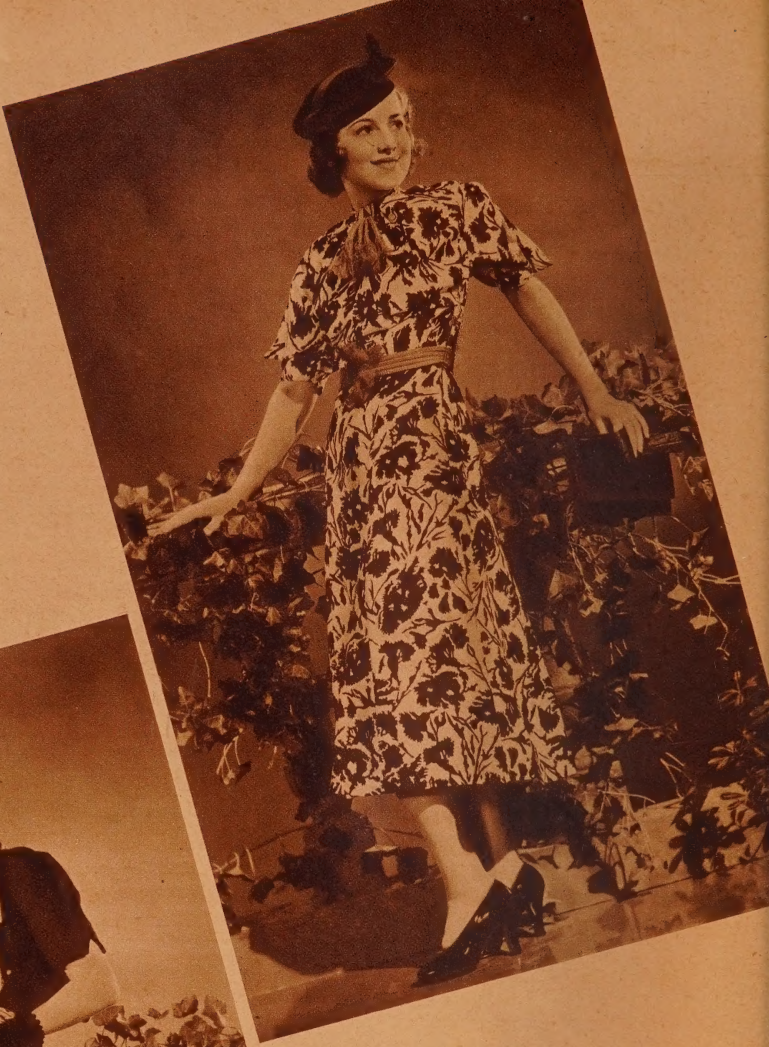
By GWENN WALTERS

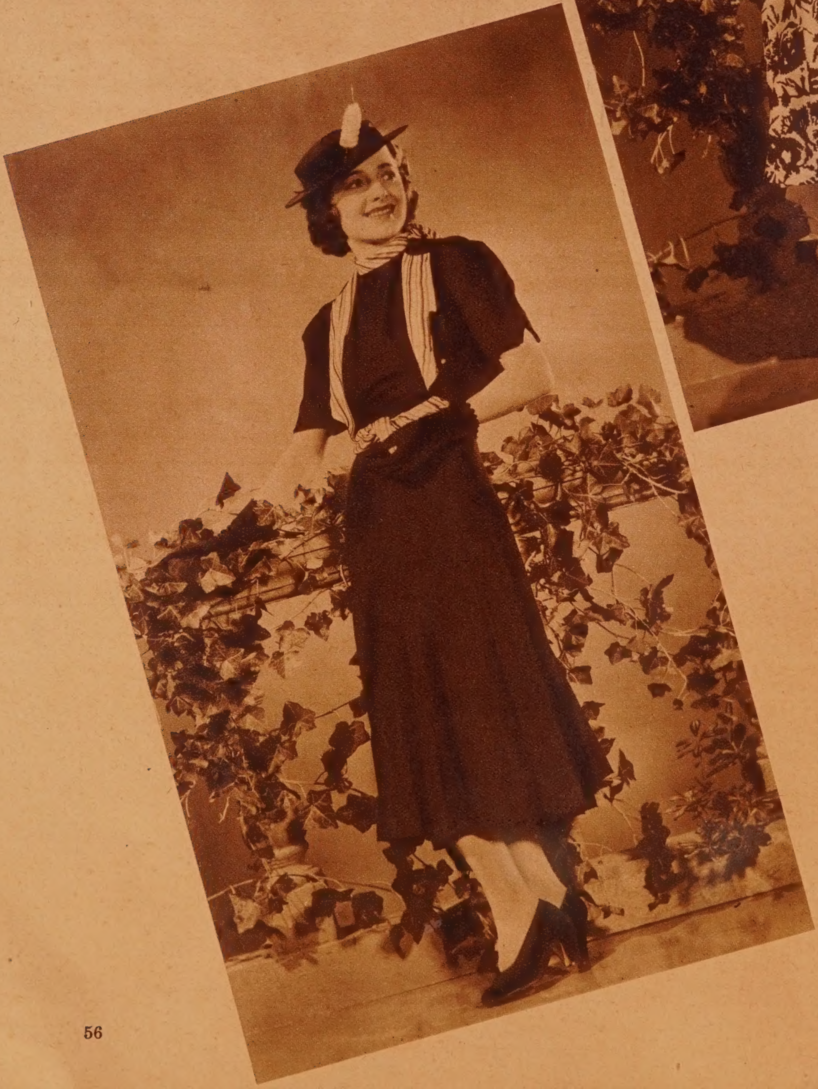


For spring days, Olivia selects this navy wool frock (above), gaily accented with a belt and collar-tie of Corsaire blue, Flirt red and Pirate gold suede. A fitted bodice with shoulder breadth tops the swing skirt. Navy velours and Pirate gold suede are combined to fashion Olivia's close-fitting toque.

This dressmaker frock of heavy black crepe (right) is Olivia's choice for town wear. A riotous linen print in red, yellow and black lines the tiny jacket and fashions debonair, young lacings on the frock itself. Olivia's black straw toque and matching accessories complete an indispensable, practical ensemble.

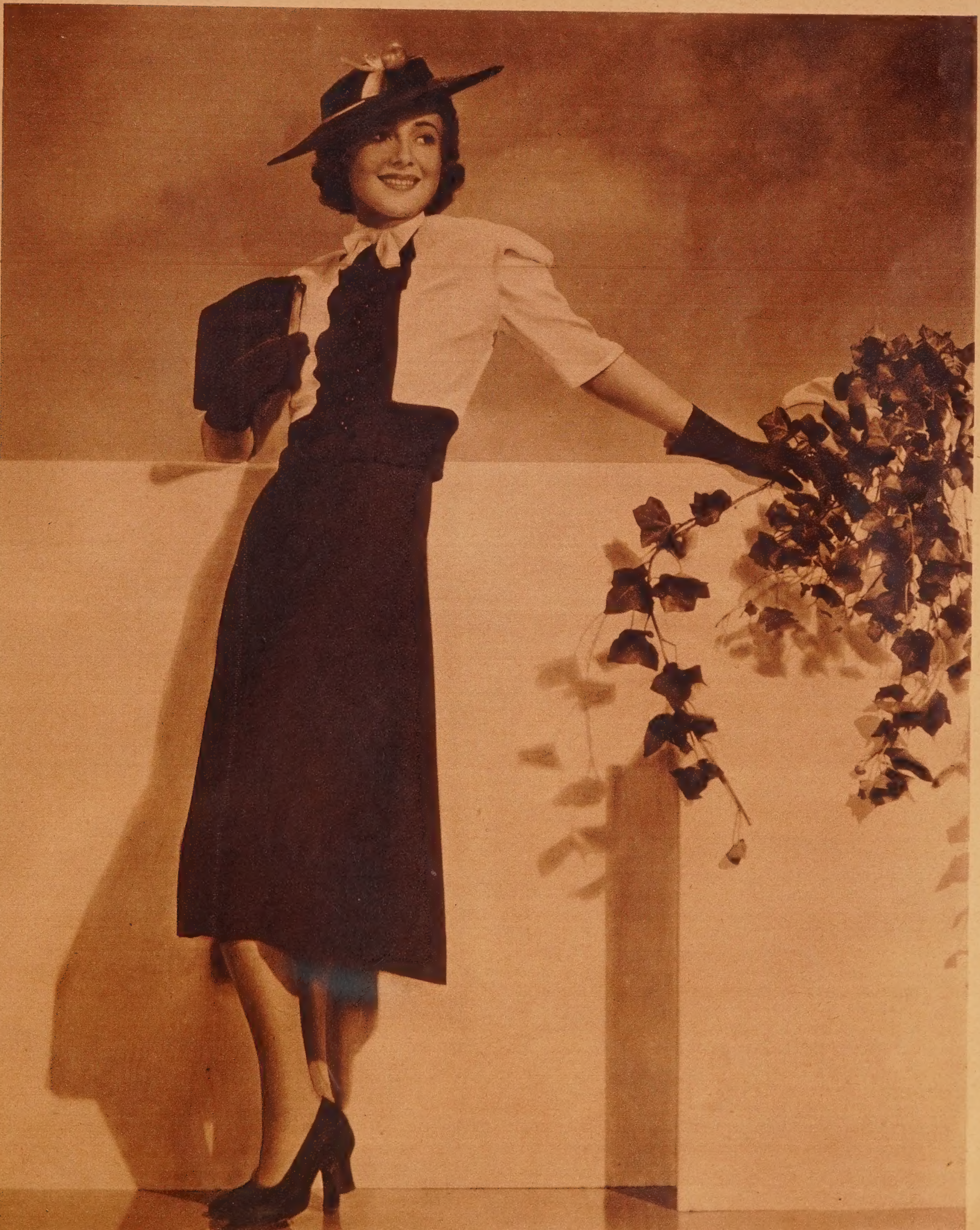
Robin red hemp forms a double loop at the neck and girdles the waist of Olivia's casual spring frock of black and white printed crepe, at right. Red grosgrain stripes her black straw beret and fashions a perky side bow. Accessories are of black patent. Roman-striped tie silk lines the jacket and forms the scarf and girdle of her brown wool ensemble below. The jacket is reversible, giving the disarmingly simple frock a dual personality. Chamois yellow chenille trims the straw sailor in an unusual manner.





If you have a clothes problem, write Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and she will help you individualize your wardrobe.

Olivia chooses the classic color combination of navy and white for this two-piece ensemble. A tailored bow closes the neckline of the jacket, which achieves fashion interest by means of a front panel and waistband of navy wool. Olivia's navy sailor of straw fabric is trimmed in white.



Lombard CREATES A

CAROLE LOMBARD is helping a girl get into the movies.

She is thus creating her own potential rival. And also she is killing forever the legend of professional jealousy, killing the story that stars in Hollywood see no one but themselves.

In fact, up to now the latest Lombard philanthropy has been kept strictly under cover, on the theory that the new glamour girl should be given a thorough tryout before she breaks into print.

Yet the circumstances behind this story are of the greatest significance to every girl of talent and ability who has ever considered the possibility of a movie career. If a girl could break into pictures herself, Carole's aid wouldn't be necessary in the first place. It becomes self-evident, therefore, that a full revelation of what Carole has accomplished, what advice she has given and what definite steps have been taken, is of extreme importance to all who have a professional and personal interest in film work.

When Movie Mirror, having discovered Carole's secret, pointed out these pertinent facts and added another to the effect that publicity is the life blood of star building, Carole consented to lay bare the entire plot.

MARGARET TALLICHET came to Hollywood, hopeful of breaking into pictures. She had worked on a newspaper in her home town of Dallas, Texas, and had some business and typing experience, so she was not unequipped to try for a job while she looked for studio work. She was five feet three, weighed a hundred and twelve pounds, had brown hair and hazel eyes, and a southern accent. She'd had some experience in school theatricals, majored in French, and was born on the thirteenth of the month. Of all her assets, this last was the most important, for it indicated luck might be with her.

It was, for she got a job at Paramount Studio, in the publicity department, and one of her duties was to escort visitors to sound stages for the precious privilege of watching the stars make movies. That's how Margaret met Carole Lombard.

Carole talked with her casually, and learned of her ambition.

"Something about her struck me as unusual," Carole told me. "Her personality, rather than any exceptional beauty. Bright mind, too, and that's important. I had the sudden hunch that this girl, if given a little help, might go places."

She asked Margaret to drop in at her dressing room and discuss the matter. Then Carole began to set a few wheels in motion.

"I was amazed at how little attention Hollywood pays to new talent," Carole said. "Paramount once had a training school, but it had been abandoned, and only the coach retained. There's no one to whom a beginner can turn.

"There are a number of small theater groups where you can get valuable experience—if you can get in. Otherwise there is no organization for training picture players. To get a job you should have a reputable agent to make appointments, get auditions, arrange for tests. An agent receives ten per cent of your salary, and works hard enough to earn it in most cases. But if you are a newcomer, you'd be lucky to get $75 a week. That's $7.50 a week for the

Glamorous RIVAL

Below is the lucky girl herself, Margaret Tallichet, as Carole first saw her on the Paramount lot. Left, as she looks today. She'll be in "A Star Is Born"—which may be a prophetic title! Read this story and see how Carole made it possible.

Few people would be willing to do what she's doing in sponsoring another girl's career, but she's always had the courage of her honest and generous convictions

By JACK SMALLEY

agent. Is it worth his while? Naturally he isn't excited over the prospects. So what is a poor girl to do?"

That's just a sketchy idea of what the youngster from Dallas had faced when Carole reached down from the top to help. And when Carole makes up her mind to start something, half-way measures aren't enough. Carole had been through the mill. Starting as plain Jane Peters, she had climbed every foot of the way on her own ability, and she knows the answers.

Margaret Tallichet had plenty of questions to ask her. "Where do I start? Who'll teach me? What should I learn?"

First of all, Carole arranged with the studio for Margaret to study scripts with Phyllis Laughton, the Paramount coach. Then she sent her to Helena Stungo to study voice placement, diction, and body movements.

And it's amazing what a teacher can do with a voice, as many stars have discovered. Many who never sang a note have become good singers under tutelage. Margaret learned things about her diaphragm. *(Continued on page 72)*

THE PERFECT WAY TO A Perfect Figure

WHEN I first started this series of articles I had a sneaking suspicion that the main trouble with Mrs. and Miss America generally was overweight; that you wanted to look five years younger; and finally that there were a lot of you who were interested in overcoming a nervous, run-down, weak condition. You were under-weight, you were listless, you hadn't the energy even to play, much less work, and you were getting pretty bored with the world and your friends and everything in general.

So this month you get the first lessons in a course on building up the body. Read it carefully, obey the instructions as if your life depended on them, and within a few weeks you'll have gained the requisite poundage to make you hold your head with any Mrs. Wally Simpson in the world today.

My first, and most carefully considered, advice is to drop in on your family doctor for a friendly chat and a thorough examination, if you're thin of body and listless of spirit. This condition in some cases is caused by a more vicious circumstance than lack of exercise and unfortunate diet. Your tonsils may be chronically bad, with the result that your entire system is too busy fighting an incipient poison to function normally. Your teeth may need attention; they can be very malevolent if you disregard them.

There are other possible, if improbable, reasons why you are nervous and under-weight. However in ninety-nine cases out of every one hundred, be assured that a change in living schedule, a new diet, and a proper routine of exercise will change you into a healthy, happier woman.

The underlying factor most important to success in this undertaking is change of pace; in adding weight you must forget hurry.

Your mental attitude is of supreme importance here. Worry, for one thing, will keep even naturally heavy people thin and for the naturally light person it is absolutely disastrous.

Claudette Colbert is one attractive little star who realizes the value of complete relaxation—and milk-drinking.

In many cases in which Hollywood stars have consulted me with a view to building up their run-down constitutions I have found that worrying over financial, romantic or career matters was the basic cause of their condition. I prescribed a simple, uninvolved treatment which you might do well to follow.

"Sit down," I told them, "and list on a sheet of paper —one, two, three—all the problems that are troubling you. Then after each item note the various remedies necessary, how long they will take to be effective, and the probable outcome. Then set each little formula in motion, methodically. When you have done that you've accomplished all you can about the matter —and you'll discover there's neither the need nor the inclination to worry."

If you've troubles that absolutely demand thought then worry intelligently and progressively. Set aside an hour every other day and during that sacred period worry like crazy—and forget your misfortunes the rest of the time. Thus brain-torture will become concentrated, less harmful —and the effort will be constructive.

Your trouble may be business; that will work out better if you are serene, if your mind is clear. It may be family relations; very well, have a show-down, adjust differences, clean your house. You may be in love, apparently in vain; but you'll be more attractive, physically and every other way, if you follow my advice.

In the case of those of you whose thinness is rooted in glandular sources, my system of exercises and diet will correct the majority of faults. Usually the origin of most under-weight conditions is nerves, lack of muscular activity, bad eating habits, and poorly functioning glands as a result of the way you live.

We'll take care of the glandular condition by exercise, also calculated to build up flabby, undeveloped muscles—a topic I'll discuss later. We'll reconstruct your diet further on in this article. So far as nerves are concerned, you'll have to regard my advice religiously and use will-power.

Slow the pace at which you live. I understand that you may have some sort of secretarial or other type of position which keeps you on the jump (literally) throughout the day. I can only remark that you'll be twice as efficient if you approach any task calmly, with a placid mind and an objective attitude.

When you walk, walk slowly. If you're late to the office or an appointment, take a cab or a bus. Ride as often as possible, and relax so far as shrieking horns and the clatter of trolleys will let you. But try to be deliberate about all your actions. Do things one by one, carefully and solemnly, even if someone is shouting at you to hurry. *Talk* slowly—that may sound far-fetched, but rapid speech plays havoc with the nervous system. Laugh when you can, smile as a habit and not as an occasion.

Dissipation is a cause of physical and mental depression. This is a matter for your own discretion, but I should advise you to go on the water wagon completely while you are busy gaining weight. Eschew the pretty pink before-dinner poison, the brandy or liquor afterward, the on-into-the-evening highballs. Give up wines with your food. Liquor is fattening, admittedly; but it's the wrong kind of fat, and alcohol in any form or amount is ruinous to nerves and glandular health.

Stop smoking, please. It spoils (*Continued on page* 118)

The author (lower left) looks approvingly at Karen Morley, as she is today (center). At right, as she looked before.

The stars' physical trainer has given lots of help to those of you who are overweight. Now he takes up the problems of the underweight

By DONALD LOOMIS

Cinderella REDISCOVERS HER FAIRY GODMOTHER

By KATHERINE ALBERT

A CHARMING woman wearing a smart suit with the fur collar pulled up around her throat and a little hat pulled down over her auburn hair stood before the door of an apartment at Essex House. Seemingly self-possessed and assured as she was, her hand shook as she pressed the bell.

But a moment later she was swept into the strong young arms of Anne Shirley, and Anne's mother, Mimi, ran across the room to hug them both. They were laughing and crying and talking all at the same time.

"Oh, darling," Anne was saying above the din, "let me look at you. Why . . . why . . . you're my long-lost godmother. Isn't it dramatic?"

The three finally sat down on a couch together, still crying a little —but laughing more—to talk, sometimes simultaneously, sometimes separately, about fifteen years of a heartbreaking separation.

The story of the long-lost godmother began before Anne Shirley was born, when a musical comedy star of the early nineteen-hundreds met one of the sweetest little English girls ever to come to this country.

Perhaps some of you may remember Eveleen Dunmore, the musical comedy star. In those days of buxom ladies with wasp waists and billowing hips she was

Years ago, Eveleen Dunmore (at left) said a fond goodbye to her goddaughter (below), all unaware that she would grow up to be the famous film star on the opposite page before she found her again. At right, Anne with her mother.

The story of Anne Shirley's reunion with her long-lost godmother is one of the strangest, sweetest ever told

a slim, reed-like girl with—as the old theatrical magazine *Zit's* said—"the most beautiful arms in the world." Yet small as she was her voice was as powerful as it was sweet. "The little lady with the big voice," one of the reviewers of the day called her.

She was an Irish girl—born in Dublin—and she captivated the hearts of the gay first nighters in their Inverness capes and opera hats. It was when she was the star of "Rose of Panama" that she met Mimi Gray, the little English girl who was playing a tiny part in the production.

In those days, as now, there was a sharp class line drawn between the principals of a cast and the chorus and bit players. But there was something so appealing about Mimi, something in her eyes so tender and lost, that Eveleen's warm Irish heart went out to her.

They talked one night when Eveleen was standing in the wings waiting to go on and presently Eveleen asked Mimi to move into her dressing room and to be her friend.

Mimi was not the typical musical comedy chorus girl, Eveleen could see that. She spoke French and Italian as well as she conversed in English. She was definitely "a lady."

Once in a moment of confidence she told Eveleen that she had run away from home because her family objected to her going on the stage and that Mimi Gray was not her real name.

"Who are your people in England?" Eveleen asked.

A strange look crossed Mimi's face. "Don't ever ask me that again!" And then, seeing that Eveleen was hurt, she flung her arms around her and said, "Oh, darling, I love you as if you were my sister. But I can't ever tell you about my people. They think I brought shame to them when I went on the stage."

The two girls were inseparable, and during the summers when show business was slack and Eveleen did "club work," Mimi lived at Eveleen's home.

They shared everything from confidences to clothes, and Eveleen was almost as happy as Mimi when Mimi told her that she was to be married to a very fine man, not in show business, and that she was very much in love. But marriage, they both decided earnestly, could never untie the knot of their friendship.

A LITTLE over seventeen years ago Mimi's baby was born. And today Eveleen Dunmore—who is now Mrs. Charles Wise—gets very annoyed when she hears people say that Anne is older than the seventeen years her press agents claim for her. She remembers too well the day she first held that warm, cuddly little bundle in her arms. The friends had already decided, of course, that Eveleen was to be the baby's godmother. She was christened Dawn.

And then Mimi's husband was killed in an accident.

When the estate was settled there was not very much money. Mimi realized that she and her child, Dawn, would have to work for a living. At two, Dawn was a cherub, as good as she was beautiful. The movies were using beautiful children, Mimi heard, so with tearful goodbyes and protestations of lifelong friendship Eveleen saw Mimi and Dawn off on the train. They would write often. They would never "lose track."

At first letters came from Mimi. Hollywood was very beautiful. They were meeting many people. Dawn would certainly be "discovered" soon. And then the letters stopped and a note that Eveleen wrote was returned, marked "Party unknown at this address."

In the meantime Eveleen met and married a business man, Charles Wise, and went to live with him at his home in Flushing, Long Island.

(*Continued on page* 113)

Learn About *Charm*

By KAY PROCTOR

AT LAST I believe I have discovered the precious secret of Irene Dunne's great success, charm and popularity. I believe I have found the key to her mysterious combination of qualities whereby she holds the universal affection, respect and admiration of men and women alike securely in her slim, strong hand.

I will grant other Hollywood actresses have beauty and talent to equal or surpass Irene's. It is true that a few others are renowned as great ladies of our contemporary world and have been named on important and exclusive best-dressed-women lists. Three others—Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn and little Shirley Temple—likewise have been deemed worthy of inclusion in the dignified national "Who's Who."

Irene alone, however, enjoys all three distinctions!

I doubt if Irene herself could have answered if I flat-footedly had asked, "How do you do it?" much as she generously would have been willing to share the potent information with other women. But the secret slipped out unwittingly the other noon-time when I was lunching with her in the patio of her newly completed home in Holmby Hills.

That secret is: extraordinary prudence in all those little things the average woman is prone to dismiss as unimportant. Prudence, remember, is wisdom applied to practice. Not just knowing something but *doing* it!

The tip-off unexpectedly came when Irene, in distress that had lingered almost twenty-four hours, related an experience of the day before. It seems there was a particular actor (she prefers I do not mention his name but he is one of our top stars) whose respect and opinion of her both as a woman and an actress she had long valued. She had not seen him in more than two years. Quite by chance she met him at Paramount where she was busy making another one of those hilarious comedies called "High, Wide and Handsome."

"It would have to be that particular day!" she went on to explain her distress. "It would be the one time I was careless about my grooming when I ran into him, of all people! No, indeed, it never pays to take a chance, to be lax about your personal appearance."

Her carelessness in grooming that day, it developed, consisted of a slightly mussed coiffure and a faintly shiny nose and the carrying of a brown handbag, snatched up in a hurry, when her other accessories were black. They seemed rather trivial matters, I pointed out.

"But they were not trivial," she corrected me. "That's just the point. Each was an essential part of the well-groomed whole.

"Mary Garden once said that a woman's make-up and grooming were like the armor of a knight going into battle, and it is so true. They give her the all powerful protection of self-confidence. I know I slink around, shun places and people, even put off an appointment if I know I am not looking my best. And to slink around is not good for any woman's greatest asset, her self-confidence and self-respect."

A smartly groomed woman can dominate any situation, Irene said. But that does not mean she must spend a great deal of money on her clothes. It means, rather, that she must concentrate on making the most of such clothes as she has by keeping them in perfect repair and watching accessories with care. And never can she offend in such matters as untidy make-up, shoes that need shining or straightened heels, gloves that need mending. The important little things

Envy Irene's loveliness and poise? Then discover, just as she did, how they can be acquired

from Irene Dunne

that make or break the chic of an entire appearance yet cost but a few pennies and a few moments' time and attention.

But surely those were things that all women knew, I said.

"Certainly," Irene agreed. "Yet how many of us make it a point to do them after we know them? We know it doesn't pay but we take a chance. If I am fussy about them now, it is because I have learned from sad experience. Not only with clothes and appearance but other so-called little things."

Punctuality, for example. If Irene says she will be at a certain place at three-ten, she'll be there at three-ten, not three-fifteen or three-thirty. It would be selfish, inconsiderate and careless of her to do otherwise, she believes. Likewise it might cost her not only cold, hard cash through lost business opportunities but the respect and friendship of associates, particularly men. Or her own poise and peace of mind.

"I had a beautiful sample of that latter cost recently," she admitted. "One that I won't forget in a hurry."

She was returning from Europe on the liner *Normandie* with her husband, the distinguished Dr. Francis Griffin of New York, and being one of the more charming notables aboard, was invited to be one of the captain's personal guests at the Captain's Dinner, that gala event which usually concludes a voyage.

"In repayment of this courtesy, I committed the social blunder of blunders, and I, who try never to be late, was late for dinner."

It was carelessness, she explained, because she not only had not allowed herself sufficient time for dressing for dinner but at the last minute had changed her mind about the costume she would wear. That meant the newly selected gown had to be given a quick, half-done pressing and proper accessories recovered from trunks and bags.

When she finally made her late entrance it was to meet obvious looks of reproof on the men's faces and something approximating downright horror on the women's.

"The wonder is that I did not complete the *faux pas* by tripping on my train in my embarrassment," she said. "I knew, of course, that I deserved the silent, frozen rebuke, but that knowledge did nothing to lessen my discomfiture. Nor was that rebuke all of my punishment. What should have been a lovely, gay party was not gay any more. All I could think of was the discredit I had cast upon my husband, my discourtesy to my host, and the inconvenience I had caused the other guests. As a result I was at a mental disadvantage and was anything but attractive or witty company. I could almost feel the others thinking 'So *that's* Irene Dunne, the screen star!' It shriveled me properly, believe me."

From that anecdote we drifted into talk about other little things it does not pay a woman to be or do. Things like bargain buying and certain types of extravagance.

"It is funny, isn't it, how we women will brag about the bargains we get in our purchases and how quickly we shut up about them when they turn out to be anything but that," Irene ruminated. "I was thinking of a certain picture hat and six pairs of shoes." The hat was purchased in those bygone days when Irene had to watch the spending of her hard-earned pennies very closely. It was a beautiful hat with hand-painted flowers on it, and it cost twenty-six dollars—which is more than Irene will spend on a bonnet today without a good long second thought.

"As I remember it, I had no intention of buying any hat that day," she said. "I was in the store for a piece of veiling or a flower or something. And then I saw it. The hat of hats. I recall so vividly (*Continued on page* 112)

It's Great to be Young!

By GEORGE MADDEN

NOW that he is flaring brighter than at any time in his career since his sensational first year in pictures, Robert Young can look back over the past four years and realize that many of the bumps he encountered and many of the professional jolts he took were his own fault.

If he weren't soaring toward a second career following two personal hits in Claudette Colbert's "The Bride Comes Home" and in Barbara Stanwyck's "The Bride Walks Out" (brides must be lucky for Bob) I don't believe he would have the heart to be so honest about his mistakes, some of them innocent, many of them careless, that were responsible for the snag he hit about two years ago.

His career is only five years old.

But in that time this kid who is not yet twenty-nine years old has been an "overnight sensation" following his first hit in "Madelon Claudet" . . . a "promising player" . . . and then a leading man of whom all Hollywood was asking: "What has happened to Bob Young all of a sudden?"

Had he carelessly put on too much weight? Had he lost his drive? Had his youthful marriage interfered with his box-office draw? Whatever the reason, Bob was facing a serious problem in his career.

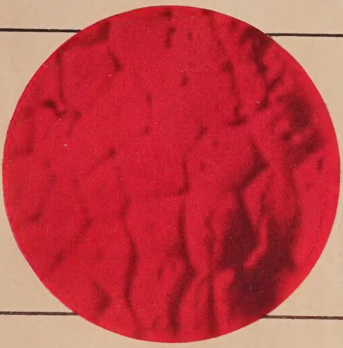
Today, as I write this, Bob is back in the front ranks again. He has waged the most amazing comeback fight ever seen in Hollywood by an actor who was almost, but not quite, down for the count.

There must be a story in those five years! There must be a lot of heartbreaking little stories, touching or humorous anecdotes and a great deal of self-analysis and confession. The rough trip from the top to the bottom and the difficult journey up the hill again are the ultimate tests in courage and common sense. And now that the battle seems fairly won in this second career of Bob's, you've got to give him plenty of credit for realizing his shortcomings and the faults that were his, and for the gallant fight he (*Continued on page* 108)

"Five years ago," says Bob, "I thought success as an actor just too easy. Then I suddenly woke up! I was on my way OUT." Because of that discovery, he stands on the threshold of a second career, at the age of 28.

Robert Young has learned that the foolish mistakes of youth can be overcome by the strength of youth

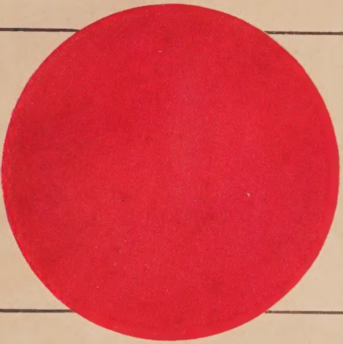
Does Your Nail Polish *Peel* or Chip?



Ordinary Polish

MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

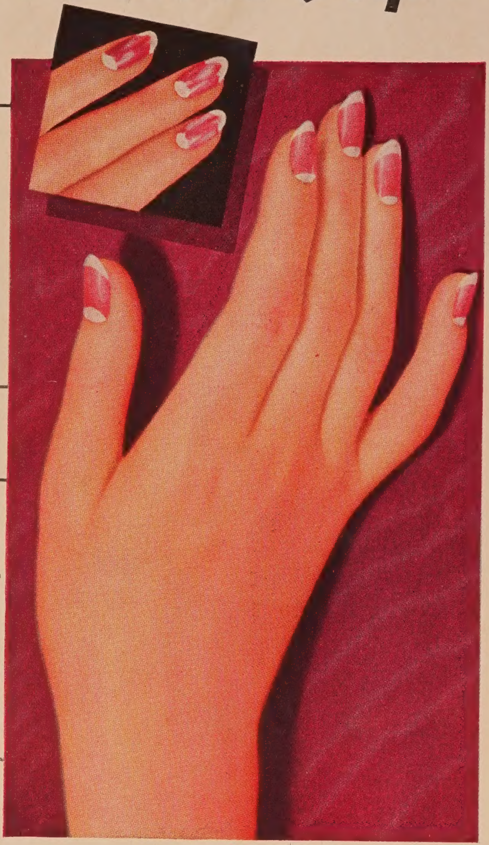
Bumpy and uneven—no wonder it peels and chips and has a low lustre on the nail because of its rough surface. Representative of competitive brands at 50¢.



New Cutex Polish

MAGNIFIED 18 TIMES

Smooth as glass—it wears a week. Make this test yourself—apply any other brand of polish alongside Cutex on a piece of glass—see the difference!



"DOES nail polish *have* to chip off right away?" women asked us. "Certainly not," we said. And we proved it.

Exhaustive tests over a long period prove absolutely that our New Cutex Polish will not peel or chip in a week! The reason is simple.

We took a picture of our New Cutex Polish right after it had been applied to a smooth surface. And we took pictures of 8 other popular brands of nail polish, also immediately after application.

The photographs showed an amazing difference. Look at them above—magnified 18 times.

• • •

Notice the perfectly smooth, even finish of Cutex under the microscope! Cutex will stay unmarred on the nail for days. Now look at the rough, bumpy, uneven finish of the ordinary polish. The lines in the picture show clearly that the polish formula is imperfectly balanced. They show the beginning of cracking and peeling—10 minutes after the polish dries!

CUTEX
CREME POLISH
Old Rose
CUTEX Crème POLISH
OLD ROSE

• *Mauve*	A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray and with delicate pastels.
• *Rust*	A smoky pink with brown undertone—wear with green, brown, beige, gray.
• *Burgundy*	A brand-new purply wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, magnificent with black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.
• *Robin Red*	A new, softer red that everyone can wear. Goes with everything—very sophisticated with black and white.
• *Old Rose*	A soft, feminine dusky rose. Very flattering—and especially irresistible with the new wine shades!

Big Saving . . . It's easy to see how much you can save in time and money if you wear the New Cutex Polish . . . with its glass-like, wonderfully resistant finish. You can put on the New Cutex and forget about it for a week. And its lustre will be higher, too, because of its smoother, longer wearing surface.

Remember, too—the New Cutex Polish is famous for its new smoky shades. And it's usable to the last drop—never thickens in the bottle.

Keep away from ordinary polish that develops unsightly cracks and chips after a day or two. Stock up on the new, longer wearing Cutex in all your favorite shades today. 10 smart shades to choose from! Only 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Sales Co., Inc., Dept. 7-B-3
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name______________________________

Address______________________________

City State

Gone are the Children of Darkness

SPECIAL SUNSHINE TREATMENT...SPECIAL FOODS...
EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE...
NO WONDER CHILDREN THRIVE BETTER TODAY!

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

WHY DO fewer babies die today...than 20 years ago?

Why does your baby have twice as good a chance to live as you had when a child?

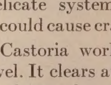
Because today children get *special*—not haphazard—care. Twenty years ago the idea of sun-bathing in winter sounded preposterous. Today your child can have a sun-bath every day in the year—rain or shine. Today your child gets *special* medical and dental care—*special* dietetic supervision.

Isn't it logical that a child should have a special laxative too? Doctors say, "*Yes, they should.*" For a child's system is still growing...still too tender for the harsh action of an "adult" laxative.

That's why so many doctors recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For, you know, it's made especially *and only* for children.

It contains no harsh, "adult" drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could possibly harm the delicate system of a child. Nothing that could cause cramping pains.

Fletcher's Castoria works chiefly on the lower bowel. It clears away all waste by gently stimulating the natural muscular movement—in much the same manner as in normal evacuation. It is safe. It is sure. It is thorough. A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.



And very important...Fletcher's Castoria has a pleasant taste. Children take it without forcing. And, as you know, forcing a child to take any bad-tasting medicine can upset his entire nervous system.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle handy always. Why not play safe and have a bottle in *your* house? Every drug store in America sells it. Ask for the thrifty Family Size Bottle...and save money. The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Errol Flynn adds to his laurels in a modern role in "Green Light," with fine support from Anita Louise.

"That Girl from Paris" is thoroughly delightful—and tuneful, too—thanks to Lily Pons and Gene Raymond.

MOVIES of the MONTH (Cont.)

Mischa Auer, Frank Jenks, Lucille Ball, Patricia Wilder, etc.

It's About: *A French girl and an orchestra leader and love.*

If you enjoy hot-and-fast comedy, delightful singing, gay romance, you will see this at least twice. It blends the three with artistry and taste.

A famous European opera singer (Lily Pons), to escape a loveless marriage, stows away on a liner to America and is befriended by Gene Raymond, orchestra leader, and his band. Immigration authorities make difficulties in the States, and the little group leads them a musical chase from hotels to cabarets to the Metropolitan, Miss Pons and Raymond, of course, falling in love.

Lily Pons exceeds her previous picture success here. She and Gene Raymond are both in excellent voice. Jack Oakie, as a pal of Gene's, is at his best and sings two numbers: *Moonface*, and *Nephew From Nice*.

Your Reviewer Says: Not to be missed.

✓Rembrandt
(London Films-United Artists)

You'll See: *Charles Laughton, Gertrude Lawrence, Elsa Lanchester, Edward Chapman, John Bryning, Richard Gofe, John Clements.*

It's About: *The life story of Rembrandt, the Dutch painter.*

If you enjoy the acting ability of Charles Laughton exclusive of story or idea, prepare yourself for a treat in this English made picture, for Laughton is at his best. The story, however, dealing with the life of Rembrandt, lacks power, never quite reaching a climax or culmination of events. The painter's story, related in episodic sequences, merely skirts the edges of the pain,

(*Continued on page* 101)

A new star is born this month, the little skating celebrity, Sonja Henie, who is young, alluring and unbelievably graceful. You really must see her. The month, is, in fact, blessed with lovely performances. You must see Garbo and Taylor in "Camille"; Merle Oberon and Brian Aherne in "Beloved Enemy"; Humphrey Bogart in "Black Legion"; Eduardo Ciannelli, a new menace, in "Criminal Lawyer." If you love fine acting, Jimmy Cagney is back in "Great Guy," which isn't such great shakes as a picture but Jimmy's swell. And, of course, Laughton is superb in "Rembrandt."

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Parnell. **Clark Gable and Myrna Loy are the leads in this timely screen story paralleling the much publicized case of ex-King Edward's devotion and sacrifice of power for Wally Simpson.**

PARAMOUNT

Swing High, Swing Low. **Here is another fast-paced romantic comedy. Carole Lombard, a rich girl, goes to Panama and falls for Fred MacMurray, a musician in a saloon band. Charles Butterworth helps with the comedy.**

RKO-RADIO

Michael Strogoff. **Jules Verne's spectacular story of the Tartar hordes' assault on Russia, 1870, furnishes the dramatic source for this picture. Reports indicate that it may win high artistic acclaim. Anton Walbrook makes his American debut here, assisted by Margot Grahame, Elizabeth Allan and Eric Blore.**

UNIVERSAL

I Hate Horses. **A racing picture, scenes for which were taken mostly at Hollywood's famous Santa Anita track. William Gargan, Wendy Barrie, Binnie Barnes, Cesar Romero and Raymond Walburn head a strong cast.**

WARNER BROTHERS

The King and the Chorus Girl. **This Mervyn LeRoy production introduces the new Continental star Fernand Gravet as the king of a mythical country who goes to Paris to escape boredom and falls for chorus girl Joan Blondell. Edward Everett Horton, Alan Mowbray and Jane Wyman support.**

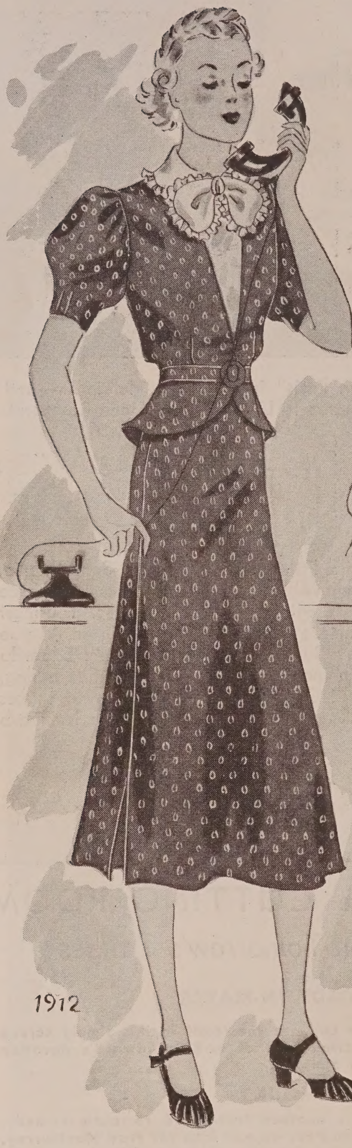
Slim. **Pat O'Brien, Henry Fonda, Stuart Erwin and J. Farrell McDonald are "trouble-shooters" on high-tension power lines in this picture. Margaret Lindsay is the romantic interest. The blizzard scenes are fine.**

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

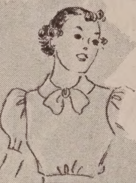
All Patterns 15¢. Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

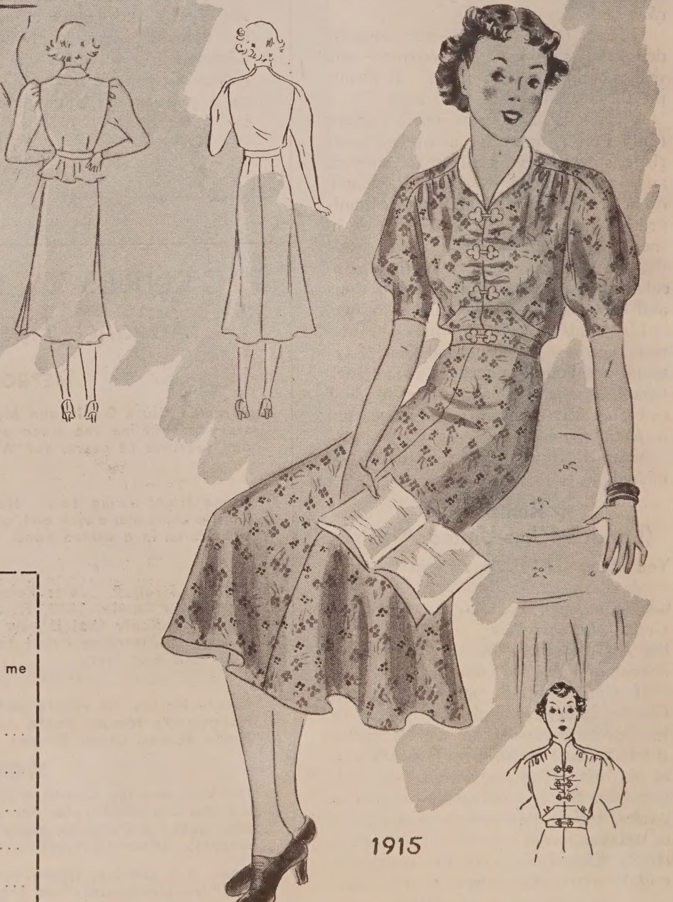
STYLE NO. 1912—SUIT-LIKE CREPE PRINT JACKET DRESS. For school, college or office wear. The dark blue ground crepe print peplum jacket squares its shoulders and belts its fitted waistline. A white blouse tops the slender blue crepe print skirt. Slits at each side of the skirt allow perfect freedom for walking. You can use the pattern for a separate skirt, blouse or jacket. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 years; 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38-inch bust. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards of 39-inch material for jacket and skirt with 1⅜ yards of 39-inch lining; and 1⅝ yards of 39-inch material for blouse. Pattern, price 15 cents.

STYLE NO. 1915—SHIRRED BOSOM CREPE PRINT. A simple gray crepe print afternoon dress with flattering swinging lines. The shirred bodice adds an old-fashioned charm and minimizes breadth. The squared shoulders are also softened by shirring. There are no bothersome sleeves to set into armholes. They cut in one with the shoulders. The satisfaction of real saving in cost will make you want to make another dress with this same pattern. Wool or silk crepes in wine, green, aqua, peacock, beige, etc., are grand materials for this design. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48-inch bust. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern, price 15 cents.



1912





1915

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

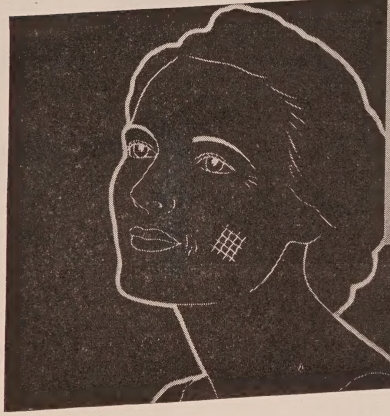
Please find enclosed.....................Send me

Nos.:	Sizes:
....	....
....	....
....	....

Name..

Address..

Lines... Dry Skin



ARE UNDER-SKIN FAULTS

Miss Sela Krebs: "A dry-looking skin is easy to avoid with Pond's Cold Cream."

To keep skin young looking —learn how to invigorate your UNDER SKIN

HARD TO BELIEVE—but those little lines that look as if they'd been creased into your skin from the outside, actually begin *underneath!*

First, hundreds of little cells, fibres and blood vessels *underneath* begin to function poorly. Then, the under tissues sag. That's what makes your *outside* skin fall into creases.

The same way with dull, dry skin! It's little oil glands *underneath* that function faultily—and rob your outside skin of the oil it needs to keep it supple, young looking.

BUT think!—You can invigorate those failing under tissues! You can start those faulty oil glands functioning busily again. That's why you need not be discouraged when lines and skin dryness begin.

Start to rouse your underskin with Pond's "deep-skin" treatments. Soon you'll see lines smoothing out, skin getting supple, young looking again.

Every night, pat Pond's Cold Cream into your skin. Its specially processed fine oils go deep, loosen dirt and make-up. Wipe it all off. Now the rousing treatment—more Pond's Cold Cream briskly patted in. Feel the blood tingling! Your skin is glowing . . . softer. Feels toned already! You are waking up that underskin.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder.

Do this regularly. Soon tissues grow firm again. Lines fade out. Your skin is smooth—supple. It looks *years younger!*

Miss Eleanor Roosevelt

daughter of Mrs. Henry Latrobe Roosevelt of Washington, D. C., says: "A treatment with Pond's Cold Cream whisks away tired lines—and tones my skin."

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE

and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CC, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________________

Street____________________________

City________________State________

Copyright, 1937, Pond's Extract Company

Watch for the newest thrilling screen drama of

THE COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS

"RUNAWAY MARRIAGE"

A plot-packed story of a college love that dared to tangle with tradition!

Court of Human Relations motion pictures are produced by Ben K. Blake for Columbia Pictures Corporation and based on stories from

TRUE STORY MAGAZINE

Truth is Stranger than Fiction

Lombard Creates a Glamorous Rival

(*Continued from page* 59)

She also learned that a southern accent is a definite handicap.

But she made rapid progress in overcoming this soft speech with firm diction. She was taught body movements. Sitting down in a chair gracefully became a major art, and getting up again called for infinite technique. On the screen, one trained in body movement shows a startling contrast with one who hasn't learned the tricks.

As for beautification, Hollywood can make a new woman out of any one. Carole went into consultation over Margaret's appearance, and the make-up expert, Wally Westmore, pulled a few magic tricks out of the bag.

Eyebrows come in for first attention in this process, and Margaret's were given a slight lift. And of course you have to put on eyelashes. Then her hair, which is long, wavy, and a little wild, was arranged to form a curly frame.

JOHN ENKSTEAD, a lanky youth with a sort of inspired genius for posing stars, took her over to the gallery to have her photographed. Lombard, Colbert, Dietrich—all the Paramount stars quail before the lens unless Johnny is present.

"Without Miss Lombard's help, I'd have been lost," Margaret said. "She seemed to get things done as if by magic. My biggest problem was to find an agent who would take me on. Miss Lombard called Zeppo Marx and asked his help. I could never have solved this problem except through her generosity."

Having successfully negotiated this hurdle, with an alley-oop from Carole, our neophyte now was ready for testing.

Zeppo Marx is one of the leading agents in Hollywood. He left the Four Marx Brothers in time to save his sanity, and set up in business. Managing his brothers had been a severe test of his ability, and his success was assured.

Zeppo began the next phase of Margaret's career by arranging an audition for her.

Margaret was given a script for her audition. It was a minor part in "Danton," which is in preparation at Warner Brothers. It was the first of many such auditions she will face as she continues her career, for this work serves to introduce newcomers to casting directors and producers.

But the most important phase in Margaret's development as a picture player comes from her association with Carole Lombard.

First of all, Carole asked her out to the house to go over the clothes problem. And any girl on a small salary will admit that's more than a problem; it's positively crucial.

Again, Carole's discovery was in luck, for her patron is known as an arbiter of fashion. Not only could she learn what clothes suited her best, but Carole, with characteristic generosity, plunged into her wardrobe and came up, gasping but triumphant, with some priceless loot.

Since a star needs about every blessed rag she has in the closet, to provide for not only the dozens of changes needed in the course of a picture but also for her social engagements, parting with a dress is indeed sweet sorrow. But Carole gaily fitted Margaret into several of her best.

No money can buy that essential to success, the social contact. To be invited into the home of a star is not only a thrill of the first magnitude, but to a beginner it's also a priceless opportunity to meet and talk with picture people. Carole Lombard, as I've said, does nothing by halves. She invited Margaret to parties at her house not once, but on several momentous occasions.

One was a birthday party for Fred Peters, Carole's brother. Everybody was there, including Clark Gable. Clark is watching the progress of Carole's discovery with great interest, and puts in a word of advice himself now and then.

The result of all this is Margaret is starting her career in "A Star Is Born" co-starring Janet Gaynor and Frderic March.

Margaret is still wide eyed in wonder over it all.

"I was guiding through the sets when it happened," she recalls. "Miss Lombard came over to where I stood and said: 'Why, *you* belong in pictures!' Just like that. I suppose I'd dreamed for so long of such a thing happening out of a clear sky, that when she spoke I was dazed. My big moment, and I didn't know what to say!

SHE took me to see Mr. Zukor, arranged my training, got an agent, did everything to get me started. Of course she wants me to do things on my own initiative, too, and I don't go to her unless I have something important. But I call her whenever I need advice. Just talking with her is an education in the whys and wherefores of this puzzling picture business.

"The outlook was hopeless until Miss Lombard came along. I had none of the experience required, really. None of the family is interested in acting. Dad is sales manager for a syrup company. I thought I'd be a reporter, and got a job as society editor on a Dallas paper. That's what led to a minor spot here in the Paramount publicity department, after the movie bug bit me and I came to Hollywood—just in hope. And was I lucky to have Carole single me out! It's still hard to believe it's true."

WALTER BRENNAN'S TRAMP TRAIL

One of the most amazing success stories in Hollywood belongs to this champion picture-stealer—and it all started because he couldn't stay away from tramps, even when he was a little boy! You'll find all the amusing incidents in the April issue of MOVIE MIRROR, at all newsstands on February 24th.

"THE WHISPERING CAMPAIGN THAT NEVER STOPPED"

It was some sixty years ago that the word began to spread—

"It's not true that we women were meant to suffer—that our lives must be filled with pain!"

They were passing on the news of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Brewed first for the relief of her own family, it had proved of marvelous benefit. Neighbors had begun asking for it. Whispers of its effectiveness had spread through the town, to neighboring cities—

For 61 years this whispering campaign has carried on. Today the Compound is known wherever humans dwell, because one woman tells another how it helps them go "smiling through." Mother tells daughter, friend tells friend in every walk of life that now the ordeals of womanhood need no longer spell suffering and exhaustion.

The Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that you buy today is made in a great laboratory composed of six modern buildings. The use of scientific developments have multiplied its medicinal value seven times. Its value is evidenced by the thousands of letters of heartfelt thanks that continuously pour in.

For three generations one woman has told another how to go "smiling through" with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It helps Nature tone up the system, thus lessening the discomforts* which must be endured, especially during

The Three Ordeals
of Woman

1. *Passing from girlhood into womanhood.*
2. *Preparing for Motherhood.*
3. *Approaching "Middle Age."*

**functional disorders*

Might it not help you, also, to go "smiling through"?

One woman tells another how to go "Smiling Through" with

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

What They Collect

(*Continued from page* 51)

of old Sheffield, and an Eli Terry clock. Naturally, John has hugged himself at bagging such fine pieces as these, but much of the joy of collecting—the personal snooping—is denied him because he is a movie star. Upon his being recognized in an antique shop or while examining a private collection, prices are immediately whopped up on him. Therefore, when he gets wind of something interesting, he must send a stooge to buy at the price asked of ordinary mortals.

John's enthusiasm for American antiques first sparked when he wandered into the American wing of the Metropoiltan Museum five years ago. Now it burns so fiercely that on a recent visit to the museum nothing would do but that he must examine the innards of an Eli Terry clock on exhibition there. After chasing all over the place from official to official John finally talked the chief guard into permitting him to peer into the sacred piece. He says he experienced a glow of pride that only collectors can appreciate. He discovered that his clock is as good, if not better, than the noble Metropolitan's own.

IN this same museum, about the same time that our Mr. Boles visited it five years ago, Erik Rhodes was inspired to a far different collecting fancy. While looking at Hindu idols he became intrigued by the many different small images of the god Shiva.

Now Rhodes has his own collection of Shivas. Quality rather than quantity rules, for Rhodes collects naught but originals. Beautifully wrought in woods and metals, some of the idols are over five hundred years old. Rhodes has ferreted them out in all sorts of odd places, but, strangely, found not a one in London though he scoured the city.

Erik would not part with a certain one of his images for the proverbial love or money. Several years ago, while out of a job in New York, he happened into a junk shop. Poking around in the miscellany of rubbish, he unearthed the idol. Despite its mantle of dust and grime Rhodes saw that he had found an unusually fine specimen.

The junk man had no idea of the idol's value and Rhodes could hardly hand over five dollars fast enough, though it left him with only a few coins between himself and starvation. But the next day he got work. Ever since, the actor has carried the idol on all his travels, deeming it a good luck charm.

Where Rhodes has only one charm in his whole collection, Merle Oberon has nothing but charms, to the tune of sixty or more. For several years the British star has collected those miniatures of all sorts of gadgets that fasten onto bands to wear on the wrist. Merle has contrived four bracelets from her collection.

On one she has assembled charms pertaining to picture work. On the bracelet are a movie camera, director's megaphone, camera crane, musical note, portable dressing room, and a diamond kleig light. On another bracelet is a complete romance—a telephone for making the date, a dancing couple, an engagement ring, a wedding ring, a perambulator with quintuplets in it, and finally . . . a padlock.

VARIOUSLY made of gold, platinum, diamonds, and other precious stones these little tricks have cost Merle from $75 to $100 each, so she has quite a tidy sum invested in them. Some have been given to her, David Niven being the heaviest contributor, of course. Always on the lookout for more, Merle gets a thrill out of running across a new and unusual one in an out-of-the-way place.

The Oberon trinkets—along with Billie Burke's miniature carved animals, Fred MacMurray's packets of matches, and the many other film colony collections of trivia—are hooted at by Hollywood's collectors of things cultural. But the trivia-snoopers get just as big a bang out of pouncing upon a new piece as does Jean Hersholt—Hollywood's leading book collector—when he turns up a musty first edition.

That the screen's "country doctor" has done many a time, for his book collection is said to be the largest and finest in the film capital. Hersholt is so ardent a bibli-

The TRUE EXPERIENCE of RITA KOCH
OF OZONE PARK, N.Y
NOBODY Goes
READ RITA'S OWN STORY
DON'T YOU CARE DARLING — WE'LL SHOW THEM — EMMA TOLD ME TODAY YOU OUGHT TO EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST EVERY DAY FOR THOSE PIMPLES. IT CLEARED BOB'S UP FINE — REMEMBER...
HE HASN'T ANY NOW, HAS HE? I'D BETTER START RIGHT OFF AND GET RID OF MINE!
LATER
—BUT DON'T BREATHE A WORD ABOUT IT—THIS PARTY'S TO BE A BIG SURPRISE—
IT SOUNDS LIKE HEAPS OF FUN
MY BUT IT'S GRAND TO BE IN ON THINGS AGAIN

ophile that he has written several books on collecting first editions. Among other prizes, he owns probably the best existing collection of Hans Christian Andersen firsts. He has many letters of historical personages, also, correspondence of Washington and Lincoln being included. But books are his first love.

Hersholt has had many of the adventures dear to the heart of the book collector. While on location at San Diego in 1923 he wandered into a second-hand store and found in a dusty pile of books a first edition of Mark Twain's "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." He bought it for seventy-five cents—today the book is worth $1850.

WHERE books record history, Gene Raymond's collection reflects it. And not the peaceful moments in history, but the bellicose, for Gene collects firearms. Some of his pieces are so ancient and there are so many of them that the collection practically pictures progress in exterminating with powder and shot. A discordant note in the collection—because the piece is used in *preserving* human life—is a gun of the type used to shoot rescue lines to ships.

Hot rivals of Raymond in collecting firearms are Gary Cooper and Clark Gable. Each star has weapons the other two covet. Between them, the three screen idols could outfit a small revolution.

Another collection fairly reeking with history is Lily Pons' assemblage of snuff boxes and vanity cases. The petite diva's recital of the historical associations of her collection whisks one back to the days of pomp and splendor in the royal courts of Europe. Among those who have held the articles were men who had great nations under their thumbs—and women who had those men under theirs, perhaps even Louis XV and Madame de Pompadour. Of gold and silver—and jeweled—the pieces are as beautiful and intriguing as befits their associations.

Miss Pons' collection is growing on the "great oaks from little acorns" principle. With no more interest in snuff boxes than in actually using one, the French star took a fancy to a box she ran across several years ago. Since then she has gathered thirty pieces. Prizes of the collection are the snuff box and inkwell that belonged to the grizzled old sea dog, Lord Nelson. Miss Pons is so fond of her collection that is goes whither she goes without fail.

Pat O'Brien is equally fond of his collection, but he could hardly take it on his travels. In fact, to house it in just one place Pat had to tack four more rooms onto his erstwhile eight room bungalow. You see, Pat acquired the habit of attending auctions and the subsequent speedy accumulation of chairs, tables, vases, books, et cetera, et cetera, created somewhat of a problem. Each enlargement of the O'Brien wigwam was celebrated with a "roomwarming" party—and the guests were beseeched *not* to bring gifts.

Lest you get the idea that this fast-talking Irishman is a glorified junkman, here are some of his finds: three original paintings by Whistler, picked up for only $75; a first edition of Dickens' "Bleak House," bearing an inscription by the author, on which Pat spurned a $1000 profit; a first of Dickens' "Dombey and Son;" two 300-year-old music boxes; and a $3000 sterling silver tea service that was knocked down to Pat for $450.

FROM all of which one gathers that O'Brien, hard-boiled egg though he may be on the screen, is really one of the most cultured inhabitants of Hollywood.

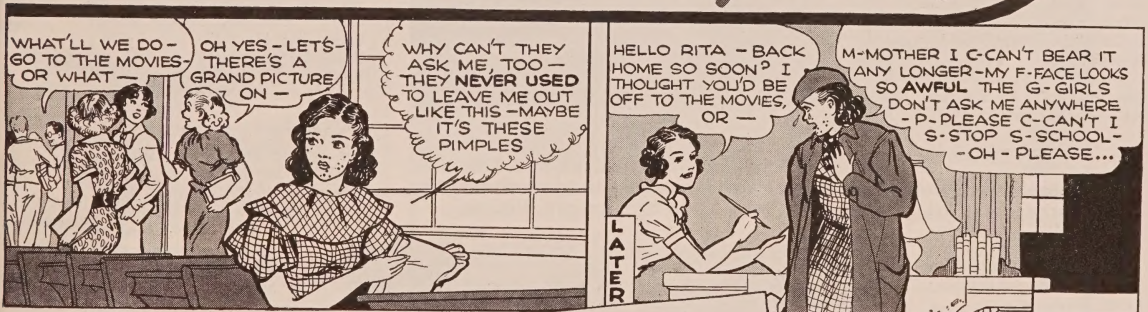
As was suggested at the beginning, Pat, because of his miscellany of collected possessions, probably is the county assessor's biggest headache. But you don't really appreciate that gentleman's aspirin requirements until you consider that in addition to the collections already mentioned he must strive to measure in the coin of the realm:

Margo's religious paintings and statuettes, Walter Connolly's old theater programs, Sir Guy Standing's Chinese antiques, Francis Lederer's early California furniture, Anne Shirley's dolls, Carole Lombard's star sapphires, Madge Evans' old cylinder records, Cesar Romero's papers on the liberation of Cuba, Ralph Bellamy's ancient music boxes, Claire Dodd's rare coins, Jackie Cooper's model airplanes, Katharine Hepburn's china and blown glass statuettes and Edward Everett Horton's trees, which have been transplanted to his ranch from every corner of the earth—to present a *few* additional film colony collections.

Is it any wonder that the poor assessor throws up his hands in despair and implores most of Hollywood's collectors to tell *him* "what the blamed stuff's worth?"

But even the owners' own figures are never really high enough. Picture people are so attached to their collections that you couldn't buy them at any price!

Around with ME Anymore!


WHAT'LL WE DO— GO TO THE MOVIES— OR WHAT—
OH YES—LET'S— THERE'S A GRAND PICTURE ON—
WHY CAN'T THEY ASK ME, TOO— THEY NEVER USED TO LEAVE ME OUT LIKE THIS—MAYBE IT'S THESE PIMPLES
LATER
HELLO RITA — BACK HOME SO SOON? I THOUGHT YOU'D BE OFF TO THE MOVIES, OR —
M-MOTHER I C-CAN'T BEAR IT ANY LONGER—MY F-FACE LOOKS SO AWFUL THE G-GIRLS DON'T ASK ME ANYWHERE —P-PLEASE C-CAN'T I S-STOP S-SCHOOL- -OH - PLEASE...

"THE WAY I LOOKED BEFORE

I took Fleischmann's Yeast. I couldn't bear to have people look at my pimply face."

RITA NOW

—skin clear. "It is wonderful the way Fleischmann's Yeast got rid of my pimples," she says.

I know how hard it is to have to go around with a pimply face. That's why I'm glad to have this chance to tell how wonderfully Fleischmann's Yeast cleared up my skin.

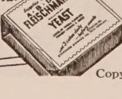
I wish every girl or boy who has trouble with pimples would eat Fleischmann's Yeast like I did. I'm sure it would fix them up.

Rita Koch

CLEARS UP ADOLESCENT PIMPLES

AFTER the start of adolescence, from about 13 to 25, or even longer, important glands develop and final growth takes place. The entire body is disturbed. The skin, especially, gets oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Then—with the cause removed—the pimples go!



Just eat 3 cakes daily—a cake about ½ hour before each meal —plain, or in a little water, until your skin clears. Start now!

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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued)

with their completion he will have portrayed the Chinese sleuth fifty-two times. . . . Cary Grant insists on proving his virility or something by taking a dip in the icy Pacific every winter morning. . . .

* * *

NEVER has a studio gone overboard on a personality with a greater splash than has Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer on Tillie Losch, the beauteous Viennese dancer who made her debut in "The Garden of Allah." No sooner had the powers-that-be glimpsed her in "The Good Earth" than she was proffered a long-term contract at a weekly salary that would take your breath away. And it will be announced within the next few weeks that she will co-star in a picture, untitled as yet, with Clark Gable and Robert Taylor. How's that for a start?

* * *

RALPH MORGAN'S campaign to launch a chess club in Hollywood recalls a similar organization which was started several years ago by Doug Fairbanks, Jr. One evening Doug dropped in, accepted a challenge from a rather seedy looking stranger, and disdainfully opened the play with a gambit known to chess players as "The Fool's Mate." Before he knew what was happening, the stranger had tied up the game, called "checkmate," and excused himself.

He discovered later that he had been playing with a former international champion!

* * *

IT'S a spring marriage for Marian Marsh and Al Scott, the former husband of Colleen Moore. And Marian's flashing a square-cut diamond as big as the Kohinor.

HERE AND THERE

Bob Taylor had been looking forward for a year to a long vacation in New York; instead, he spent the vacation in a Hollywood dentist's chair. . . . Maureen O'Sullivan received a star sapphire ring and a diamond and sapphire bracelet from John Farrow on the occasion of their fourth (monthly) wedding anniversary. . . . Harpo Marx of the bridge-playing Marx Brothers is displaying a producer's check for $5,000 which he says he won on a single rubber. . . . Mae Clark gave an apartment house to her parents recently on their twenty-seventh wedding anniversary. . . . Leo Carrillo is writing an autobiography which will be published serially and in book form next spring. . . . Bing Crosby's been getting much publicity about buying a prize-fighter's contract but he says 'tain't so; it's brother Larry who's gone into the leather-pushing racket.

* * *

MR. and Mrs. Henry Fonda have been holding whispered consultations with their intimate friends. No, they are not blessed eventing. That's the problem, for Henry has to go to Italy to make a picture for Walter Wanger, and in spite of the eagerness of the Fondas to have children, they want their descendants to be American born. Besides, says Henry: "I want an American doctor for my baby." Evidently Henry doesn't know that Mussolini gives you a bonus for every baby!

* * *

CAROLE LOMBARD'S discovery, pretty little Margaret Tallichet, has had her first picture job, a bit in "A Star Is Born," and now is in the midst of her first movie romance. King Vidor, the director, makes it pretty plain that he agrees with Carole about the attractiveness of "Tally."

* * *

HE has thirty millions of dollars, owns the largest ranch under the American flag, but the one thing he wants is to be a movie actor! Richard Smart is the lad, a handsome six-footer. His great grandmother was an Hawaiian princess. Dick is now in Hollywood hoping his screen tests will land him a part in Universal's "The Road Back."

Hollywood thought Phil Regan was single—until he announced he'd been married to this young lady for years and that they had three children!

Wherever there are horses, you'll find Jack Holt and his son, Jack! Here it's Santa Anita, where Hymie snapped both the above pictures.

Pals since their early days, Spencer Tracy and Pat O'Brien were at the races together, with Gregory Ratoff —kibitzing, as usual!

FILM FLASHES

George Burns and Gracie Allen are the happiest couple in Hollywood, with their first new home, their first contract with NBC (five years at $7,500 per week), and a big picture deal with Paramount.

Leo Carrillo is building a $150,000 Mexican village complete with shops and singing senoritas. "Carrillo's Corral," on Vine Street, will open this summer.

Esther Muir and Sam Coslow wired their agent to announce their divorce plans. He refused, and demanded a reconciliation.

Southern fans are objecting to choice of Clark Gable as Rhett Butler in "Gone with the Wind" because he hasn't a southern accent. Tallulah Bankhead stopped her Broadway show and flew to Hollywood for test in role of Scarlett.

Jack Oakie doesn't deny his wife, Venita Varden, expects the stork this summer. Oakie has other reasons to celebrate 1937—fat contract with RKO and boss of the Camel hour on CBS, his first master of ceremonies job on the air.

Ruby Keeler in training at Palm Springs for impending operation for appendicitis.

Ginger Rogers, to roller skate with Fred Astaire in next film, practices on hardwood mats laid on her tennis court.

Jimmy Stewart and Anita Louise are a new twosome.

Barbara Stanwyck's four-year-old son, Dion, learning to ride his own pony at his mother's Marwyck Ranch.

Brian Donlevy and Marjorie Lane married at Ensenada, Mexico, where $3,000,000 Playa Hotel is luring film colony romancers. Myrna Loy was married there.

Fred Astaire's biggest ambition for 1937 is to write a hit song.

CHAMPIONS

Henry Fonda, making "Slim" at Warners, could not go to New York with his wife to attend marriage of her sister. He expects to have biggest phone bill.

Donald Woods sent out most original Christmas greeting; four trees of assorted sizes to represent each of the Woods, Don, Jo, and the two children.

Al Jolson was nominated most consistent winner at races. Al claims to use a ouija board.

Shirley Temple continues to hold the box-office championship, with "Stowaway" keeping the batting average at 100 percent.

* * *

PRESTON FOSTER and Franchot Tone are planning a lone cruise in Foster's boat. Foster can SOS if necessary, having won federal radio operator's license with mark of 96.6.

* * *

WALTER WINCHELL and Ben Bernie have made their gag feud profitable; Darryl Zanuck is putting them in "Wake Up and Live" with their radio battles as plot of picture.

* * *

JEAN HERSHOLT has worn a moustache ever since he made "Greed," but he had to shave it for his role as priest in "Seventh Heaven." William Powell wanted to shave his moustache to play the butler in his new film, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," but the studio refused to let him!

MADGE MADE THE TRAIN, DARLING. SAID SHE HAD A SWELL WEEK-END.
DON'T MENTION THAT COUSIN OF YOURS! SHE LEFT THIS TATTLE-TALE GRAY AD ON MY PILLOW. I'M MAD CLEAR THROUGH.
WAIT A MINUTE, LOUISE. I'VE NOTICED YOUR LINENS DON'T LOOK SO HOT, AND THIS AD SAYS TATTLE-TALE GRAY GETS INTO CLOTHES WHEN YOUR SOAP IS LAZY, AND LEAVES DIRT BEHIND.
SO WHAT?
SO I'D TAKE THE TIP, INSTEAD OF BEING SORE, AND CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP. FELS-NAPTHA MAKES CLOTHES WHITER, THIS SAYS, BECAUSE ITS RICHER GOLDEN SOAP AND LOTS OF NAPTHA GET OUT ALL THE DIRT.
OH, ALL RIGHT! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY.
FEW WEEKS LATER
SORE ABOUT THAT AD YOU LEFT, MADGE? WHY, THAT FELS-NAPTHA AD IS THE REASON WE'RE TAKING YOU TO THE THEATRE.
YOU BET! IT CERTAINLY SHOWED LOUISE HOW TO GET THE WHITEST WASHES OF HER YOUNG LIFE!
WHE-E-E! I THINK I'LL GO TELLING ALL MY FRIENDS TO CHANGE TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

COPR. 1937 FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

It wasn't the March wind that chilled him...'twas the touch of her dry, chapped Hands

IT HURT WHEN JIM SAID he hated rough hands. Mine *were* chapped and harsh all winter — kind of old-looking —but what could I do?

THEN... **MY SISTER TOLD ME** Jergens Lotion keeps a girl's hands soft because it goes down into the skin. Now I use Jergens, too, and Jim says, "Your soft little hands keep my heart."

HANDS need Special Moisture *inside the skin cells*

YOUR hands chap and roughen when the skin cells lose their moisture. This moisture easily dries out—from wind, cold or water. And most women have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But Jergens Lotion saves the young beauty of your hands because it restores the lost moisture. It *goes into the skin cells* better than any other lotion tested.

The two famous ingredients in Jergens are the same as skin specialists use to soften and whiten skin. Your first application smooths roughnesses, soothes chapping. Use Jergens faithfully and you'll soon have charming hands your man will love. Jergens leaves no stickiness. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the big bottle—in any drug, department or 10-cent store.

Sinks into the skin more completely than other lotions tested—soon gives back youth-giving moisture.

JERGENS LOTION

Jergens Lotion

FREE: PURSE-SIZE JERGENS

Use after having hands in water, to keep hands girlishly soft and smooth.

Andrew Jergens Co., 1727 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.
(In Canada—Perth, Ontario)
Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens—free

Name________________
Street________________
City__________ State__________

THEY'LL steal the shoes off your feet if you're a star—as Joan Crawford learned. Dining at the Trocadero, she slipped off her shoes to rest her feet. Some fan at nearby table filched them, and Joan had to walk to her car in stocking feet.

GIFTS THE STARS GAVE

Robert Taylor, to his mother: a maroon sedan. To Barbara Stanwyck, tiny watch set in a jeweled ring.

Gene Raymond, to Jeanette MacDonald: a sapphire bracelet.

Fred Stone, to Paula, Dorothy and Carol: a saddle horse for each.

Katharine Hepburn, to her parents: movie camera and projection machine to view her home movies.

Jane Withers to Jackie Searle: a candid camera.

HOLIDAY TRAGEDIES

Lionel Barrymore mourns death of his wife, Irene Fenwick, 49, whom he married in 1923 when both played in "The Claw," New York stage play.

Irene Dunne lost her mother shortly before Christmas.

Wesley Ruggles, Jr., son of the director and Arline Judge, operated on for mastoids in New York. His parents are separated, and their big home has been sold.

Juanita Hansen, 39, who earned a million as queen of the serials, revealed she is living on few dollars earned in federal theater project. In 1929 her beauty was ruined by scalding hotel room shower, for which she was awarded damages of $108,000. She was twice cured of the narcotic habit following this painful accident.

* * *

BING CROSBY continues to be haunted by hard luck in his career as a racing magnate. After paying a small fortune for a bangtail named Subvedo, said to be one of Argentina's finest thoroughbreds, he cannot enter his steed in the rich Santa Anita Handicap. The horse is marooned in Buenas Aires by the shipping strike.

* * *

SAMUEL GOLDWYN announces that he will set aside $1,000,000 to be spent during 1937 for the sole purpose of discovering and developing a new star.

* * *

RICARDO CORTEZ, returning from a long engagement in England, will be co-starred with Gail Patrick in Paramount's "The Love Trap."

* * *

MRS. CLARK GABLE, according to authentic sources, will file suit for divorce at an early date. The legal action, it is claimed, is prompted by the necessity of straightening out the couple's tangled financial affairs more than by romantic reasons.

* * *

AFTER considering almost every available actress, Samuel Goldwyn has finally settled upon Barbara Stanwyck to play the coveted title role in his new version of "Stella Dallas."

WITH radio technicians prophesying that 1937 will see television make its public debut, Warner Brothers have appropriated a huge sum for experimentation and are already conducting a series of trial broadcasts.

* * *

MAE WEST, admittedly on the decline as a screen star, needn't worry about finances—she has just been offered a twenty-week personal appearance tour at a salary said to be the highest ever paid a motion picture personality.

* * *

STAN LAUREL admits matrimonial troubles are straining his sense of humor, while being sued for $1,000 a week; "separate maintenance," by Mrs. Mae Laurel who claims to have once been his common-law wife, he was divorced by Mrs. Virginia Ruth Laurel, who commandeered $17,000 cash, his two automobiles and a sizable percentage of his future earnings.

* * *

BOB BURNS and Martha Raye are Hollywood's newest starring team. Their first picture will be "Mountain Music," a story of the Ozarks, authored by the man who wrote "The Voice of Bugle Ann."

* * *

LOUIS MAYER, because of his feud with W. R. Wilkerson, Hollywood publisher and owner of the Vendome and Trocadero, forbade all of his stars to patronize either restaurant. So on New Year's Eve he gave a tremendous party at the Clover Club, and by midnight almost all the Metro stars who were in town were merry-making at the Troc. Thus many hard feelings everywhere.

* * *

WESLEY RUGGLES needed a very old Negro mammy who could speak perfect English and French for the new Colbert picture. He found "Aunt" Sarah Mason, 90, ex-resident of Paris, in the local Harlem and offered her nice salary. She said, no, all she wanted was a personal maid, a butler, a huge motor with driver—all at the studio's expense during the picture. So that's what she's getting.

* * *

GERTRUDE MICHAEL is seriously ill again. She must stay in the hospital at least two months this time, which means she probably won't be able to star opposite Preston Foster in "Outcast of Poker Flat" after all.

* * *

BILL POWELL, after all the grief he had with his former house, and after promising never to own another one again, is ready to build a huge winter palace, either at Arrowhead or in the Idaho Mountains.

* * *

FRED ASTAIRE cabled Jessie Matthews, English star, asking her to join him in a co-starring production. She cabled back that she was sorry, but she didn't want to lose her absolute star rating by sharing honors with anybody.

MY HUSBAND LOVES A SPAGHETTI MEAL. WE HAVE ONE OFTEN!
SHE'S A GREAT LITTLE MANAGER—SERVES GOOD FOOD AND SAVES MONEY!

Imagine!

A SATISFYING DELICIOUS MAIN DISH

for less than 3¢ a portion

JUST try the two menus suggested at the right and see how your family will relish them. They might not get excited over ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. But they *will* over Franco-American. They'll rave about its tangy, tempting cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients . . . seasoned to savory perfection.

Franco-American has been called a "millionaire's dish." Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents—less than it costs to prepare spaghetti at home! Get Franco-American from your grocer today. Try these delicious spaghetti meals:

SERVES 3—COSTS 45 CENTS

Franco-American Spaghetti
Brussels Sprouts
Buttered Squash
Hearts of Lettuce Salad
Brown Betty with Lemon Sauce
Tea

SERVES 3—COSTS 55 CENTS

Spaghetti Meat Scallop
(Casserole dish combining Franco-American with 1½ cups of any leftover meat, ground)
Buttered Beets
Coleslaw
Fruit Cup
Sugar Cookies
Coffee

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
A LA MILANAISE

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

FEMININE HYGIENE
made easy

5 REASONS WHY WOMEN PREFER NORFORMS

Every day, more and more women are adopting Norforms for Feminine Hygiene, because:

1. Norforms are so *easy to use.* They require no awkward apparatus for application. They come in a small, convenient package of one dozen.
2. They contain *Parahydrecin*—a powerful and positive antiseptic developed by Norwich, makers of Unguentine. No danger of an overdose or "burn" with Norforms.
3. They leave no embarrassing antiseptic odor about room or person. In fact, they are deodorizing, and many women use them for this purpose alone.
4. They remain in effective, antiseptic contact for many hours.
5. Norforms can be used as often as desired. They are soothing and beneficial as well as antiseptic.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Co., Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

Norforms Action Explained

Norforms are easy-to-use antiseptic suppositories that melt at internal body temperature and spread a protective, soothing film over delicate internal membranes—an antiseptic film that remains in effective contact for many hours. They are deodorizing as well as antiseptic and soothing.

NORFORMS

Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

© N. P. C. 1937

Good Food for Lent

(*Continued from page* 8)

Any cold weather fare, meatless or not, calls for plenty of vitamins, so don't overlook tomatoes and spinach. And canned spinach is certainly something for which the modern canner rates a bow from every housewife! Using it obviates all that tedious rinsing and cooking which must be done so expertly if you are to get the full food value from the vegetable.

Dress up your spinach with cleverly sliced hard-boiled eggs, or, for a change, sprinkle it with the white which has been chopped and then the yolk which has been put through a ricer. And remember that spinach calls for a slice of lemon served with each portion.

If you use canned spinach in this recipe for spinach timbales, they are quick and simple to make, though you have to follow directions carefully lest they fall after they are taken from the oven.

SPINACH TIMBALES

2 cups canned spinach
2 tbls. butter
2 eggs
1 cup milk
⅔ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
¼ tsp. onion juice
2 tsp. vinegar
8 rounds of buttered toast
sauce to preference.

Chop the spinach, melt the butter, and slightly beat the eggs. Combine these with the milk, seasonings and the vinegar, stirring well together. Butter timbale molds (or little custard cups) and fill each two-thirds full. Place in a pan of hot water and bake in a slow oven (325°F.) until firm, about thirty-five minutes. Turn each one out on a piece of toast. Serve with Hollandaise sauce, or the good tomato sauce for which you have the recipe above.

Just room for one more recipe which I do want to include here, as it makes use of one of the puree vegetables which were originally put up for children, but which are coming into use for general cooking. You ought to know about them as they fit so perfectly into many things.

OMELETTE WITH PUREE OF ASPARAGUS

2 cups canned puree of asparagus
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
½ tsp. sugar
2 tbl. melted butter

Add seasonings to the puree of asparagus. Melt the butter, add the puree and cook for five minutes, stirring carefully. Now make your omelette, and spread thickly with the puree before you fold it over. Move to a hot dish and arrange the rest of the puree at the ends.

Do you want some good vegetable recipes? Movie Mirror will send you free of charge, more excellent vegetable recipes utilizing the time-saving canned vegetables, delicious dishes needed now for Lenten menus. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to ask for these.

COOKING EDITOR
c/o Movie Mirror
7751 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

The Best Times They Ever Had

(*Continued from page* 46)

midnight, and home-going traffic had not yet begun. The friend stopped his new Renault at the curb, got out, and looked at his watch.

"Go!" he shouted.

Bob, at the wheel, sped away. He circled the Place Vendome three times, turned the car over to his friend, and took out his watch. The friend, with the accelerator to the floor, went around twice and then crashed abruptly into a building.

Montgomery ran over to the wreckage. "Hey!" he yelled vaguely into the steaming mass of junk.

His friend stuck a rumpled head out. "You win," he admitted mournfully.

"Let's go to Montmarte for the rest of the evening," Robert suggested.

"And for some reason, I don't remember what happened after that," he told me blandly.

JOAN CRAWFORD was pouring tea for the cast across the set. "The best time I ever had?" she repeated, handing me a cup. "That's simple. It was only two weeks ago, right here in Hollywood."

On that day she had been working hard since eight o'clock in the morning, and everything had gone wrong. Cameramen had wrangled, directors had paced up and down and shouted, scenes had fallen apart for no apparent reason.

Husband Franchot Tone found her at seven that evening sprawled listlessly on a lounge in the living room."

"Tired?"

"Blasted to a shred," Joan said weakly. "I'm going to have milk-toast for dinner and go to bed."

Franchot regarded her for a moment. "I don't think you'll do that at all," he told her then. "Go up and wrap yourself in that new silver business of yours while I get on some tails. You need relaxation. We're going out."

Protesting, she did his bidding. And surprisingly, by the time her hair had been done and her lashes firmly adjusted, she began to feel almost interested in life.

They had oysters at the Troc, with Phil Ohman playing his blue-sweet music and obsequious waiters pussy-footing in the near background. With the fifth blue point Joan's spirits came out of hiding.

Leaving half-shells in disarray behind them, they rode through the crazy Hollywood traffic and the many lights, down Wilshire Boulevard to the Ambassador Cocoanut Grove, and ordered dinner. Under silly imitation palm trees made glamorous by the multi-colored fingers of moving lights, they ate salad and steak and peas-in-butter and talked of everything but motion pictures; and occasionally danced. Against the sinuous rhythm of Jan Garber's discreet band Hollywood faded dimly into distance.

Then they went back to the Troc for dessert, and danced until three o'clock in the morning. The whole evening cost Franchot about thirty-five dollars.

"And it was the very best time I ever had in my life," Joan finished. "It was

Gentlemen don't talk about it... but

A GIRL CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL ... AND THE LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING IS A BATH WITH PERFUMED **CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!**

1. THERE'S NOTHING so certain to queer you with a man as the slightest hint of perspiration odor. So, before you go "stepping out," be sure to bathe with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Its rich, deep-cleansing lather removes every trace of unpleasant body odor—keeps you so sweet and clean—so *fragrantly* dainty.

2. WHEN YOU dine and dance with *him* how safe you'll feel from any danger of offending! How much more *alluring* you'll be, too, with Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still lingering lightly about you! Isn't it wonderful that such a lovely soap costs only 10¢ a cake?

KEEPS COMPLEXIONS LOVELY, TOO!

Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing, yet it goes right down into each pore and removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics . . . makes your skin radiantly clear, alluringly smooth. No wonder fastidious women everywhere now use nothing but this pure, creamy-white soap for both the face and bath. Why don't you use it too?

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

THIS BEAUTY SAYS:
"I never let more than one day go by"

Do you keep tabs on yourself? Most physicians agree that regular habits of elimination and proper diet are best for health and beauty.

If more than one day goes by, give Nature gentle aid by taking Olive Tablets.

Originating as the formula of a practicing physician, it has become one of America's best known proprietaries.

Keep a supply of Olive Tablets always on the bathroom shelf as a reminder to the whole family not to let more than one day go by. Three sizes—15¢—30¢—60¢—At all druggists.

DR. EDWARDS'
Olive Tablets
THE LAXATIVE OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

against all my routine of discipline and diet and sleep, and I was very happy dancing with Franchot, and I ate too much, and it was *wonderful!*"

ONLY two sound-stages away I found John Barrymore, dressed in costume for "Maytime." He looked younger, happier than I have ever seen him.

"This is incongruous, I warn you," he said, "but if you want the truth—"

So many years ago it would be useless to be exact, the two brothers, Lionel and John Barrymore, got a job with a little traveling troupe in a melodrama so violent, so tasteless, that it was a tremendous success and toured the United States for months. A friend of John's, one Frank Butler, an ex-newspaperman of New York, had been persuaded to join the cast, mainly because he had a gold tooth which they could hock when funds were low. Thus, without a dime, living on saloon free lunches and the proceeds of Butler's tooth, they finally reached Chicago.

There the stage manager, on a drizzly November morning, fired Mr. Butler.

"What will you do?" John asked him as Frank packed.

"Something—anything," Butler said. By noon he was dramatic critic for a large metropolitan newspaper.

At five o'clock the three-star edition carried his review of the show he had just left, a blasting, sinister comment from a vitriolic typewriter. "It isn't the play itself, so much," Butler had written, "as the fact that it is completely spoiled by the hamming of two principals, Lionel and John Barrymore."

At eight o'clock Butler was at the stage door. In one hand he held the newspaper, in the other a thin packet of bank-notes. His tooth was missing.

The Barrymores came out, howling with glee. They had just read the notice.

"A celebration!" Butler shouted, pointing to the gap in his mouth.

And singing blithely, the three went arm-in-arm down the street. That day, and the ensuing carousal, were the best the Great Profile has ever known. At least that's his story, and you can't wedge him away from it.

ON the same set Jeanette MacDonald sat restlessly before a mirror, while a maid fussed with one of her red curls. She listened to my question stiff-necked, avoiding the hot iron.

"My best time wasn't going out with a young man or anything like that," she explained finally. "But it *was* my first triumph."

"Okay," I said, and sat expectant.

Jeanette was fifteen—she had to go back that far—when she got her first job in a chorus. Naturally, at home and at the theater, she was regarded and treated as a child. And that made her sore.

She would come into a dresisng room and a small group busy dissecting the reputation of a companion would stop talking, suddenly, and break up. When she asked questions, impatient stage managers and routine directors would ignore her. The other girls, almost pitifully disillusioned and sophisticated, had no inclination to take her into their confidences.

Came the night when the company, observing that the show had run for six months, decided to holding a shindig to celebrate. Jeanette, of course, didn't want to go because she knew she'd be disregarded and left alone.

Then the Scotch MacDonald pride—and resourcefulness—broke through the barrier of her young despair. White-lipped, she prepared for the evening.

She borrowed a wide, dashing hat from her sister, Blossom. She did her hair in a complicated, *demi-mondaine* coiffure and put on a slinky black gown, with dramatic white lace at the decolletage. She rouged and lipsticked. And she looked, when she finished, like a Manhattan Jezebel, even to the spike-heels of her satin slippers.

The assembled company that evening took one look, gasped, and broke in two: the female contingent stood vaguely where it was left by the male contingent, which was surrounding Jeanette.

She came home at one in the morning, tired, happy, excited, having refused two proposals.

OVER on the Warner lot I found Henry Fonda, hurriedly putting up the top of his convertible Packard in anticipation of a coming downpour. We sat inside, while the the rain lisped down, and I heard this story:

"It isn't only that the rain reminds me," Hank said, "but it really was the most fun I ever had." Last summer, it seems (the summer in which he met and married lovely Frances Brokaw), Mr. Fonda and his fiancée were invited to a house-party at the discreetly magnificent estate of Long Island friends. They arrived in time for dinner and knew at once, somehow, that this wasn't going to be a very successful party. No offense to the host, but there was a little too much of the starch and lorgnette trade to allow for unbending.

Dinner was formal, with good food and excellent service and the stuffiest kind of conversation. Hank and Frances exchanged pained looks across the long table.

Afterward Frances took Henry aside. "Let's slip away and take the family sloop for a spin," she whispered. "I know where the keys to the boathouse are."

Hank pressed her hand gratefully.

Later, in white tie and Schiaparelli creation, they pulled at canvas and sang harmony and listened to the soft slap-slap of the water under the bow. The quick summer thunderstorms struck before they had any idea of its coming.

For the next fifteen minutes they worked side by side, gasping terse orders and answers, holding the twisting sloop on a straight course through the driving rain. They got it to an unknown pier down the

HOW TO GET TO SLEEP IN HOLLYWOOD

Do you suffer from insomnia, too? Then you can sympathize with the stars—and they can give you their tried-and-true remedies! Be sure to get these amusing sure-fire tips from Joan Crawford, Bill Powell, Carole Lombard and your other favorites in the entertaining article in April MOVIE MIRROR, out February 24th.

shore, at last, just as the final thunderclap died away.

Drenched, they looked at each other—and laughed. Still laughing, they set out through the shallow mud toward the estate where an excited group of dowagers and bankers had just discovered their absence.

Hank and Frances slipped, dripping, through a French window, went to their rooms, and rang for mustard foot baths.

Oh, jolly good fun, Mr. Fonda!

CAROLE LOMBARD had a hard time choosing. She is too inveterate a haver-of-good-times. "I can't decide," she complained, "whether it was the time I hired the fun-house at Venice for a party, or the time I dressed up the house here to look like a hospital and had internes and nurses to wait on the table—oh, but I guess the best time I ever had was at a treasure hunt."

"Who gave it?" I asked.

"I did, of course. You're talking to one hostess who enjoys her own parties."

The hunt was an almost-impromptu affair, conceived by Carole at dinner the night before and arranged in a hasty flutter during one forenoon. Only intimate friends, in couples, were invited.

There's not a great deal to the story. Carole, invariably mad in everything, had planted the treasure (an out-of-season strawberry shortcake) up at the observatory on Mt. Wilson, and had written the little guide-poems with such fiendish carelessness that no one could ever possibly follow the involved directions. Carole, determined not to miss the fun, had decided to retrace her own trail with the other guests, notwithstanding the fact that she knew where the treasure was.

But, in all fairness, she handicapped herself and her companion (guess who—he has big ears) forty-five minutes.

Within an hour everyone but the hostess was lost, annoyed and utterly without hope. In high good humor Carole followed each clue, and within that same hour had proceeded up the mountain highway to the crest of Mt. Wilson. "I win, I win!" she crowed, and ran to the tree under which she had hidden the shortcake.

Her sudden scream could be heard in Santa Barbara. Under the tree were the remains of a cardboard box, smeared with berry-juice and whipped cream and crumbs. And sitting in the middle of this mess was a skunk, licking its black-and-white striped chops.

OVER at 20th Century-Fox, new-to-Hollywood Tyrone Power, discovery of Darryl Zanuck's, superb star of "Lloyds of London," sat eating soft-boiled eggs in the commissary. He's only twenty-three, but he's been around. Here was a swell example of modern 1936 youth for me to question.

"I think the most enjoyable hunk of evening I remember was a year or so ago when I was on my way to Crater Lake, for a vacation," he told me.

On the way the car stalled in a little hamlet, more railroad junction than town. Tyrone and his friend, one Jimmy, found the village mechanic and sent him out to repair the disabled roadster.

It was nearly dark, and the two young men were healthy, and the smell of cooking hamburger from the junction lunchroom floated heavily through the night air. Inside they found warmth, and three or four railroad men, working the slot machines. There was also a small bar.

After dinner, Tyrone and Jimmy lingered, thoughtfully watching the men put nickels into the machine, pull the crank, and shout over the occasional jackpots.

NOW I'll try," Tyrone said, and cracked the biggest haul of the evening. "Set 'em up," he commanded the bartender, tossing down a handful of tokens.

The railroad boys crowded around, convivial, hearty.

Three times, during the next hour, Tyrone hit the jack-pot on the slot-machine. Three times the bartender set 'em up. The mechanic had returned with the car long ago. Neither Tyrone nor Jimmy cared.

At eleven the entire crowd went down to the freight train that was waiting on the switch. Tyrone was wearing the fireman's striped denim coat. Jimmy was wearing the engineer's black-smeared cap.

Tyrone fired the engine ("I could have done it with my breath," he grinned) and Jimmy, under instructions, sat at the controls.

When they woke up the next morning, in the caboose, the train still sat on the same switch, motionless. "And we," Tyrone told me wonderingly, "thought we'd driven the darn thing practically to New York and back."

BUT HE DOES HAVE BAD BREATH!
YES, JIM HAS BAD BREATH... BUT YOU WERE A BAD GIRL TO TELL HIM SO!
MEANWHILE...
MAYBE THE CHILD'S RIGHT ... GUESS I'LL DO WHAT THE ADS SAY AND SEE MY DENTIST
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

3 WEEKS LATER . . . THANKS TO COLGATE'S
YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A NICE NEW UNCLE, BETTY!
I KNOW... UNCLE JIM! OH, GEE, THAT'S SWELL!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

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THERE'S
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ABOUT Some THINGS

Sanitary napkins need this deodorant
QUEST,,, Utterly Effective

● Why take chances now that *complete* protection is so easily obtainable? The makers of Kotex bring you a new deodorant powder named *Quest* that *positively* destroys all types of napkin and body odors!

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Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, soothing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, which means this deodorant powder can't interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume.

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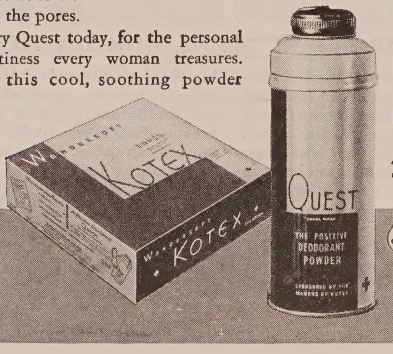

QUEST
FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS
Use it with Kotex

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

The Exclusive and Romantic Story of Gail Patrick's Elopement

(*Continued from page* 31)

that I wasn't very interested in fights. He was super-apologetic; he just happened to have a couple of tickets, and thought I might like to go if I wasn't doing anything else. I told him that I did have another date.

"Perhaps I didn't sound too enthusiastic about the other date. For Bob asked, 'When will the other date be leaving? Couldn't I see you after he leaves—take you for a drive, perhaps?'

"I thought perhaps he could.

"I sent the first date home at nine-thirty, so that I could have a date with Bob at ten-thirty. And I still didn't connect him with the George Raft-Mack Gray story."

That's something else she can't understand—how feminine intuition failed her in the Big Moment of her life, her first date with Bob!

"When we sat out in his car, I told him that I couldn't be out very late, because I had to go on location the next morning."

Gail not only smiled reminiscently. She laughed.

"HE asked me if I'd have time for a drive down to Malibu while he picked up some things at a friend's house. So down to Malibu we drove. The friend, it developed, wasn't there—but Bob had the keys to the house. And, suddenly, he was overwhelmed by the complexion of things. I might get the wrong ideas about why he had driven to Malibu. He was elaborately solicitous. Would I be all right, alone in the car, while he went in the house?

"I was sort of impressed, on that first date.

"My first day on location, I had two wires. One told me how much he had enjoyed the evening before. The other said, 'Please let me know when I can call you,' and was signed 'B.'

"My mind *must* have been running in his direction. I assumed that the 'B.' stood for 'Bob.' I wired him, 'If you're going to call, better make it person-to-person, as hours here irregular.' He called every evening. I didn't discover till I returned to Hollywood that the 'B' was someone else.

"The location trip lasted three weeks. The day I came back, Bob got up at seven-thirty to meet me. His mother thought he must be crazy. He works till three-thirty every morning, you know."

Gail couldn't seem to keep her eyes off the third finger of her left hand. Suddenly, she held it out for close inspection of her unusual ring—a platinum band an eighth of an inch wide, inset with small oval-shaped red stones. "I'm married in 'Love Trap,' so I can wear this. The stones? Hand-carved rubies." Then she added, with mock incredulity, "I still don't believe it." She was referring to her marriage, her happiness.

But she had to be brought back to her

story. What happened after Bob arose at seven-thirty to meet her?

"We had breakfast. After that, he started coming over fairly regularly. And I enjoyed seeing him—though I wouldn't admit that I loved him. I've just admitted that, even to myself. I'm sure now. So sure!"

And her animation left no doubt.

"I did admit, however—to myself—that he was the kind of suitor a girl dreams of having. Good-looking, a lot of fun, and very attentive. He sent flowers. He was considerate in so many little ways. He never went out with anyone else, but if I didn't have a date with him, he might urge me to have a date with someone else. 'You should go out more,' he would say.

"And no matter where I went—on location, or Canada, or anywhere else—he would always telephone me, and usually manage to come to see me."

In other words, Bob Cobb never gave Gail Patrick a chance to forget that he cared. The persistence of their appearances together—on dance floors and tennis courts, at the Brown Derby and premieres *and* the fights—led to the inevitable romance rumors, and the inevitable denials.

Gail lent credence to the denials by appearing with other escorts—notably John King, the actor, and John Engstead, head of the Paramount still department.

LIKE most sweethearts, Gail and Bob did not escape misunderstandings. They had one as recently as October, 1936.

"That particular one, more than any other, convinced us that we couldn't live without each other."

On October 24th, Gail sailed for Honolulu on a vacation. Bob was not at the boat to see her off. Friends decided, logically enough, that the romance was definitely cold. When she returned, they had to change their minds. Not only was Bob there to greet her; they rushed into each other's arms.

It was not separation alone that brought about that affectionate demonstration. Soon after Gail sailed, Bob fell seriously ill. Her brother, Dick, who knew that Bob still was a good friend, misunderstanding or no, cabled Gail about his illness. She became frantic, thousands of miles from him, and radioed and telephoned, inquiring about him.

She was back in Hollywood just one week before she went East on a personal appearance tour. During that week, Bob rushed Gail as even he had never rushed her before.

"And all along the route East, he telephoned me, and called me countless times in New York. He had a jeweler working on the ring even then—as a Christmas present, if I wouldn't say 'yes.' In New York, when I gave a magazine a bachelor-girl story and the editor asked, 'You're not going to get married before we print this, are you?' I said, 'No.' I meant it.

"I didn't foresee what would happen when I got back to Hollywood.

"Bob met the plane at the airport. He said, 'Christmas is more than a week away. I'd like to give you the ring now.'

" 'Now—today?'

" 'Now.'

ARE YOU A "POWDER SWITCHER"?

Switching face powders may do you an injustice—Make you look years older than you really are!

How to find your most becoming face powder

By Lady Esther

Do you try one face powder this month and another the next? Do you choose face powder because this girl or that uses it? What may look good on one girl may look bad on another.

Hit-or-miss methods of selecting your face powder, or your shade of face powder, put you at a great disadvantage. It means you have one complexion one day and another the next. It calls attention to your make-up all the time.

If the shade you happen to choose is the wrong one, it makes you look years older than you really are. What you want, first of all, is the right *kind* of face powder. Secondly, the right *shade.*

No. 1. The Right Kind of Face Powder

A face powder must be soft. It must be smooth—absolutely smooth. Only a smooth powder will go on evenly and blend perfectly.

Only a smooth powder will act as a blotter on the skin. It is the blotter-like qualities of face powder that absorb excessive oil and perspiration and prevent shine.

Lady Esther Face Powder is soft—extremely soft and smooth. It contains no rough or sharp particles whatever. This you can prove by my famous "bite test."

Because it is *so* smooth, Lady Esther Face Powder goes on evenly and blends perfectly. It also acts as a blotter on the skin. It absorbs the excessive oil and perspiration that causes that hated shine.

No. 2. The Right Shade

First, the right powder—then the right *shade!*

There is only one way to tell which is your most becoming shade and that is to try on all five basic shades. You must not assume that because you are a blonde or a brunette or a redhead that you must use a certain shade. Any artist or make-up expert will tell you that.

You may be a blonde and yet have a very dark or olive skin; or a brunette and have a very light skin; or vice versa.

What you want to do is NOT match your skin, but improve your appearance. You want, NOT a matching shade, but a *flattering* shade.

I Say "Try," not "Buy"

In my five shades I provide the most becoming one for you. What it is neither I, nor anyone else, can tell you in advance. You must try on all five shades.

But I don't ask you to go into a store and buy all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. No, indeed! I say: "Here, take all the five shades of my face powder and try them all on! Let your own eyes tell you which is your most becoming shade."

Today!

Decide today to make this telling face powder test. Mail the coupon below and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try on all five shades.

Notice that one shade will instantly declare itself the one for you. Notice, too, how smooth my face powder is, how long it stays on and how well it prevents shine. One test will tell you volumes!

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(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (31) FREE

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Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

" 'We'll talk about it after lunch.'

" 'No—now.'

"And do you know how obstinate I still was—after all this time? I *nodded* my answer! And surprised myself by admitting that I was in love, that I wanted to marry Bob, and that nothing else mattered.

"The plane arrived at one. We had lunch, and lingered over it, perfecting our plans. Then Bob drove me home. And all the while he was waiting for me to get ready, the phone kept ringing."

Picture the two romantic conspirators, harassed by the insistent jangling of a telephone bell!

"Bob insisted on answering it. He wouldn't let me answer. He was afraid something might happen to change our plans, afraid the studio would call, or something.

"I was scared to tell Jeanie,"—Jean Edwards, an executive secretary at the studio and her closest friend, who has lived with her for ages. "I had told her so many times that I wasn't going to marry for years and years.

"We took her along as a witness. She'd *have* to believe her own eyes. We drove down to Billy Seymour's jewelry shop, and picked up the ring. And Billy. He was our second witness. We finally got away at six o'clock."

UNCONSCIOUSLY, reliving the get-away, Gail gave a quick sigh of relief.

"We decided not to elope to Yuma or Las Vegas, because we didn't like the names. And we thought that in Tijuana we could have a church wedding, which we couldn't in Las Vegas or Yuma.

"Then we didn't have it. The man wouldn't get up and open the church at that hour—midnight. He said, *'Manana.'* (Tomorrow.)

"We offered him *'mucho dinero.'* (Much money.)

"He still said, *'Manana.'*

"When we woke up the officials, and insisted on being married then—not *'manana'*—they were sure we were drunk. 'I've never drunk in my life,' I told them, and made them believe me. They knew then that we were crazy.

"This was my wedding dress."

"This" being the dress she was wearing—a gray lightweight wool, with huge maroon buttons and a maroon jacket, topped by a gray hat with maroon feathers.

"At three-fifteen a.m., we were back in San Diego, sending wires to friends: 'Congratulations are in order. Mr. and Mrs. is the name.' "

Whence she and Bob disappeared from there, while a studio went frantic, she would not tell.

"That's *our* secret," she said.

Then, impulsively, she added, "I get a romantic lead in a picture, I have appealing clothes to wear in it, and I marry. Everything is happening at once."

How does she like the sound of her new name? "Gail Cobb" hardly has the ring of "Gail Patrick."

"Perhaps," she said, with a glowing smile. "But try *'Mrs. Robert Cobb!'* "

No *Orchids* FOR **HER!**

ORCHIDS from the one and only man! The girl never lived who didn't thrill at the thought.

But there's one girl who can never have this thrill — for men avoid her.

She is the girl who is careless about herself; who has allowed the disagreeable odor of underarm perspiration to cut her off from good friends and good times.

What a pity it is! Doubly so, since perspiration odor is so easy to avoid. With Mum!

Quick to use; lasts all day. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

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Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't interfere with natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is!

Don't let this personal fault come between you and the popularity you ought to have. Depend upon the daily Mum habit! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

MUM

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

Rebellion Has Created a New Bette Davis

(Continued from page 29)

demanded. I bleached my hair. My false eyelashes were longer than anyone else's. But I'm not built to be content being simply a glamour ad. Frankly, I was bored to death with the task. I became frantic with the desire to enact Mildred in 'Of Human Bondage.' That was a plunge, that mean characterization. I seized it against many warnings that it would ruin me with the fans. Instead it led me to interesting psychological studies of misguided women."

She hesitated, but not for long. A puff of her cigarette and she continued.

"I used to be at the mercy of every adviser. Then when my own judgment was a smart guess I was sure nobody could be wiser than I about myself."

HER blonde days are definitely done with. "Once I asserted that dyeing my hair had endowed me with the screen glamour I needed. I've found that only by doing my best, in believable, meaty roles, can I interest audiences. Some rely on artificialities; I can't—enthusiastically! Now I say that when you see a bleached blonde in a picture you immediately think, 'She's just a Hollywood actress!' And I want to convince people I am the character I'm attempting to create!"

Not a word had Bette said about Ham Nelson. She came back alone. I asked her, then, about him.

"He stayed in New York because at last he has a job that will have the kind of progressive, dependable future he wishes."

Music is the passion of this Boston boy who went to school with Bette and who has been her one love. During the first year of their marriage, Ham remained in New York City for nine months, for his job was there. He came to Hollywood. He sang in popular cafes here; he composed. When they married they agreed to be individuals about their work; but after that dreadful nine months' separation they swore they'd never be apart like that again.

And now they are. For Bette has bravely recognized that he must grab his opportunity; he had become disheartened by the uncertainties of his orchestra experiences. Both Bette and Ham want something solid under their feet; their New England heritage drives them this way.

"Ham has a marvelous chance to climb in the business end of music. He's with a big musical agency and they're transferring him to Hollywood next July, after a seven months' breaking in in the East. Isn't that swell?"

It is. When you look into Bette's eyes and see how they dance, you know it is swell, indeed. But it takes nerve, tremendous nerve, to go on through these critical months by themselves. Bette has to learn what taking her medicine will be like; Ham has to make good without question. You can bet that he hated to have her return to accept defeat and find out what the studio intended doing with her; he longed to be at her side to encourage

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TAKE THIS FAMOUS 1 WEEK TEST THAT HAS SHOWN THOUSANDS HOW TO BUILD UP HUSKY NEW RED BLOODED STRENGTH NEW ENERGY AND AT LEAST 5 EXTRA LBS. OR NO COST!

As a result of tests covering thousands of cases of skinniness, weakness, poor blood and a rundown condition—many leading authorities now agree that very frequently the trouble may be traced to iodine starvation, particularly as applied to certain important glands. When these glands—including the one important gland which largely controls the body's weight and strength—lack *natural plant iodine,* even diets rich in starches and fats often fail to add weight. That's why skinny people, in many cases, have huge appetites, yet stay skinny.

Now, however, with the introduction of Seedol Kelpamalt, a mineral concentrate derived from a huge 90-foot sea vegetable harvested off the Pacific Coast—you can be assured of a rich, concentrated supply of this precious natural substance. Far richer in iodine than oysters, Seedol Kelpamalt at last makes it possible for the body to get the most good out of food. Its 12 other minerals act to stimulate and normalize the digestive glands which produce the juices that enable you to digest fats and starches, the weight and strength making elements in food. 3 Seedol Kelpamalt tablets contain more iron and copper than 1 lb. of spinach or 7½ lbs. of fresh tomatoes—more iodine than 1,386 lbs. of lettuce.

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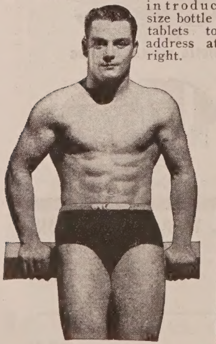

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her if the going was too rough. And Bette? Why, she misses him as only a woman of her amazing loyalty can miss the one man she's ever given two hoots about.

They aren't to see one another until summer. Meanwhile, Bette is finding that Warners are putting her into splendid acting parts. By losing, and then being a sport about it, she probably has gained a great deal.

She ad libbed little white lies. "I'm used to having to be away from someone I like. The theater hardened me to that. I'd get myself a beau and then a job in some other city!" It just happens that Ham isn't merely a temporary beau, and that her feelings for him are more than fondness. It isn't easy to assert "I'm not lonely!" when you're in a spot where you can't help but be. With her perky chin up, Bette does say this, though.

Ham isn't flying out week-ends; the Harmon O. Nelsons have always lived modestly. They are frugal. Bette doesn't even own any valuable jewelry. "Ham is going to buy it for me!" Their house on Franklin Avenue is in keeping with what the man who is its master and the woman who is his life partner should have. It's plain and comfortable, not frilly.

BETTE doesn't intend to put on star airs and fly East, either. Warners have so much lined up that she couldn't get away for long. "Besides, Ham and I each have to click on our own right now!"

Every Sunday they write to each other. Not pages and pages. Neither can stand sitting down at a desk and scribbling at length. "We're hoarding our incidents until we're together," Bette murmured.

That she has her hands full resuming this movie career was evident at the Camel Caravan broadcast recently. A friend of mine was in her dressing-room and Bette was stricken with worry as to whether Ham would hear her. She had accepted the radio offer quickly and had been so rushed combining rehearsals and her regular acting that she hadn't gotten off a special letter. "Do you imagine he'll read that I'm on?" she wailed. She finally hurried her maid out with a telegram, although it couldn't reach him in time.

Bette isn't going places while she is busy before the cameras, but on Saturday nights she'll go to the theater with some friend. "And I don't expect Ham to be sitting with a book. After all, it's silly to deprive ourselves of a little innocent pleasure." She is positive that Ham is in good company, for he is sharing an apartment with a young couple whom they've known for several years.

She is paying her rent checks for the same Hollywood house. The Nelsons have purchased their own furnishings, their silver and their linen, and eventually they'll acquire a ten-acre ranch and build. "I never dreamed I'd settle in California until I went away this last time," Bette confessed to me. "But the climate here spoils one. And now that Ham will be here permanently—!"

She brought only three dollars and fifty cents worth of imports from Europe—eight beautiful maps of England for a chum, and a volume of superb dog sketches. Not a single gown from Paris. "Extravagance!" She hoots at the very idea.

Warner's casting chief was a few tables away. Bette noticed him. "What a bet you've got in Jane Bryan!" she cried. "This new girl who plays my sister in 'Marked Women,'" she explained to me. "Jean Muir discovered her. I went to Jean's little theater one night. On that small stage, with a crowd of professionals out front, this girl enacted a part that would be difficult for many established players. She was splendid! She was just out of school, but she had that instinct that's essential. When she began her scenes with me she whispered, 'My stomach is all bubbly inside.' Bette laughed, with a strange shyness. She added, "That's the way it should be. I understand her."

And now I knew what had come over Bette Davis. It isn't simply that she's dynamite in kid gloves today. It's this: she's growing up. She's understanding herself, the world, and others.

Around New York With a Candid Camera

Sonja Henie arriving by plane for the holidays—and the New Year's Day opening of her first film, "One in a Million," at the Roxy—with everybody in a dither collecting her two luxurious fur coats and other valuable baggage, but Sonja herself jealously guarding one little black bag . . . which contained her most highly-prized ice skates . . . Margo (who arrived in town on the same train with Francis Lederer) holding a real Spanish Christmas party for her family at the Waldorf, with the Three Wise Men instead of Santa Claus . . . and Margo herself enacting the role of one of the Wise Men . . . Bill Robinson, with tears streaming down his face, at the grand celebration held at the Cotton Club to celebrate his fiftieth anniversary on the American stage . . . Jimmie Stewart drinking his daily orange-juice-and-egg concoction . . . Allan Jones, in a very doggy dark brown shirt (with stripes!), dining most informally at one of the little chophouses, just off Broadway in the Times Square district . . . Mitzi Green, a very pretty grown-up lady now, wowing the customers at the Versailles, popular night spot, with her impersonations and singing . . . Eleanor Powell, stunning in a coat of two kinds of gray fur and a matching turban with brilliant blue cockade, window-shopping on Fifth Avenue . . . unrecognized by other window-shoppers, because her hair is much lighter offscreen than on . . . Florence Eldredge making that long-promised return to the stage (but without Freddie March, who's busy on a movie) in "Days to Come" . . . and drawing good reviews—better than the play itself which closed at once . . . Buddy Rogers and Nick Kenny, on their way to appear at two Sunday night benefits, making an extra appearance on still another benefit program by mistake . . . they went first to the one on the main floor at the Astor instead of the roof! . . . Herbert Marshall leaving for the Coast almost as soon as Gloria Swanson arrived in town . . . Gloria being escorted around during her visit here by Paul Soskin . . . Jimmy Cagney stopping at the Gotham and talking very seriously about an Irish Theater revival . . . which may mean that he's going to produce, but maybe not.

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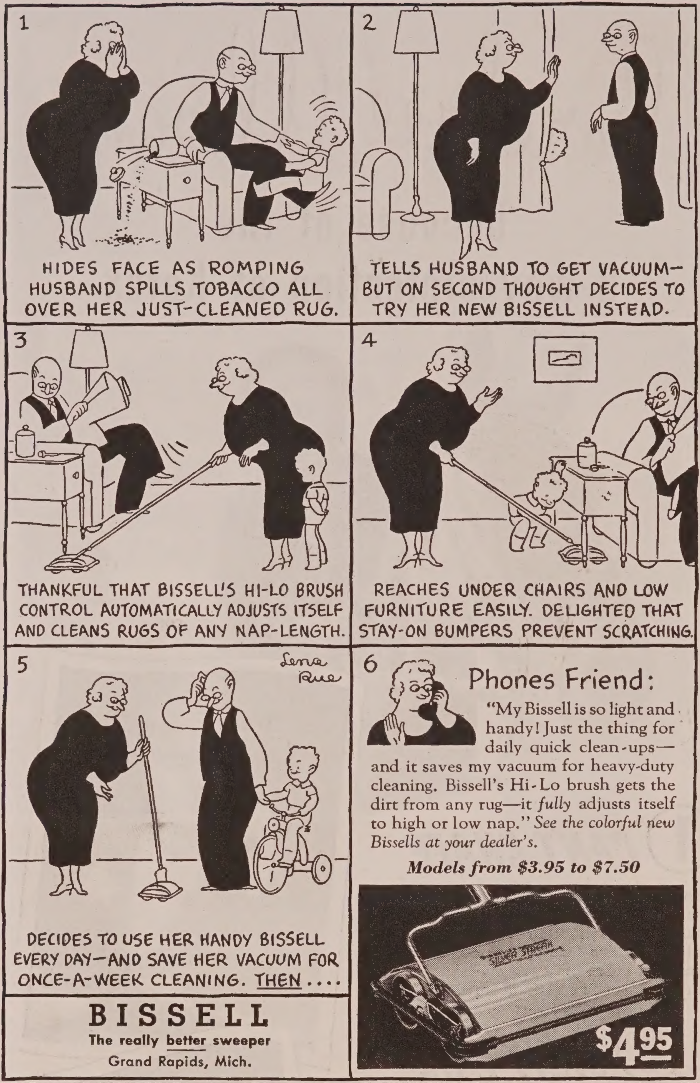

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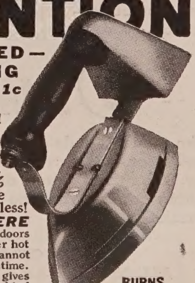

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From Poverty and Loneliness to Prosperity and Love

(*Continued from page* 49)

Benny cringed. So he did look like a hill-billy after all. Right then and there he resolved to use his week's salary as a down payment on a suit, his first three-piece suit all of the same material.

For some strange reason, when Benny Baker ran across the stage that first night, in the front line of a mob, the audience laughed. The next night it happened again. And the next. On the third night, as he came off into the wings, the leading man of the company, Louis Calhern, was standing there. "Say, you!" said Calhern. "You're funny."

Calhern spoke to Cukor about Benny, encouraged him to put the lad on the weekly payroll. From then on, for two years, Benny was a member of the company. So, too, was Bette Davis. It was strange that a few years later all four of them—Calhern, Cukor, Benny and Bette—were destined to wend their way to Hollywood. The high spot of Benny's two years with the company was a play in which, for the first, and almost the only time in his life, he played a part with love interest. It was Bette Davis whom he took into his arms. He was so fussed and embarrassed that Cukor said never again! And that was all right with Benny, too.

IT wasn't until he started working as stooge for the famous Lou Holtz, in New York, that they began kidding him about it. Holtz was always trying to date him up with some frivolous blonde, just to see him writhe. Benny pretended bravado, even developed a stock line to cover up. When he was forced to meet a girl he would say, "I like you 'cause you're a girl, and I like girls!" It was a foolish line, and made everybody laugh. He had reached the stage in every comedian's life where laughs were the only thing worth working for. And so in the laugh he found consolation for the awkward warmth he always felt under his collar.

Benny had seen Holtz work at the Palace, that glittering Mecca of all vaudeville troupers, then in its hey-day. He had decided, unreservedly, that Holtz was the greatest comedian in the world. He wanted to work with him, learn from him, for months sought an interview. Finally, one afternoon in 1929, he got in to see him. Benny went in to what he thought was his funniest routine. When he had finished Holtz had all the appearance of a man at a funeral. Silently Benny turned to go. As the door had all but closed behind him he heard Holtz's voice calling, "Hey, kid, come back here. You're not bad. Maybe I can give you a job. I'm going on a vaudeville tour, twenty weeks. Want to go?"

Benny just looked at him. Then, unbelievingly, "You thought I was funny?"

"Yeah," said Holtz wearily.

"You have a funny way of laughing."

"Sorry, kid—but fifteen minutes ago I lost $20,000. That makes $600,000 in the last four days. Come around Sunday. We'll start rehearsing."

It was true; in the market crash Holtz had lost over half a million dollars. His own show, which he was planning to open in a few weeks, would never open now. Holtz had to go back to the vaudeville grind, take to the road.

"My experience with Holtz was the greatest thing that ever happened to me," Benny said in recalling those pre-picture days. "I learned more from him in the next four years than I could have learned in a life-time in the theater. The first time I worked in his act the house was as silent as a tomb. Afterwards he asked me who told me I was funny. 'You did,' I said. 'Well, I was wrong,' he answered. 'You're the most unfunny kid I ever saw. Did you hear them go dead on you? What's the matter?'

FOR weeks he bawled me out, picked on me, told me I was lousy. But all the time he was studying me, trying to figure out what was the matter. Finally one day he said, 'Benny, there's one thing I think you should try to remember. When you go out there on that stage I want you to think in your heart, "Gee, I hope these people like me!" Think it hard. Say it over and over to yourself. Pray that they'll like you. Want it more than anything else in the world. Forget your lines, forget your business, just hold on to that one thought!' Well, I tried it. It is the best advice that can be given to anyone in show business. For some strange reason that attitude projects itself to an audience. That audience finds itself liking you in spite of itself. From that day on I never had any trouble."

If Benny had only adopted the same attitude about girls he might have had his big romance years before he did. But—well, to get back to the story.

It was in 1934 that Holtz came to the coast to make a picture, and pumpkin Benny plodded right along. When Holtz went back East Benny decided to stay on. "I stayed on in Hollywood," Benny says, "—rather hung on—for the next year or so. I was flat broke.

"Then one day a man I had persuaded to be my agent sent me over to Paramount to apply for a day's work in a picture, 'Love in Bloom.' That was the closest call of my life. The work called for a comedy scene with Joe Morrison. The director sent for Joe, lined the two of us up against the wall. Joe towered over me. 'That's okay,' the director told me. 'We have to have somebody to make Joe look tall in this scene, and I guess you're short enough.' It's funny," Benny sighed, "all my life I hated being a short guy, yet if I had been even an inch taller I never would have got that job. And, as it turned out, it was the most important job in my life.

"I played the scene, got seventy-five dollars for it, but didn't keep it long, because there were a couple of fellows sitting on the front steps when I got home. One from the car company, another from the grocery. Well, anyway, nothing happened. Nobody said anything about my rushes, nobody said I'd done a good job. I decided to go back to New York. I thought I'd better go before the next payment on that car rolled around. It just happened I went over to say goodbye to a friend, and he told me they were previewing 'Love in Bloom' that night at the Westwood. Well, I figured I might as well stay over another day and see it; though I really didn't expect I'd still be in it. But, anyway, I could get passes.

"When I came on the screen somebody started laughing, and at the end of the scene they applauded. I didn't think much of it, though, didn't believe it *could* mean anything; went right home and went to bed, so I could get up early and get packed and leave. I was throwing my stuff in the back of the car the next morning when my agent phoned and asked if I wanted to sign a contract with Paramount!"

And so Benny came to the end of a long, long trail. Since "Love in Bloom" he has made fifteen pictures, and been the roll-em-in-the-aisle spot in each.

But the great moment of his life was still to come. It was brought about, strangely enough, by Oscar, the colored bootblack on the Paramount lot.

OSCAR had always admired Benny. One day he begged Benny to come down to Central Avenue and make a personal appearance at darktown's Movie Ball. "You can't know what it would mean to me, Mr. Baker. If you could just come down, say something funny, you know . . . Mr. John Howard and Mr. Richard Cromwell and Mr. Jack Chapin from the lot here, they all says they'll go, but you're the most important. Please, Mr. Baker, if you'll come down maybe next year they elect me Mayor."

Margaret Lindsay, Warner Bros. Star appearing opposite Errol Flynn and Anita Louise in Warner Bros.-Cosmopolitan Picture "Green Light"

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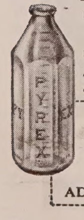

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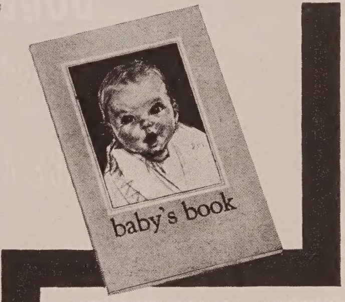

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And because Benny is that kind of guy, he said he'd love to.

You would scarcely have recognized him as the same young man who stood at the entrance of that other dance hall, seven years before. He was still pumpkinish and rolypoly, and he was still inwardly shy about girls. But he wore a smart suit now, even smarter than that of his old factory friend. And—he wore fourteen-dollar shoes—one week's salary in the old days—and they did *not* stick to the floor. Now, too, he knew what to do with his hands. They rested easily at his sides. He stood there at the entrance, looked around brightly, and smiled.

His eyes lighted on a pretty blonde girl sitting with Jack Chapin and another girl at a table, in the corner. His heart went flippety-flop in his breast. After he and Oscar had exchanged greetings he found the courage to ask him who the girl was.

"Oh, that's Miss Margery Chapin, Mr. Jack's sister. Don't you know her? Want me to introduce you?"

"Oh no, no, Oscar, no," as the colored man started to lead him toward her. "No, I met her once at the Clover Club, but she wouldn't remember me. Maybe later. I—I think I'll have a drink first."

However, the drink didn't help him much. "No," he still said to himself. "Why, she wouldn't even want to be seen talking to a mugg like me." And as for dancing with her, dinner with the president at the White House seemed less remote!

But four drinks later it was different.

WHY, hello, Miss Chapin! You thought I didn't remember you, didn't you, but I do. Seems to me it was at the Tennis Club, wasn't it? Oh, no, I remember now, it was at—oh, well, anyway I do remember meeting someone who was Jack's sister. May I have this dance?"

"Love to," she breathed. As she rose from the table Benny suddenly spied the reserved sign which occupied its center, took it from its holder, found a pin under his lapel, turned the young lady around, and to the tune of much laughter pinned the sign on her back. "And remember," his four drinks said, "I put that there, and nobody takes it off but me!"

She was still wearing it when he took her home later that evening. Today it is tucked away in a souvenir box which also contains the ribbon and one pressed rose from a bridal bouquet.

As he had visioned it all in his dreams, so it was. He met a girl, put his arms around her, they fell in love and were married.

They live in a smart duplex apartment now, and are "at home" every Sunday. Benny is always inviting people over. To his old friends who knew him "when" he says, "Please come and see us—we've got a rug now."

In that simple statement can be summed up the whole bare, bleak story of this little funny fellow's struggle for money, success and security. And if you're a peeping Tom you might even catch him, some evening, walking around on that rug, in his bare feet. The expression on his face will tell you that that particular rug it as a rug should be . . . warm, thick, oozing and oh, so deliciously squashy! A simple rug, really, but a magic carpet to him!

Larry Crabbe's Love Masquerade

(*Continued from page* 52)

of the strangest professions in the world. They are Hawaiian boys who give swimming and surf lessons, first of all; also they are sort of glorified guides. They take you to the beauty spots of the island; they take you to the native *luau* feasts; they take you to moving pictures; they take you driving. If you are a girl, a very pretty girl, they also take you walking in the moonlight. They sing for you; they get Hawaiian girls to dance for you; they help you buy presents for your friends back home. They wait on you hand and foot; they tell you the history of the Islands; they make you laugh and have a good time. And for all this you pay. They are, let us say, the glamour salesmen of Hawaii.

HOW Larry Crabbe, a plain American, born in San Francisco, came to be enlisted in their romantic ranks, is an important part of the story. His family had left the mainland a number of years before and had settled in Honolulu, but when Larry neared the end of his high school years, he knew that he wanted to go back to the States to college, particularly to one of the eastern colleges, and this meant more money than the Crabbes could afford. So there was nothing to do but for Larry to try to earn most of his expenses. For a while he worked on the boats that plied back and forth from San Francisco. But this was hard and boring work, and there wasn't much pay. Once he crossed as an oiler on one of the big liners. Again he worked as a stevedore. And once even as a wiper. Now a wiper's job is the lowest and dirtiest of all such jobs on a ship. Literally, a wiper wipes up—and it was this that finally made him rebel. Certainly there were easier and quicker ways to make money than this. Then he had an idea. If he could only pass for Hawaiian! He took his brother aside. They talked it over, decided they could get away with it, and a week later they turned beach boys. They were perfectly suited to the parts. They were lean and strong and burned black by many years in the tropical sun. They swam like champions, they could handle a surf board like a lathe, and they had heard the Hawaiian-touched dialect that the beach boys spoke for so long that that, too, was an easy part of the game. They were successful from the beginning. So successful that they not only fooled the customers, but the other beach boys as well.

And what a lovely racket it was. They charged from $2.50 to $3.00 for both surfing and swimming, depending on what they thought the traffic would bear, and sometimes they gave as many as eight and ten lessons a day. So you can see how it mounted up. Of course it wasn't all easy. The most important trick in the whole thing was learning how to handle people, all sorts of people, and making steady customers of them, from the moment they got off the boat. That meant sizing them up right from the beginning. The day a boat came in was always a day of big excitement. All the beach boys were there, trying to pick out the prospects with money to spend. Larry and Buddy had soon learned how to recognize those who were going to stay at the Royal Hawaiian. At one glance, they could even tell how long they were going to stay, and whether they would be in the market for swimming lessons or not. They could also spot the *malahenes* right off. A *malahene* is a tenderfoot tourist, on his first trip to the Islands, and they were the best bet, because naturally, *malahenes* always wanted to be shown around. This meant side trips, and side tips, too, which were not to be overlooked.

AS a *malahene,* with lots of money to throw around, Larry Crabbe had sized up the girl who tossed him a penny from the boat. And, as such, he intended to get her for his own charge during the length of her stay. Standing there in the sun that morning on the beach, waiting for the customers to come down from the hotel, he decided that he'd show her! He and Buddy stood there, with their best trunks on, and their surf boards all polished and lined up along the side of the canoe shed. And beside them, lying on the sand, like an animal ready to spring, was Panama Dave.

Now before our heroine appears we must explain Panama Dave. And what a char-

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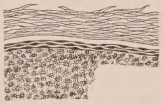

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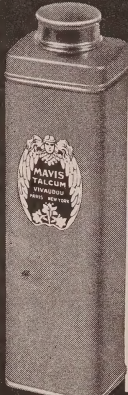
Sweetheart Charm Bracelet



IT'S NEW! IT'S SMART! IT'S THE "RAGE!" . . . to wear miniatures of those you adore on a Sweetheart Charm Bracelet. Be the first in your set to own one! Miniatures are reproduced from your favorite photos or snapshots—hand-colored by fine artists—set in a frame which clasps onto the bracelet.

THERE'S ROOM FOR NINE—sweetheart, chum, sorority sisters, movie stars, mother and dad. Easy to snap on or off. The bracelet itself is a series of gleaming disks etched with a flying dove. Non-tarnishable. Will not discolor the skin.

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Mavis Talcum Powder offers you this lovely Sweetheart Charm Bracelet—with one miniature to start your collection—*for only 25¢!* Stores can't sell them for anywhere near that low price. Just get a 25¢ size of delicately scented, flower-fresh Mavis. Mail in the coupon attached to the can, with 25¢ in coin, and any clear photo or snapshot (to be returned with your bracelet). For each additional miniature, send 10¢, photo, and a coupon from a 25¢ size Mavis. (Offer good only in U. S. A.)

DON'T DELAY! HURRY! Order your Sweetheart Charm Bracelet today! Get your 25¢ size Mavis Talcum Powder now.

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acter he was! He was the Crabbe contact man, no less. An Hawaiian, a little short fellow, thin and wiry, with black curly hair and a fresh grin that was an open sesame everywhere. He could walk up to anyone, any age, and make friends with him in five minutes. He could also, without any trouble, secure him as swimming customer for his employers.

Panama Dave didn't have to wait very long that morning for his first cue to go into action. Suddenly Larry spied the girl who had laughed at him so annoyingly. He nudged Panama with his foot. "There she is, that one in the blue bathing suit. Get going, kid!"

Panama sauntered over to her. He said, "How de do!" in that cute accent of his, giving her a load of his shiny white teeth. "You like Islands? You find them like you think? Oh, but you see by moonlight then you no go back, ever! Look those waves—good surfing today. You no surf? This best surfing day I see all week! You take lessons, maybe? I'll get guy. Guy to teach you, teach you good! You like Larry, he best boy on beach! What your name? I introduce you!"

A minute later she was standing before Larry. "This Miss Held," Panama was saying. "She want lessons from you!"

BUT suddenly it appeared that she did not. An expression of recognition—and disapproval—crossed her face. "Wait a minute, I'm not so sure. Weren't you at the boat this morning? Aren't you one of the diving boys? I didn't know they allowed the wharf rats on the beach." And before Larry could stutter an explanation, Miss Held had walked away. She walked right up to Buddy. A brief conversation followed which Larry could not hear. Then Buddy lifted his surf board to his shoulder, and the two of them marched away, down to the lace-paper edge of the water.

"Well!" Larry said. "How did she know that rule about wharf rats! The little snip, putting me in my place like that, just as though I really were one!"

"Want me explain?" asked Panama, anxious to get into the fray. "I tell her you only fooling this morning at the dock!"

"You tell her nothing!" Larry snapped. "I'll tell her myself, in my own way, later!"

"Here come big family!" Panama Dave's eyes were now turned toward the hotel. "I get them for you, yes? Anyway, families are better! Not so much love trouble, and more money!" And for the second time that morning he was off to do his duty.

Yes, as Larry well knew, families *were* better. They were always the easiest to get along with. In the morning they'd come down to the beach, and all you'd have to do was to have a chair and umbrella all fixed for the mother, and some odd piece of coral to show to the father, and you'd have shovels and pails all ready for the kids so they could start on their sand castles. And after the lessons it was easy to entertain them. Usually they just wanted to know about the Islands, and you could tell them stories; and sometimes they wanted to know about you, and you could weave yourself into all the fantastic adventures you had ever heard of, and they ate it up. And if things got really dull you could always take the mother in for a swim and then threw her off the surf board, and she'd pretend to get mad, but she really loved it! Oh, it was very important being a little fresh now and then, especially with middle-aged ladies. Maybe telling just a *slightly* risque story now and then, when you had overdone the throwing thing. Yes, families were really very simple.

BUT these girls! Yes, girls were a problem. Because either you were always falling in love with them, or they with you. Not that Larry meant, in any way, to be egotistical about it. It was just—well, just the Islands. Moonlight over Diamond Head, the silver sound of ukuleles across the water, the lullaby sound of the Hawaiian language, the sleepy swish of grass skirts, the sun-laughter of long bright days in the sand, the sparkling splash of cold green water—who could resist such love props as these! And besides, girls, when they travel, always have flirtations on their mind. And the worst of it was, these flirtations almost always proved expensive. It was bad enough to take money from any girl, even for lessons received, but when you had a crush on the girl it was terrible. Even if the lesson charges were put conveniently on the hotel bills, still it rankled. And sometimes, you'd get to figuring that you really shouldn't even send her a bill because you got so much fun out of just being with her . . . and so you didn't . . . and well, one summer Larry had lost $125 like that, on a girl from Baltimore. Of course Larry wasn't the only one. All the beach boys got softhearted like that now and then. "This *mahine* I take out for love" was a familiar saying on the Waikiki beach. *Mahine* is the word for girl. When a beach boy said that he meant, "Here's one girl I'm taking out for a lesson that I'm not going to charge!" Then, too, there was another thing about girls. If you were giving lessons to a couple of girls, you had to be very careful—because if you paid more attention to one girl than another, you were likely to lose a customer. Yes, to heck with that Miss Held!

Panama Dave was standing in front of him with a short, paunchy bald-headed man in tow. "I have three children," the man wheezed. "I understand from this fellow that you give swimming lessons."

Larry bowed. He was suddenly the Hawaiian beach boy again. In an accent that was carefully like Panama Dave's he said, "Three children! Children easy teach. I glad to!"

The next week or so Larry was occupied with the family, Buddy with Miss Held. For a while Larry tried to convince himself that he was interested in Miss Held only as an enemy, but the thought didn't sit well, and he soon had to admit that he was *more* than belligerently interested. That it was, darn it, love! He could tell by the way he kept watching for her when she was due down the beach for a lesson with Buddy. He could tell by the way he avoided looking at her when she was near. He could tell by the thrill that went through him when on Sunday the whole crowd went to the other side of the Island for a picnic, and he had to sit behind her in the back seat of the Ford and wonder what kind of expression she had on her face now as she talked to Buddy. Oh, he could tell! And finally he told himself that something had to be done about it.

One morning he tried. "Oh, Miss Held, if tonight you no do nothing, tonight maybe let's go mooing, eh?"

Her eyes, warmer now after a week in Honolulu, flashed at him smiling. "I don't understand!"

At that moment Larry was dying to break down and talk English for a change—confess all—but it was just possible that she might give him away, tell the others around the hotel. So with difficulty he hung on. Without changing his expression or his accent he continued. "Warner Baxter, he swell picture. We go see, huh?"

"Oh, picture show!" She laughed. "I'm sorry, I'm going with Buddy. But another time perhaps. Or maybe you'll go with us Monday night to the *luau?*"

She walked away, and Larry stood there, digging his strong brown toes into the sand, angrily, So if it weren't for Buddy she'd be going with him! Well, something had to be done about Buddy!

HE plotted it carefully. It was Saturday night, and Buddy was getting dressed to go up to the hotel—and to dance with Virginia Held. "How are you doing with that Miss Held?" Larry asked casually. "Kissed her yet?"

Buddy was a bit surprised. "Kissed *her?* How do you get that way! She's pretty upstage. I don't think she'd let a beach boy even put an arm around her. Not that girl!"

"I think you're wrong," Larry said. "You know there's a good moon tonight, and if you walk her out to Diamond Head—well, just as one brother for an-

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other, I'll get a couple of the boys together, and we'll follow you with some music. Music, moon and Diamond Head—you know what that means!"

"Yeah?" Buddy was suddenly thoughtful, and interested! "Gee, Larry, would you? That's swell of you."

Three hours later . . . moon, music and Diamond Head . . . and in the midst of all that serenity, the sound of a hefty slap splitting the air. Standing in the shadow of the trees, only a few yards away, Larry Crabbe heard it and smiled. Oh, lovely sound; oh, lovely sound!

The next morning it was all just as he had imagined. Her voice calling to him from the door of the canoe shed, "Oh, Larry . . . I, well, I was wondering if you'd give me lessons from now on. Oh, no, Buddy was perfectly satisfactorily, only he's pretty busy, and I thought I'd like to take two a day for the rest of my visit. Of course, if you're too busy . . ."

His surf board was already on his shoulders.

She was there for only a week more. Larry intended to tell her of his masquerade before she left, but then at the last minute he decided on a better plan. He'd follow her on the next boat or two, back to the States. It was time to get out of this life anyway. It was all too easy, too much fun; it didn't lead anywhere. It was time he got into some kind of reputable business where—well, where a fellow could get married if he wanted to.

Two months later he called from a Los Angeles phone booth. "Tonight, maybe let's go mooing, eh? Gary Cooper, heem swell picture."

But it was not Larry the beach boy, who presented himself at her door. It was Clarence Linden Crabbe who announced himself as late of the Olympic swimmers, presently of the unemployed and about to become a motion picture actor. It was quite a shock, but Virginia Held recovered. That you may know, because today she is Mrs. Clarence Linden Crabbe.

The amazing romance that grew out of a masquerade at Honolulu!

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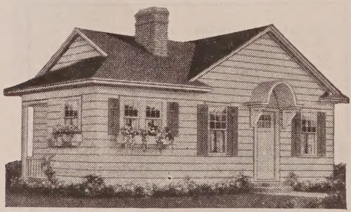

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The Very Personal History of Fred MacMurray

(*Continued from page* 43)

and seemingly unruffled exterior, we must go back to that tempestuous love story to discover the qualities that created the Fred MacMurray you see on the movie screen today. It is there that we shall find the real answer to the greatest enigma since Gary Cooper.

THE MacMurrays lived a completely gypsy life. One year after their marriage, when the stork overtook them, they were in Kankakee, Illinois—which place thus became the birthplace of our hero rather than Chicago or Michigan City only because they happened to be there for a concert. It happened on August 30, 1908. The baby was formally christened Frederick MacMurray, Jr., and then promptly nicknamed "Bud" to avoid confusion.

Before Bud was three months old, he was an experienced traveler. The MacMurrays were always on the move where the father's concert contracts called; and although in the beginning this had been great adventure for the young bride, she soon found that caring for a baby, packing and unpacking suitcases and boarding trains (sometimes in the middle of the night) was far from an ideal life. At her insistent pleas, it was finally agreed that they would settle, at least for a year, in Madison, Wisconsin, where the senior MacMurray would open an Academy of Music.

But the quiet life of the average citizen soon palled for the temperamental musician and he became bored out of his wits trying to guide sticky young hands across violins in first lessons for juveniles. When Bud was past his first birthday, his mother moved with him back to Beaver Dam to be near relatives while his father went off once more on his concert tours.

Fred was a quiet, rather sober baby who hated excitement in any form. When he was three years old, his mother took him to the circus as a special treat. But he howled all through it, especially hating the clowns who beat drums at him and fired pistols. And still later, when his mother tried to get him into the door of his first movie, the noise of the cheering kids inside reminded him so much of the circus that he refused to enter the theater.

His little toy piano and the tiny violin, both gifts from his father, were far more enjoyable to him than kid games or parties. He was content to sit for hours hammering away on his piano or making strange, squeaking noises on his "wilin." This always delighted Mr. MacMurray when, periodically, he would blow into Beaver Dam for a visit between concerts. And, after blowing in, the proud father would invariably breeze out in a few days, gone with the wind. But after Bud's fourth birthday, Mr. MacMurray would always take time during his visits to give his son a few lessons on the violin; soon he had the youngster playing nursery tunes. And since the lessons were few and far between, Papa MacMurray was fooled into believing that his son's insistent demand for more and longer lessons was indicative of great talent. At length, he nicknamed him "Bud, the Genius."

Shortly after her son's fourth birthday, however, Mrs. MacMurray consented to join her husband on tour once more. This time the little family headed for California. Fred and his mother lived in Gilroy, in the central part of the state, while his father gave concerts up and down the coast.

"THE only thing of any importance I remember about that trip to California," Fred reminisced as we sat in the living room of the apartment he and Lillian have occupied since their marriage, "is going to the World's Fair in San Francisco and seeing the Tower of Jewels. I thought that was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. Maybe it was the sun shining on all those synthetic jewels—though I didn't dream they weren't real at the time. But more probably I got the idea we were in Paradise because it was all so beautiful. At any rate, I was very righteous about the whole thing and behaved with a Sunday school air while we were there. I thought it was pretty fine to be able to see Heaven without having to die in the attempt."

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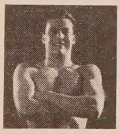

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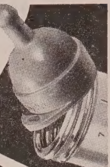

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Being left alone with his mother made Bud a very obedient little boy. There developed a sort of pal-ship between them. He loved being with her and it was the darkest day of his young life when she took him to the Gilroy kindergarten for the beginning of his schooling.

Had he known what was to befall him, he doubts if he would have gone without a death struggle.

Remember that Fred was not used to other children. The family had never lived long enough in one place for him to make friends with little boys and girls his own age. The moment he walked into the classroom, he was afraid of them—but not nearly as scared as he was when, during recess, two little girls (aged four and four-and-a-half) staged a hair-pulling contest over him.

"Whose beau *are* you?" they shrieked.

Considering that he hated them both, it was a great decision to be forced to make.

"Nobody's!" he answered, hanging his head and digging his toe into the ground.

That was a mistake. Two juvenile forms hurled themselves at him, clawing, jerking, and finally tearing the nice new shirt his mother had bought him for the occasion. When the melee of feminine forms finally calmed down, there were tears of shame in his eyes. "I hate gurls!" he sobbed to his mother after the teacher had allowed him to go home for clothing replacements. And, while only an analyst could be an authority as to the effects of such an early impression, Fred hated girls for a long time after that.

HE was glad when their little family caravan decided to leave for "the road" again. But Mrs. MacMurray was troubled and worried. Fred, of course, was still too young to realize that the changing life of the concert tour was the breath of life for his father and, at the same time, the bane of his mother's existence. She became more and more lonely, so far away from her friends and her family. With little Bud beginning to grow up, she worried that the boy's life was not taking roots with the familiar, safe things that had made her own childhood such a happy one: friends, parties, good neighbors and regular meals. Something in Maleta Martin MacMurray finally rebelled against an existence she was never meant to live.

She ended her marriage almost as suddenly as she had begun it. She took Fred, Jr., back to Beaver Dam. Within a few months, divorce followed.

During the next few years, life began to assume shape and pattern for Fred. Subconsciously he realized that he and his mother were two pitted against the world. As young as he was, his heart was filled with pride for the gallant person who was his mother. A mother who went to work as a stenographer to support them. Greater than a mother and son affection, theirs was a friendship that was to continue throughout all that was ever to happen to either of them and is, today, one of the finest things about Fred MacMurray.

His mother's work, back in the days when women had not yet emerged from their kitchens into the business world, greatly influenced Fred's attitude about everything. He wanted to grow up in a hurry so that he could make money and support her. He no longer hated school.

Education was the basis of the plans he had for reaching his goal. He was a diligent student and managed to have time for a number of athletic events as well; football being his forte.

Very often, in the afternoon after school, Fred would go to the Y. M. C. A. for a work-out. Being separated from his father, he had lost all of his interest in music. But another artistic expression had come to replace bars and scales: it was natural for him to sketch and he loved to do it. When he heard that commercial artists made big money, he was convinced that art was his field.

MRS. MACMURRAY didn't much approve of a newspaper route Fred had acquired. Especially when the short days of winter set in and he was out roaming the street long after dark. So, without saying much to Fred about it, his mother planned a change for him—military academy at Quincy, Illinois—whether he liked it or not. Which he didn't. He hated the academy and wrote his mother as much every night. To bolster his spirits, she wrote him of a contest being held in Madison with prizes for the child who sketched the best horse. Two days later Fred sent in his entry; he won second prize of seventy-five cents.

Two events in his life happened almost simultaneously: Fred finished grammar school, and his mother, who had been working in Madison, obtained a position in Beaver Dam, making it possible for Fred to attend high school in his home town.

"I don't think anything important happened in high school," Fred told me. "I had no romances. Frankly, I didn't have time for them. When I wasn't actually in school, I was out trying to find odd jobs. During the vacation months, I used to work twenty hours a day in a canning factory where they put up peas (the long hours were necessitated by the short harvest season) and I was too busy trying to think of ways to make money to waste much time worrying how to spend it on girls. If I was missing anything, I wasn't conscious of it.

"My musical nature asserted itself again about this time. I remember I bought a saxophone with my canning factory earnings and got a place in the high school band and also in a five-piece orchestra. I even played occasionally in the American Legion Band, but it was pretty tough to find a spare uniform to fit me; I was about the same size then that I am now. One of the main reasons I had so few dates during those years was the fact that I was always playing in the orchestra that was hired to entertain the other kids."

The year that followed his high school graduation was filled with every odd job he could pick up. For six months he was on the sales staff of the Beaver Dam Malleable Range Company while he tried to sell stoves. Today, if you look, you'll find one in his kitchen: a present from his one-time employers. He tried selling vacuum cleaners from door to door and for a short period he was a salesman in a haberdashery. Then suddenly, out of a clear sky, he wanted to go to college. Within twenty-four hours, he was off to enroll in Carroll College at Waukesha, Wisconsin, which, although Fred didn't know it then, had also been the alma mater of Alfred Lunt, the famous Broadway star.

He liked it; and he might have finished his college education if he hadn't run short of funds. Those big arguments he had given his mother to keep her from giving him any financial assistance, were much easier to write about than to make come true. Playing part time in jazz bands outside of college simply didn't supply Fred with enough money, and that was that.

"FINALLY, I decided to go down to Chicago," Fred said, "and see if I couldn't get a job with the orchestra at the College Inn. I don't know what made me think I was that good, but I'd heard about it and I wanted to have a trial at the big time."

The trial was as far as he got; though Morrie Sherman, the leader, did think enough of his chances to send him to an agency and before long they had him playing at various jobs here and there with pick-up bands. Fred kept at this for a year.

"It was a crazy life. I suppose most people think that musicians lead a very gay and colorful existence—getting dressed up in monkey suits every night, sitting in swanky rooms watching beautifully-dressed women float by. Well," conceded Fred, "maybe it's a thrill, at first. But

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NO, BUT HE NEVER EVEN SEES ME
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soon all the thrill is gone and all you're conscious of is the smoke-filled room, the endless procession of waiters bearing trays to endless eaters, a great many people pushing and shoving around the dance floor in various stages of sobriety, and even the women don't impress you! For some odd reason they soon all look the same. They come to be a mere blot of mascara, lipstick and black velvet twisting and twirling by. You play mechanically and they dance and eat mechanically. And then, in the daytime, when they revert to the life of ordinary human beings, you're just catching up on some much needed sleep and never get a chance to see them."

WHEN his mother finally wrote to say that she wanted to take a trip to California by automobile with her sister and wondered if Fred would drive them, he was secretly glad to break away from the very un-gay midnight life he had been leading. The smoky rooms and bad hours had begun to affect him. He realized he was too young to be turning night into day, knowing only a synthetic world without friends or companions. There was no reason why he couldn't get a job with a band on the Coast—after he had been there a month or two.

But Fred reckoned without the rules of the California Musicians' Union which prevent anyone from taking a steady orchestra job until he has been a resident of the state for six months! "That was a pretty how-de-do," MacMurray laughed. "That was just fine! But Mother wanted to stay out here, so I decided to take a 'vacation' by entering the University of Southern California for six months."

The MacMurrays were crazy about Hollywood. Not since the fair at San Francisco, had any one place so impressed Fred with its color, glamour and excitement. For a long time, he simply couldn't get over this little town where the usual rattling Fords of other small towns were chased down the streets by huge pink, blue and purple town cars. Brightly lighted sign boards and store fronts made Hollywood Boulevard a sort of carnival at night, and every now and then Fred and his mother would see a movie star.

The MacMurrays' combined yen for the movies amounted to a slight mania. Generally, in the evening, they would walk down the Boulevard looking for a movie they hadn't yet seen; and every time there was a premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theater or the Carthay Circle, (and in 1928, there were bigger and better "pree-mears") Fred and his mother were the first on hand to stand behind the ropes and watch the parade of movie stars. And what a parade! Lupe Velez, soaked in diamonds and ermine, on the arm of Gary Cooper. Joan Crawford, smiling and waving at the crowd (maybe at the MacMurrays!) with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., proudly at her side. Clara Bow. Sue Carol, the college favorite, with Nick Stuart. The newlyweds, Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. And that new actress, Myrna Loy, having her picture taken with Ramon Novarro.

One night, the bald-headed announcer at the Chinese announced a tall, dark and handsome boy with Loretta Young as ". . . Grant Withers, the new hit of the screen! Mr. Withers has come up faster than any young star in the past six months," blared the voice. "Everybody give Hollywood's newest star a hand."

FRED gave him a hand. He thought Withers looked more like a college fellow than most actors. He looked more like an "everyday" person like himself. He thought: "I wonder what it feels like to come up that fast, in six short months? It must be dizzy, upsetting. Or maybe actors are of a world apart. Maybe it isn't possible for that sort of thing to happen to a guy like me, a guy on the other side of the ropes."

The next day, Fred learned the address of Central Casting Offices, the Hollywood clearing house of extras. In the next installment of his life, read how Fred began his career as a laborer at Paramount, how he met the first love of his life and how stardom came. In April MOVIE MIRROR, *on sale February 24.*

The No. 1 matinee idol of America—all right, take your choice! Here are both Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, in an informal shot at M-G-M.

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page* 69)

frustration and licentiousness that beset the artist throughout his lifetime.

Gertrude Lawrence as his shrewish housekeeper and Elsa Lanchester as his last love give exquisite performances. In fact the whole cast lend perfect support but it is the superb artistry of Laughton that commands and holds the attention at all times.

Your Reviewer Says: A beautifully mounted, slow moving story.

✓✓The Holy Terror (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Withers, Anthony Martin, Leah Ray, El Brendel, Joel Lewis, John Elredge, Gloria Roy, Andrew Tombes, Joan Davis, Fred Kohler, Jr.*

It's About: *The harum scarum daughter of a naval officer who has a way of getting into trouble and out again.*

The many devoted fans of Jane Withers who have remained loyal despite the dullness of the little star's recent pictures may well rejoice. Jane comes through with a honey, a light, brisk, tuneful picture with sound story, strong cast, and plump little Jane at her hoydenish best.

Add to this the singing of handsome Anthony Martin and lovely Leah Ray, plus two brand new funny people, Joe Lewis and the rowdy Joan Davis. You can imagine the laughs.

Jane as the daughter of a naval officer cuts capers with the sailor boys that usually end with the boys in the brig and Jane in the dog house, but during an air review Jane squares things finally.

El Brendel as Joan's Swedish suitor and Andrew Tombes as the captain inject a lot of sly humor into their roles. Anthony Martin and Leah Ray are the romantic twosome singing *There I Go Again* and *I Don't Know Myself Since I Met You,* two catchy tunes. It's the clowning of Joan Davis, however, you'll remember longest. Little Jane is by no means lost in the array of talent and comes through in fine style.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't pass this up; it has everything.

✓Criminal Lawyer (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Lee Tracy, Margot Grahame, Eduardo Ciannelli, Erik Rhodes, Betty Lawford, Frank Thomas, Wilfred Lucas, William Stack.*

It's About: *A crooked criminal lawyer who becomes district attorney and determines to go straight.*

Lee Tracy plays the part of a clever, wise-cracking criminal lawyer whose success is due mainly to his being a better actor in court than his opponents, and to his fixing of juries. Tracy's principal client is Eduardo Ciannelli, a smooth low-voiced gambler. When Tracy becomes district attorney, he goes straight and is headed for the governorship. Margot Grahame, his secretary, is the only witness to a killing by Ciannelli, and during his trial she perjures herself because of threats made by the gambler.

The court-room scenes are the high spots of the picture. Tracy is entertaining and convincing in a role that is made for his particular talents. Eduardo Ciannelli is outstanding as the sinister, menacing heavy, and Margot Grahame gives a nice performance. Erik Rhodes provides satisfactory comedy relief as a foreign crooner.

Your Reviewer Says: Entertaining.

✓✓Beloved Enemy (Sam Goldwyn)

You'll See: *Merle Oberon, Brian Aherne, Karen Morley, Henry Stephenson, Jerome Cowan, David Niven, Donald Crisk, Ra Hould.*

It's About: *The love of an Irish rebel for an English lady during the Irish rebellion.*

In the midst of drama, hatred and bloodshed, runs one of the tenderest love stories ever screened. Set in a tempo of terrific action and intrigue, the love between Brian Aherne, leader of the Irish rebels, and Merle Oberon, daughter of an English

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USE Saxolite Astringent — a refreshing, stimulating skin tonic. Smooths out wrinkles and age lines. Refines coarse pores, eliminates oiliness. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel.

peer (Henry Stephenson) never falters.

With hatred between Ireland and England at its height, Stephenson persuades the English Minister of War to invite an Irish committee, with Aherne at its head, to a peace conference. In signing for peace, Aherne proves himself a hero and a martyr for the Irish cause. There is tenderness and sincerity to offset the bitterness and brutality, with the love story always kept in the foreground. The tempo is fast, the action swift, the climax thrilling.

Merle Oberon gives a beautiful performance as the English lady. Aherne gives a subdued but sincere characterization of the Irish fighter and lover. Karen Morley, Donald Crisp, Jerome Cowan and David Niven contribute capable support.

Your Reviewer Says: An appealing and dramatic story with plenty of entertainment value.

Great Guy (Grand National)

You'll See: *James Cagney, Mae Clark, James Burke, Edward Brophy, Henry Kolker, Bernadene Hayes, Edward McNamara.*

It's About: *An honest young deputy who, single handed, defies racketeering politicians.*

James Cagney returns in an ill chosen vehicle which fails to provide him with the material he deserves.

As a chief deputy in the government department of weights and measures, Cagney wages a one man war against crooked politicians and chiseling racketeers. His courage and fearlessness are admirable but the slow pacing takes most of the kick from Jimmy's physical outbursts.

Cagney's performance is smooth and, in spots, exciting, but the old speed and dash seems hopelessly lost in this story. Mae Clark proves a lovely but rather colorless sweetheart. Edward Brophy and James Burke are meant to be much funnier than they are. Even the crooks, Henry Kolker and Edward McNamara, are only average bad men unworthy of the terrific stir they create. The whole story lacks that vital spark that makes good movie fare.

Your Reviewer Says: Average fare only.

College Holiday (Paramount)

You'll See: *Jack Benny, George Burns, Gracie Allen, Mary Boland, Martha Raye, Ben Blue, Marsha Hunt, Leif Erikson, Eleanore Whitney, Johnny Downs, Etienne Giarandot.*

It's About: *A group of college students who are used as an experiment in eugenic mating, believe it or not.*

Expect very little from this one except an imposing list of names for there is a noticeable scarcity of story and remarkably little sense to the whole light weight affair. With the splendid array of talent continually on screen parade, there should be more hilarity, but the manufactured lunacy offered fails to click nine tenths of the time.

In a mortgaged hotel, Jack Benny gathers a crowd of young college students for an experiment in proper mating. This scheme originated with Mary Boland (why, Mary!) who is about to take over the defunct hotel, and her partner, Etienne Girardot. Gracie Allen and George Burns wander in and out in complete nit-wittery. A faint love interest is maintained by Marsha Hunt and Leif Erikson. Martha Raye sings several songs with her usual dynamic effect. Johnny Downs and Eleanore Whitney sing and dance.

A bright new comedian, one Ben Blue, is introduced and walks off with the show. For Ben Blue we gladly forgive everyone responsible for "College Holiday."

Your Reviewer Says: A bang-up cast wasted in an unfunny story.

✓Stolen Holiday (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Kay Francis, Claude Rains, Ian Hunter, Alison Skipworth, Alexander D'Arcy, more.*

It's About: *A swindler and a smart woman, befriending each other in trouble.*

Kay Francis has the best chance of her career to verify the tag-line that she is the "best-dressed woman," in this melodrama of swindles and romance.

Kay, a mannequin in a Paris dress establishment, meets and aids a mysterious Russian adventurer, Claude Rains, who later becomes a great financier and sets her up in a shop of her own. He loves her devotedly, but Kay meets Ian Hunter, of the British diplomatic service, and their romance flowers during a gay Switzerland idyll. It is discovered that Rains has perpetrated a gigantic pawn shop swindle, and of course Kay is involved in the crash.

Although depending more on plot than on emotional contretemps, the story does not lag and it does provide excellent entertainment. You will appreciate Rains, intolerably malevolent as always, and you will like the romantic interest Ian Hunter works up. Miss Francis does her usual good work.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth your money, in any case.

✓Way Out West (Hal Roach-M-G-M)

You'll See: *Stan Laurel, Oliver Hardy, Sharon Lynne, James Finlayson, Rosina Lawrence, Stanley Fields, Vivien Oakland, others.*

It's About: *Two tenderfoots who find plenty of excitement in the wild and woolly West.*

Here is your laugh special for the month. Never before have Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy been quite so goofy in a picture. It's grand fun! They sing and dance, knock each other around, and engage in such a hilarious brand of slapstick comedy that you'll laugh from beginning to end.

Stan and Oliver "go West" to deliver the deed to a gold mine, intended for poor Rosina Lawrence. Before they can locate Rosina, who works in the kitchen of villain James Finlayson's saloon, they have told their business to Finlayson and his wife. They deliver the deed to the wrong girl, try to recover it, and get themselves in one jam after another.

Laurel and Hardy were never in better laugh-provoking form. Finlayson plays the disgruntled saloon-keeper in good melo-

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dramatic style, and Sharon Lynne is exceptionally fine as the hard-boiled, gold-digging wife. Miss Lawrence is pretty and capable in a small part.

Laurel's running gag of making a cigar lighter out of his thumb, and Hardy's inability to wade across a small stream without finding a deep hole, are repeated with increased merriment to the audience.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty of deep laughs in this one.

✓✓One in a Million (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Sonja Henie, Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, Ned Sparks, Jean Hersholt, Ritz Brothers, Arline Judge, Borah Minnevitch, Dixie Dunbar, Leah Ray, Shirley Deane, Montague Love, Albert Conti, Julius Tannen.*

It's About: *A traveling show troupe who muddles the chances of a Swiss lass in the Olympic games.*

When Sonja Henie, Olympic ice skating champion, glides onto the screen in this gay, gladsome musical, movie history is created. Miss Henie not only skates divinely, but her natural charm and skill win her full-hearted acclaim. The story itself is a grand adventure in new fields and provides a natural setting for the skater's amazing talents.

To a small Swiss inn managed by Jean Hersholt and his daughter (Sonja Henie) blustering Adolphe Menjou brings his broke and weary show troupe. Chancing to witness Sonja at practice on the ice, Menjou is seized with a million dollar idea: a floor show on ice with Sonja as the star. The idea, promptly carried out, almost costs Sonja her chance to compete in the Olympic games, but an American newspaper reporter (Don Ameche) fixes things and the way is cleared for some of finest skating ever witnessed.

The Ritz Brothers, part and parcel of the story, romp through several riotously funny sequences. The music is delightful, the settings de-lovely and the whole a delectable piece of first class entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A one in a million musical. You'll be sorry if you miss this one.

✓Crack Up (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Peter Lorre, Brian Donlevy, Helen Wood, Ralph Morgan, Thomas Beck, J. Carrol Naish.*

It's About: *A spy melodrama about secret blueprints for a new plane.*

Here are suspense, good acting and a dramatic climax.

Spy Peter Lorre hires ace pilot Brian Donlevy to steal valuable plane plans from an American airplane factory. But reckless Donlevy attempts to double-cross Lorre, and the climax is reached aboard a trans-Atlantic plane occupied by Lorre, Donlevy, Thomas Beck and Ralph Morgan.

Lorre is exciting. Donlevy does some of the best work of his entire picture career. Romance has little chance in this virile story of action, but Thomas Beck and Helen Wood are satisfactory in their roles. Ralph Morgan hasn't much to do, but does it with all the talent and

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Zonite
KILLS EVEN ONION BREATH FOR GOOD!

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Zonite TASTES like the real antiseptic it is. Not made to please the palate but *to get results*. Yet you'll get to like its refreshing after-effect (the taste and odor vanish in a few minutes). Zonite is harmless to tissues. Get a bottle today and prove these remarkable results yourself.

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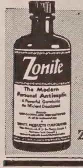

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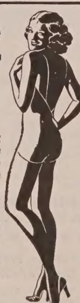

Everywhere you go, everyone is talking about or using De Miracle. Its vogue seems to have started when it became known that this marvelous discovery made it simple and easy to get rid of leg or arm hair, without danger of faster, coarser or stubbier new growth.

No Razor—just dampen hair with De Miracle and then rinse hair away with water. It leaves the skin as smooth, soft and hair-free as a baby's. Leaves no dark hair stubble and does not make hair grow faster, coarser, or stubbier. Try it today.

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Special Now $1.00 Size...... 67c **$2.00 Size Now $1.33**

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force necessary to make his portrayal outstanding.

Some of the camera work is exceedingly gripping, and the directorial tempo is exciting throughout. J. Carrol Naish, Earl Fox, Gloria Roy and Kay Linaker make up a fine supporting cast.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy this dramatic air story.

✓✓ God's Country and the Woman (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *George Brent, Beverly Roberts, Barton MacLane, Robert Barrat, Alan Hale, Joseph King, El Brendel, Billy Bevan.*

It's About: *Rival lumber camps of the far north and their feuding for supremacy.*

As vigorous as the hardy lumberjacks themselves is this melodrama of two rival lumber camps and their relentless struggle for supremacy.

At the head of one camp is Beverly Roberts, a sturdy, plain talking, plain dealing woman who rules her men with obstinate tenacity. At the head of the rival camp are Robert Barrat and his play-boy brother, George Brent, a whimsical lady killer who has his company in constant hot water. Barrat ships brother George to their rival's lumber camp where he meets, conquers and completely succumbs to their fair enemy, Miss Roberts. The climax is reached in a thrilling log jam and free for all brawl among the lumberjacks.

The technicolor tells its own story in blue lakes, clear skies and green forests. The love scenes between Miss Roberts and Brent are unique, to say the least.

Your Reviewer Says: A smashing story, vigorously told and lovely to see.

Racing Lady (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Ann Dvorak, Smith Ballew, Harry Carey, Berton Churchill, Frank M. Thomas, Ray Mayer, Willie Best, Hattie McDaniel.*

It's About: *A girl whose winning colt is taken over by a millionaire who forces her to be his trainer.*

A trite story lacking in suspense and moving along slowly and weakly to a thrilling race which provides the only interesting and exciting part of the picture.

Ann Dvorak, daughter of Harry Carey, stable owner, raises a colt who wins a race at Santa Anita. Smith Ballew, a millionaire auto manufacturer who owns a racing stable to advertise his automobile business, buys her horse in a claiming race and hires her as his trainer, knowing that it will be a good publicity stunt for him. Their falling in love is of course a foregone conclusion as is the theft of the horse just before the big handicap and the girl's rescue of it in time to win the race.

Harry Carey gives the best characterization, which isn't saying too much, since none of the others rings true. Smith Ballew is unconvincing as the romantic lead and Ann Dvorak is given little opportunity. Berton Churchill and Ray Mayer as broken-down touts do their best to relieve a boring picture.

Your Reviewer Says: See it only if the other picture on the bill attracts you.

Sinner Take All (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Bruce Cabot, Margaret Lindsay, Joseph Calleia, Stanley Ridges, Vivian Osborne, Charley Grapewin, Edward Pawley, George Lynn.*

It's About: *A reporter who protects an heiress from murder.*

If you like plenty of murders and police activities crowded into an action picture, you'll find moments of satisfaction in this.

Bruce Cabot, an ace reporter, quits his job to become a lawyer for the wealthy Charles Grapewin estate. When two of Grapewin's sons are murdered, Cabot is tricked into taking his old newspaper job again, and sets out to solve the murder mysteries. His work brings him in position to protect, and fall in love with, Margaret Lindsay, Grapewin's daughter. Before long, old Grapewin himself is murdered and Cabot, using Margaret as bait, sets the climax trap to disclose the murderer's identity. Practically everyone in the cast is a suspect, at one time or another.

Cabot and Margaret Lindsay are satisfactory as sweethearts, but have little chance to bring realism to their jumpy roles. Joseph Calleia is good as the gangster owner of a roadhouse in which much of the action takes place. Blues-singer Edie Adams has one song and a bit part.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of killings without a single laugh.

Mind Your Own Business (Paramount)

You'll See: *Charlie Ruggles, Alice Brady, Lyle Talbot, Benny Baker, Jack LaRue, Frankie Darro.*

It's About: *A nature columnist who mingles indiscriminately with gangsters and Boy Scouts.*

Charlie Ruggles scores mildly again in this carefully washed comedy. You can with impunity bring the deacon and all the kiddies, since purity of gag is the keynote and naivete of thought its forte.

Ruggles is a gentle newspaper columnist who alternately scribbles about birds and flowers, and goes on back-breaking hikes with a Boy Scout Troop. His twittery wife (Alice Brady) parodies his column while he is asleep, doling out gossip under the guise of nature-doings; and it is so successful Charley is forced to continue working in that style. His probings for material get him in the bad graces of a bunch of gangsters, who kidnap him and his wife. And the Boy Scouts start to the rescue.

This goes in the same class as cup custard, or junket. We can't seriously recomment it as intelligent entertainment, but on a double bill the hesitant, garbled antics and mental hysteria of both Ruggles and Alice Brady may amuse you.

Your Reviewer Says: Very small town fare.

✓✓ Black Legion (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Humphrey Bogart, Erin O'Brien-Moore, Helen Flint, Dick Foran, Ann Sheridan, Eddie Acuff, Samuel Hinds.*

It's About: *A man who joins a so-called patriotic society and is tricked into murder.*

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With gripping, brooding intensity this story exposing the horrors of secret societies bent on taking the government into their own hands builds with terrifying calm to a smashing finish.

Humphrey Bogart, a machine shop employee, is bitter over losing a promotion to a foreign born worker. Joining the Black Legion, he helps carry out their program of terrorizing foreign labor, becoming so engulfed in their activities that he is forced into murdering his best friend.

Honors go to Bogart; his courtroom scene is a masterpiece of under acting. Erin O'Brien-Moore and Dick Foran also turn in splendid performances as Bogart's wife and friend. The supporting cast is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't miss it.

✓Off to the Races
(20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Slim Summerville, Jed Prouty, Shirley Deane, Spring Byington, Russell Gleason, Kenneth Howell, George Ernest, June Carlson, Florence Roberts, Billy Mahan.*

It's About: *More adventures in the life of the amazing Jones family.*

The Jones Family saga seems to grow better with each new installment. This is tops.

As if Pa Jones didn't have enough trouble with his family, life is further complicated by the appearance of *Uncle George* (Slim Summerville) with his favorite trotting horse which he has entered in a race. There is the usual suspense attendant on races, and a romance between Russell Gleason and Shirley Deane for additional interest, and the working out of the family complications is even goofier than usual.

Jed Prouty, Slim Summerville and Spring Byington are in their usual good form, with competent support from other members of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Jones Family enthusiasts simply must not miss this.

Laughing at Trouble
(20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Jane Darwell, Sara Haden, Delma Byron, Lois Wilson, Allan Lane, John Carradine, James Burke, Russell Hicks, Pert Kelton.*

It's About: *A small town newspaper woman who undertakes to solve a murder.*

An unsophisticated family picture, marked by sincere dialogue and good performances.

When Delma Byron's fiance, Allan Lane, is accused of murder, Delma's aunt, Jane Darwell, publisher of the local newspaper, sets out to clear him. Her investigations uncover a scandal involving Russell Hicks and Sara Haden, but Jane takes this new complication in her stride and unearths the real murderer.

Jane Darwell is her usual competent, convincing self. The others in the cast contribute excellent support with Pert Kelton and James Burke standing out in minor roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Not a masterpiece, but it has much to recommend it.

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..but look at her Nose!

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● Nothing more tragic than a sore nose during a cold—nothing more soothing than the Kleenex Habit! It saves noses, saves money and reduces handkerchief washing. So put aside your handkerchiefs and use Kleenex Tissues the instant sniffles start. Because Kleenex tends to retain germs it checks the spread of colds through the family. You use each tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

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Mysterious Crossing (Universal)

You'll See: *James Dunn, Jean Rogers, Andy Devine, John Eldredge, Hobart Cavanaugh, Herbert Rawlinson, J. Farrell MacDonald.*

It's About: *A reporter on vacation who solves a murder.*

A routine reporter-murder yarn which is saved by suspense and snappy dialogue.

James Dunn, a reporter on vacation, senses a mystery in the drowning of a New Orleans banker even though he can't determine whether it is suicide or murder. His unauthorized snooping wins him the backing of a publisher who hires him to cover the case. As soon as Dunn discovers that John Eldredge, fiance of the victim's daughter (Jean Rogers), profits by the death, everything, including romance, is clear sailing for Jimmy.

Dunn handles his glib reporter role engagingly, with competent support by Jean Rogers and John Eldredge. It is Andy Devine, however, who provides most of the entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll catch it on a double bill.

✓Under Cover of Night (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Edmund Lowe, Florence Rice, Nat Pendelton, Henry Daniell, Sara Haden, Dean Jagger, Frank Reicher, Theodore Von Eltz.*

It's About: *A demented college professor who commits wholesale murder in order to gain advancement.*

You'll shudder, you'll shiver and you'll quiver at this spine chilling murder mystery. To make it more ghastly the usual process of concealing the villain until the final reel has been reversed in this thriller and we witness the villain's dastardly doings from beginning to end.

The head of a college physics department is retiring and several professors set out to win the vacant seat. Dark doings take place as the several professors struggle for the advancement. Eerily the villain goes about his killings but canny Edmund Lowe, detective de luxe, is much too smart, and the murderer is trapped in the very act of killing Lowe's sweetheart, Florence Rice.

The cast is excellent and the story plot well knit and plausible.

Your Reviewer Says: A story that should satisfy all who crave thrilling melodramas.

The Plough and the Stars (RKO

You'll See: *Barbara Stanwyck, Preston Foster, Barry FitzGerald, Denis O'Dea, Eileen Crowe, F. J. McCormick, Una O'Connor, Bonita Granville, etc.*

It's About: *A Dublin man and his wife during the uprising of the Irish people.*

Tragic and brooding, this brilliant picture of a city during the 1916 Rebellion in Ireland will catch at your emotions and thrill you with its suspense and superb photography. In it Preston Foster and Barbara Stanwyck, with a supporting cast comprising many of the famous Abbey Theater players, present an unvarnished, brutal portrait of family and neighborhood during conflict.

Preston does the best work of his career as the soldier trapped in the toils of his duty toward his party cause, upholding it against the machinations of a selfish wife who cares only for his safety. Barbara, the wife, is an unreasoning woman and rants against the misfortunes of her sex, who must weep while their men go off to fight. She handles her unsympathetic role so ably that you are led to side with her against the useless slaughter of revolution. As a background, but from an interest standpoint more important than the primary theme, is the detached picture of the neighbors who argue and drink and plunder throughout the strife.

Bonita Granville as the consumptive daughter of a drunken old tout, Una O'Connor, is touching and convincing. Barry FitzGerald is the swaggering, inebriated, priceless *Fluther* and to him must go special mention for excellent character portrayal. Lighting and photography, which create the atmosphere of dark unrest, are the work of Director John Ford and Joseph August.

Your Reviewer Says: A sombre masterpiece, calculated to make you think.

Join the Marines (Republic)

You'll See: *Paul Kelly, June Travis, Purnell Pratt, Reginald Denny, Warren Hymer, Irving Pichel, Sterling Holloway.*

It's About: *The adventures in the Marine Corps of an ex-Olympic javelin thrower.*

Clever story twists and good performances elevate this fast little comedy into exceptional entertainment.

Who says reading circles are unknown in Hollywood? Here are the Fred MacMurrays and the Lloyd Nolans who have other ideas.

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U. S. javelin throwing champion, Paul Kelly, Berlin bound for the Olympics, tangles with Reginald Denny, fiance of June Travis, and the resultant publicity costs him his place on the team. Homeward bound, again on the same boat, Paul and June fall in love, and June promises to marry him as soon as he gets a job. The only possibility of a job is in the Marine Corps, so Paul joins, only to learn that June hates the service. From then on his efforts to resign turn into acts of heroism leading to promotion and to further upsets to his romance.

Paul Kelly does his usual good work. June Travis is appealing. The supporting cast is excellent.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth an evening.

Woman Wise (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Rochelle Hudson, Michael Whalen, Virginia Fields, Thomas Beck, Alan Dinehart.*

It's About: *Newspaper reform and the regeneration of a ne'er-do-well.*

This is banal treatment of a situation which, if it had a better story, better cast and better direction, might be excellent screen material. However the entire thing remains modified entertainment, at least, with mild interest aroused toward the end if you keep awake.

Michael Whalen plays a sports editor who has two aims in life: first, to discourage exploitation by promoters of lousy fighters; second, to effect the reform of the publisher's black-sheep son (Thomas Beck). He blackmails the promoters, hires Rochelle Hudson to bring purity and light into Beck's existence. After many troubles, during which Alan Dinehart sneers all over everything, you are regaled with a happy ending.

Whalen is miscast, and the others apparently are a little disinterested about the whole thing.

Your Reviewer Says: Double-bill material.

✓✓ Maid of Salem (Paramount)

You'll See: *Claudette Colbert, Fred MacMurray, Halliwell Hobbes, Donald Meek, E. E. Clive, Bonita Granville, Bennie Bartlett, Virginia Weidler.*

It's About: *Witchcraft and romance in early New England.*

A powerful story, superbly acted and directed, of the courageous struggle of two young people against the bigotry and superstition, ignorance and hatred which existed in Puritan days.

Laid in the tiny village of Salem, Massachusetts, where unfortunates once were hanged for witchcraft, the story deals with Claudette Colbert who longs for the romance and laughter which are unknown in her colorless life. She finds them in Fred MacMurray, fugitive cavalier from Virginia. Spiteful little Bonita Granville, to draw attention to herself, claims she has been bewitched, and the ensuing witchcraft scare almost destroys the little town.

Colbert has never done finer work. Fred MacMurray is the dashing cavalier to the life and Bonita Granville is even more hateful than she was in "These Three." Without a single exception, the other members of the cast turn in superb performances.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means see it.

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Please send me a Trial Package of BORO-PHENO-FORM and Enlightening Booklet. I enclose 10c to help cover cost.

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It's Great to Be Young

(*Continued from page 66*)

Bob has always adored his wife (who was his childhood sweetheart) and his four-year-old daughter, Carol Ann.

made to erase their results and start all over again!

That isn't easy. Particularly for a boy who had been poor all his life and who looked upon everything that happened to him in the line of movie glory as just plain, unvarnished luck in the first place.

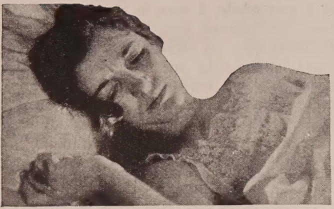
I shall never forget that first interview I had with Bob about five years ago. He had just scored his personal hit in "Sin of Madelon Claudet" and he was pretty thoroughly amazed about it. Nothing in his previous life had prepared him for Hollywood fame. He was, in fact, a local boy who had grown up on the wrong side of the tracks, had run around with a group of hooligans on Boyle Heights, got himself into all forms of fourteen-year-old trouble—and then surprised everyone by a marked flair for high school dramatics.

Bob's was a very brief and uneventful biography. When that short career in school dramatics suddenly led to a small contract as an actor on the M-G-M lot, his magnificent salary of about $200 each week was actually beyond his wildest dreams. Such financial affluence spelled a larger apartment for his mother and father, a radio and a shiny, new car for himself. It also spelled an occasional dancing party with his high school sweetheart. It meant new clothes and a pleasant swagger position among his former intimates who could hardly believe their own eyes when their old pal got his name up in lights.

There is, I believe, but one thing that this movie contract did *not* mean to Bob at that time: opportunity. He didn't recognize this wonderful opportunity that had been dropped into his lap as a chance to advance himself, to keep on his toes; as a battle ground for learning everything there was to know about the precarious job of acting and the even more elusive quality known as personality.

"That was my first mistake," Bob admitted when I joined him in dressing room number 141 for luncheon between scenes of "The Longest Night," the first picture he has made on his home lot since his new success in London with Madeleine Carroll in "Secret Agent" and with Jessie Mathews in "It's Love Again."

In the dark business suit he wore, with a handkerchief stuck in his collar to keep the brown stain of the make-up from the linen, he looked like the Robert Young of five years ago. All the superfluous weight, those added pounds that had somehow



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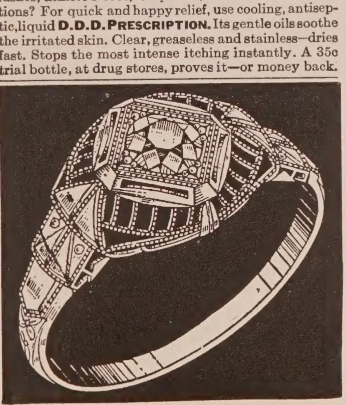

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changed him so disastrously before the camera from a romantic boy to a plump young man, had disappeared. But, despite looking the same, he was a different person. It is obvious that Bob has been through a difficult experience, one that has tested and tried his courage. It is just as obvious, though, that this has helped him. There is a new confidence and dignity in his bearing. He is still the genial and likable regular fellow, but this time he knows who he is, what he is and where he is going.

"Five years ago," he continued seriously, "I was perfectly content to drift along with the tide that had washed me up on the Hollywood shores. To be frank, I considered a motion picture career something of a racket. I thought success as an actor just too easy.

"Hollywood easy? That's a laugh, isn't it? But there was some cause for my belief. I got into pictures fast. I was 'tested' and two days later I signed a contract. I made a picture. They said, 'The guy is good.' I was surprised, not impressed, at my ability to put it over. I thought the whole thing a cinch. Apparently, all I had to do was show up on time at the studio, keep my clothes pressed and my make-up on straight, keep my fingers crossed and make faces.

I CAN still remember the cynical mental-smile that flashed across my mind when I used to see some newcomer fussing over his clothes, fuming over his make-up or sitting in a corner of the set studying his lines. I was very quick at lines, myself. Oh, yes. Shade, color and intonations of speech meant very little to me. The way I figured it was some $5,000 a week scenario writer put words down on paper and all little Robert had to do was reel them off. Laughingly simple. Surprisingly easy.

I also recall the amazement I experienced when I saw other young actors hanging around the sets of pictures trying to pick up all the pointers they could from the acting of established stars. Jimmie Stewart does that on his days off now. Maybe that is why he is forging ahead so rapidly. But I never did it." Bob laughed, a little wryly, "I was too busy relaxing between pictures to take a busman's holiday on a movie set and try to learn something about the job I had been handed on a silver platter. I was under the impression that if the studio had a role that fitted me, I would naurally get it. Why should I knock on the producer's door and suggest myself for any particular role? Wasn't I right out there in the open where they could see me if they needed me? And when they didn't need me—well, there were always those swell vacation trips to the mountains and beaches to occupy my time. Thus much later, even though I knew I had failed to make the impression expected of me in 'Today We Live,' I didn't even go back and ask for another chance!

"But lack of interest is a funny thing. In Hollywood, it is contagious. I mean if you, yourself, are not excited and enthusiastic over your own career, it isn't long before everyone who might have helped push you forward has lost interest, too.

"Right at the height of my self-sufficiency, I got married. I had wanted to

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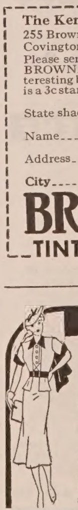

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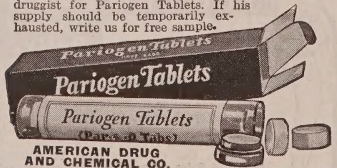

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marry my high school sweetheart, Betty Henderson, for a long time; and now that I had the money to take care of my family and save enough out of my salary increases for a home of my own, I decided we would wait no longer. The rumor that the studio did not want me to marry for 'romantic reasons' is untrue. One of the chief executives on the lot told me he thought marriage a fine idea for me.

"But marriage did have an effect on my career.

"It wasn't the obvious, rumored effect—that the giddy fan public lost interest in me when I became a married man and settled down. Personally, I've never considered the girls and women who make up the great fan public to be so stupid. The real effect my marriage had on my career was its effect on me. It gave me too much peace of mind, too much comfort.

"I began eating meals on time. Big ones. Betty was so anxious for my comfort that she had Cook put up my luncheon every day so that I might relax in the quiet of my own dressing room rather than endure the noise and confusion of the studio café. I began, without realizing it, to change my attitude on the future and my career. Where I had once had an ambitious objective, far off and difficult of attainment, I now found that the mental peace of marriage had caused me to want the same pace in my work. I lost my driving ambition and substituted in its place a new philosophy: 'Everything is just grand as it is . . . let me stay just as I am . . . this is good enough for me.' In other words, my perspective altered and I failed to notice that the road ran down-hill slightly. I failed to notice it until I was almost at the bottom of the down-grade.

"Then I suddenly woke up!

"Sitting in my dressing room one day, just after I had completed a Class B picture and had been advised that my next assignment was another of the same, the awful realization of just what was happening to me came into my consciousness. As I sat there reviewing the gradual process I had been going through, I knew that I was on my way out.

"Isn't it strange? My start in pictures had been easy, my career and rise to the top even more so. My marriage had been perfect and brought me nothing but contentment and happiness. Yet here I was, losing the things I wanted because I had been too content, too peaceful, and planning for nothing better than I already had. Now I was learning that these 'gifts' must be earned and battled for long after one has acquired them."

BOB hesitated a moment. It isn't easy to tear yourself to pieces, even in retrospect. Then he continued:

"There is no describing the leaden feeling that comes to those of us who have let opportunities slip by only to realize, at last, that we have no one to blame but ourselves. It's human nature to want to pass the buck to someone else. Actors usually lay their professional troubles on the studio. And yet, I couldn't kid myself that way. I couldn't afford to kid myself at all! I knew where the trouble was. I knew I had misplayed some very swell cards that had been dealt me.

"For a while, I was in a blue funk. I knew my errors but I didn't have the slightest idea of how to correct them. I had deliberately put myself in the spot where my own studio had all but lost interest in me. Somehow, I felt I was not only failing these men who had invested a great deal of time, effort and money in my career, but I was failing Betty and our baby as well! That hurt. I guess that hurt most of all. I think we each might be able to stand failure a whole lot easier were it not for the reflection of it in the eyes of those who love us. Not that Betty ever uttered a word. Hollywood life has never meant anything to her. Her entire concern has been our home, our happiness. If anything good came out of that particular period in my career, it was that somehow Betty and I were drawn closer together and she, instead of standing on the sidelines of my work, became the active, motivating force back of the drive to reinstate myself.

"I was fated for one more break. Maybe Opportunity not only knocks, but stays around outside the door for a while to see how things are going. At least that is the way it was for me. An English film company wanted to borrow me for a role. Truthfully, had I not already come to my senses, I might have looked upon that offer in the usual Hollywood attitude; just a fine opportunity for an ocean-going vacation. A sort of lark with pay. But to me, well, I can hardly express it better than: *it was a second chance!*

YOU might have been amazed to watch Betty and me as we prepared for that trip. If you had listened to us, you would have been even more amazed. No talk of fun. No mention of the grand vacation. We were deadly in earnest. We talked of that picture as though it were to be my first chance. We both realized that I needed to get away from Hollywood, particularly from my lot, to erase the impressions I had left with them. I had to get away so that I might awaken them to the fact that I still had *maybe* a spark of something worth while. I had to make good. And I've been looking upon each successive picture since then in exactly the same way.

"We decided that nothing was to be taken for granted. I was going to begin taking care of my appearance, my clothes, my weight and my career. No detail that would improve my work was to be overlooked. And I want to tell you that we kept that ideal before our eyes every day of the stay in England. I'm glad my two pictures there were so successful both in London and over here. And while I had been fortunate in receiving generous treatment from the movie critics in the past, it was a thrill to read: '. . . and there seems to be a new seriousness about Robert Young's work . . .' Believe me, there was! And it's still there.

"I suppose you might say that I had to go to England to gain another chance in Hollywood. When we returned, I went immediately into production with Claudette Colbert at Paramount and then to RKO with Barbara Stanwyck. I was crazy about doing that hard-drinking playboy in the picture with Barbara. It was the closest thing to a character role I had ever done. It was away from the 'straight leading

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man.' Maybe that's why I'm so proud of it."

Although Bob didn't mention it to me, the fact that he has made two biggest pictures of recent Hollywood months with Colbert and Stanwyck shows that he still has a big fight ahead. Both Claudette and Barbara are making pictures at different studios. Neither for M-G-M. Thus, it seems, Bob has yet to convince his own studio that he is worthy of another big chance. Other studios may borrow him for their most lavish, star-studded pictures—as witness 20th Century-Fox for "Stowaway" the Shirley Temple vehicle in which Bob is currently appearing—but the lack of interest he showed during former days on his own studio lot has, quite obviously, not been forgotten.

But Bob is fighting. And from the very marvelous comments one is hearing these days on all sides, he is bound to succeed. It may be a long row; it may take months for him to rebuild the confidence he once threw to the four winds of "Take it easy . . . This is a cinch . . . I'm satisfied . . . and when do we EAT?" This time, we're sure, Bob is going to make the grade. This time his confidence is justified with real acting ability, a new perspective. Now his smile is one of assurance without the taint of cocksureness. He stands as one of the precious few who have learned how to lick the Hollywood game.

Good luck, Bob, you deserve it.

Last Minute News

Luise Rainer is again causing her studio (M-G-M) many anxious moments. The Rainer trunks are all packed as once again the Viennese actress decides she wants none of Hollywood. Her marriage to Clifford Odets, playwright, took place January 7th.

When Clark Gable and Carole Lombard made up after a hectic interlude in their romance, Clark presented Carole with a jewelled cigarette lighter and a horse. The lighter doesn't work. Carole is afraid to try out the horse. It might run the wrong way.

Myrna Loy has already planted dozens of lime trees around her new home. She hopes to supply all her friends with limes for their summer lemonades. Or limeades, rather.

The Fredric March-Ginger Rogers reputed romance in Hollywood has both parties amused. Both, you see, are married to some-one else. Fred, very much so.

The trailer epidemic grows apace in Hollywood. W. C. Fields has moved into his, bag and baggage; and now newlyweds Doris Dudley and Jack Jenkins are traveling about in a trailer deluxe.

Bing Crosby staged a one man sympathy strike on Paramount and walked out on "Waikiki Wedding." Paramount gave in in exactly half an hour. Bing's stand-in wanted more money. Bing's walk-out got it for him.

Fred MacMurray's lovely wife is again ill in hospital. This makes third illness for Mrs. MacMurray since their marriage.

Garbo is the giddiest party goer in town. Greta is seen at all her friends' jamborees these nights and has a better time than anyone present. M-G-M is that confused.

Frances Langford has to put her beaus on schedules to avoid confusion. Lieutenant Ken West of the Navy, Gil Kuhn, captain of the U.S.C. football team, and Ken Dolan, her manager, are waging a three-cornered competition for her heart.

Gertrude Niesen may be the night club type, but she fools you. Gertrude's passion is deep sea fishing. Completing "Top of the Town" for Universal, she's off to Florida for the big ones.

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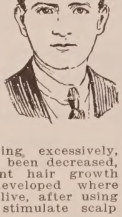

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Learn About Charm from Irene Dunne

(*Continued from page* 65)

sitting before the mirror while the milliner adjusted it to my head and then leaning back to admire myself extravagantly.

"Well, I bought the hat and took it home. I was fairly bursting to wear it. And then I made the sad, sad discovery that I had absolutely nothing to wear it with! Not one stitch among my simple, tailored things could begin to come up to the glory of that hat. Oh yes, I eventually wore it. I hate to think now what I looked like, but wear that hat I would and did! But I never made that mistake again. I know now, when I buy something, exactly what it is to be worn with and govern myself accordingly."

THE other purchase Irene recalls with some chagrin was six pairs of shoes. She has slim, exquisitely molded feet that require good shoes and careful fitting to preserve their beauty. But on that particular shopping day the dollar tag must have loomed large in her consciousness. At any rate, intrigued with a price mark far below the cost she ordinarily paid, she bought not one but six pairs of sale shoes.

She wore one pair half a dozen times. They all but ruined her feet. "And so I had to give away one slightly used and five new pairs of shoes," she said ruefully.

In other words, buying is an art, Irene declared. "Any fool can spend a lot of money and get nothing for it. The smart woman is the one who buys carefully, thoughtfully, and only when she is definitely in need of a particular article."

Gossip came next on her Doesn't Pay list. She meant, of course, the general kind that either is vicious or unconsciously unfair or cruel, not the occasional exchange of harmless little confidences which she is feminine enough to enjoy with her intimates and which she calls the "to the grave" kind. But gossip beyond that—never.

"The dreadful part of gossip is that it cannot be controlled," Irene said. "Usually it is based on out-and-out falsehoods or erroneous interpretations of some innocent act. Perhaps what you repeat to another person is not harmful in itself but by the time it has gone the rounds of retelling by a number of people, it is distorted beyond recognition. Still more unfortunate is the fact that the truth never can catch up with the untruth."

She learned first hand the other day, she said, just how gossip can start and how fast it can travel. She was in a beauty shop having a shampoo. Much to her dismay, a famous French couturier, Charles Creed, was brought there to meet her; he had expressed the wish to meet her and since he was leaving Hollywood immediately, the beauty shop offered his only opportunity. They chatted casually for a few moments.

Within an hour she had the first reaction. Her operator reported in amusement that she had just come from the drying room where it was now common knowledge that some distinguished Frenchman was so madly in love with Irene Dunne that he would not permit her to be away from him long enough even to get her hair washed!

"By the time the story reached ten dinner tables that night, I'll bet it had Mr. Creed on his knees imploring me to accept him and me doing it!" Irene laughed.

Likewise, Irene went on, it doesn't pay to talk when you don't know what you are talking about. She herself was guilty of this not so long ago. Again it was in a beauty parlor.

"I was sitting under a dryer and in complete ignorance of the meaning of what I was saying, repeated a story I had heard a day or so before at which other persons had laughed.

"Unfortunately the story had a risque interpretation which I had not realized. Unfortunately, too, the beauty shop adjoined a barber shop and the barber shop a hotel lobby. The dryer served as a first class amplifier. In no time at all it was practically all over town that I was telling naughty stories. No, not telling them. Broadcasting them!"

In a roundabout way that brought us to the subject of men and whether it pays to be frank with them. Irene says no. Honest, yes, but not necessarily frank. There's quite a difference.

"I've learned that it pays to pretty-up speeches to men," she said, "to dress up remarks with nice little compliments, to pamper and pet their vanity. They probably do not believe half we say, but they love to hear it just the same. And what harm does it do?"

There is one place, however, that frankness does definite harm, Irene added, and that is in romantic relations with men. Or, to be more specific, for a girl frankly to pursue a man or let him know of her interest in him.

"Broadminded as men are today, accustomed as they are to meeting us on equal terms and footing, romance is still one province where they outlaw frankness on our part.

"I knew a couple back East. They met, in fact, in my home. Both were intelligent, sophisticated people and they were mutually attracted. When, however, the man failed to call the girl within a day or two, she called him, frankly told him she was attracted to him, and asked him to have dinner with her that night. He agreed, pleasantly surprised and flattered at her interest.

SHE repeated the procedure several times, however, until he began obviously to evade her. He told me later he was sorry she had evidenced such eager and frank attention toward him; it completely killed his interest, originally strong, in her. He might even have fallen in love with her had she not been so actively eager."

Women who openly sought men's attentions reminded me in a way of those who just as obviously sought to focus the attention of a room full of people at parties, I mentioned. What about that? Did it pay, was it prudent?

"To be what is known as the 'Life of the Party?'" Irene came back. "Good Heavens, no! Not unless she wants to bore everyone out of any interest in her whatsoever. Nothing is quite so deadly or so

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dull as those poor misguided souls who are just too much fun for words!"

Finally, Irene said, there was one more It Doesn't Pay. She had saved it for the last because it was the most important and because it was applicable to men as well as to women. It was just this: don't do anything—*anything*—half-way or half-heartedly.

"Perhaps one other experience of mine will illustrate better than words what I mean," she said. "It occurred when I was rehearsing 'Show Boat' years ago.

"The other members of the company used to tease me about the terrific fervor with which I went through rehearsal day after day. One would think, they chided me, that I was playing a command performance at least, when all there was to applaud me or reward me for my unnecessary zeal was an empty and darkened theater.

"After one such rehearsal, however, the house lights suddenly went on. There, in a corner far back, sat Ziegfeld. With him was William LeBaron, of RKO, who had been looking me over quietly and secretly, he told me later, as possible star material for a picture he wanted to produce."

The picture was "Cimarron." You remember it. So does Irene. For "Cimarron" marked the beginning of her illustrious screen career.

Cinderella Rediscovers Her Fairy Godmother

(*Continued from page 63*)

Wise's business prospered. They made improvements on their house. And Mrs. Charles Wise, once Eveleen Dunmore, settled down to a quiet life, entertaining her husband's business friends, trying to forget the glamorous days of the theater.

But there was much about the theater she could not forget. She could not, for one thing, forget Mimi and Mimi's baby, Dawn.

It was when Dawn was about five or six that Eveleen's brother went to California and, upon his return, burst into Eveleen's lavish living room with the startling news that he had seen Mimi and Dawn. However, Eveleen's delight at this announcement was short-lived. For he went on to say, "Although Dawn is one of the most beautiful children I've ever seen, all they do is wait around in casting offices hoping for work that doesn't come. And Mimi is so thin and worn."

He continued the story. Mimi, the lovely English girl who would never tell her family name, had to take anything she could find to do. She had worked in laundries. She had scrubbed floors. Little Dawn O'Day had earned but thirty dollars in two years. There was just enough work to keep Mimi hoping that one day the child would be a star. And Dawn loved working in pictures. She was a real trouper.

They were desperately poor. They moved often, from one shabby little boarding house to another, to bleak chilly bungalows. That's why Mimi had stopped writing to Eveleen. But now much of her pride was gone. She had sent her

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address to her friend and she hoped to hear from Eveleen.

In spite of all this misery it was a wonderful thing, Eveleen reflected, that she was Mrs. Charles Wise, comfortable and well-to-do. She could be of use to that valiant, lonely pair—her friend and her godchild. She could tide them over a bad time, make their lives so much easier. And, if worst came to worst and Dawn was not destined for stardom, then they could come back and live with her in her big servant-managed home.

Wasn't it lucky her brother had found them? Wasn't it thrilling that she could do something important for them now, take on the sweet responsibilities of godmother? She would write the next morning.

That night she dreamed of Mimi and Dawn. Mimi was looking at her with her lovely appealing eyes and Dawn was holding out her chubby arms. But when Eveleen came toward them they turned away and vanished. It was a disturbing dream but she awoke to the happy realization that it was just a dream and now she could actually help them.

SHE wrote the letter—a tender note full of nostalgia for the old days. She made out a large check. And, to save Mimi's pride, said she hoped Dawn would spend it for pretty clothes. That check, she knew, would be used for food and rent, but it was better to say it some other way.

Letter and check ready to go, Eveleen picked up an envelope and turned to copy the address from the slip of paper her brother had given her.

The paper was gone!

Eveleen—a prima donna in hysterics—flew down the stairs to search the house. She called the servants. No, they hadn't remembered any important looking slips of paper. Yes, they had emptied the waste baskets after they had tidied the room. Yes, the contents of the baskets had been burned in the furnace.

Eveleen called her brother. He was sure he had given Eveleen the address. He would search his pockets. It wasn't in any of them. He couldn't possibly remember the street and number Mimi had written down for him.

A note of explanation addressed to Mimi Gray, Hollywood, California, came back. There was not a soul she knew in California who might possibly know these two.

There was Eveleen in New York ready to help. And there was Mimi in California expecting her help. And Mimi would think, of course, that Mrs. Charles Wise was the sort who forgets old friends.

"Their case is desperate," her brother had said. "I don't know how much longer they can hold out."

Night after night she dreamed of them—Mimi and Dawn holding out their arms to her, she rushing to them. But when she got near they would turn away and vanish completely.

Eveleen had never been much of a picture fan but now she began going to the movies hoping that she might find Dawn O'Day so she could write to the company which had released the picture. She sat through endless reels of film.

And then one day she was almost rewarded. On the cast list, at the very bottom, she saw the name Dawn O'Day. She almost shouted—and Mrs. Charles Wise shouting in a Flushing theater would have made every local paper.

She clasped her hands tight and waited for Dawn to appear but when the screen character came on it wasn't Eveleen's godchild. Oh, surely this was a mistake. No child could change that much. Why, Dawn—Eveleen's Dawn—could have been no older than nine and this was a girl in her teens. Besides there was no faintest resemblance.

Apparently, there were two Dawn O'Days. And her last chance was gone.

She gave up going to the movies. It made her too miserable to know that somewhere out there in Hollywood was her goddaughter and her friend in desperate need. And she could not find them.

And so, since she hated movies now, she did not see a film called "Anne of Green Gables" in which a young girl named Anne Shirley played the leading role. And even if she had seen it she might not have recognized in that lovely young face the pudgy sweetness of Dawn O'Day.

She still dreamed about them. But they were lost to her. Perhaps they were no longer even in Hollywood. The years had been long. God knows what had happened.

So when her good friend Lucy Monroe—who had been in show business, too, but was now a business woman—went to Hollywood to take a secretarial job at a studio Eveleen did not even ask her to try to find Mimi and Dawn.

But Lucy's first letter began, "The most amazing thing has happened. Dawn and Mimi are right here on the RKO lot where I am working and Dawn is Anne Shirley, a real star now, the girl who made such a hit in 'Anne of Green Gables.'"

Eveleen sat down and wept. She had found them. But it was too late. She had failed them when they needed her and now Dawn—Anne rather—was a star and if Eveleen wrote they would think (and who could blame them?) that she was proud to be the godmother of Anne Shirley but that inconspicuous little Dawn O'Day had meant nothing to her. Yes, they had a perfect right to think that.

The old dream came back that night. But instead of disappearing when she ran to them they looked at her and laughed.

IN her letter to Lucy Monroe, Eveleen said, "I would give anything in the world to hear from Dawn and Mimi. I would give anything to see them. I wish I could write to them but I know that it seems too utterly ridiculous to ask them to believe that I lost their address. It's such an old alibi. How could I ever explain it to them?"

Apparently Lucy showed them that part of the letter because almost by return mail a package came from Hollywood, addressed in a bold girlish hand. It contained a dozen gorgeous photographs of Anne Shirley affectionately inscribed to "my dear godmother."

That was the opening chord of the overture of friendship. And a few months later she heard Anne's voice on the telephone asking her to come right into New York to see them.

No wonder her finger trembled as she rang the bell. No wonder there was so

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much crying and laughing. For there was Mimi, still so lovely and, for all her hardships, a woman to whom the years had been kind. And there was Anne, a beautiful young lady.

"And when I say lady," Eveleen Dunmore Wise told me, "that's just what I mean. I've never seen anyone so gracious. The perfume I brought her was 'just the kind she had always wanted.' Seeing me, after all those fifteen years was 'her biggest thrill.' Her mother had told her 'so much about Eveleen.'

"And I've never seen anything so beautiful as the love mother and daughter have for each other. They've suffered so much together but now they say, 'Oh, let's not talk about that.'

"After Lucy had written me I'd read all the movie magazines about Anne and I was full of questions. We talked about Anne's career and I told her what trouping meant—and still means—to her mother and me.

"And Anne told me all about her new young man, Owen Davis, Jr.—and it really looks pretty serious. Her mother has made her promise, however, that if she marries him she won't run away and get married. But Anne says he's different from all of her other beaus—a lovely fellow from a nice family. And we talked—oh, I can't tell you everything—we just talked fifteen years as fast as we could."

Eveleen came into town almost every day they were in New York. And when Mimi and Anne left she saw them off on the train but it was so different from the last time she had bid them good-bye for Hollywood.

So it has a happy ending and Eveleen proudly displays her two new and gorgeous pictures Anne has sent her. And on Christmas there arrived a package—heavily insured—from New York for Anne. It contained a string of real pearls from Eveleen to her beloved goddaughter.

But even now—now that she knows everything is all right and that they understand the long silence—even now Eveleen awakes in the night, the old dream of their need as fresh and vivid as Anne's young face.

It is good to wake from that dream—good to wake and know that it isn't true, that Anne is still her goddaughter and Mimi still her friend and that they are happy and prosperous.

Why Crawford Kicked Over the Traces

(*Continued from page* 47)

assert herself in demands for roles worthy of her!

Not since the famous Dietrich-Oberon tug-o'-war over "Garden of Allah" has any studio political development occasioned so much conjecture and interest. Everyone was quoted from on the subject—everyone except Joan. And because I know how impatient her fans must be to hear the straight of this story as Joan told it to me the day we lunched at the Ambassador, I'm going to forego the details of how beautiful she looked (all right, she looked exactly like the frontispiece of *Harper's Bazaar* in the black hat

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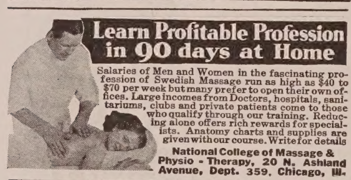
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she wore with smart, tight little curls across her forehead, and the ropes of tiny pearls twisted around her neck) and how perfectly calm she was in the midst of this melee that has made her the most discussed Hollywood personality of the month in her old home town.

There was just the suggestion of a flash in her eyes as she brought that subject out in the open herself and met it with that self-honesty that is such an outstanding trait in the Crawford make-up:

"First, I want to say that I am not, and have not been a studio rebel! I did not refuse to do 'Parnell.' I did not grab 'Mrs. Cheyney.' My last words on the subject of 'Parnell' with Clark were that I wanted to do the picture if the studio wanted me to! Certainly I could not have been in such a temper about it, considering that my costumes were all made and my coiffures tested! Believe me when I say there was never any difficulty, any hard feelings, any dispute as far as the principals in this thing were concerned. I did not even see the script of 'Mrs. Cheyney' until it had been mutually decided by everyone that the role of Kitty O'Shea was not, perhaps, the ideal one for me. And the simple truth of what happened is that when Myrna Loy was cast in the part, it left her role in 'Mrs. Cheyney' open . . . and I stepped into that!

"THE story I refused to do 'Parnell' because it was a costume picture is ridiculous. Why should I dislike doing a costume story when 'The Gorgeous Hussy' was one of the most successful box office pictures I have ever made? It is so stupid to divide screen material into costumes and 'not costumes.' There are great stories to be told that have nothing to do with time periods. I like to do a great story whether it is set against today's problems or those of fifty years ago! The truth about all this is so uninvolved, really. There is only one thing about it that makes my blood boil, and that is being painted a bad-tempered, rebellious and difficult person merely because it makes a more colorful story for certain chatter writers!"

And so there you have Joan's own explanation of this tempest in a teapot, and when Joan tells you something straight from the shoulder like that, there is no one easier to believe.

I am constantly amazed at the difference of opinions held by Hollywooders concerning Joan's handling of her career. To one group, she is the model star, the fair haired girl, the teacher's pet who has never engaged in a law suit or staged a studio walk out.

To the other, she is the sagacious queen of a great studio who has had more actually to say about her pictures, and at the same time kept her good disposition, than any book or bracket thrower in the business. In her quiet way, this clan insists, Joan can achieve more with a lifted eyebrow than others with a lifted mallet. Several people have told me that Joan's career tactics reminded them of the fable of the wife with the obstinate husband. You remember, whenever the lady wanted to go to a picture show she told her husband she wanted to go dancing, so she got to go to the picture show and vice versa! They will tell you that Joan's very docility about "Parnell" was the most definite proof that she didn't want to do it at all. They will also tell you that long before the picture went into production it was obvious to Crawford that she and John Stahl, fiery director of "Parnell," were not *sympatica,* that they would not work well together and that no one knew this better than Joan!

The Most Docile Great Star in Hollywood—or the Cleverest Girl Holding a Studio Contract, these are Hollywood's two pet versions of Joan, the working girl!

I believe that somewhere between the two careerists lies the secret of Joan's success, the secret that is back of her ten years of brilliant stardom.

If she is not the stellar dictator of her destiny, she is at least its finest student! I have never known Joan to fight for or against a screen assignment. But she has presented brilliant arguments in her beliefs. She has a keen story mind, and there is probably no star on the lot who is better acquainted with the story files than M-G-M's leading glamour girl.

An important producer at Metro once said that Joan amazed him as a dinner partner. This man has never produced a picture of hers, yet she is as conversant with his pictures, casts and story difficulties as though she were starring in them.

A perfect example of this is the story behind "The Gorgeous Hussy" and how it happened to be a Joan Crawford vehicle. In the very beginning, "Hussy" was purchased with Jean Harlow in mind. The trade papers carried a small news note about this, and then as time went by and the picture never went into production, it was promptly forgotten. It was also beginning to be forgotten by Metro. On second thought it did not seem to be the ideal Harlow role after all. Finally, when another studio put in a bid for it, the M-G-M officials decided to let it go.

There is probably not another star on the M-G-M lot with the possible exception of Jean Harlow who knew about this transaction. But Joan Crawford knew about it. She had read the story and it had delighted her. She sincerely believed in it as both an artistic and box office hit. When she returned from her honeymoon with Franchot Tone and found no story ready for her, "The Gorgeous Hussy" was the first thing she suggested.

FRANKLY, no one particularly wanted her to do it. After all, they had disposed of the story because it was not suitable for one star, so why should they risk another in it? Joan didn't fight and stamp her foot and lay down the law. She didn't retire to her home for a pouting spell. But she did arrive at the studio every day armed with copious notes and suggestions, talking with first one producer and then the other. They say Joan practically wrote a finished script on "Hussy" before she convinced the youngest and newest producer on the lot, Joe Mankiewicz, that "The Gorgeous Hussy" was a real film story. And no matter how some critics may have felt about Joan in a costume picture, this is one of the biggest hits of last season, and facts and figures can't be argued down!

Strangely enough Joan can make just as many notes and arguments against a pic-

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ture as she can for it. She did not believe in "Forsaking All Others." She had a list of logical reasons why this was not only a bad picture for her, but a rather unimportant picture for anyone. But when these arguments fell on deaf ears, and she was put into the picture anyway, it is typical of Crawford that she did a right about face and sat up nights working with the dialogue writer trying to give her very best to a story she never really believed in!

If there is any secret back of Joan's long career that has shone so brightly while many others that began at the same time have fallen by the wayside, I believe it lies in her own common sense viewpoint when she says:

"I am not always right. No one is. Particularly in this art, or business, or whatever you choose to call it, where so many talents and brains are utilized for the creation of one picture, the only wise thing to do is to work hand in glove *together*. It is so easy for actors to be mistaken about themselves. Think of the really fine careers that have been ruined because some star decided to choose stories, directors, casts and even to produce their own pictures.

"TO be really honest I don't want the entire responsibility of my own career. I've been with Metro ever since I've been in pictures. I respect their judgment and they've proved many times that they respect mine.

"Careers can't be charted like boats. They are constantly in the developing stage. There is no such thing as cruising around comfortably on the top. I've worked harder as a star than I ever did while I was trying to get there.

"As an actress, naturally, I have ideas about certain things. For instance, I should like to vary my roles as much as possible. In theory, the ideal arrangement would be to do a comedy, followed by a drama and then perhaps a costume or color picture. I believe it is screen dynamite to repeat one note of box office success too frequently even if I have been called a 'modern personality.' If I had not been convinced 'The Gorgeous Hussy' would make a good picture, I would have wanted to do it because it was a new and original theme for me. Those who liked me in it must have found it a welcome relief from so many dressy roles. Those who may not have liked it as much will be more interested in seeing me in a modern role next time. At least," she laughed, "it caused plenty of discussion, didn't it?"

It did that, Joan—and so will you as long as theater marquees spell out your name in bright lights and as long as there are rumors alive to circulate about the most vivid and the cleverest star I know in Hollywood today!

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Footnotes on Beauty

(Continued from page 24)

with her feet tilted up. I advise this, too, for many sufferers from insomnia. The inability to get to sleep can often come from the nerve strain of overtired feet.

If your feet persistently hurt and you're quite sure it isn't your shoes, your wisest plan is to see a podiatrist. But I have a set of exercises which are splendid for general toning up of the muscles—a sort of "foot work-out," the regular use of which may help to prevent the simpler aches and pains.

It isn't nearly as important now, as it used to be, to stress pedicures and the necessity of getting right after an incipient corn or callus. Toeless shoes and invisible stockings (or none at all) keep our feet on parade. The pedicure kit belongs right beside the manicure kit, and is used as frequently, or should be. Is yours?

Have you the proper files, scissors and pumice? When you bathe, do your feet get a good stiff brushing with a special brush and lots of suds? Do you know how to cut the nails to avoid trouble at the corners? Do you massage your feet with a good lotion to preserve the soft texture of the skin? I hope you do all these things, so that when you wish to use enamel on the nails, you can be proud of your feet. And speaking of that enamel, do you choose the color with the same care that you do the enamel for your finger-nails? You should, you know, because enamelled toenails are pretty conspicuous and they should be absolutely right.

If there are points here in the care of the feet that you've been neglecting, start in on them right now. Foot troubles, from fallen arches to corns, are slow in developing and just as slow in finally clearing up. Don't let them get a start on you. Remember you are aiming for a clear serenity of face (free from visible nerve strain), for the ability to walk superbly (you can't do this if your feet hurt), and for that glorious, complete expression of your personality which comes from control, rhythm, and co-ordination of the whole body which you can't have if your feet are ailing!

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(Continued from page 61)

your appetite, impairs digestion, induces temperament.

Drink quantities of water during the day. That's a general rule of health as necessary in gaining weight as in losing it. Get from eight to ten hours of sleep every night, even if it means going to bed earlier; leave your bedroom windows wide open, and if it's feasible, sleep by yourself.

Remember that hot baths, or ablutions that take too long a time, are weakening generally. You'll simply have to be spartan and exchange your protracted, luxurious dawdlings in warm suds for a quick, cold shower. If you don't possess a shower, stand in the tub and wash with a sponge, using water from which the chill has been taken. You can get just as clean in a quick shower as in a prolonged tub—and the former is better for you.

NOW comes the important question of diet.

Understand, first, that you need not necessarily eat more food in order to gain weight. Medicines sold as stimulants to the appetite are working from the wrong premise; it is not how much you eat, but how much of the food is used by the body, that matters.

As a matter of fact, you will probably find that the diet suggested here will amount to less nourishment, so far as quantity is concerned, than you have ordinarily been used to. Very well. But the prescribed foods are higher in vitamin content, and if taken correctly, with the help of routine exercise, will be absorbed to a greater extent by your blood and muscles.

Never, under any circumstances, eat unless you are hungry and actually want food. Never eat if you are nervous, angry, or emotionally upset. Consume a twelve course dinner to the accompaniment of a battle with your husband or mother-in-law, and you might just as well have eaten a piece of dry toast.

When you awaken in the morning, sip slowly either a glass of milk or the juice of two oranges, unsweetened. Rest for one hour, thinking pleasant thoughts anent the day when you will be rich and loll under sable robes in the air-cushioned seat of a Rolls town-car, or of what you expect to get next Christmas. Then have a quick sponge bath or shower, rest for another half hour, and go in to breakfast. Sound wonderful? I can hear many of you snort: "Fine advice, when I have to leap out of bed and get the kids off to school;" well, set your alarm for an hour and a half earlier, and get to bed that much sooner each night.

For breakfast you may have your choice of the following:

1. Two soft boiled or poached eggs, bit of toast, milk or buttermilk to drink.

2. Well cooked cereal with cream or honey.

3. Poached eggs on toast, small piece broiled bacon, whole wheat bread, butter, milk.

4. Lamb chop or small steak, broiled; baked potato, buttered, no bread.

For luncheon:

1. Broiled steak or lamb chop, lettuce (French dressing), baked potato, jello.

2. Chicken, broiled or boiled; combination salad; baked rice or potato, stewed fruit.

3. Broiled liver, combination salad, baked potato or whole wheat bread, jello.

For dinner:

1. Cooked cereal with cream or honey; milk.

2. Milk or cream toast, either plain or with hard boiled egg yolks grated over it.

3. Whole wheat bread, well buttered; combination salad (French dressing), milk or cereal-coffee.

4. Creamed soup (no flour thickening); whole wheat bread, well buttered; gelatine or junket.

5. Stewed prunes or figs; whole wheat bread, rolls or crackers; milk butter.

6. Baked apple (unsweetened); cream toast, butter; milk, buttermilk or cereal-coffee.

7. Spaghetti (butter sauce) or boiled or baked rice with cream; milk, ripe banana.

Generally, you may eat the following foods, only don't have too much of a variety at any one meal.

Beef, mutton, chicken, liver—once daily.
Fish—boiled or broiled (no salmon or shad).
Creamed or noodle soups.
Milk or milk preparations.
Boiled or baked rice or baked potato (buttered) instead of bread.
Cottage or cream cheese—if it agrees.
Butter, cream, olive oil, peanut butter.
Buttermilk, sour milk, cultured milk.
Any cereal-coffee.
Wheat cereals, cooked well, with honey.
Fresh green pea, bean or lentil soups.
Dry cereals.
Gelatine desserts—not too sweet.
Fresh fruits or fruit juices—no sugar.
Gluten, wholewheat, brown, corn bread.
Whipped cream desserts—not too sweet.
Fruit tapioca, sago or rice pudding.
Honey instead of sugar to sweeten.
Custard (not sweet)—not with meat.
Prunes, figs, dates—don't stew in sugar.
Junkets with cream—not too sweet.
Tender greens and vegetables.
Simple salads—lemon, oil dressing only.
Asparagus tips, peas, spinach.
Young carrots.

Shun these foods as well as anything that disagrees with you at any time:

Pork, ham, veal, warmed over foods.
Lobster, shrimp, clams, oysters, shad.
Scallops, salmon, eels, oily fish.
Mashed or fried potatoes.
Sweets generally—especially with meals.
Coarse heavy vegetables: boiled cabbage, onions, cucumbers, radishes, melons, rhubarb, mushrooms, dried beans or peas, old carrots or turnips or beets.

Skimmed milk, thin milk.
Tea or coffee, especially with meals.
Fresh or white bread, griddle cakes.
Smoked, salted, pickled, spicy foods.
All fried foods or too fatty foods.
Highly seasoned or rich dishes, gravies.
Appetizers, herring, caviar, olives, etc.
Condiments, mustard, too much salt, etc.
Too many different dishes at one meal.

Of course as you progress your diet can be more liberal. With every pound you gain you may have an extra bite of the sweet you enjoy most, or another drop of your favorite, but deadly, sauce. But be patient.

Chew your food well, leave the table before you feel stuffed, and lie down for at least fifteen minutes after every meal.

In his next article Mr. Loomis will begin a course in exercise, first to strengthen your back and stomach so that the nerves and glands in those vital places will function correctly; and, second, to repair tissue long limp and flabby from disuse. In April MOVIE MIRROR *on sale February 24.*

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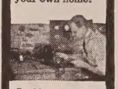
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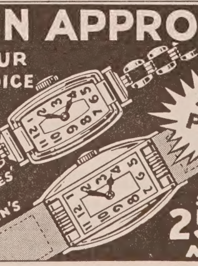
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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 4*)

a five pound box of candy, or a mink coat.

My best girl friend told me that I could no longer come to see her unless I brought her candy or flowers. Isn't she sweet that she didn't insist on a mink coat? She was really serious about it, too!

So—I suggest that you quit showing "heroes" that win a wife only by the large bouquets or boxes of candy. Give the average man a break. How about it?

Robert Uffelman.
Bellevue, Pa.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

It's an Idea, at That!

I'm sick of reading about S. Arlington Brugh (Robert Taylor to you). I'm tired of seeing pictures of him. I don't care whom or if he marries. That he fell in love at the tender age of two (or four) leaves me cold. He has about as much sex appeal as a butterfly and is every bit as pretty.

I suppose all these other people can't be wrong (and who am I to contradict press agents?) but I still think Simone Simon is ridiculous. Not only her name but her mouth and her way of talking.

Why don't they put Robert Taylor opposite Simone Simon in a picture? They wouldn't need a story—just close-ups. She could pout and he could smile and I could stay home and read "Gone With the Wind."

Mary Lou Goodman,
Glendale, Calif.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Is Romance Dead?

What has happened to the glorious technique of our screen lovers? I fail to respond and thrill at the daffy, wise-cracking, theme song style of love-making now running amuck on our screens.

Is romantic love of the Valentino and Gilbert brand forever dead, like its famous exponents? What love dramas of today can compare with the immortal "Flesh and the Devil," "The Sheik," "The Big Parade" and "The Four Horsemen?"

I blame the producers for "humanizing" love on the screen today. We, the majority, who are incurable romanticists, want glamorous, electrifying love dramas. Can it be that the producers consider lovers of today a race of wise-cracking individuals? And that glamor is added by theme song singing while in the midst of their brand of love-making?

If this kind of love-making continues on the screen, then give me a series of silent revivals starring Rudolph Valentino and John Gilbert.

George A. Abbate,
Utica, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Rah, Rah for Realism!

May I rise up in meeting and give three whoops and a holler for Jeanie Harlow for having the honest-to-gosh courage to be *real* in her pictures? I refer specifically to "Libeled Lady," where we see that divinely luscious creature with her gorgeous mug all gooed up in a *mud pack!* And not only that, but in the position where even Helen of Troy would have resembled a picked cuckoo—under a permanent waving machine!

That wiped out one of my most painful moments in a moving picture theater: of viewing, in Central America, on the outskirts of one of the hottest, vilest, steamiest jungles in the world, "Four Frightened People." There was Claudette Colbert —clad most becomingly in her birthday suit, with a tiger-skin or some kind of laprobe upholding the Decency League's mandates, but not much else—supposedly going through this hot, teeming jungle, swarming with bugs and nasty little bitey snakes—and not a mosquito welt appeared upon her lovely limbs, not a hair was out of place. Just try viewing something like this when the mosquitoes swarm in clouds about you, and the thermometer has busted with the heat!

S. J. Crooke,
Urbana, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

We Westerners wish the directors would take as much care in exacting details for Western pictures as they did in "The Good Earth," "Lost Horizon" and others. I feel that too large a portion of theater audiences in the West are descendants of pioneers and, like myself, are particular about their pictures—Frances Bagley, Yakima, Wash.

* * *

How are chances for a movie with a small town as a background? I mean a really *small* town, one that's considered growing when it boasts of 300 as a population; with streets so few they haven't names; there's no railroad, nor town newspaper; and the nearest movie theater is sixteen miles away! Small town! Does Hollywood really know what that means? —Dorothea M. Gilfillan, Galena, Md.

* * *

I think this dual appearance in radio and movies is bound to have a bad effect on actors and broadcasters; they'll eventually wear themselves out and become so shopworn and stale the public will clamor for new stars—Clare Adams, Baton Rouge, La.

* * *

Upon glancing through the "Speak for Yourself" column in a recent issue I noticed a very interesting article which received honorable mention. It was written by a certain young lady who strongly opposed Hollywood's plucking men's eyebrows. Personally, I do object to the ordinary man doing such a thing, but a movie actor—no! After all, in order to keep up their popularity, they have to be clean, tidy and attractive in every detail. —Morton Norman, Halifax, Canada.

* * *

Isn't it about time a professional dancer took the stand to give the opinion of professional dancers everywhere on the much-disputed question: "Who is top feminine dancer on the screen?" Eleanor Powell (and those of us who knew her on Broadway found her to be one of the grandest,

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friendliest persons in the business) is indisputably queen of the lot. Eleanor has done for tap what Michel Fokine did for ballet. She has revolutionized it—Charlotte Barclay, Miami, Fla.

* * *

Since "The Great Ziegfeld" was such a huge success, wouldn't it be a good idea to make a picture, "The Great Thalberg," in honor of that prominent man who helped so many famous people to stardom?—Miss E. Lutz, Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

We don't have music on the stage and, if our stage artists can do without it, why not our great film stars? Give them a chance to prove it—G. Thomas, Auckland, New Zealand.

* * *

May I put in a word for that controversial subject, the happy ending? It may not be life as it is but it's life as we'd like to find it, which is definitely more entertaining. Besides, let's not forget there's at least one in every audience who is trying to find solace and encouragement at the movies. I say: don't let him down with a heart-breaking ending. It may do untold damage—E. Campbell, San Francisco, Calif.

* * *

Even in China, we hear all the latest gossip of the movie land, not only from the often incorrect newspapers but from the several magazines which are published. Too many stories of the big stars are told, such as "How Joan Ended the Crawford-Harlow Feud." I'll admit that that is extremely interesting, but I think I am not alone when I say that more stories accentuating the lives of the not-so-well-known actors and actresses are more than welcome. It also helps them to get into the limelight—Patricia Tucker, Shanghai, China.

* * *

Why is it that most of our greatest stars are foreigners? It is just like a family taking in a strange child and giving it every advantage in the world and leaving their own to stumble through the best it can. We love the foreign stars. But give some of our own a real break sometimes—A. L. Willis, Maysville, Ky.

* * *

Here's hoping that Martha Raye will sweep on gloriously to new heights of popularity, and I am sure she will, for she is the one and only comedienne who can whisper in her own ear! More power to Martha!—Betsy Schnitzer, Fort Smith, Ark.

* * *

Why not team Shearer and March again? Their excellent teaming in "Smilin' Through" has caused the third issue of that film in South Africa which is being shown all over the Union at present. We demand more Shearer-March films!—Barbara Clark, Johannesburg, South Africa.

* * *

Records have been made of songs, but why not of movies? The dialogue was so clever and the tunes so catchy one could sit through a picture like "Top Hat" or "Naughty Marietta" and just listen instead of look—Gloria Goodknight, Long Beach, Calif.

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Second Prize, 2 at $750	**1,500**
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Total of 10 Prizes	**$5,000**

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during February, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described in the coupon and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $1000.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $1000 first prize, the persons submitting the two next best stories will be awarded the two $750 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT - HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, February 26, 1937.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 29C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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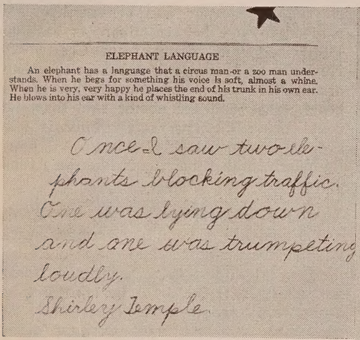
Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page 6*)

lot, to hear her say, "Hello, this is Shirley."

She loves her work at the studio, and she has a grand time on the sets between takes. She usually eats lunch in her bungalow, but finds time to visit around the lot. She has two dressing-rooms, one portable on the set, and one in her bungalow. She has small-sized furniture in each.

The famous Shirley Temple bungalow is really darling. It has a living room furnished beautifully with a davenport, five chairs, a bookcase-desk, a radio, lots of lamps, pictures and odds and ends. There is a regular bedroom containing a small bed. Here Shirley can rest or sleep during her days at work. The kitchen is electrically equipped, and has a nice breakfast nook adjoining. Shirley likes to eat there.

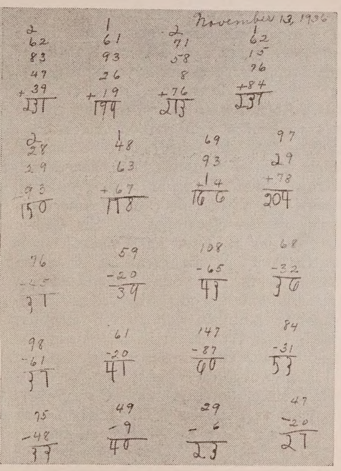


ELEPHANT LANGUAGE

An elephant has a language that a circus man or a zoo man understands. When he begs for something his voice is soft, almost a whine. When he is very, very happy he places the end of his trunk in his own ear. He blows into his ear with a kind of whistling sound.

Once I saw two elephants blocking traffic. One was lying down and one was trumpeting loudly.

Shirley Temple



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108 -65 43
68 -32 36
98 -61 37
61 -20 41
147 -87 60
84 -31 53
75 -48 37
49 -9 40
29 -6 23
47 -20 27

Shirley studies just as hard, even while making pictures, as any other little girl—and does very well, as these examples of home work prove.

She has many of her favorite foods sent over from the commissary, at noon, such as ice cream. She really is fond of spinach and lamb chops, but does not like tomatoes.

She has a good many playmates, besides her stand-in chum, Mary Lou Islieb. She plays with Harold Lloyd's children, and also with ZaSu Pitt's children. ZaSu lives next door to Shirley. She plays hide-and-seek, tag, handball and croquet, and in nice weather, swims in the pool. Of course, Shirley still likes to play house.

Sometimes, because she takes a liking to someone, she imagines she would like having a job like his. Recently she thought she would like to be a hairdresser. A few days later, it was a vegetable woman in one of California's grand markets (she loves all kinds of vegetables). Very often she thinks she would like to work in the publicity department, with her friend Frances Deaner, so she could sort out all the pretty pictures taken in the studio. But, first and foremost, she wants to act in the movies.

"I have to go to bed at eight o'clock," Shirley said, "whether we are here at Palm Springs, or at home. Then I get up at seven in the morning."

Shirley doesn't know much about her tremendous fan mail. She knows, of course, what fan mail is, but is free from any harmful knowledge of what it means in terms of her own popularity. She remains, despite all her fame, just a natural, unspoiled little girl. Her fan mail is taken care of by the fan mail department at the studio. If there is anything that needs special attention it is referred to Mrs. Temple. She does not write letters, as yet, except for very special reasons. She does, however, autograph pictures.

Shirley Temple is wondering what she can name her next pet dog. Perhaps you have a dog of your own, with a name you think might appeal to Shirley. You can no doubt think of one, anyway. For the fifteen best suggestions for a name, Shirley Temple will send fifteen autographed photographs. Shirley and Betty Turner will be the judges. In the event of ties in the case of any or all of the fifteen chosen names duplicate awards will be given. Names will be chosen upon the bases of appropriateness and attractiveness. Address your letters to MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California. Be sure to mail your letters before March 5, 1937.

Winners in the Movie Mirror Junior Mickey Rooney Contest. Autographed photographs have been sent to the winning contestants.

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2. Doretta Keyes, 1705 Central Ave., N. Wildwood, N. J.
3. Gwen Fletcher, 421 E. 15th Ave., Vancouver, Can.
4. Willetta Spinks, 815 Alabama Ave., Selma, Ala.
5. Kathleen Cooney, 43 Brooklyn Ave., Toronto, Can.
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News in New York

(*Continued from page 27*)

joying New York more today than I did on my first visit here as a kid—and I certainly was awestruck then!"

PRACTICALLY the only screen stars left in town over the holidays were those who are currently appearing in stage productions. There are plenty of those, however—Margaret Sullavan in "Stage Door," Tallulah Bankhead and Phillip Reed in "Reflected Glory," Katharine Hepburn in "Jane Eyre," Burgess Meredith in "High Tor," John Halliday in "Tovarich." Why, the roster of the hit plays on Broadway these days sounds like a Hollywood telephone directory! And, of course, there's Sir Cedric Hardwicke, whose new play, "Promise," opened just before New Year's. Sir Cedric returned on the same boat with Roland Young, after the two had finished their work on "King Solomon's Mines" in England—which was the climax of one of the most amazing true stories ever. Some two dozen years ago, Messrs. Hardwicke and Young were aspiring young students together in Sir Beerbohm Tree's school of acting. Roland was the first member of the class to land a real job on the London stage, a job which he kindly bequeathed Cedric when he himself got a chance with a company that was going to tour America. It was only a tiny bit ("what Americans would call an elevator boy," Sir Cedric explained it) in "Find the Woman," but it was the start of the great career which was to bring the young Hardwicke to fame and knighthood. Sir Cedric's been eternally grateful to Roland ever since, but though each became increasingly popular on both stage and screen, in both London and Hollywood, they had never met face to face since that early day when Roland sailed off to America! The reunion took place a few short weeks ago, on the set of "King Solomon's Mines," with both of them already in make-up for their parts. "I was wearing a rather patriarchal beard," Sir Cedric says, smilingly, "But Roland said I'd hadn't changed a bit. Certainly he hadn't altered. And we both wondered if it would be another twenty years before fate brought us together again. If it should be, I'm sure Roland will still look just the same!"

SPENCER TRACY and his wife paid New York a flying visit to do some last-minute Christmas shopping and stayed long enough to see every show. He spent his first Saturday matinee seeing "Dead End," and, as luck would have it, it was that very day that the understudy to the leading woman took over the part. The Tracys were amazed by her excellent performance, exclaimed to all their friends backstage about it, and finally Spencer tipped off M-G-M, his home studio. The result is that the lucky young lady, Elizabeth Wragge, is to be tested this month for a possible long-term contract. A typical gesture from Spencer Tracy, who feels that Hollywood has been swell to him, so swell that he can never fully repay the debt. That's why he's so irked by all these hit plays of the past and present ("Once in a Lifetime," "Boy Meets Girl" and "Stage Door," to name a few) which have burlesqued or ridiculed Hollywood. "An industry that can boast of such men as Thalberg and Mayer and Zukor," he said seriously, "deserves something better than that. Maybe it's about time that somebody in Hollywood wrote about Broadway!" He grinned and added, "Maybe I'll have to do it myself."

ELEANOR POWELL, who arrived amid such a hullabaloo, made the quietest exit of the season from Manhattan, so quiet that her own company didn't even know she had left town until she wrote them an explanation and apology *en route*. Eleanor and her mother had planned to take her grandparents back to Hollywood with them, from Crestwood, New York. Just two days before they had arranged to leave, her grandmother had a heart attack and the doctor said that she could make the trip safely only if she avoided excitement. And the Powell family quietly folded their tents like the Arabs and quietly stole away.

WITH all the ado about the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita marriage, with all the theater-going and night-clubbing the two did while they were in town, Errol still insists that the night he spent riding around the town in a police car while he was here was "the most exciting night I've had since I've been in America." Errol (and the police, of course!) answered a half dozen calls—one riot call, a fire, a stabbing in Harlem, and one complaint that a man in the neighborhood had been prowling around all night with a gun. The latter, says Errol, "turned out to be a kid firing at a cat!" He's just the sort of person who would like riot calls and such—the thrill of the unexpected. Though, goodness knows, he should get enough of excitement in his private life. He and Lili arrived in New York expecting to sail for Europe before Christmas, but Errol was called back to work on "The Prince and the Pauper." "I'm not eager to go to Europe, anyway," Errol explains. "I want to go to the South Seas again. I had my passage booked for Tahiti on November eighteenth, but the strike ruined that. I'll probably go this spring, instead." Maybe they've found the system of compromise that works. Errol goes to night-clubs in New York with Lili, and Lili goes swordfishing in Florida with Errol before he returns to the Coast. Errol plans a trip to Tahiti, and, the last he knew before he left New York, Lili was planning to go to Europe alone to visit her mother. How surprised he must have been when she flew out, unannounced, to Hollywood to be with him at Christmas!

FRANCES FARMER'S UNCONVENTIONAL LOVE STORY

Romance came to this lovely blonde newcomer just as unexpectedly and excitingly as did fame and success. Don't miss the gay story of her marriage to Leif Erikson, in April MOVIE MIRROR, on sale everywhere February 24th.

COUGHS
COME FROM HERE

TAKE THE SYRUP THAT CLINGS TO THE COUGH ZONE

If you have a cough (due to a cold) remember this common sense fact:—a cough medicine should do its work *where the cough is lodged . . .* right in the throat. That's why Smith Brothers Cough Syrup is a thick, heavy syrup: *It clings to the cough zone.* There it does three things: (1) soothes sore membranes, (2) throws a protective film over the irritated area, (3) helps to loosen phlegm. Get Smith Brothers'! 35¢ and 60¢.

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MOVIE MIRROR

APRIL

10¢

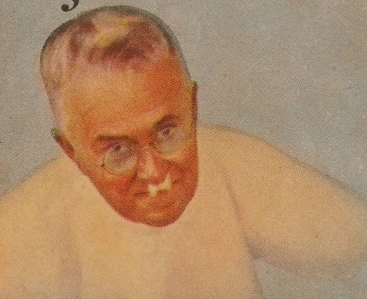
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

JOAN CRAWFORD

The REAL REASON WHY Ross Alexander KILLED HIMSELF

"Ça nous aide à devenir fortes"

["IT HELPS US GROW STRONG"]



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YVONNE DIONNE is one of 5 "bundles" of loveliness and adoration. These healthy, fascinating little girls are the modern "5 wonders of the world".

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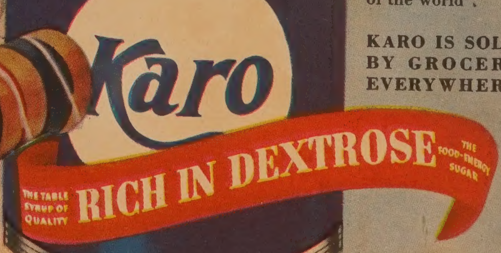

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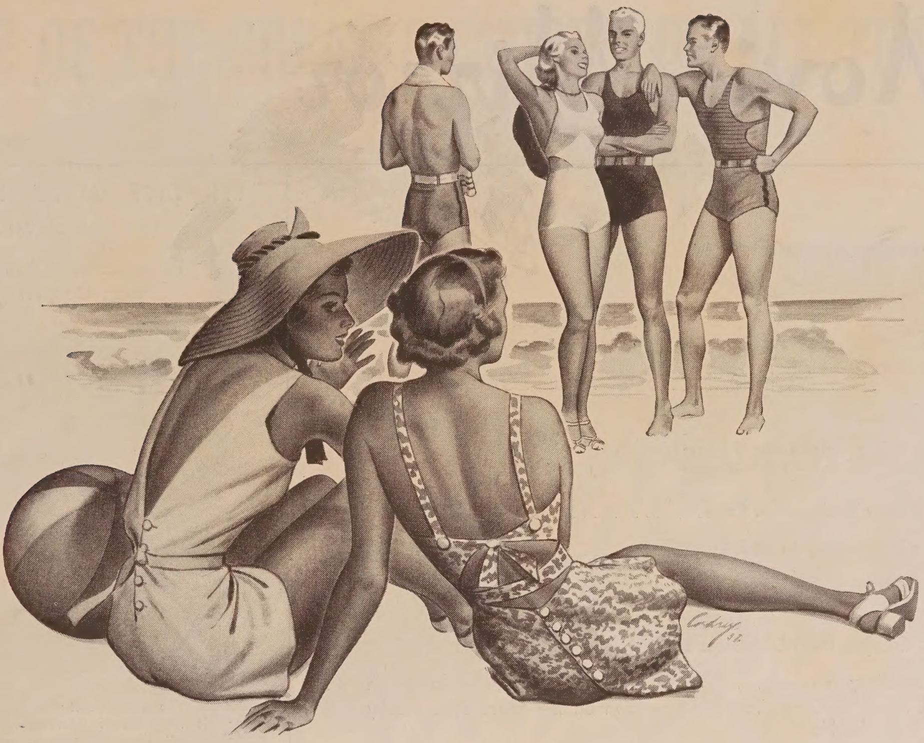

JEAN: *Last year she couldn't get a date—now look at her!*
MARGE: *Somebody must have told her what her trouble* was.*

*There's nothing like LISTERINE to check halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), the unforgivable social fault

---

Forgotten Women

by DORIS KAY

I SEE them every day . . . dozens of them . . . women—young women—who are simply forgotten in the social scheme of things.

They are seldom invited out and when men *do* call they rarely call again. When a frantic cry goes out for a fourth at bridge or when someone is needed to fill in at a dinner party, they are usually the last person the hostess thinks about. Why is it? Not because they are dull; I've seen many a witty woman who didn't get around much. Not because they are plain; some of the prettiest young girls are the least popular. Not because they are fat or old; I've known women heavy as trucks and grey as beavers but still greatly sought after. What then is the reason?

Nine times out of ten, these forgotten girls are not fastidious about the condition of their breath—and if there's one thing for which others drop a woman or a man it is halitosis (bad breath).

How silly a woman is to permit such a humiliating condition to exist when the fault can usually be remedied so easily and so pleasantly with an agreeable deodorant such as Listerine Antiseptic used twice daily as a mouth wash.

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KEEP YOUR BREATH BEYOND SUSPICION with LISTERINE

Almost everyone has halitosis (bad breath) at some time or other without realizing it. And it is the unforgivable social fault. People simply don't want you around when you offend this way. Why take a chance? Why risk unpopularity when it is so easy to correct this humiliating condition. Do not rely on harsh bargain mouth washes, some of which are entirely devoid of deodorant effect. Just trust to Listerine Antiseptic, the quick, pleasant deodorant which strikes at fermentation, the major cause of odors, then overcomes the odors themselves.

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Movie Mirror

Edited from Hollywood

WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10, NO. 5 • APRIL 1937

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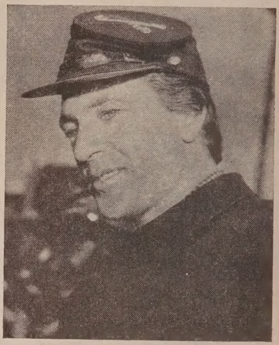
Natural Color Photograph of JOAN CRAWFORD by James N. Doolittle

IN THE MAY ISSUE

(OUT MARCH 24)

Fame Doesn't Change Gary Cooper!



Despite the enthusiastic praise of critics for his magnificent performance in "The Plainsman," despite lawsuits, and all the shifting uncertainties of a movie career, Gary remains the same quiet, lovable lad his friends have known since his earliest days in Hollywood. Don't miss these revelations told by one of Gary's oldest friends!

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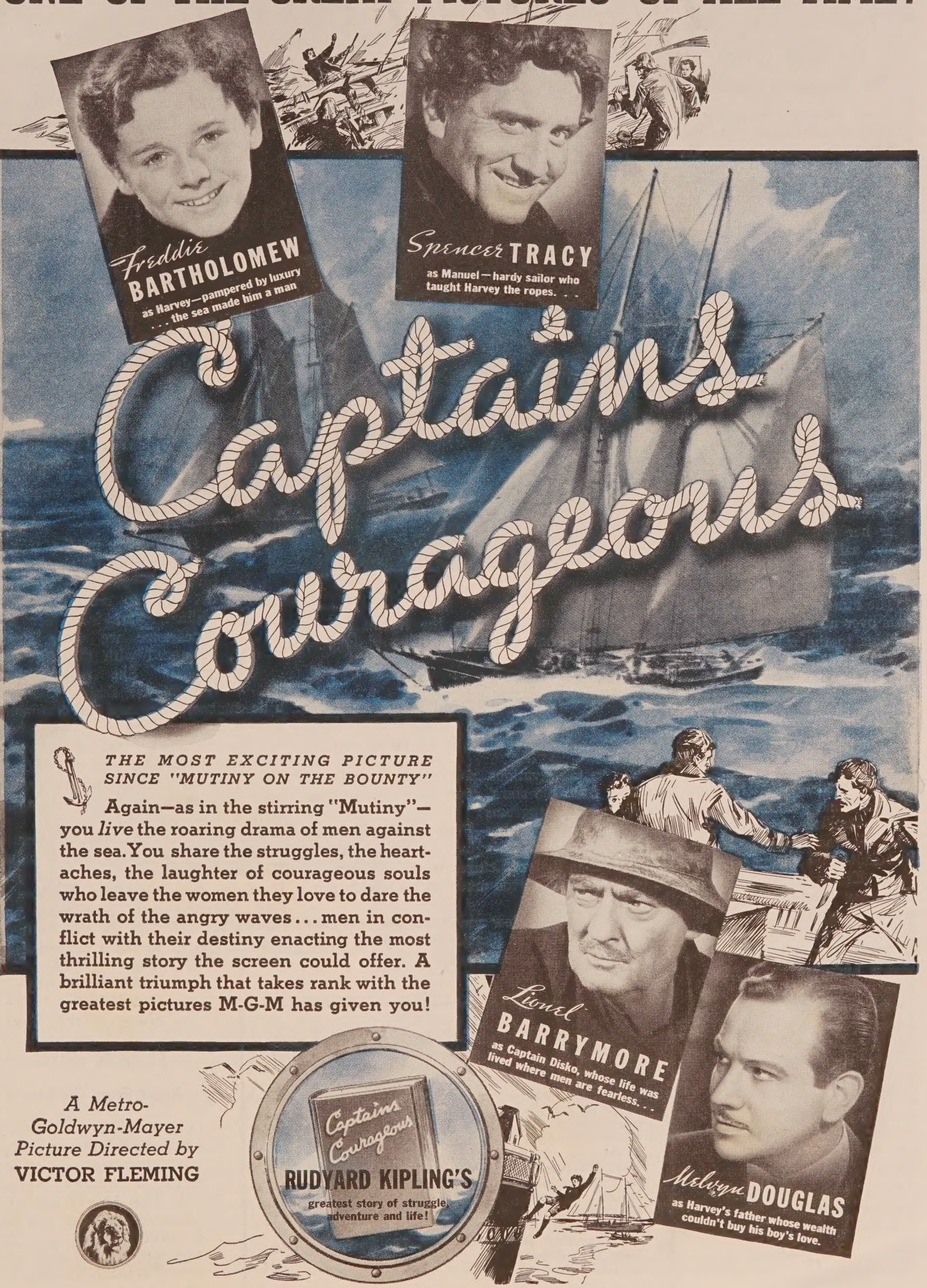
ONE OF THE GREAT PICTURES OF ALL TIME!



Freddie **BARTHOLOMEW**
as Harvey—pampered by luxury . . . the sea made him a man

Spencer **TRACY**
as Manuel—hardy sailor who taught Harvey the ropes. . .

Captains Courageous

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Melvyn **DOUGLAS**
as Harvey's father whose wealth couldn't buy his boy's love.

Captains Courageous
RUDYARD KIPLING'S
greatest story of struggle, adventure and life!

A Metro-
Goldwyn-Mayer
Picture Directed by
VICTOR FLEMING

Speak for Yourself

$20 PRIZE LETTER

The Forgotten Manager

One evening attending a neighborhood theater I discovered the "forgotten man." He was the manager. In three hours, I heard the following (it was "China gifts free to the ladies" night):

First lady: "I don't want that dish. Haven't you something else?" Another: "Is that all? Well, I won't come in." And other similar complaints! Then the children began complaining of lost mittens, pennies, etc., rewarding the manager by removing bolts and placing chewing gum on the seats. Complaints of spooners and talking. The manager spoke to the annoyers. His reward—just sneers after he turned his back. An insulted lady insisted she gave the manager her ticket. When he politely said, "Look in your purse," she found the ticket—but she didn't apologize.

The atmosphere of a theater puts over many a picture. My orchids to the manager!

Alice R. Schultz,
Rochester, N. Y.

$10 PRIZE LETTER

For Better—or For Worse

1937 Academy Award time is here. But isn't that golden statuette a Frankenstein monster that destroys those for whom it was created? It seems to me that sometimes a jinx pursues the winners. Katharine Hepburn has had one flop after another, culminating in the dismal disappointment of "A Woman Rebels." Bette Davis certainly will win no laurels for her last picture, "Satan Met a Lady." Victor McLaglen has not had a notable role since "The Informer." Helen Hayes lost her popularity soon after winning the award. (It was not Helen who failed in Hollywood, but Hollywood that failed Helen. No wonder Miss Hayes uses her statuette as a doorstop.)

Let's hope this year's winners will have better luck and break the jinx.

Faith Endicott,
Washington, D. C.

Jane Withers weathers the storms full speed ahead in her latest film, "The Holy Terror."

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Without Benefit of Television

Observations and opinions gathered from the stars' appearances on various radio programs:

Fred Astaire—Fred is losing fans because of his singing. A little now and then in his pictures is enough, but we are getting too much on his weekly programs.

Jean Harlow and Anita Louise—Two of the most likable personalities (and the best-looking, too!)

Anne Shirley—Where did Anne get the *lisp?*

Frances Langford—The best little singer in all Hollywood. Why don't they give her a break?

Bing Crosby—The best master of ceremonies.

Nelson Eddy—Nelson had better get a master of ceremonies for his program. He just isn't thataway.

Bob Burns—Bob has the most sincere humor of anyone on the air.

John Francis,
Sault Sainte Marie, Mich.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

A Real World Champion

Hail, and a hearty welcome to a new and refreshingly different screen personality, Sonja Henie!

Down here in the tropics, the lure of an ice-skating picture was strong enough to draw us to see "One in a Million," but from her first appearance we were simply entranced with the little star herself. She needn't have brought her skates. She is a little sunbeam wrapped up in a smile, but she is also a very poised and graceful beauty. She won our hearts and at the same time impressed us with the dignity of her professional success and marvelous stage presence. More and more of Sonja, *please!*

The entire picture was my idea of perfect family entertainment. Adolphe Menjou, always supremely good, Jean Hersholt, ditto, the Ritz Brothers at their hilarious best. And those harmonica players! As for the skating—well, it was of a world championship variety. That ought to tell all.

R. Seale and Family of Four
Corpus Christi, Tex.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Right From the Heart

I would like to protest against the unfair way crippled characters are delineated in mystery movies. The films have a powerful influence and they can use it whichever way they desire, but I think it is very wrong to nearly always have

(*Continued on page* 108)

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

how to play the hot trumpet in Panama in 4 easy lessons

1

"**Listen, Carole,** till you've heard Old Maestro MacMurray play 'I Hear a Call to Arms'. . . *you just haven't lived . . .*"

2

"**Okay, Fred.** You're wonderful all right. I never heard sweeter notes. But cut it out, will you, *before you break my heart.*"

3

"**Arrest him,** gendarme! Si, senor disturbing la peace with sis instrumento . . . more hot playing an si senor *quick start a revolution!!!*"

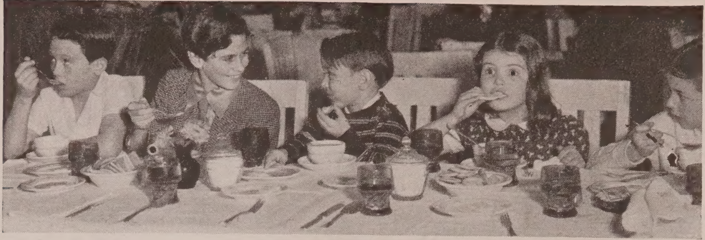
4

"**Yeah** . . some hot trumpet player you are. Here you get Carole in a worse jam than you did in *"Hands Across the Table"* and *"The Princess Comes Across."*"

CAROLE LOMBARD
FRED MacMURRAY

"SWING HIGH SWING LOW"

with Charles Butterworth • Jean Dixon
Dorothy Lamour • Harvey Stephens
Directed by Mitchell Leisen
A Paramount Picture



Editor David Holt, Ra Hould, Billy Lee, Charlene Wyatt and Virginia Weidler have a club meeting—and lunch, too!

Movie Mirror Junior

David Holt—GUEST EDITOR

HELLO MOVIE MIRROR JUNIORS:

When Betty Turner asked Virginia Weidler to write the Junior Department a while back, I told the rest of the kids at Paramount that if Miss Turner ever wanted me to be the editor, I would let them all take a hand in my page. So I guess I'll have to keep my word. They are all my fellow club members, anyhow.

We have a secret club at Paramount studio. Only boys and girls who work on our lot can belong to it. Our members are Virginia Weidler, Billy Lee, Ra Hould, Charlene Wyatt, Jackie Moran, Benny Bartlett and myself. We have a club room right in our school building at the studio. That's where we have our meetings and keep the secret emblems and things belonging to the club.

I'm the publicity man, or newshawk, of the club, so I figured out that the easiest way to let all the members get their bit into the Junior page was to call a meeting of the club and let them tell you about themselves.

As you can see by the picture, we had this meeting in the Paramount restaurant. Gee, it sure is noisy when we get together for a meeting in the restaurant. Billy and Ra and Jackie usually all start talking at once. Of course, Virginia and Benny and I have to do our share, too. But it is lots of fun. The big stars on the lot all eat in the restaurant, too, and they come over to talk with us.

Ra Hould is the oldest one in our club. He's English and has been in Hollywood only about eight months. Ra talks very correctly, but he's a swell fellow. This is what Ra wants to say:

"Hello, Juniors. I came to Hollywood from New Zealand, and while I like California and think it is a very beautiful place, I do not believe it is really as pretty as New Zealand. I am twelve years old. My last picture was 'Beloved Enemy,' with Merle Oberon.

"There are many interesting things to see in Hollywood. One of the gayest times I have had lately was when I visited the Walt Disney Studios. That is where they make the Mickey Mouse cartoons, you know. The chap who plays Donald Duck took me through. I saw hundreds of people drawing and painting these cartoons. Then I heard the different actors who make the noises for characters like Clara Cluck and Pluto recording for the cartoons. I wish the Juniors had been with me, so they might have seen how it was done. So long, for now."

Virginia Weidler has five sisters and brothers. She was nine the twenty-first day of last March. She has been in a lot of pictures like "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Girl of the Ozarks." Here she is.

"Thank you, David. Since we are telling about our club, I might say that I am the treasurer. You see, every time David or Billy gets his hands on a nickel he runs right over to the candy counter to buy something. Maybe that is why they made me treasurer.

"I just got back from a location trip to Catalina. We were shooting scenes for a picture called 'Souls at Sea.' The season is closed on the island, so there weren't so many people around. We had a good time, only I had to go to bed every night at eight-thirty. I also like to go to Palm Springs and ride bicycles while I'm there.

"Right now, I'm taking both singing and dancing lessons every day. Arithmetic is my favorite study in school. Horseback riding is my hobby. Now, I'll let David introduce somebody else."

Next, I'll call on Billy Lee. Billy is one of the best little dancers in pictures. I know you've seen him in a lot of movies. His last one was "And Sudden Death." Billy was seven in January. Okay, Billy.

"Hi, Juniors. We have lots of fun in our club. I wish you could see our club room and some of our secret emblems. They're peachy. And I wish you could see my dog Poochy. He can sit up on his hind legs and hold a pipe in his mouth. He's a fox-terrier and as smart as any movie dog, believe me.

"I have two brothers and one sister. We have a lot of fun at home, even if my brothers are a bit older than I am.

"It's lots of fun playing at the studio, too. The other morning, Benny Bartlett hadn't eaten his breakfast, so he and I cooked an egg on the grill in Miss Smith's room. She's our school teacher. When she came in, we had already eaten the egg, but she said, 'What's been going on in here? It smells as if somebody has been cooking.' Benny and I couldn't keep our faces straight, so we had to tell her.

"I'm the firing department of our club. That means I can fire people. I haven't had a reason to fire anybody so far, though. I guess the real name for my job is sergeant-at-arms, but that's too long to suit me.

"So long, Juniors. Take it away, Davie."

Did you hear that? "Take it away." I guess Billy must have heard that one in a broadcasting picture he made recently. Anyway, I'll have to warn you about our next member, Charlene Wyatt. She's very bashful. You might not think so from our picture, but the cameraman scared her when he snapped it.

Charlene played in "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie." She is a dandy little actress, even if she is too shy to tell you about herself. Her birthday is July 13, and she is seven years old. She takes singing and dancing lessons, now, so maybe she won't be so bashful after a while.

Both Jackie Moran and Benny Bartlett had to beat it back to their sets before I got to them at this meeting.

That takes care of the other members of our club. Now, I'll say just a couple of things about myself. I'm nine years old, and my birthday is August 14.

I guess most of you will think I'm pretty bad when I tell you that I shot my Alaskan huskie dog, Prancer, the other day. But it was an accident. Gosh, it made me feel terrible. You see, Dad lets me go hunting with him now and then. Last week we went out looking for rabbits. Prancer started running in and out of the bushes. Finally he disappeared, but Dad and I kept on looking for rabbits. Suddenly, I saw a bush move just ahead of me. Dad handed me the twenty-two rifle and I took aim and fired. Prancer let out a yell. He had been in the bush instead of a rabbit.

It's a lucky thing my aim wasn't good that day. The (*Continued on page* 110)

HAIL HIS ROYAL HIGH (DE HO) NESS!

Filmdom crowns a new king of romance! . . . as an international ido comes to the screen in the mirth-packed story of a democratic ex-King on a rollicking hunt for a Queen of Hearts to share his throne of love!

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FAMOUS CONTINENTAL SCREEN STAR
FERNAND GRAVET
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IN MERVYN LEROY'S PRODUCTION
THE KING
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CHORUS
GIRL
With JOAN BLONDELL
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Story by Groucho Marx & Norman Krasna
R.S.V.P. *Your Favorite Theatre*

See a real French revue with the world's loveliest mademoiselles singing those reigning hits of the air by Werner R Heymann and Ted Koehler "FOR YOU" & "ON THE RUE DE LA PAIX"

New Ways to Use Canned Milk

By PAULINE NELSON

SOME time ago, I gave you two or three recipes in which evaporated or condensed milk was used. These were good, old, familiar standbys with me, so I wasn't surprised when lots of you wrote to tell me how much you had enjoyed them, too. But I *was* surprised to discover that many people don't, as yet, know about the uses of canned milk as a very special flavor-giver.

Canned milk is used regularly and easily wherever milk is called for, and in many cases is preferred since it carries with it a guarantee of purity and freshness (vital points in any dairy product). You know, of course, that you can put condensed or evaporated milk into any recipe in which milk is an ingredient, thinning the concentrated richness by one-half with water, and then proceeding exactly as you would with ordinary milk. Condensed milk is already sweetened so if your recipe includes sugar, cut down on the amount of sugar a little, or it will be too sweet.

But besides this ordinary substitution, there are many recipes in which canned milk is definitely indicated because of the added flavor. Chocolate fudge is one ot these. I don't suppose there is a girl who at sometime or other hasn't made fudge at home and been more or less successful with it. There must be dozens of variations on this good, wholesome candy recipe, but I have yet to find one as good as this one. As you see, it contains condensed milk which insures a creamy texture and a delicious taste. You will find it a distinct addition to your candy recipe file.

BEST CHOCOLATE FUDGE

2 cups sugar
1 cup water
1⅓ cup (1 can) condensed milk
3 squares unsweetened chocolate
1 cup chopped nut meats, if desired

Combine the sugar and water and bring to a boil. Add the milk and boil slowly till a little will form a ball when tried in cold water. (This is around 235° F. on a candy thermometer, which I hope you use as it takes the guesswork out of candy.) Stir the fudge constantly while it cooks to prevent burning. Take from the fire and stir into it the chocolate which you have cut into little pieces. Add the nut meats if you use them. Beat hard till it thickens and then pour quickly into a well-buttered tin. Let cool, and then cut into squares. If you dip your knife into cold water between each cut, the pieces should have neat, firm edges.

Another delicious recipe to which canned milk adds immeasurably is this one for graham cracker cheese cake. Notice that evaporated milk is used in this. If you prefer, ordinary pie-crust will do, but the graham cracker crust is so easy to make, and so good with this rich recipe, I hope you will try it.

GRAHAM CRACKER CHEESE CAKE

1½ cups graham cracker crumbs
⅓ cup butter
2 tbls. sweetened condensed milk
Pinch of salt

Roll the crackers fine, and measure. Melt the butter and work it into the crumbs with the salt and milk. This crust is not rolled, but is patted firmly over the bottom and sides of a square tin. And bring it well up on the sides. Bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for ten minutes.

FILLING

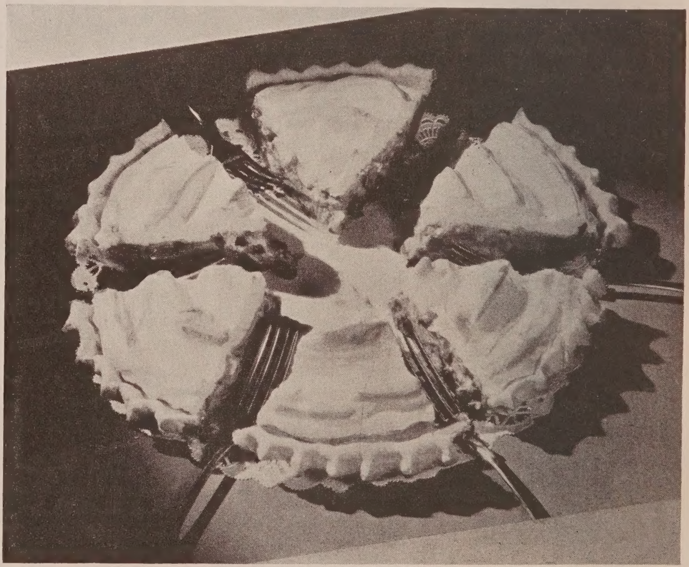
1 tbl. cornstarch
⅓ cup evaporated milk
1 cup cottage cheese
2 tbl. butter
½ cup sugar
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. grated lemon rind
1 tbl. lemon juice
¼ tsp. nutmeg
2 eggs

Dissolve the cornstarch in the milk. Mash the cheese smooth and stir into it the cornstarch and milk. Add the lemon rind and juice, the sugar, salt and nutmeg, and the butter which has been melted. Beat the two egg yolks slightly and add, mixing thoroughly. Beat stiff the egg whites and fold in. Pour into the graham cracker crust and bake for ten minutes in a hot oven (450° F.), then in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about forty minutes, or until the center of the cake is firm.

Many people prefer the flavor of condensed milk in their coffee, and also for making hot chocolate.

HOT CHOCOLATE

In a double boiler, melt two squares of unsweetened (*Continued on page* 111)



CRANBERRY PIE

1⅓ cups (1 can) sweetened condensed milk
¼ cup lemon juice
1 cup cranberry pulp, drained
2 egg yolks
Baked pie shell (9-inch)

Blend together sweetened condensed milk, lemon juice, cranberry pulp and egg yolks. Pour into baked shell and top with a meringue made of 2 egg whites beaten stiff and sweetened with 2 tablespoons granulated sugar. Browned in a moderate oven (350° F.) for 10 minutes.

She thought it was "Another Woman"

. . . till her Doctor told her the Truth about Intimate Feminine Cleanliness

"MY HUSBAND is cruel," she told the doctor. "He no longer loves me."

How mistaken she was! It was just because he *did* love her, and *couldn't* be cruel, that they had been drifting apart. How could he tell her that *she* was the only "other woman" in the case . . . that *she* had changed, in one important way, from the girl he had married?

Often wives fail to realize that after marriage there is a special obligation to be dainty and fastidious. The more tender love is, the more easily it may be bruised by "little" neglects, that are so hard to put into words.

Many family doctors—and many husbands, too—know that one of the enemies of happiness is the wife's neglect of intimate cleanliness at all times. One can *talk* about superficial things like clothes, or complexions. But not of intimate things like feminine hygiene.

If you have been seeking a method of feminine hygiene that is wholesome and cleansing, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. For more than 50 years this scientific preparation has been the choice of many doctors, and millions of women.

Among many good reasons for this are these six essential qualities which "Lysol" disinfectant provides—

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC..."Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle in action. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS..."Lysol" is active under practical conditions...in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).
3. PENETRATION..."Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY..."Lysol," because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR...The cleanly odor of "Lysol" vanishes promptly after use.
6. STABILITY..."Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

●

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands, and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

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Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS," with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol."

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*Street*________________________________

*City*__________________*State*________

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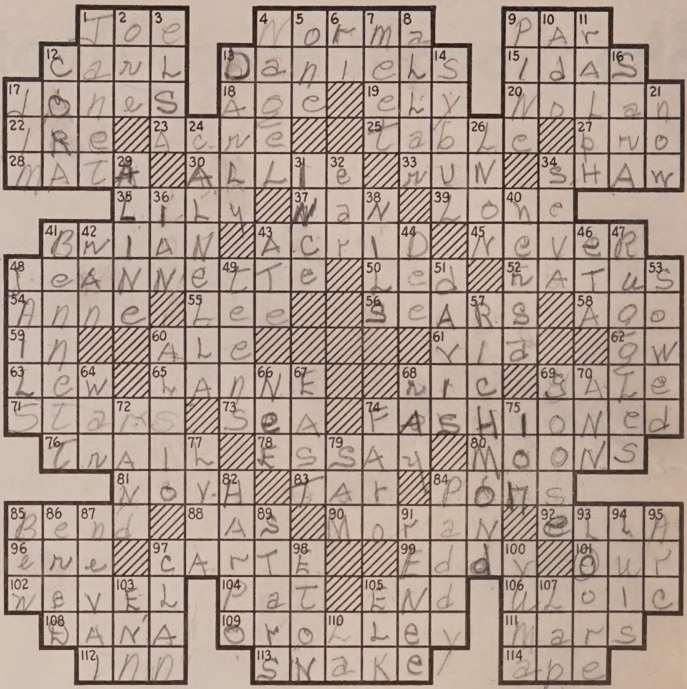
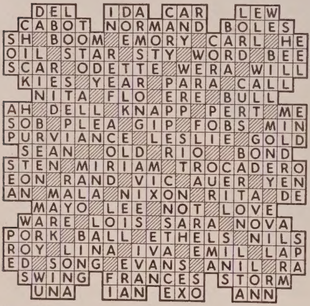
MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps



ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE

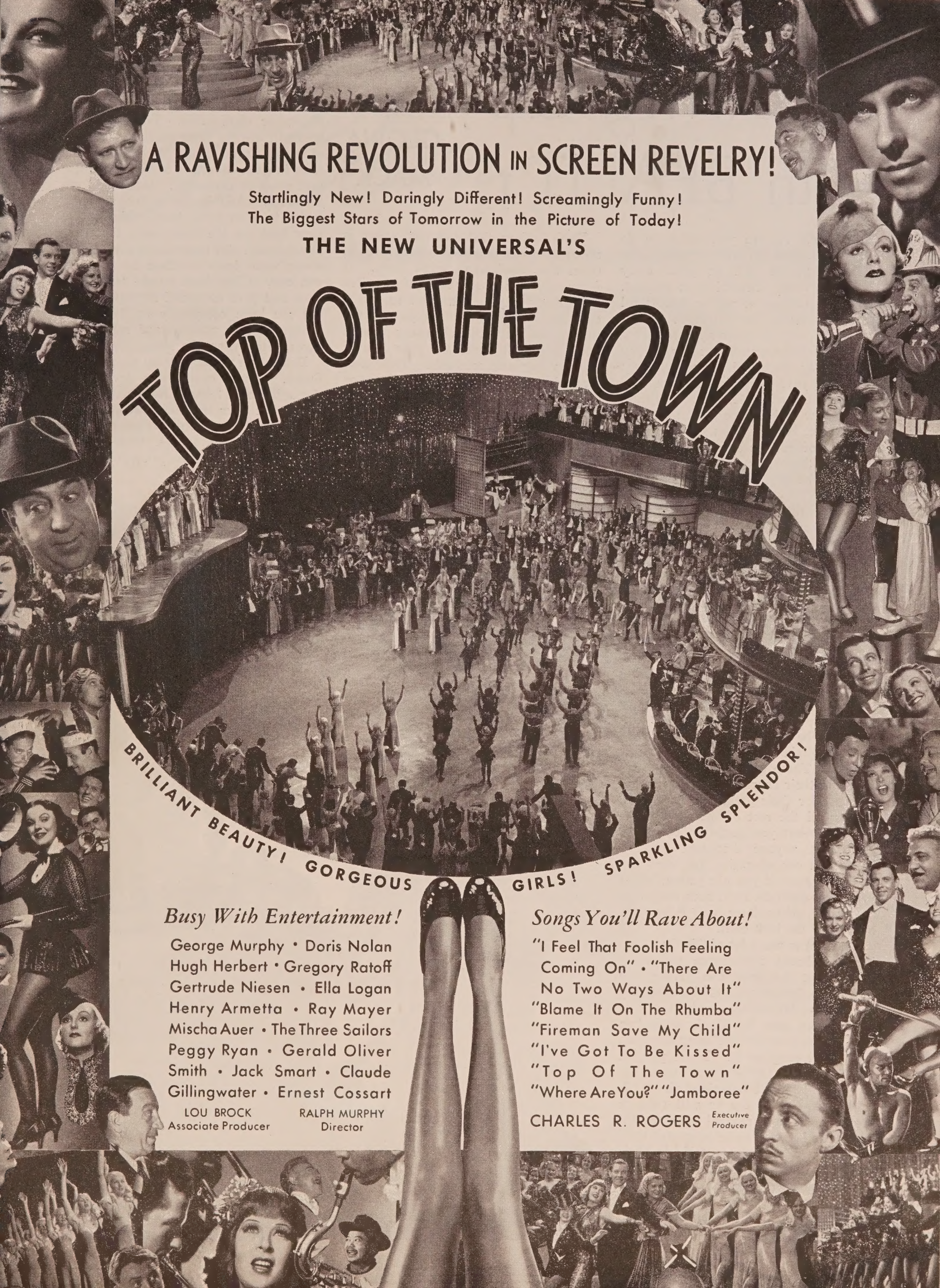


HORIZONTAL

1. Hero of "Polo Joe"
4. Widow of Irving Thalberg
9. State of equality
12. Danish matinee idol
13. Mrs. Ben Lyon
15. Whose fiance is James Blakely in "The Gay Desperado?"
17. Ravenal in "Show Boat"
18. "—— of Indiscretion"
19. Authority on contract
20. "Top of the Town" stars this new glamour girl
22. Wrath
23. 4,840 square yards
25. "Hands Across the ——"
27. Affirmative side
28. Garbo played the title role in "—— Hari"
30. Nickname of the hefty member of a well known comedy team
33. Hasten
34. Torch singer in "Ready, Willing and Able"
35. Given name of Miss Basquette
37. One of the "Three Smart Girls"
39. —— Andre
41. The girl in "Three Married Men"
43. Pungent
45. Bergner starred in "Escape Me ——"
48. Girl's name
50. Guided
52. She plays in "Last of the Pagans"
54. Herbert Marshall's daughter in "Make Way for a Lady"
55. Mrs. Bing Crosby
56. Little boy in "Gentle Julia"
58. Gone; past
59. Ginger Rogers starred "—— Person"
60. Chic Johnson's partner in "Country Gentlemen"
61. By way of
62. Initials of Loretta Young's ex-husband
63. Hero of "Murder with Pictures"
65. One of the "Three Married Men"
68. Nickname of Mr. Cortez
69. Faith in "Anthony Adverse"
71. "The Plough and the ——"
73. Gary Cooper's next is "Souls at ——"
74. Shaped; formed
76. Gladys in "Jailbreak"
78. Written composition
80. "The —— Our Home"
81. Crook in "Let's Sing Again"
83. A sailor
84. Sings in "That Girl from Paris"
85. "Steamboat Round the ——"
88. Soak
90. Once teamed with Marie
92. Comedienne in "Flying Hostess"
96. Before
97. Contends with
99. Male lead in "Maytime"
101. "—— Relations"
102. His last name is Mr. Cabot's first
104. Hero of "China Clipper"
105. "—— of the Trail"
106. Formerly the wife of Sidney Blackmer
108. Mr. Mc—— is a sleuth in "Adventure in Manhattan"
109. Joe in "General Delivery"
111. A planet
112. Tavern
113. What caused the trouble in the Garden of Eden?
114. Who is Cheetah in "Tarzan Escapes?"

VERTICAL

1. The star in "A Star is Born"
2. Natural metal
3. Mrs. Charles Laughton
4. Maiden name of Ross Alexander's widow
5. Sonja Henie makes her film debut in "—— In a Million"
6. He is in "In His Steps" (init.)
7. "Till We —— Again"
8. Part of the title of a Dietrich-Boyer film
9. George Raft's girl
10. Bustle
11. Given name of Heather Angel's husband
12. Child in "Devil's Squadron"
13. Leading lady in "Our Gang"
14. "The Captain's Kid"
16. Matron at the orphanage in "Little Miss Nobody"
17. "Piccadilly ——"
21. "—— and Forever"
24. Author of "The Green Pastures"
26. Rubber kneed comedian
29. "Kind Lady"
31. Thomas ——
32. Spike of corn
34. Star of "Once in a Blue Moon"
36. One of the principals in "To Mary With Love"
38. Divorced husband of Vivian Duncan
40. —— Walker has a bit in "Captain January"
41. Star of "Wedding Present"
42. Moved swiftly
43. Consumed
44. Mrs. Joel McCrea
46. Greek Letter
47. Teamed with Mary Boland
48. Prisons
49. Years between twelve and twenty
51. Star of "Marked Women"
53. Scattered seed
57. Kane's surname is a city in Virginia
60. John Knox in "Mary of Scotland"
64. Armed conflict
66. Carole Lombard, —— Jane Peters
67. "—— Meets West"
68. Silent star who played country boy roles
69. "The —— and the Gander"
70. Bride of Roger Pryor
72. Starred in the silent version of "Clarence"
74. A game of chance
75. Electrified particle
77. "Meet —— Wolfe"
79. Plays the dying Llama in "Lost Horizon"
82. A Marx
84. "—— O'Day was a Jane Withers film
85. Cockeyed comedian
86. He is often cast as a comic butler
87. She introduced temperament to Hollywood
89. Actors regularly working together
91. Raquel Torres' sister
93. Hungarian seen in "Crack Up"
94. Given name of Mr. Alberni
95. Claudette Colbert will have the title role in "Joan of ——"
97. Tribe
98. Co-starred in "The Bohemian Girl"
100. Most Hollywood marriages are made here
103. Even (poetical)
105. Large deer
107. Lick up
110. "—— Cucaracha"



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The Biggest Stars of Tomorrow in the Picture of Today!

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TOP OF THE TOWN

BRILLIANT BEAUTY! GORGEOUS GIRLS! SPARKLING SPLENDOR!

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Songs You'll Rave About!

"I Feel That Foolish Feeling
Coming On" • "There Are
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"Blame It On The Rhumba"
"Fireman Save My Child"
"I've Got To Be Kissed"
"Top Of The Town"
"Where Are You?" "Jamboree"

CHARLES R. ROGERS Executive Producer

Growing Up with BEAUTY

By GLORIA MACK

WHAT are you going to do about a beauty regime when you're still in your early teens? Should you, in fact, have any regime at all, or wait until you are older before you begin to take systematic care of your appearance?

I've had that question put to me many times in my mail, and my answer is a good, loud yes! A girl in her teens does need a beauty schedule, and this is why.

We grow and change right up to the day we die, but the teens are especially the time of growth and change. Now, wherever there is a change, there is a choice to be made. Why shouldn't you choose to grow up to be a beautiful woman, with fine skin, lovely figure, healthy beautiful hair, and well cared for hands? You most certainly are going to grow up somehow, so why not guide and direct that growth? Then when you emerge into your twenties, you won't have a lot of drastic making over to do.

It is true that hard work and determination can work miracles later on. We have the inspiring example of Joan Crawford and other movie stars who have made themselves over. But since you are in your teens, take as your inspiration the younger starlets like Anita Louise, Olivia de Havilland and Anne Shirley. These girls are building and guarding their charm, as they go along, not only for their present screen work, but for all the rest of their lives.

That's what you ought to be doing. Never let anyone discourge you or laugh you out of caring for your appearance, even if you *are* young. What you do, or don't do, right now, may have a drastic effect later on, either for beauty, or the lack of it.

I try not to use a lot of "don'ts," feeling we should concentrate rather on "do's," but for once I'm giving you some very definite "don'ts" because they are serious, important warnings.

The first one is: Don't neglect a bad complexion in the mistaken idea that you'll outgrow it. Those pimples may be acne. Go to your doctor immediately and find out about them. It it is acne, your doctor will treat it properly. This wretched skin trouble (which is believed to be connected with glandular adjustments taking place during the teens) generally subsides as the adjustment completes itself, but it often doesn't, and in the meantime, acne scars may form which may never go away.

Don't believe that soap-and-water is always enough to keep your skin so clean that blackheads won't form. It frequently is not, especially if you live in a dusty city. You need to use a cleansing cream first. Wipe off the surplus cream with cleansing tissues and then wash your face with lots of warm water and soapsuds. This same method should always be used when you have make-up on, even powder. Few young skins require an astringent, but if yours does, don't be afraid to use one.

Don't think your skin can bloom if it's constantly exposed to wind, weather and sun, and nothing used to replenish the natural oils. Under such conditions, pat in a good nourishing cream, or use real cream, as Anita Louise does! She tells me she never neglects this when she feels her skin needs it.

One word more (and a basic suggestion, too) about complexion troubles. These come, only too often, from lack of proper elimination. Watch this in yourself, always remembering that lots of water, raw salads, vegetables and fruit in your diet, and exercise, are the best ways to correct it. Don't rely on laxatives. And here's a fine exercise which is often a big help: Lie flat on your back on the floor, heels together, toes pointed downward, arms at sides. Raise right knee to chest as high as you can. Clasp both hands below the knee and give an added stretch, bringing the knee completely to the chest. Return to first position and repeat ten times, alternating the legs.

Don't worry too much about your figure. It may continue to develop all through your teens. But make it a must, that your brassieres fit you, and support, but do not bind. I get so many sad letters from women who spoiled their bust lines (*Continued on page* 110)

Even the greatest natural teen-age loveliness, like Anita Louise's, requires sensible beauty treatment.

A Clean Face

is the secret of radiant beauty!

● How *clean* is your skin? That's your most important beauty problem. For only when pores are thoroughly, deeply cleansed can one hope for a radiant, exquisitely fine complexion.

Starting today, you can be *sure* of a truly clean skin—and all the loveliness it brings. Because today Daggett & Ramsdell offers you the new *Golden Cleansing Cream*—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained!

A New Kind of Cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from other creams and lotions. It contains *Colloidal Gold,* a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new in the world of beauty. This colloidal gold has an amazing power to rid the skin pores of clogging dirt, make-up, dead tissue and other impurities that destroy complexion beauty. The action of colloidal gold is so effective that it continues to cleanse your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Contains Colloidal Gold

Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream is the only cream that brings you the deep-pore cleansing of colloidal gold. You can't see or feel this gold because it is not a metal—any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form, similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream. What you *do* see is a smooth, non-liquefying cream, rose-pink in color, suitable for cleansing every type of skin.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
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Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)
DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
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Golden Cleansing Cream
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Tested and Approved
SERIAL NO. 4324
by
Good Housekeeping Bureau
Conducted by
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

Make This Simple Test!

● Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

● Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. Your tissue shows *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Daggett & Ramsdell Dept. MF-2
Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue,
New York City

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (This offer is good in United States only.)

Name............................
Street............................
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DAGGETT & RAMSDELL GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Copr. 1937 by Daggett & Ramsdell

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Alan Mowbray seems a bit appalled by the gusto with which his guests are making inroads into the salad at his recent "at home." From left to right—Smith Ballew, Hugh Herbert, Host Mowbray, Joe Lewis and Sid Silvers.

HOT NEWS: Continued illness, which threatens seriously to impair her voice, has robbed **Grace Moore** of the honor of singing at the coronation of King George VI. She has been forced on doctors' orders to cancel the engagement.

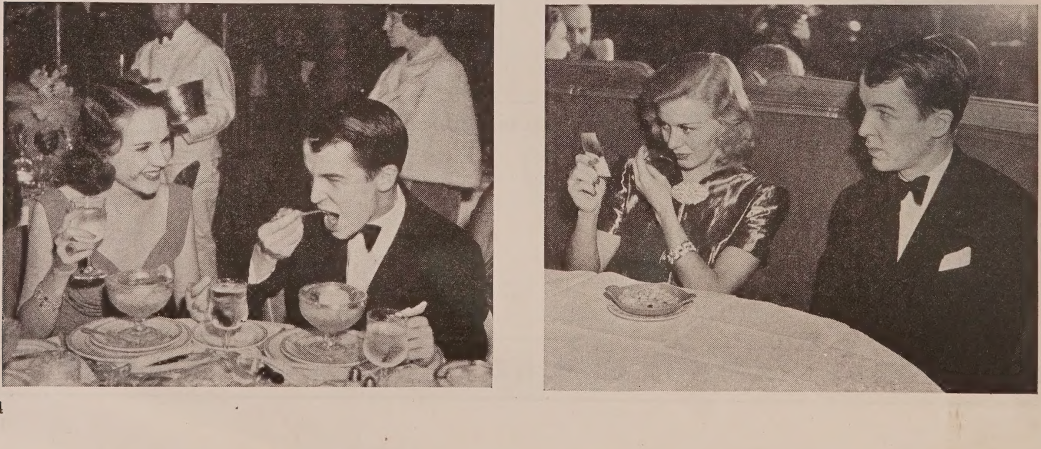
Luise Rainer and husband **Clifford Odets** plan to purchase a house in Luise's native city, Vienna, this year and will spend several months each year in the gay Austrian capital.

Evidently **Merle Oberon** and **David Niven** have decided that absence does not make the heart grow fonder. According to their friends the romance has definitely ended.

The next **Astaire-Rogers** opus will be based on the true life romance of **Vernon** and **Irene Castle.** The former Mrs. Castle is now under contract to RKO to supply the story.

More than a hundred film couples have eloped and been wed in Yuma, Arizona, during the past year and now they are worried by a Yuma judge's ruling that at least half the marriages performed there have been illegal.

Frances Langford is romancing with **Gil Kuhn,** All-American football star of the University of California.



See what happens when a wealthy young man arrives in Hollywood! Alfred Vanderbilt with Mary Brian at the Cocoanut Grove (left), and with Ginger Rogers at the Troc.

Helen Burgess, rapidly winning fame in Paramount pictures, who eloped to Yuma recently with **Herbert Rutherford,** a concert pianist, has filed suit for annulment.

The Del Mar turf club, **Bing Crosby,** President, has been granted a state permit to install and operate a race track near Rancho Santa Fe, the site of Bing's ranch. Prominent in the new racing syndicate are **Joe E. Brown, Pat O'Brien.** The new track will be opened for a ninety-day meet next July.

Anna May Wong will return to the American screen this spring as the star of a series of murder mysteries written by Fulton Oursler.

Helen Jepson, famous opera singer, has been placed under contract by Samuel Goldwyn and will make her screen debut shortly as star of the musical production, "Goldwyn Follies."

Jeanette MacDonald is delaying a vacation trip until **Gene Raymond** is out of danger from incipient pneumonia.

The grab shot of the month! Claudette Colbert and David Niven hurrying back to the studio for their broadcast. They forgot the time, chatting downstairs, until they heard Cecil B. DeMille introducing them over the air!

WHOO-OO! Feel that mad March wind whip your face and hands! Fight the chapping that comes from biting winds, soap, and ammonia water, with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It soaks the tender chapping with comfort. Its Vitamin D is *absorbed* by dry, water-puffed skin...gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Every drop of Hinds works better—softening, smoothing skin!

SEE HOW THIS LOTION WITH VITAMIN D SOOTHES CHAPPED SKIN

"THEY LOOK GRAND since I've been using Hinds!" Smooth *your* hands with the lotion that contains the "sunshine" vitamin. This Vitamin D is actually absorbed—gives dry skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds for soft and charming hands!

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

Hinds, with "Sunshine" Vitamin, makes skin feel softer than ever!

The famous Hinds Honey and Almond Cream now contains Vitamin D. This vitamin is *absorbed* by the skin. Seems to smooth it! Now, more than ever, Hinds soothes and softens the dryness, stinging "skin cracks," chapping, and tenderness caused by wind, cold, heat, hard water, and housework. Every drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

DAILY RADIO TREAT: Ted Malone . . . inviting you to help yourself to Happiness and to Beauty. Mon. to Fri., 12:15 pm E. S. T., over WABC-CBS.

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

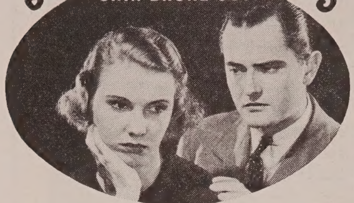
HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

Dull-Listless

—SKIN BROKE OUT!



● Constipation got me down so badly that I was mean to the very people I liked best. I just couldn't help it. Certain laxatives were so repulsive that I hated to take them. I hadn't yet learned how to avoid out-of-date "dosing." Then I found out something I'll always remember.

Here's the lesson she learned

THE 3 MINUTE WAY! Three minutes of chewing make the difference

● In desperation I consulted my druggist. He advised FEEN-A-MINT. "It's different!" he said. I tried it—found it tasted just like delicious chewing gum. Thanks to FEEN-A-MINT, life became so different. All of me felt better at once. Exit sickish feeling, headache, "blues." I sang with joy to see the color in my cheeks. My mirror whispered—"You're yourself again!"

And she's so happy now

● Now life is so *different* for this girl, just as it is for over 16 million other FEEN-A-MINT users. FEEN-A-MINT is thorough, satisfying. The chewing is what helps make it so wonderfully dependable. Acts gently in the lower bowel, not in the stomach. No griping, no nausea. Not habit-forming. Economical. Delicious flavor and dependability make it the favorite at all ages. Sample free. Write Dept. O-9. FEEN-A-MINT, Newark, N. J.

FOR ADULTS AND CHILDREN
Feen-a-mint
THE CHEWING GUM LAXATIVE
NO TASTE BUT THE MINT

Family-sized boxes only 15c & 25c

Slightly higher in Canada

RESERVATIONS

Gala day at Paramount, when the entire industry saluted Adolph Zukor and his Silver Jubilee. Left—Will Hays presents the guest of honor with a book of prints. Below—screenland's favorite "married couple," Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles. Still further down—Phil Berg helps Wallace Beery decipher the evening's program.

Gloria Stuart has purchased a weekly newspaper and gratified a long-time ambition to be a publisher.

Basil Rathbone is leaving the house where his friend **John Milturn** was accidentally killed to get away from memories of the tragedy. He plans to buy another house.

Gertrude Michael and **Douglass Montgomery** are a brand new romance team.

Billie Burke wishes to deny reports of eastern papers of her romance with **John Harkrider.** He was an old friend of **Florenz Ziegfeld's.**

Connie Bennett is hurrying home loaded with new gowns for "Topper."

* * *

IN spite of Clark Gable's indignant denials and shouted protests: "Do I look like the kind of guy who would faint?" he really *did* collapse on the "Parnell" set a few weeks ago. And what's more, he was unconscious for so long that the report swept the studio that Gable was dying. He had been working for three days with a raging fever and a severe cold.

* * *

WHEN Toby Wing and Pinky Tomlin announced their engagement on the eve of their recent personal appearance tour, everyone suspected a publicity hoax. But the engagement was on the level and they will be marching down the aisle together about April first.

* * *

MIRIAM HOPKINS' purchase of the John Gilbert mansion is a testimonial to her courage. If ever a house should be haunted, it is that rambling Spanish mansion where John Gilbert, a broken-hearted man who considered himself a failure, shut himself away from the world and mourned for his lost stardom for more than a year before his tragic death.

Miriam will have the house completely remodelled before establishing her residence there.

* * *

FROM one of the two people who witnessed the extremely unpretentious wedding of Luise Rainer and Clifford Odets, comes the following highlight.

An hour or so before the ceremony, Luise suddenly decided that there should be flowers. Hurriedly hanging a linen bed sheet over the huge front window of her living room, she next dashed out into her garden and returned, a few moments later, with an enormous basket overflowing with crimson carnations. One by one, she pinned them on the sheet until she had completed a design. In the center of the sheet, the carnations formed a huge heart. On either side of it were the names "Luise" and "Clifford."

And there are people who say that simplicity cannot exist in Movietown!

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is all a-jitter again. This time it is over the expected arrival of the colorful Viennese actress, Luli Deste, who played opposite Edward G. Robinson in the British-made picture, "Thunder in the City." Luli, a glamorous, glamour lady from across the water, has been placed under long term contract by Columbia and will be starred immediately.

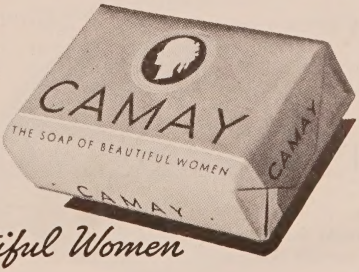
* * *

MADGE EVANS and fight-promoter Tom Gallery (once married to ZaSu Pitts) have been engaged for some three years but have shied away from marriage for fear it might retard Madge's career. According to a close friend, they are now through shying and will apply for a marriage license before June.

* * *

THAT engagement between June Lang and Vic Orsatti, a prominent Hollywood agent, went *pfft,* very temporarily,

Still together! Gable (note his "Parnell" sideburns!) and Carole Lombard arriving for the big Jubilee dinner.



"Camay keeps my skin looking *Fresh as a Daisy*"

SAYS THIS CAPTIVATING OHIO BRIDE

CLEVELAND, OHIO

I have two hobbies, Camay and dancing. Camay is so delightful to use—it keeps my skin looking fresh as a daisy.

(Signed) Ann Hunt,
(Mrs. Fredric Hunt)

February 27, 1937

FROM her dancing brown eyes to her dancing feet, the new Mrs. Hunt is such a *vital*, radiant young beauty. Everything about her is glowing and natural—even to her exquisite Camay Complexion!

She keeps her skin lovely, as *you* should *yours*, by simple care with deep-cleansing Camay. Camay is right for your skin—a beauty soap that gives your face the gentle, thorough, stimulating cleansing it needs for brighter beauty.

Then Camay's so *pleasant*—mild and delightfully fragrant. Mildness in a beauty soap is very important. And Camay, tested time after time against all other leading soaps, is *definitely, provably* milder.

Buy Camay today. The price is small—the rewards are great.

Let Camay bring your loveliness to light.

CAMAY

TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

as the result of a torrid quarrel in the Trocadero. But the misunderstanding is now patched up and plans for an early spring wedding are being made.

As one tough guy to another—Benny Baker and George Raft shake hands on their home lot at the elaborate dinner and broadcast honoring the Silver Jubilee.

* * *

ELIZABETH ALLAN leaves ripples of envy behind her wherever she goes these days. She has just signed a contract to star in two pictures for a London studio and will arrive in England in time for the coronation.

* * *

A seldom-photographed pair, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Arnold, at the dinner (note the busy photographer in background).

MARY MAGUIRE, Warner Brothers' Australian importation, likes California—and her weekly check—so much that she is seeking an immigration quota number and will file her first citizenship papers this spring.

* * *

THEY say that the unusually cold winter in Southern California was caused by the frozen silence which reigned in the Fred Astaire household for a week or so. It seems that Mrs. Fred wanted to lay a ten spot on Bing Crosby's horse, "Fight On," at Santa Anita. Fred talked her out of it—and "Fight On" galloped home a winner, paying sixty to one.

* * *

AFTER a year of off-again, on-again contradictions, Arline Judge has at last filed suit for divorce from Director Wesley Ruggles.

* * *

THE announcement that Olive Emerson will be the singing star of a new radio program attracted little attention in Hollywood. But the film colony would be more interested if it were generally known that Olive Emerson is Mrs. Edward Arnold. Regarded as real talent at the time of her marriage, she gave up her career to mother Edward Arnold's three children by a former marriage.

* * *

ONE night recently at the Casanova, the master of ceremonies stepped to the center of the dance floor, held up his hand, and announced:

"I want to introduce one of the greatest stars in screen history—Clara Bow!"

The spotlight shifted to a floor-side table where Clara, a bit heavier and a bit more sedate than she used to be, took a bow. The crowd almost tore the building down with their tumultuous applause.

"I guess they haven't forgotten you," one of Clara's party whispered.

Clara didn't answer—but there were tears streaming down her cheeks.

* * *

FOR four days before Jean Harlow flew to Washington, D. C., to attend the Inaugural Ball, she was on the verge of hysteria. She had ordered a very, very formal gown for the great occasion. Before it was finished, the fashion creator was rushed to the hospital with influenza. No one else could carry out his work, and Jean—poor Jean—didn't have a single other gown that would suit!

* * *

GRACIE FIELDS, England's number one screen triumph, has just signed a long term contract with 20th Century-Fox. She is to receive a weekly salary that will make even hardened Hollywood observers say "Oomph!" Besides being a clever comedienne, the lady sings and dances.

* * *

IRENE CASTLE, once the most famous ballroom dancer in the world, arrived in Hollywood a few weeks ago and refused to be quoted on the nature of her business, other than that a picture will be made based on

Above—Zukor smiles with pride at one of his company's latest discoveries, no less than Martha Raye herself. Left—the Fred MacMurrays (Lillian Lamont, of course) and Mrs. Lloyd Nolan reading the program.

A SECRET FORMULA MAKES THIS TOOTH PASTE AN EXQUISITE

Beauty Bath for Teeth

Double Size
LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY

● Delicate . . . gentle . . . fragrant . . . the dainty cleansers in Listerine Tooth Paste are combined in a special beauty formula which no other tooth paste has. You get results that simply astonish you. Many a New York and Hollywood beauty familiar with every type will use only this gentler, beauty-giving dentifrice.

A Fragrant Milky Bath

Listerine Tooth Paste first sweeps away from teeth and gums that greasy coat that makes them look old. Then it forms a fragrant, milky white solution that bathes the teeth from gum to tip and permits their natural brilliance to stand revealed. They flash . . . they gleam . . . they attract . . . the entire mouth feels fresh . . . invigorated.

Precious Enamel Ever Safe

You need not regard this dentifrice with suspicion. It is not too harsh, as so many are. Not one of its ingredients can possibly harm precious enamel. Actual tests show that, after the equivalent of 10 years of twice-a-day brushing, the enamel is unmarred and brilliant.

Why not see for yourself how this tooth paste beautifies your teeth? Why not try the beauty bath that famous beauties use?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

A TONIC FOR THE GUMS
WHEN USED WITH MASSAGE

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau Conducted by Good Housekeeping Magazine

More than ¼ POUND of tooth paste in the double size tube · 40¢
Regular size tube, 25¢

the spectacular dance career of herself and the late Vernon Castle. From sources near the throne of RKO, however, we learn that that studio is offering her plenty to be its dance director.

* * *

THAT time-honored laugh team, Charles Ruggles and Mary Boland, is no more. Mary has refused to re-sign with Paramount and will freelance; Charlie is to be cast in more dramatic roles.

* * *

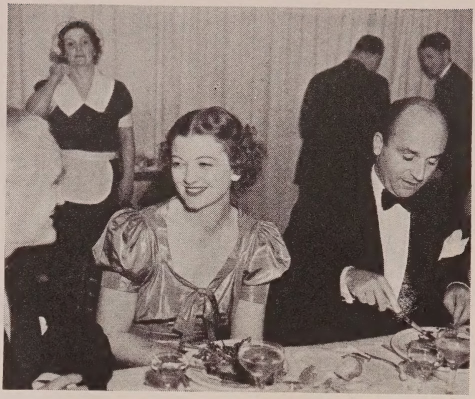
TIPOFF on Evelyn Venable's blessed event scheduled for March came when some one inspected her charm bracelet and found two baby carriages dangling from it. Hal Mohr, director, wants a boy but this is one picture he can't cast!

* * *

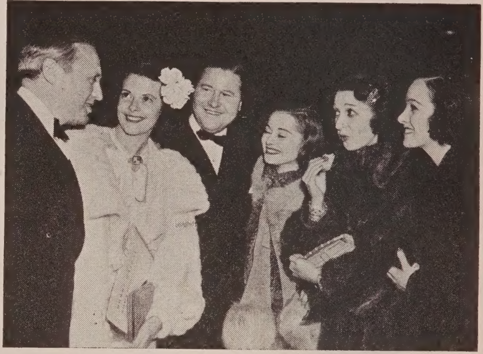
DID Dick Powell quarrel with Louella Parsons over their radio program? Inside Stuff has the lowdown; there was no tiff, Dick was simply wanted by Warners for a dazzling new program featuring all Warner stars and movies. That's the real reason Dick went off the air.

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE entertained the Ballet Russe at a studio luncheon. All they wanted was to have her dance a few steps. Shirley willingly obliged.



No company lines on this occasion! Myrna Loy (left) is one of M-G-M's biggest stars—but husband Arthur Hornblow is one of Paramount's biggest executives.



And still more film celebrities gathered to honor that great pioneer of filmland, Adolph Zukor! From left to right, Jack Benny, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Oakie, little Eleanore Whitney, Mrs. Benny (pardon, Mary Livingstone), Priscilla Lawson.

"Fascinating!"

... Men Say of These Three Stars

... wouldn't you like to have others say this about you?

ROCHELLE HUDSON, *20th Century-Fox*

ALICE FAYE, *20th Century-Fox*

CLAIRE TREVOR, *20th Century-Fox*

DISCOVER *how you, too, can have appealing loveliness with color harmony make-up created by Max Factor, Hollywood make-up genius.*

Powder Secret

"Your skin will look radiant, satin-smooth, if you use Max Factor's Powder in your color harmony shade," says Rochelle Hudson, "because the color is created to dramatize your type, and the texture appears perfect, even in a close-up. Max Factor's Powder, $1.

Rouge Magic

"Your cheeks will have a lasting, lifelike color if you use your color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge," says Alice Faye, "its creamy-smooth texture blends evenly, clings for hours." Max Factor's Rouge, 50¢

New Lip Make-Up

"Your lips will have an alluring color," says Claire Trevor, "if you use Max Factor's *Super*-Indelible Lipstick in the color harmony shade for your type. Moisture-proof, it gives the lips an even, lasting color." Max Factor's *Super*-Indelible Lipstick, $1.

Max Factor ★ Hollywood

ROCHELLE HUDSON *in "WOMAN-WISE"*
ALICE FAYE *in "ON THE AVENUE"*
CLAIRE TREVOR *in "CAREER WOMAN"*
NEW 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURES

MAIL FOR POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood:
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder and Rouge Sampler in my color harmony shade; also Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and 48-page Illustrated Instruction book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"...... FREE
25-4-6

NAME__________
STREET__________
CITY__________ STATE__________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ... ☐	Blue ..... ☐	BLONDE
Fair .... ☐	Gray ..... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ..... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ..... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy ...... ☐	Brown ... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ..... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive ...... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark..... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

GEORGE BRENT didn't like a part offered him by another studio. That's why he disappeared. His desert retreat has no telephone. Nobody knows where it is—so how can they argue with him?

Foxy George!

* * *

LESLIE HOWARD, playing his "Hamlet" in Los Angeles, says no more movies for him. Conrad Nagel, in the stage version of Howard's movie, "The Petrified Forest," playing at El Capitan Theater, wants nothing more than to be back in movies.

Such is life!

* * *

FIREBRAND Jean Muir, who always speaks the truth even if it hurts, was on the verge of losing her Warner contract for this annoying habit, when two studios started bidding for her. Selznick made overtures to put her in "Prisoner of Zenda" with Ronald Colman, RKO borrowed her for "Outcasts of Poker Flat." Now Warners may not let her contract go. So speak your mind, folks, and get ahead in the world.

* * *

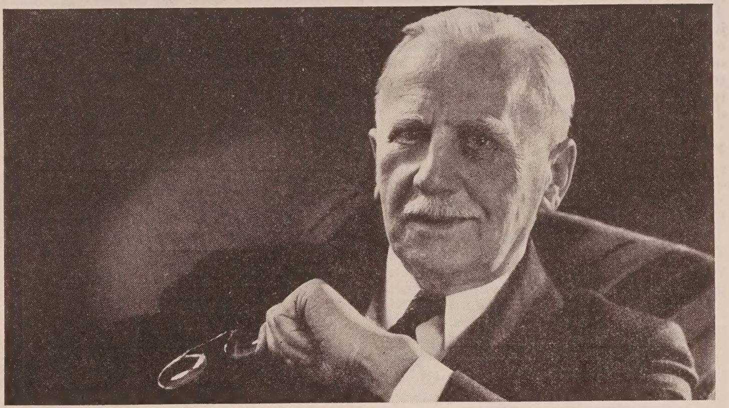
SIMONE SIMON, making "Seventh Heaven" with Jimmy Stewart, may fall in love with him . . . that's what happened to Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell when romancing in that film.

Even an old hill-billy has to mind his manners on such a dignified occasion! Bob Burns and Harriet Foster eating their Jubilee meal.

Simone and Jimmy went to see the play, "Boy Meets Girl," together. Jimmy wore a stubble of beard, and an autograph hunter, getting Simone's signature, wanted to know who the bearded man was.

Mistinguette, French artist of the

What doctors tell you to look for in a laxative



SOMETIMES a simple little question put to your doctor will reveal how thoroughly he guards your health—*even in minor matters.*

Just take the question of laxatives, for instance. You may be surprised to learn that doctors are deeply concerned about this subject. So much so, in fact, that before they will approve a laxative, that laxative must meet their own strict specifications.

Read the following requirements. And ask yourself, "Does *my* laxative qualify on every point?"

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

Ex-Lax passes this test with colors flying! Ex-Lax fulfills *every* requirement. In fact, Ex-Lax meets these demands so fairly that many doctors use it in their own homes, for their own families. And Ex-Lax has helped so many millions of other people...people you know, probably ...that they have made it the most widely-used laxative in the whole world.

TRY EX-LAX . . . FEEL BETTER

Ex-Lax is intended to help, not interfere with Nature. That is why you'll find Ex-Lax so mild, so free from violence. It affords thorough relief from constipation, without strain, stomach pains or nausea.

The easy, comfortable action of Ex-Lax leaves you feeling better...*looking* better ...with a greater zest for enjoying life. Children, of course, find such action especially beneficial. For the requirements laid down by the doctor are *doubly* important to a child.

One more advantage—Ex-Lax is a real pleasure to take. For it tastes just like delicious chocolate. Once you try it, you will be through with nasty, druggy-tasting cathartics for good. All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard) F-47
Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name..........
Address..........
City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

If you do not . . .
REDUCE
your HIPS and WAIST
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
. . . it will cost you nothing!

"Reduced My Hips 9 Inches" says Miss Healy
● "I am so enthusiastic about the wonderful results from my Perfolastic Girdle. It seems almost impossible that my hips have been reduced 9 inches without the slightest diet."—Miss Jean Healy, 299 Park Avenue, New York.

Thousands of attractive women owe lovely, slender figures to Perfolastic!

BECAUSE we receive enthusiastic letters from women all over the country in every mail . . . because we find that most Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in ten days . . . we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. We are upheld by the experience of not one but thousands of women. The statements reproduced here are but a few representative examples chosen at random from their astonishing letters.

No Diet, Drugs or Exercise

You need not diet or deny yourself the good things of life. You need take no dangerous drugs or tiring exercises. You are absolutely SAFE when you wear the Perfolastic Girdle.

Appear Smaller At Once

You *appear* inches smaller the minute you step into your Perfolastic and then quickly, comfortably . . . without effort on your part . . . it takes off the unwanted inches at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm . . . the spots where fat first accumulates.

"REDUCED FROM SIZE 42 TO SIZE 18"
"I wore size 42 and now I wear an 18! I eat everything."
Mrs. E. Faust, Minneapolis, Minn.

"REDUCED 6½ INCHES"
"Lost 20 pounds, reduced hips 6½ inches and waist 5 inches."
Mrs. I. C. Thompson, Denver, Colo.

"SMALLER AT ONCE"
"I immediately became 3 inches smaller in the hips when first fitted."
Miss Ouida Browne, Briarcliff Manor, N. Y.

"LOST 60 POUNDS"
"I reduced my waist 9 inches, my hips 8 inches and have lost 60 pounds!"
Mrs. W. P. Derr, Omaha, Neb.

"A GIRDLE I LIKE"
"I never owned a girdle I liked so much. I reduced 26 lbs."
Miss Esther Marshall, Vallejo, Calif.

"6 INCHES FROM HIPS"
"I lost 6 inches from my hips, 4 inches from my waist and 20 lbs."
Mrs. J. J. Thomas, New Castle, Pa.

"HIPS 12 INCHES SMALLER"
"I just can't praise your girdle enough. My hips are 12 inches smaller."
Miss Zella Richardson, Scottdale, Pa.

"LOST 49 POUNDS"
"Since wearing my Perfolastic I have lost 49 pounds. I wore a size 40 dress and now wear size 36."
Miss Mildred DuBois, Newark, N. J.

"REDUCED FROM 43 TO 34½ INCHES!"
"My hips measured 43 inches. I was advised to wear Perfolastic after a serious operation and now my hips are only 34½ inches!"
Miss Billie Brian, La Grange, Ky.

GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately

Surely you would like to test the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE and BRASSIERE . . . for 10 days without cost!

You cannot afford to miss this chance to prove to yourself the quick reducing qualities of Perfolastic! Because we are so sure you will be thrilled with the results, we want you to test it for 10 days at our expense. Note how delightful the soft, silky lining feels next to the body . . . hear the admiring comments of friends. Let us send you a sample of material and FREE illustrated booklet, giving description of garments, details of our 10-day trial offer and many amazing letters from Perfolastic wearers. Mail coupon today!

The excerpts from unsolicited letters herewith are genuine and are quoted with full permission of the writers.
Notary Public

PERFOLASTIC, INC.
Dept. 284, 41 E. 42nd St., New York City
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!
Name.......................................
Address.......................................
City.......................State...........

Not so camera-shy now? Realtor Frank Ross and his actress-wife, Jean Arthur, at Trocadero.

million dollar legs, will be Simone's house guest for three months.

Simone has sent her mother, in Paris, a French translation of the script of "Seventh Heaven."

Simone Simon has quit playing ping pong.

* * *

PAUL KELLY is an ardent fight fan, and his favorite is Mike Belloise, featherweight. Mike sent Paul a tinted photo of himself, but the glass was broken in transit.

Paul left the picture on the sofa for a moment, and his dog "Toffy," came along and licked all the paint off it!

* * *

IT is common gossip (whether it be true or not) that William Powell paid more than $100,000 for that star sapphire ring he presented to Jean Harlow. Either way, it weighs exactly 152 carats and is just about the size of a pigeon's egg. She wears it. in the picture, "Personal Property" which she is making with Robert Taylor. This gives everybody a chance to see what all Hollywood has been admiring.

Here's a quip they tell about the famous stone. A flash of lightning during a rain storm caused a preview crowd to quail. Promptly said Fred Keating, "That was just Jean Harlow flicking her sapphire."

* * *

SHIRLEY TEMPLE entertained the ten-year-old daughter of Mexico City's chief of police at her home. Shirley and Dolores Gonzales got along very well in spite of the fact that Dolores can't speak English and Shirley can't speak Spanish. After an afternoon playing with dolls and riding Shirley's two ponies, it was time to leave. Shirley rose majestically to the occasion. She thought hard and she remembered one Spanish word.

"Adios," she said happily.

Dolores, with real *savoir faire,* mustered her one English word.

"Hello," she answered.

* * *

JOAN CRAWFORD and Franchot Tone are doing a burn-up because radio columnists have rumored them on the verge of a separation. Joan indignantly denies all.

Brian Donlevy, Glenda Farrell, Donald Wood, Chester Morris, Fay Wray and Basil Rathbone at Fay's home to discuss the plans for the annual dance of Screen Actors' Guild.

There's no director needed at the Tropics to show Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond how to register happiness!

MATRIMONIAL speculation haloes the pretty head of Dixie Dunbar, who recently broke a year-long engagement to a Beverly Hills automobile dealer. It's Carl Laemmle, Jr. now. Five dates on as many successive nights—and is the town buzzing!

* * *

MARION DAVIES' next opus is a comedy-drama entitled "Ever Since Eve." It's been readied to the last million-dollar detail. Everybody is waiting—including Robert Montgomery who will share honors with Davies—for the arrival (*Continued on page* 116)

AFTER THE MOVIES . . . D-A-Z-Z-L-I-N-G LIGHTS

"powder must not show up all chalky"

A quick dab at your face as you leave the movie. Then out into the bright lights! Are you wondering how your powder looks? Dreading its showing up terribly?

In a recent inquiry, Pond's got twice the vote of the next-liked powder for not showing up in strong light.

Pond's colors are "glare-proof." They catch only the softer rays of light. Never look "powdery" even in the hardest light.

Special ingredients make Pond's cling—stay fresh looking for hours. Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades

Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PD Clinton, Conn. Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

(This offer expires June 1, 1937)

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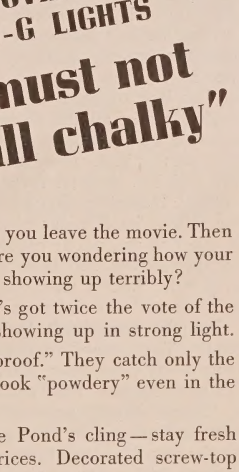


MOVIE MIRROR
VOL. I NO. 4
APRIL 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA BUXTON

THAT little incident which was so highly publicized during her stay in New York caused Norma Shearer a great deal of personal anguish. It was highly unfortunate all around, but it's easy to see how the mistake occurred. An over-zealous columnist reported that Norma was doing the night clubs here with "Shipwreck" Kelly, wealthy socialite and former football star. In reality, the girl who had appeared briefly with "Shipwreck" at the Kit-Kat Club *once* was Norma's sister, Athole, who looks enough like her to be a twin—particularly when she smiles that dazzling Shearer smile. The whole mix-up might have been just an amusing anecdote (especially since Athole is very happily married to Howard Hawks, the director), if it had not been for the great tragedy still hovering in the background. For Norma hasn't succeeded in forgetting her loss. She spent her time here very quietly, a simply dressed woman in black, beautiful in spite of her lack of make-up. She attended nearly all the theaters, interested as always in everything that goes on in the profession which she and her husband loved so devotedly. Naturally, she was hurt by the callous implications of the item in question and nearly cut short the vacation which had been intended to give her such a welcome change of scene and new interests.

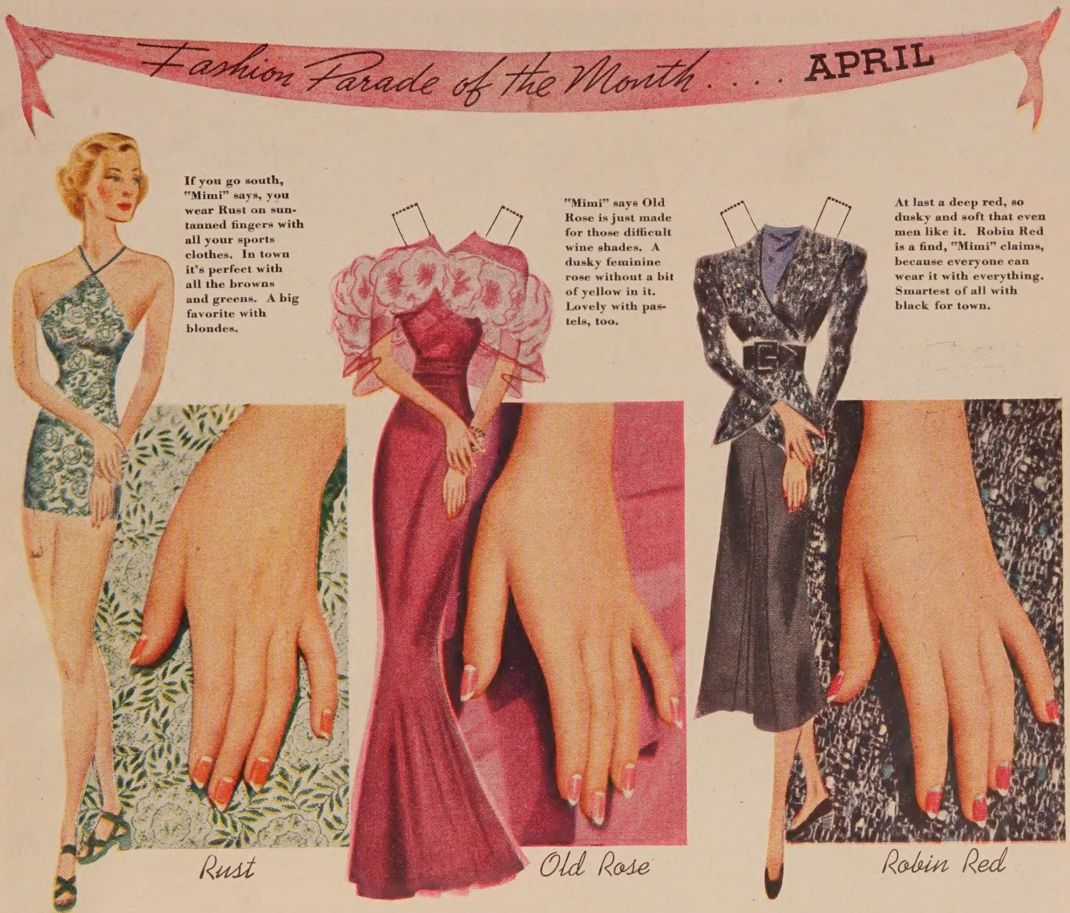
But the item didn't bother her public. They knew Norma too well. Only a day or so later, Norma and her mother were in the audience at a "Stage Door" matinee. They were enthusiastic in their applause for the star, Margaret Sullavan, and perhaps just a bit puzzled by the fact that the applause grew even louder after the first act curtain had been down for some minutes. Finally, her mother turned to her and said, "I believe that's for you, Norma." They looked around. Every spectator in the balcony was standing, clapping hands and beaming at Norma. As she turned, the members in the orchestra seats also rose. "Oh, my," said Norma, for once deserted by her famous poise, "but I—I'm embarrassed! What do I do now?" "You'd better stand up and take a bow," Mrs. Shearer advised sympathetically.

Only those who know the cynical, indifferent attitude of New York audiences can appreciate what an unusual tribute this was—a tribute to someone who meant more to them than a movie star, more than a beautiful woman. It was a tribute to an ideal, a symbol of the best and finest that a great industry has given us. And it must have meant a great deal to Norma, this reaffirmation of faith and devotion from an often fickle public!

GUESTS in the lobby of the rather swanky Essex House were amazed recently at the spectacle of a tomboyish figure flying through the lobby on roller skates, dark hair flying and rosy cheeks glowing. It was Jane Withers on her way to Central Park across the street, determined to get in a little skating even if the weather man wouldn't oblige with a real winter climate so that she could try out her brand-new ice skates. She spent as much of her time as possible playing in the park, getting a bit of relaxation between personal appearance engagements in Boston and Cleveland, with two bodyguards in constant attendance. One of these was Jack Trent, her regular bodyguard, but the other was one assigned by the New York Police, Edward Goodwin of the 14th detective squad. It was no grim guardianship either, for even when Jane caught a slight cold and had to spend a day indoors, the trio stayed together. All day long, over and over, Jane kept Goodwin busy with tales of crime detection and gang-bustin'. She'll probably grow up to be a G-woman yet! When at last she left, a possibly relieved but very grateful Goodwin said, "I never had so much fun in all my life!"

THE stars in town are certainly letting their hair down these days. New York is almost achieving the breezy informality and the infectiously young high spirits of Hollywood. Tiny Lily Pons has been practicing her ballet lessons with all the gusto of a six-year-old in her first days of dancing school. Not satisfied with her position as one of the most popular prima donnas at the dignified Metropolitan Opera, she is preparing to dance, too. For an hour each day, she visits Michael Fokine's huge, exotically muraled uptown studio and takes her lessons from the great master of the Imperial Russian Ballet. (*Continued on page 117*)

Not content to be just prima donna, film star and radio star, Lily Pons studies dancing, too, with the celebrated Fokine!


Fashion Parade of the Month . . . APRIL
Rust
Old Rose
Robin Red

If you go south, "Mimi" says, you wear Rust on sun-tanned fingers with all your sports clothes. In town it's perfect with all the browns and greens. A big favorite with blondes.

"Mimi" says Old Rose is just made for those difficult wine shades. A dusky feminine rose without a bit of yellow in it. Lovely with pastels, too.

At last a deep red, so dusky and soft that even men like it. Robin Red is a find, "Mimi" claims, because everyone can wear it with everything. Smartest of all with black for town.

Miss Mimi Richardson shows how she wears the new "Smoky" Nail Shades

BERMUDA. Miss Mimi Richardson, smart New Yorker, winters in a water-green bathing suit and Cutex Rust nails on fingers and toes.

WASHINGTON, D. C. Miss Mimi Richardson, in wine chiffon and Cutex Old Rose nails, dines and dances with a well-known noble foreigner.

LONG ISLAND, N. Y. Miss Mimi Richardson inspects a famous polo player's "string" in smart black tweeds with Cutex Robin Red nails.

POPULAR with half a dozen smart sets, pretty "Mimi" knows all about clothes—and how to make them do the most for her.

She's tremendously impressed with the flattering new Cutex "smoky" nail shades. "Their smoky softness makes ordinary polishes look terribly crude," she says.

Cut out the figures above, if you like, and get the effect of "Mimi's" 3 favorite Cutex "smoky" shades with the different color costumes.

Then, go over your own wardrobe. You can make yourself look smarter and fresher—and twice as feminine—in clothes worn with the right "smoky" shades of Cutex.

Polish by Cutex is famous for its lustre and its long wear without peeling or cracking. And the new formula resists both fading in sunny climes and thickening in the bottle. It evaporates less than half as much as ordinary polishes. You can use it right down to the last gay drop.

Make your fingers as glamorous as "Mimi's." You can afford to buy at least 3 beautiful shades—at only 35¢ a large bottle. 11 smart shades to choose from. At your favorite shop anywhere.

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

8 other smart Cutex shades

BURGUNDY—New deep, purply wine shade. Wear with pastels, black, white, wine, blue.

ROSE—Lovely with pastels, correct with difficult colors.

CORAL—Charming with beige, gray, green, black, dark brown.

RUBY—Goes with any color—a grand accent for black.

NATURAL—Safe with the most vivid shades, smart for active sports.

Also Mauve, Light Rust and bright Cardinal.

CUTEX
CREME POLISH
Old Rose
CUTEX Creme POLISH
OLD ROSE

CUTEX INTRODUCTORY SET containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Cutex Oily Polish Remover and the new Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover for 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-B-4
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐ Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

Name____________________

Address____________________

City State

'ROUND-THE-WORLD CALENDAR
OF A CALIFORNIA LADY

Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III

Dinner parties in the Pasadena house
Midnight snacks at Hollywood's "Troc"
Bridge and Polo at Midwick
Sailing and aquaplaning at Montecito

Santa Barbara for tennis and horseback
New York for important "opening nights"
Winter jaunts to Mexico, the West Indies, or Europe
Annual visit to her husband's estate in Kauai, Hawaii

THE beautiful Mrs. Spalding, shown on her husband's sloop "Hurulu," is a skilled yachtswoman. Her enjoyment of the sea illustrates her charming zest for life. She travels, she entertains, and smokes Camels—as many as she pleases. "Camels are so mild," she says, "they never get on my nerves. And everybody knows how they help digestion!" Smoking Camels sets up a natural, abundant flow of digestive fluids—*alkaline* digestive fluids—and thus encourages good digestion. At the right, Mrs. Spalding enjoys a late supper in Hollywood's Trocadero, whose host, Billy Wilkerson, says: "Camels are certainly the popular cigarette here."

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CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

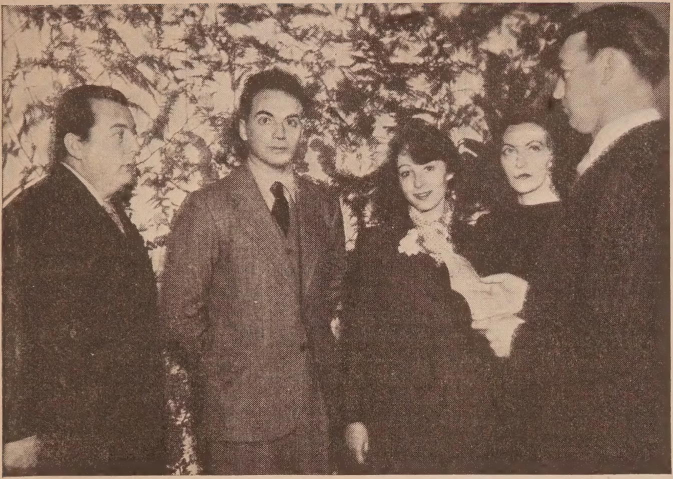
Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* • Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* • Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston*
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia* • Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York*
Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore* • Miss Anne C. Rockefeller, *New York*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* • Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE—SMOKE CAMELS



"So they were married and lived happily after." Left to right, Lewis Milestone, Playwright Odets, Luise, Mrs. Milestone, and the justice of the peace who officiated at the ceremony.

Luise Rainer REDISCOVERS LOVE

You won't understand her happiness, now that she's wed Clifford Odets, until you read the story of her tragic first romance

By MARJORIE HAYNES

TO tell this story of a great happiness, I must go back to a great sorrow, but only to show, with awe and reverence, how splendidly wise are the ways of Providence.

She looked so happy, little Luise Rainer, that day she appeared at the Los Angeles marriage bureau with Clifford Odets, the famous playwright, to apply for a marriage license. She was bubbling over with happiness. Luise is shy, particularly because she is often unsure of her English and is afraid her mistakes will be laughed at. But this occasion was different.

"Me—I have much love for him," she confided to reporters. "Me—I have much joy. And it is such a lovely day, *nicht wahr?*"

Well, it wasn't such a lovely day as Southern California days go. It was chilly and blustering. It was only that all the world looked beautiful to Luise because she was in love, and was going to marry the man she adored.

"She's walking on air," one newspaperman remarked as the couple, having at last satisfied the demands of reporters for 'quotes' and photographers for pictures, left the bureau. "Yes sir, she's walking on air!"

She was walking on air, too, the day she was married. It wasn't an imposing ceremony, the Rainer-Odets wedding. It was probably one of the simplest ever conducted in Hollywood. But the bride was probably (*Continued on page 77*)

What's Happening

He's the fourth most popular male star in films, but are there danger signals ahead?

By DOROTHY MANNERS

FIVE years ago an eager young man, fresh to the movies from a band-leading job in a Pittsburgh theater, sat in the patio of his very modest bungalow home in Toluca Lake.

He was recuperating from a six-weeks' illness, a combination of breakdown and pneumonia, and while he looked tired and a little weak, he smiled gamely.

"I was grabby, that's all. I wasn't satisfied making money in pictures and getting along pretty well. No, little Dick had to go out on a personal appearance tour between pictures in place of resting. And so the kid made himself $40,000 extra, over half of which has gone into doctors and hospital bills in these past two months. Well," grinned Dick Powell, "at least I've learned a good lesson from it. All the money in the world isn't worth your health."

I'm repeating that story again now because I'm certain Dick Powell, sixth box office attraction in the movies, star of the screen and radio, is walking into something that may be ten times more serious than that collapse which occurred when he was no particular number movie hit at all!

Five years ago an ambitious young actor learned a real lesson that a great star is forgetting.

So if these words sound ominously like a warning, it is only because I sincerely hope that they will make Dick stop, look and listen, and remember that all the box-office ratings, and Crosley ratings and prestige in the world aren't worth burning yourself out for.

Frankly, I think that is what Dick is in great danger of doing. Dick—just as Wally Reid and Rudy Valentino and John Gilbert did before him—is burning himself out on the altar of great popularity and prestige and success.

Does it seem far fetched to bracket his name with those tragedies of Hollywood history? Perhaps it does now—but let's look back over the record, and a very fine and worthy one he has made, too.

Dick once told me that he often woke up pinching himself because all this had happened to an Arkansas kid who was no Romeo for looks, no dapper screen sheik, but just an average nice guy who could act a little, give audiences a lift through an infectious spirit and thrill them a little with his singing.

to Dick Powell?

Those were modest words because all he said counted double in spades with the people who have made him the fourth most popular male star in the movies.

It wasn't an accident, Dick's success. Stardom wasn't handed to him on the proverbial silver platter. He's worked hard to achieve it. He's given almost too generously of his talents and his time and his heart in his eagerness to bring himself one inch nearer his goal. Perhaps this has been the root of the whole trouble. Ambition is a wonderful thing as long as it is an inspiration. It is a serious and heartbreaking thing when it begins to drive and to punish the nerves.

And I think that is what is beginning to happen to Dick.

A little less than two months ago he gave up his master of ceremonies and stellar role on one of the most popular shows on the radio for several "polite," or shall we say "politic," reasons. One of the reasons he gave, I believe, was that his studio contract no longer permitted such concentrated work in another field. But those closest to him know that he gave up that program because he couldn't stand it any longer, he couldn't go on whipping his nerves with scene after scene and crisis after crisis without something snapping along the way; in this case, his health!

Secretly, Dick has been fighting that particular bugaboo and denying it and trying to ignore it for a long time. A year ago it almost caught up with him when he goaded himself to keep on in spite of the fact that he was worried sick about what was happening to his voice. He refused to believe the doctors who told him there would be serious consequences if he didn't heed their warnings. He fought. He said, "I won't have it this way. This can't happen to me."

But it did happen. He had a serious operation on his throat. For days he went through a private torture of wondering if his career was over forever. Fate was kind, as Fate has always been to the grand guy, Dick. He came back. But he was neither so strong nor so well as he pretended to be.

Still the grit or stubbornness or what-have-you that Dick possesses so bounteously kept him going on at a blistering pace with both careers. There were long working days at the studio followed by three strenuous nerve-wracking nights a week devoted to rehearsals and presentation of a one-hour radio show.

When he married Joan Blondell and went on the trip through the Canal, it was a happy respite. But that honeymoon in New York, with the glare, the blare and the excitement, was hectic. He came back an exhausted and nerve-torn boy—and everyone who worked with him realized it—to step right into the melee again. (*Continued on page* 106)

Marriage to Joan Blondell brought him happiness—but closer still to disaster!

THE *Real Reason* WHY

By CAROLINE SOMERS HOYT

IN HOLLYWOOD they are still talking about the tragic suicide of Ross Alexander.

"He did it because his other wife killed herself," they are saying. "He did it because he still loved her."

And in so saying, they're forgetting the heartbreak of a second girl who bears the name of Alexander—Anne Nagel Alexander; the bride with whom Ross eloped last September after a glamorous, whirlwind wooing and widowed by his own hand just four months later. They're giving to Anne Nagel in her desperate grief something which only hurts her more. They're giving her pity.

"He never loved Anne Nagel," they're saying. "He couldn't have or he wouldn't have killed himself."

But they are wrong.

You see, I knew Ross Alexander—knew the brilliance, the ego, the selfishness, the impulsiveness, the charm that made him what he was. And knowing him I am sure of something else. He did not kill himself because he mourned Aleta Friele Alexander and couldn't live without her. True, he had loved her, but he had found solace after her death and a new love with little Anne Nagel. He loved *her* as deeply and sincerely as Ross Alexander could love anybody.

No, Ross Alexander killed himself, not because of Aleta Alexander's suicide, but because he had broken his own heart!

But, you say, he had everything—everything to live for. Well, that is true—only he had too much! All of his life he had too much—too much charm, too much talent, too much persuasiveness, too much his own way, too much love. Everything came easy. He never had to fight for what he wanted. Even his early failure to get into pictures, those lean months when the breaks were bad, he dramatized until hardship became an adventure which he would rather have had than not.

And so he never learned the meaning of something which we all must understand if we are to live happily with others and ourselves. He never learned the meaning of discipline.

When things that mattered—really mattered—came into his life, he didn't know how to handle them. When people that really mattered came into his life he didn't know how to handle them, either. He hurt them cruelly, sometimes, and in so doing he also hurt himself.

Because Ross Alexander had another side. There was in his strange, contradictory being an idealism, fine and strong, which he recognized and respected but which he couldn't always (*Continued on page* 100)

Fate—and Ross Alexander—wrote a tragic scenario for these two wives: Anne Nagel (upper left), whom he widowed only four months after their marriage, and Aleta Friele, who took her own life a year ago.

Ross Alexander KILLED HIMSELF

Only the astounding truth can explode the wild, foolish rumors about his suicide!

"The Good Earth," co-starring Luise Rainer and Paul Muni, heralds an entirely new type of film venture.

Fay Bainter, Franchot Tone and Katharine Hepburn help make "Quality Street" refreshingly different.

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies, with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓ Don't Tell the Wife (RKO)

You'll See: *Guy Kibbe, Una Merkle, Lynne Overman, Thurston Hall, Guinn Williams, Frank Thomas, William Demarest.*

It's About: *A fake gold mine which, to the amazement of its shady promoters, proves a winner.*

A thrice warmed over plot. The same old gold mine turns out to be the surprise package of the age but with the superb performances of Lynne Overman and Una Merkle, this serving of hash becomes a tasty appetizer indeed.

Lynne is a reformed promoter whose past is a bit on the shady side. Convinced by his old associate (Thurston Hall) that they now have the real goods, Lynne persuades his wife (Una Merkle) to finance the mine and they're off at a gallop on the uneasy road to easy money. Guy Kibbee is chosen, because of his simple honesty, to front the company and keep down suspicion; but in his innocence, he plunges the company into commotion and later pulls them right out again.

There is enough lightweight humor running through the story to keep it pleasantly amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: A warm friendly little story enhanced with splendid acting.

Man of the People (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joseph Calleia, Florence Rice, Thomas Mitchell, Ted Healy, Catherine Doucet, Noel Madison, Edward Nugent, Paul Stanton.*

It's About: *The struggles of a poor but honest young attorney against political intrigues.*

This has all been told before. There is little originality or profundity of plot in this story but the compelling and forceful performance of Joseph Calleia as a struggling young attorney holds the interest and creates undercurrents of suspense.

Calleia, of New York's East Side, opens his law office and eagerly awaits the clients who fail to appear. Finally, in desperation, he is forced to ally himself with the unscrupulous ward boss and rises to the office of assistant district attorney. His innate honest and earnest desire to right wrongs finally prove his undoing and, forced out of office, he is compelled to fight his way back as special investigator for the state. Unfortunately his investigations of a bogus mining company involves the mother of his sweetheart (Florence Rice) and a battle of conscience versus love ensues.

Ted Healy is amusing as a stooge of flexible loyalty. Catherine Doucet and Tom Mitchell hit the spot in every scene.

Your Reviewer Says: While neither lavish nor pretentious, this proves a genuinely worthwhile picture.

Battle of Greed (Crescent)

You'll See: *Tom Keene, Gwynne Shipman, James Bush, Jimmy Butler, Robert Fiske, Carl Stockdale, Rafael Bennett, William Worthington.*

It's About: *The efforts of small prospectors to work their silver claims in the old west against the big mining companies.*

Tom Keene brings a community group into Virginia City to mine silver, but they are prevented from working their claims by a crooked mining company which bribes a judge and jury to issue injunctions against the new settlers. Despite the mining company's crooked attorney, intrigue, fighting and kidnapping, Keene cleans up the situation, restores law and order, and wins the judge's daughter.

Although Keene is kept indoors more than in his usual Westerns, his fans will like his performance. James Bush plays the youthful Mark Twain (who is a pal of Keene) very ably and Gwynne Shipman is satisfactory in the role of the honest judge's daughter. Robert Fiske is a sufficiently menacing villain, and the supporting cast is good.

Your Reviewer Says: If you like Westerns, you'll find this one satisfactory.

Superb direction and the acting of Sylvia Sidney and Henry Fonda give "You Only Live Once" unusual power.

Dick Powell has two blondes in "On the Avenue"—Alice Faye to sing with, Madeleine Carroll to make love to.

She's Dangerous (Universal)

You'll See: *Tala Birell, Cesar Romero, Walter Pidgeon, Walter Brennan, Warren Hymer, Samuel Hinds, Jonathan Hale, Franklyn Pangborn.*

It's About: *The adventures and misfortunes of a girl detective.*

There's no new plot material in this heavy crime melodrama, but you will enjoy the performance of Tala Birell.

The familiar story concerns a girl detective, hired by an insurance company to track down a gang of bond thieves. In an attempt to report her progress to chief Jonathan Hale, Tala is followed by the gang leader (Cesar Romero) who murders Hale and steals records showing she is a detective. A convenient plane crash lands Tala and Romero at the mountain cabin of Walter Pidgeon, where the girl finds romance which stands her in good stead when both she and Romero are captured and convicted as murderers.

Pidgeon plays his part with charm and conviction; Cesar Romero is good. Walter Brennan and Warren Hymer furnish comedy relief.

Your Reviewer Says: It's the weak half of a double bill.

✓Ready, Willing and Able (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Ruby Keeler, Ross Alexander, Jane Wyman, May Boley, Barnett Parker, Hugh O'Connell, Herb Ashley, Elsa Buchanan.*

It's About: *A dancer who impersonates a famous musical comedy star.*

The plot and situation in this musical picture are familiar to all moviegoers since it deals with a deserving young dancer who, through a misunderstanding, is signed for the lead in an important Broadway show. The girl (Ruby Keeler) is mistaken for a cele-

(*Continued on page* 112)

Highlights of the month: The locust plague scenes in "The Good Earth;" Ross Alexander's performance in "Ready, Willing and Able;" the entire cast, the music and direction in "On the Avenue;" and Henry Fonda's really superlative work in "You Only Live Once." Hepburn, who seems to have a poor picture for each good one, had her good one for this spring in "Quality Street." Other than the above mentioned films, the month's average is merely so-so.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

The Last of Mrs. Cheyney. **Joan Crawford waged a miniature studio war for the role of adventuring Mrs. Cheyney. William Powell and Robert Montgomery are the charmers. Expected to be terrific.**

A Day at the Races. **They're on the loose again—those madhouse Marxes. Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones and Margaret Dumont are decorations.**

PARAMOUNT

Souls At Sea. **Powerful sea drama in which Gary Cooper must select the passengers to escape from a burning ship in one life boat. George Raft (said to be stealing the picture), Frances Dee, Henry Wilcoxon, Helen Burgess.**

Clarence. **The ever-popular old stage play dusted off for Roscoe Karns, Charlotte Wynters, Johnny Downs, Eleanore Whitney and Spring Byington.**

20TH CENTURY-FOX

Nancy Steele Is Missing. **Melodrama about a gardener, Victor McLaglen, who kidnaps his wealthy employer's daughter. She grows into pretty June Lang while Vic serves a prison term. Robert Kent gets romantic lead.**

UNIVERSAL

Breezing Home. **Using beautiful Santa Anita race track as the background for much of its action, this racing picture tells of the trials of honest trainer William Gargan, and his love for horse-owning, night club singer Wendy Barrie. Binnie Barnes, Cesar Romero and Raymond Walburn support.**

WARNER BROTHERS

Call it a Day. **Taken from the London stage hit, this picture tells of a single spring day's romantic effect upon an English family. Ian Hunter, Olivia de Havilland, Frieda Inescourt, Roland Young, Alice Brady, Bonita Granville.**

The Go Getter. **George Brent is the energetic hero of this Cappy Ricks story. He wins a job with Cappy Charles Winninger and the daughter, Anita Louise. But, mind you, only after many difficulties.**

love IS news . . .

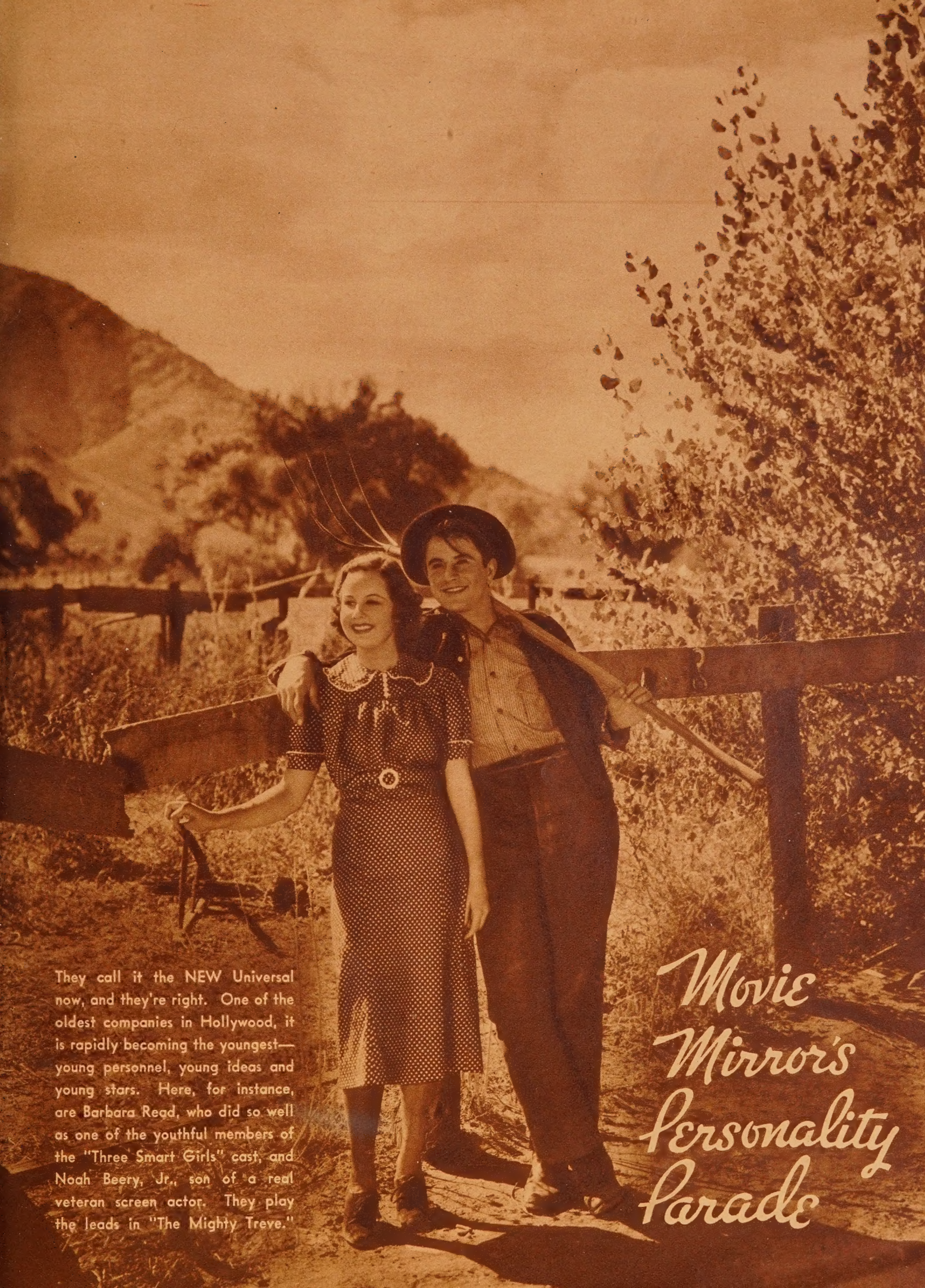
. . . when this romantic trio make their new kind of love!

TYRONE
POWER • LORETTA
YOUNG • DON
AMECHE
in
"LOVE IS NEWS"
with
SLIM SUMMERVILLE • DUDLEY DIGGES
WALTER CATLETT • GEORGE SANDERS
JANE DARWELL • STEPIN FETCHIT
PAULINE MOORE

Directed by Tay Garnett
Associate Producers Earl Carroll and Harold Wilson
DARRYL F. ZANUCK In Charge of Production

20th CENTURY FOX

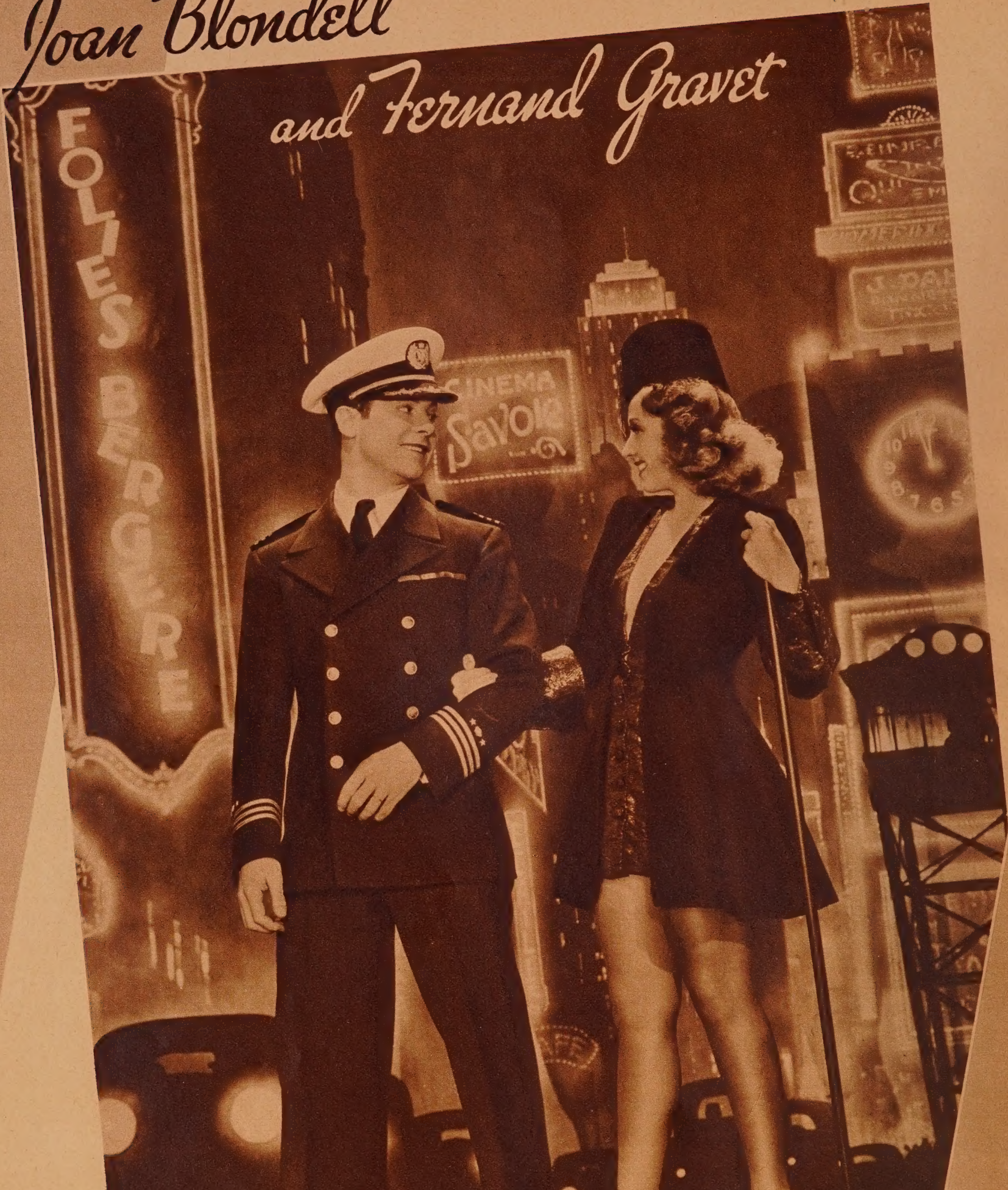
Sweethearts who might as well live in glass houses . . . their kisses crash the headlines and their nights of romance sell "Extras" in the morning! When they thrill . . . the world thrills with them . . . and so will you!—especially over Tyrone Power, the new star sensation of "Lloyds of London" in a role even more sensational!



Movie Mirror's Personality Parade

They call it the NEW Universal now, and they're right. One of the oldest companies in Hollywood, it is rapidly becoming the youngest—young personnel, young ideas and young stars. Here, for instance, are Barbara Read, who did so well as one of the youthful members of the "Three Smart Girls" cast, and Noah Beery, Jr., son of a real veteran screen actor. They play the leads in "The Mighty Treve."

Joan Blondell and Fernand Gravet

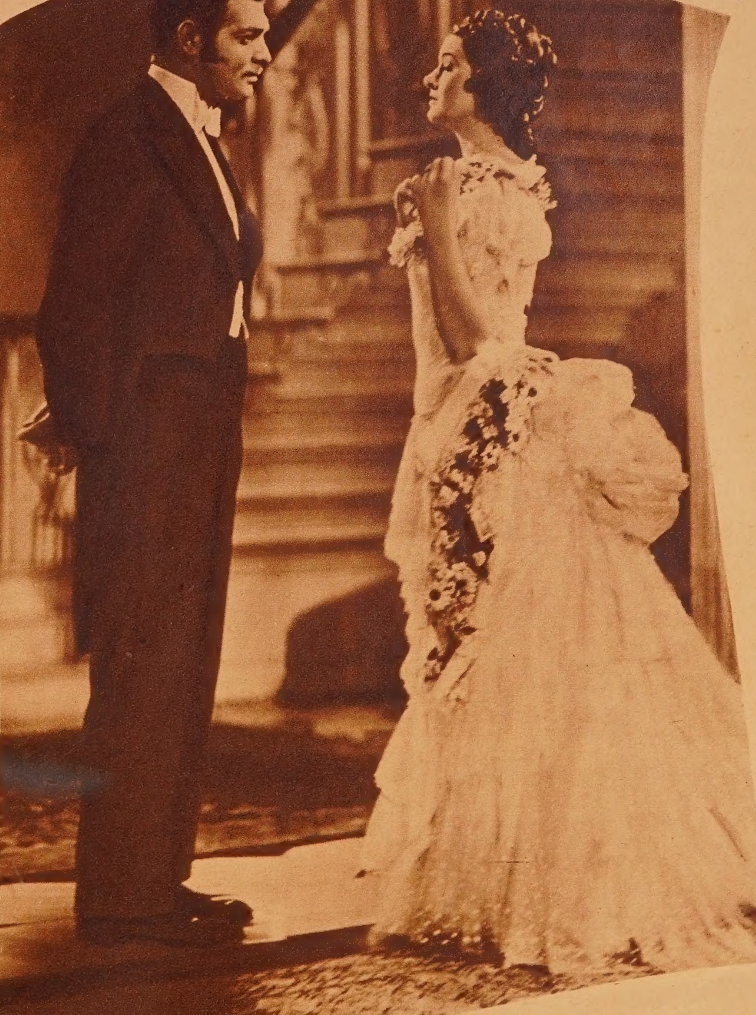


The scenario of "The King and the Chorus Girl" was bought for this young Frenchman's debut long before that much-discussed European case broke into the headlines. They say there's a great similarity in the stories—though there's a Hollywood ban on the subject.

Anita Louise and George Brent

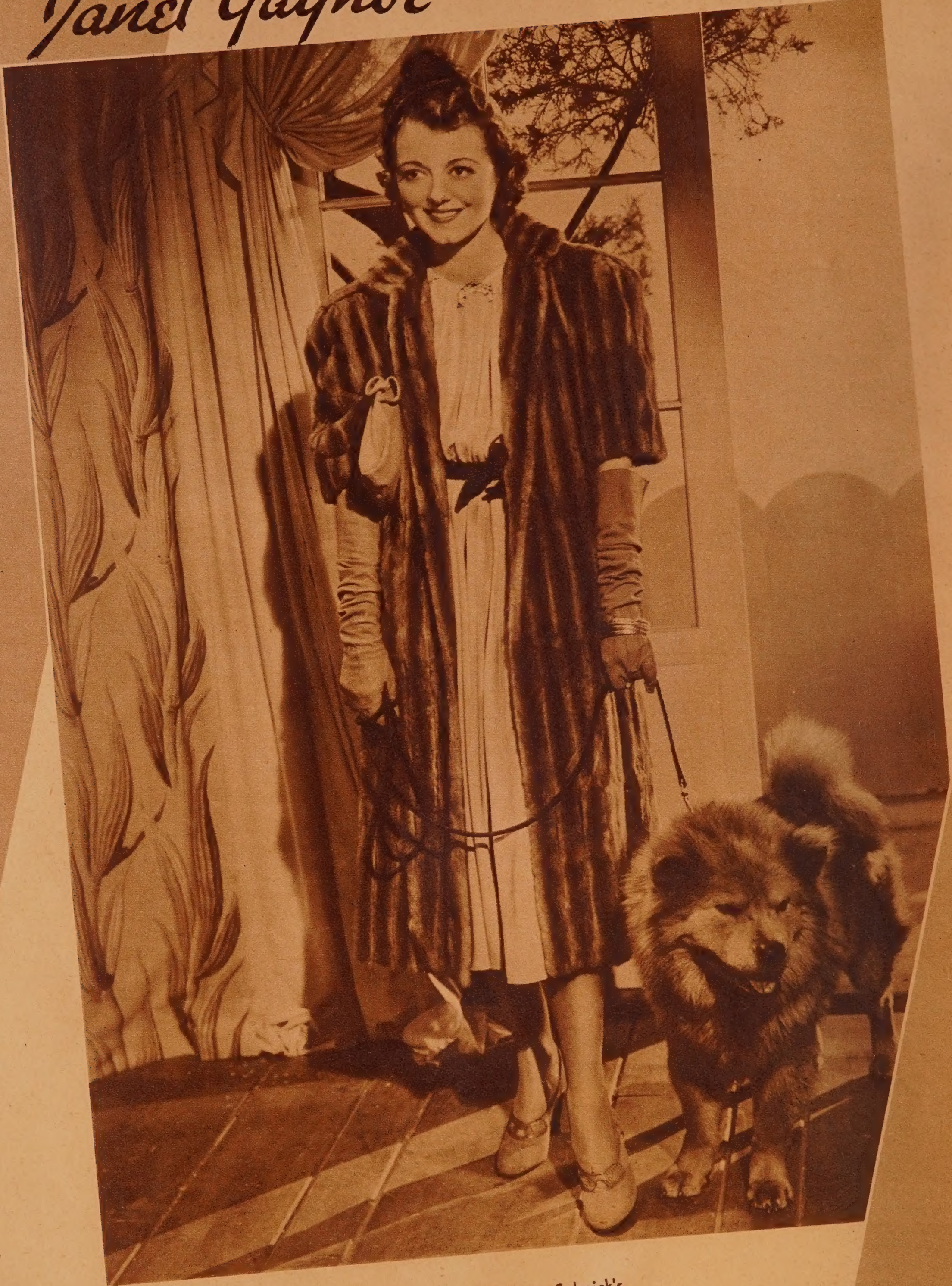
Romance is rumored for this unusual (but attractive!) combination, but we're just a bit skeptical, since such rumors always crop up whenever George has a new leading lady—and they're now playing in "The Go Getter" together, with Charlie Winninger as Cappy Ricks.

Sneaking ON THE *Set*— WITH *Gable* AND *Loy*



Candid cameraman catches two great stars off guard during actual filming of "Parnell"! 1—Myrna and Clark chatting animatedly with director John M. Stahl, while Edward Sloman and Major, the script clerk, listen in. 2—Clark selecting some records for the portable phonograph between scenes. 3—Myrna and Edna May Oliver rehearsing for a take. 4—Clark looking on as a make-up girl puts the finishing touches on Myrna before facing the camera. 5—Billie Burke receiving help from another make-up girl. 6—Stahl giving Gable some last-minute directions in the big courtroom scene. 7—Clark as Charles Stewart Parnell and Myrna as lovely Katie O'Shea.

Janet Gaynor



Little Janet not only blossoms out in Technicolor in Selznick's "A Star Is Born," but she blossoms out in one of the swankiest wardrobes she's ever had on the screen. Style note about the dog: it's said to be the only buff-colored Chow of its kind in America.

Sonja Henie

The young figure-skating champion from Norway returned to New York during the holiday season in time to see her first flicker, "One in a Million," break five-year-old records at the Roxy—and in time, too, to see the high-spots with best beau Tyrone Power.

Garbo Escapes

FROM LONELINESS AT LAST

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

WHEN Garbo in the course of one short month (1) attended a large supper party, (2) had luncheon with four strangers, (3) played baseball in front of her dressing room, (4) invited visitors to her set, (5) gave a tea party, (6) signed an autograph book and, (7) sent a Christmas present to every member of the cast and crew of "Camille"—

Hollywood not only marvelled; Hollywood was utterly, overwhelmingly, devastatingly *flabbergasted!*

The impossible has become possible, the miracle has occurred—Garbo has changed!

This much discussed woman who has made isolation a religion and unfriendliness a habit, has of a sudden become a different creature. Shyly, yet eagerly, she is now reaching out for human contacts. It is apparent that she wants friends, that she desires to tear down that blank wall which she, herself, erected to shut out the world.

In her new attitude, there is something ironic, something even a bit pitiful. For years Garbo flamed high above the other stars of Hollywood; and Hollywood, sincerely admiring her, wanted to give her, in person, the same popularity that she had won on the screen. People tried to become her friends but she, for some mysterious reason of her own, repulsed their friendly advances.

Today, with her following diminishing, she seemingly has discovered the value of those friendships she scorned.

When she left Hollywood, more than a year ago, to visit her native Sweden, she was still the aloof "Sphinx Woman;" when, after her return, she reported for work on "Camille," she had changed amazingly.

Garbo had always driven to the studio in a closed car, scurried up the private stairway to her secluded dressing room and then, when made-up, had again entered her car and been driven, unseen and incommunicado, to the set.

The new Garbo boldly strode down the steps from her dressing room and walked, for all the world to see, across the entire lot while onlookers gaped and marvelled.

Then one afternoon without ceremony she walked into the ante-room of Louis B. Mayer's office and asked the three swooning secretaries who work there to "announce me." Louis B. Mayer was not in his office but was expected—and for more than an hour Garbo sat in the anteroom and chatted like a garrulous schoolgirl with the secretaries who, at last report, are still pinching themselves to see if they were awake at the time.

For years she has had a positive ban on visitors on the set. Imagine, then, the consternation which reigned on the "Camille" set when the presence of a young girl, there to sell embroidered handkerchiefs, was discovered. The doorman tried to eject her; the production manager was in a nervous dither. Never was a harmless girl shooed so hastily and unceremoniously toward a door.

And now imagine the dumbfounded amazement that reigned when Garbo, hearing the commotion, stepped out of her portable dressing booth, told them to "let that girl stay," invited her into the booth and emerged fifteen minutes later to bid the trembling sales genius goodbye while paying for the sixteen handkerchiefs she had bought!

On the following day, two women and two children appeared at the stage door with the announcement that Miss Garbo had invited them to visit her on the set, and Garbo calmly confirmed the invitation. It seems that they were neighbors with whom she had become acquainted since her return from Sweden.

According to all available records, there were exactly five Garbo autographs in existence. Yet recently a newsboy, new to the lot, boldly stepped up to Garbo as she left the "Camille" stage one afternoon, held out an autograph book and asked her to "please sign here." The onlookers saw Garbo smile graciously and write her name with a brave flourish.

Never, since her rise to stardom, had Garbo been known to fraternize with fellow-workers on her pictures. She remained so aloof that many important actors who shared intimate scenes with her before the camera dared not attempt even the most casual conversation with her between scenes. And she carried her aversion to strange faces so far that the studio employed the same production crew on each Garbo picture and even tried to avoid the use of extras who had not worked on her films for years.

But now, of a sudden, the Garbo became as friendly as the proverbial pup. She delighted in chatting between scenes with the grips and the electricians. She told them amusing anecdotes about her childhood in Sweden; she related, with guffaws, how she avoided reporters

(*Continued on page* 104)

It's nice to be a goddess on a pedestal, but it's nicer to have friends! The inside story of Greta's valiant attempt to live down the legends of the past

the Best Copy in Town

Nelson Eddy (left) "never knows what to say" in an interview—but when he gets started! And Mickey Rooney (above) turns out to be a thoroughly delightful surprise.

CRIPES," said Nelson Eddy, *"I'm* no actor! Why do you want *me* to talk about acting?"

He was dressed up in a dark red suit, with satin-striped trousers strapped under high-heeled boots. His shirt was fine muslin with a stock tied in frilly loops under the chin. He had make-up all over his face and those sandy eyebrows of his were darkened.

He looked like an actor to me.

Also, five minutes before he had been making love to Jeanette MacDonald before a moving picture camera.

"Haven't I heard something about your acting in 'Maytime?' " I ventured.

He grinned. "Sure, I'm bluffing it out. Maybe I'm fooling 'em. But just the same, if you want to write a story about acting, you'd better look up Leslie Howard—or Lionel Barrymore. Now they are actors!"

Well, I wanted a story about acting, all right, but I was still sure that Nelson was a good person to interview on the subject, sure that some kind of story would be forthcoming. You see, Nelson is what we call "good copy."

Some people are good copy and some aren't. Some people seem to have a talent for saying things or conducting themselves during an interview in such a manner that the reporter always gets a good story. They seem to be endowed with a certain flair for making anything they say or do entertaining. It's a gift.

Nelson has it. You'll see what I mean.

He began proving his point about not being an actor, or trying to. "I am at heart a ham," he said sadly. "For instance, take that scene we just finished. I am supposed to say, 'Darling, I love you,' or words to that effect.

"Now, my idea was to play it robustly. I wanted to say 'Darling, I love you' with appropriate gestures."

He illustrated the gestures he considered fitting. They were robust, all right. One hand on the heart. The other flung out, supplicatingly. On his face an expression which, unmistakably, registered ardor. An awful lot of ardor.

I laughed. Clowning, was he, when I had asked him to discuss seriously modern drama technique? Sure, but what did I care? This was good copy.

"Did you do the scene that way in the picture?" I asked.

He shook his head. "No, that's just what I'm talking about. The director didn't agree with me. And he is a good director. So that must make me a ham."

"How did the director want you to do it?"

"Well, he said something about restraint, so then I tried this, 'Darling, I love you.' "

This time, his voice was as colorless as a newly laundered sheet; his face the proverbial dead pan. I thought of Buster Keaton and his comparative vivaciousness.

"And was that interpretation satisfactory?"

Again he shook his head. "No, so I tried this." He demonstrated a third formula for love-making, this time an English gentleman's formula. At least, Nelson's interpretation of an English gentleman's formula. His accent was impeccable. His intonation perfect. His restraint admirable. He was a sort of cross between Arthur Treacher and Clive Brook.

Funny? Of course it was funny. Of course he meant it to be, although he never once stepped out of character—that of an earnest young man who would like to be an actor but who regrets he just can't make the grade.

He was still illustrating why he was no actor when they called him back on the set.

"Goodbye," he grinned, and added maliciously, "I hope you get a good story on histrionic technique!"

Well, I did (although not the story I had gone after). The editor liked it a lot. Because Nelson is just naturally an editor's delight—good copy.

So is Mae West. She is a story any time you meet her.

In the first place, Mae seldom converses; she wise-cracks. You've heard her on the screen. Well, that is the way she talks all the time.

This made her the delight of the reporters, myself included, who covered the trial of a certain gangster charged with relieving Mae of several of her famous "rocks," to say nothing of a $3,300 (weekly) pay check. Mae was the state's star witness.

"How'm I doin'?" she would (*Continued on page* 80)

Grace Moore's exciting and varied life always makes her interviews "good copy" (below), while Clark Gable's sportsmanship and splendid spirit are absolute tops (right).

Some stars are always news, no matter what they say or do —here are the stories that gladdened a reporter's heart

By SHEILA WORTH

She Had a Right

Alice Faye always knew how to meet adversity with a song, but she had to learn how to be happy

Fortune smiled on Alice when she first arrived in Hollywood to be in "George White's Scandals" (left)—for a while.

THIS is another one of those off-screen sob stories which abound in Hollywood. It's about a little blonde song and dance girl against whom fate bore a grudge, but it has the right kind of ending, all mixed up with silver lined clouds and ill winds that blew considerable good, so everything is "jake" as Alice herself might say.

I mean Alice Faye.

Perhaps you've always thought of Alice as a devil may care, hotcha girl to whom the blues were only the songs she sings in that moanin' low voice of hers. Well, maybe she was, once. But she isn't any more. She's different, now.

I remember when she came to Hollywood. Reporter on a Los Angeles newspaper, I "covered" her arrival. She was a blithe-spoken, breezy little piece of fluff then, with a couple of Doberman Pinschers on a leash and boundless ambition coloring up her conversation. Hollywood was going to be her oyster.

It was, too. She came out here to do a single song and dance number for the film version of "George White's Scandals" and wound up by playing the feminine lead.

From then on, things went pretty well for Alice, until bad luck began to get in its dirty work—robbed her of the hotcha and devil-may-careness and most of the breezy assurance. Made her over. She still looks like one of Ziegfeld's ultra glorified girls. She still sings her hotcha songs and dances her hotcha dances. But inside, she is changed. She's quieter, more serious, more skeptical. She isn't taking anything at its face value. She's questioning, weighing, judging, looking for motives—"niggers in woodpiles" if you like.

I don't mean she is unhappy. She isn't, now. I don't mean she is bitter and cynical. She isn't, now. I don't mean she is less a person. The contrary is true. But I do mean she is not the feather-spirited youngster she used to be.

It all began shortly before Thanksgiving in 1935, when the Faye family—mother, father, brother and Alice—decided to go home for the holidays. Home to them was—is—New York. Alice always has been crazy about New York. It is in her blood, she says—the noise, the hurry, the pep, even the winter snow and cold. People are on their toes every minute in New York, she says.

At the time the Fayes (whose real name is Leppart) decided to go home, Alice was making a picture, "The King of Burlesque," so her father suggested he go on ahead and look up some of his old friends. A quiet likable little man, Alice's father. The kind of chap whose friends were many and special. There were some he played chess with, and billiards. Or maybe a little penny ante or pitch. He looked forward to a fine time while Alice was finishing her picture and her mother was closing their house in Beverly Hills.

"Be seeing you in a week or so," he told them happily as his east-bound train pulled out of Los Angeles.

"Of course," Mrs. Faye answered and,

to Sing the Blues!

By MARIAN RHEA

"Sure, Dad," Alice promised. But Alice never saw her father alive again. It was then that Fate turned vicious and began hurling in her way the long series of troubles that almost wrecked her life.

In the first place, it seemed that shooting on "The King of Burlesque" would never end. Every morning Alice would go to work thinking that surely this day would be the last, and that she and her mother could leave that night for New York. And every night she would go home disappointed.

Meanwhile came a letter from Mr. Faye. He had arrived in New York but he didn't feel well. He had a bad cold. Alice and her mother worried, but felt sure they would be able to join him in a day or two. Another letter came. His cold was worse. Alice was really upset. Dad wasn't too strong. Probably he wasn't taking care of himself properly. Her mother and brother had already left for the East, but Alice was still delayed in Hollywood.

While Mrs. Faye and Charles were on their way, Mr. Faye, alone in New York, was stricken with pneumonia. His collapse came while at lunch in a cafe. His identity unknown, he was rushed to a hospital and—*placed in a charity ward.* It was there that Alice's mother found him when she arrived, but by that time it was too late to move him. He died the next day.

Alice, finished with her picture at last and hurrying East, received the tragic news in Chicago. Her father was buried December third, in the Bronx.

But that wasn't all. Trouble was just beginning. Because, unaware of—perhaps wilfully heedless of—the true circumstances surrounding Mr. Faye's death, every paper in the country exploited the fact that he had spent his last days in a charity ward.

"Alice Faye's Father Dies in Poverty," "Alice Faye's Father Charity Patient," "Wealthy Actress' Father Dies a Pauper." Oh, yes, they had a Roman holiday, the papers! The story was read from coast to coast.

True, a famous columnist of Hollywood and another of New York, to their everlasting credit, came to her rescue and printed the truth. But (*Continued on page* 74)

Since then, she has known tragedy and illness—but it's a new and happy Alice who appears in "On the Avenue" (right).

RALPH BELLAMY'S life was ruined at seventeen. That is, it was until he met Melvyn Douglas. Then the bitter memory of the girl who walked out on Ralph faded from his heart as a blithe, through-thick-and-thin partnership began carrying two pals up the ladder of fame.

Today both are Hollywood stars. They have dressing-room suites opposite each other at Columbia. But this newest coincidence is only one more amazing link in their excitement-filled lives. Strangely fate has persistently paralleled their personal history.

The story of how these two handsome, husky, maddeningly irresponsible kids disobeyed their families and boldly adventured has never been told before. I am telling it now because it reveals the most splendid masculine friendship I have been able to find in the whole theatrical world.

They were first thrown together when Ralph was seventeen and Melvyn had just come of age. When Ralph heard that a stage manager was needed for a stock company at Madison, Wisconsin, he asked for, and got, the job. Chicago, where he had been hunting work, had been a city of despair.

In Madison he remembered that he had been advised to introduce himself to Mr. Douglas, the leading man. William Owen had said that Melvyn would be a real friend. Ralph doubted that; no one could cheer him up. However, the minute he mentioned Owen's name the impressive leading man unbent. Ralph found himself gayly clapped on the back, and introduced to the boarding house at 222 Monona Avenue. An extra bed was ordered for the top floor room Melvyn had commandeered for himself. A protege of Owen's? Why, that guaranteed mutual liking.

It did, too. From the very start they struck it off as kindred souls. That first evening they had dinner together as exiles from Chicago, lone actors at the boarding house table. Later, after Ralph had finished ringing down the curtain and putting away the props, he and Melvyn reminisced about William Owen and how they'd met him.

They were surprised to discover that each of them was regarded as a stormy petrel, that their parents were positive they'd come to no good end. Neither had bothered to graduate from high school, choosing instead defiantly to run away from home. Fate drew them in turn to the same veteran actor; he encouraged, trained and inspired them.

Both boys, it then appeared, had but one serious passion—they aimed to make the grade on the glamorous stages of Broadway. Ralph was already forgetting that his future was spoiled by a woman's cruel whim!

Other than that, it seemed they had an identical flair for behaving like American versions of Francois Villon. They weren't given to stealing, but like him they laughed at all stodginess. They preferred spirited, creative company; when they weren't off on some wild lark they waxed enthusiastic over a deep philosophy. Both scribbled poetry, and both believed that every emotion was a valuable experience.

It was in high school that they'd learned what fun acting could be. Melvyn, born in Macon, Georgia, was the son of a noted Russian pianist who'd married a Kentucky girl and who taught music in various schools. In Lincoln, Nebraska, Melvyn got his taste of acting by portraying a Hindu in the school play.

Melvyn admitted that he hadn't been awed into studying even though his father was then the head of the high school's music department. In fact, when the nation conveniently declared war Melvyn had stolen out of the house

But the inspiring story of Melvyn Douglas and Ralph Bellamy began long before fate led them to Hollywood

Hollywood's Most

Heart-warming Friendship

By GEORGE MADDEN

There's a strange parallel in the lives and careers of Ralph and Melvyn, that finally climaxed with fame and fortune on the same studio lot (opposite page).

for Omaha and enlisted; he'd earned his commission, but a scrape demoted him. When the war ended he was eighteen and determined on the stage.

Melvyn's parents were appalled. They pleaded with him to try other work, and so for a year he plunged into this and explained himself out of that, steadily becoming a bigger problem. Again he left home. In Chicago he ran into William Owen, the beloved, sentimental Shakespearian trouper. Melvyn had no job and no money; but when he unburdened his soul he received encouragement at last. Owen vowed he should stay with him. A half-time position at Marshall Field's, selling men's hats, allowed him to coach with Owen for a year and a half. And then, through the old gentleman, he got his break in stock. After several hectic engagements here he was, making fifty dollars a week.

Ralph's eyes glowed as he listened to Melvyn's saga. He could hardly wait to disclose his own.

The Bellamys were advertising people in Chicago; in contrast to the temperamental musician father Melvyn had, Ralph's was a typical American dad, proud of his own neighborhood and anxious for his son to be staid and settled, too.

Only Ralph wouldn't conform. He hadn't been able to muster up any interest in classes. He'd smuggled change from the grocery money to see his first play, and he'd been president and stage manager of the high school's dramatic club. That wasn't enough, so he had formed the North Shore Players (they still perform in Chicago). They had rented a women's club house and Ralph had designed sets and directed college students there.

One morning he was downstairs in the basement of his high school where he kept the stage props. He decided to smoke and puffed experimentally into what turned out to be the ventilating system! The study hall was filled with fumes and when Ralph was located as the wicked cause he was expelled. He topped the subsequent scene at home by running away.

He'd become acquainted with William Owen at the Dill Pickle Club, the rendezvous for Chicago's artists and intelligentsia, so he went straight to him. He felt Owen was the one person who'd help him and he was correct; the elderly ex-star once more demonstrated genuine kindness and foresight. Owen, Ralph declared to Melvyn, had let him move in, too, and had coached him for the stage. Then Owen had secured for him a job (*Continued on page 94*)

Frances Farmer's

Everything about this gifted youngster is new and different—especially her marriage to another promising newcomer, Leif Erikson

By BEN MADDOX

FRANCES FARMER'S love story began exactly a month after she arrived in Hollywood, and she didn't want it to start.

She had no engagement ring, no trousseau, no guests at her wedding. There were no showers and the courtship was carried on as a deliberate test of each other's tastes. Leif Erikson, her bridegroom, never once took her to a swanky night spot or a premiere. But she wouldn't have gone, anyway, because she wouldn't buy an evening gown.

Even though both were moving picture names, the honeymoon trip was an overnight stop in an auto camp, and they returned to begin their married life in her one-room apartment.

Although they have finally moved into a house, Leif doesn't expect Frances to be domestic. Hers is a marriage that is not going to be built around a home. If it had meant giving up her career, Frances wouldn't have married.

It is, you see, a very "different" type of love, but then everything about this Farmer girl is as distinctive and different as is her new and startling personality.

The true story of Frances Farmer's meteoric rise in the movies is exciting enough in itself. Everywhere you go now in Hollywood you hear it repeated. For this girl who was an usher in a Seattle theater has, because of her work in only three pictures, "Too Many Parents," "Rhythm on the Range," and her smashing hit as Lotta in "Come and Get It," become one of the most promising girls ever to enter the movies.

But her love story in which she has been secretly starring is the still more surprising thing which has happened to her. I want to tell you of it, for the very first time.

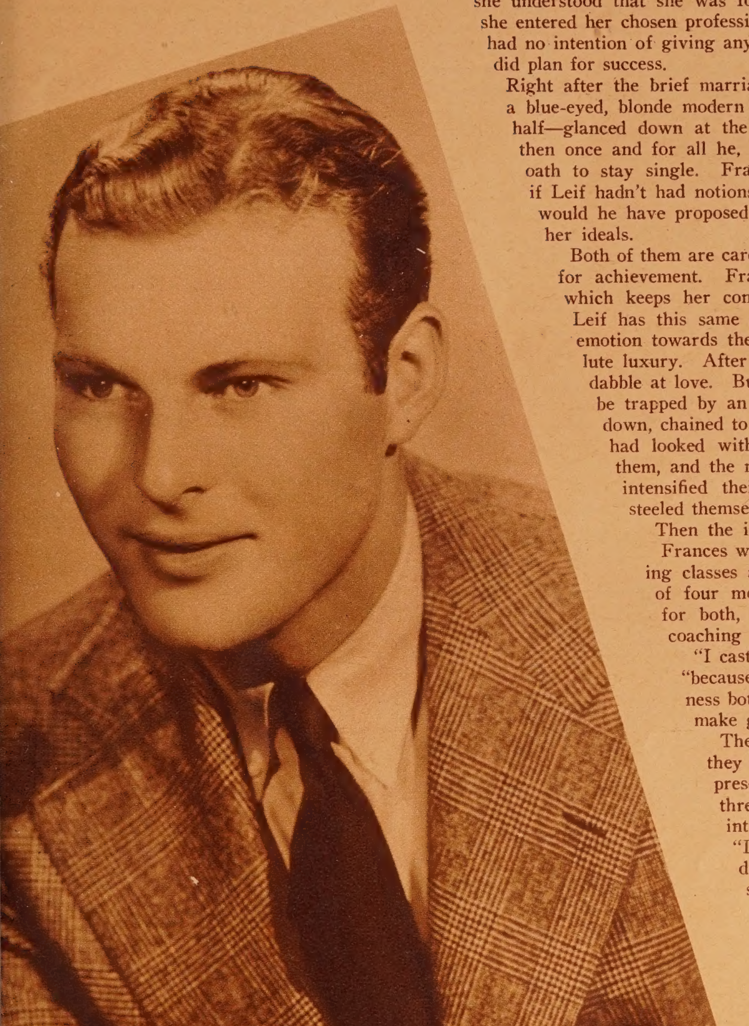
She has guarded it even from the publicity department of her studio, Paramount. It's hers, she says. Hers alone, and Leif's.

Yet, knowing Frances and her husband and their experiences, I believe you should learn how these two are living in a seventh heaven of their own design, right in Hollywood. So rarely do people dare to follow their intuition!

Her love story isn't according to either Emily Post or Hollywood. She hasn't paid attention to the regular rules for brides nor indulged in the pretentious front that is the standard formula for picture brides.

In fact, everything about this great private-life romance which came to Frances Farmer almost simultaneously with her big screen chance is unconventional to the extreme degree. Only a genuine sophisticate, only one as wise, as unfettered, and as gifted with foresight as she is could be courageous enough to thumb her nose at traditions which mean nothing in her case, could be brave enough to live in Hollywood as she and her proud husband are living.

When she said she would marry him, just one year ago, she was a



traitor to the stern resolution she had made before setting foot in Hollywood. As far as she was concerned, she disagreed with the whole idea of matrimony. She realized that an actress is a pawn of destiny, and she understood that she was forsaking the safety of domesticity when she entered her chosen profession. But she wished it this way and she had no intention of giving any man the opportunity to spoil her splendid plan for success.

Right after the brief marriage ceremony the groom—Leif Erikson, a blue-eyed, blonde modern Viking who stands six-feet-three-and-a-half—glanced down at the slim young wife he had acquired and then once and for all he, too, forgot that he had broken his own oath to stay single. Frances wouldn't have attempted marriage if Leif hadn't had notions that coincided precisely with hers; nor would he have proposed if he hadn't been equally satisfied with her ideals.

Both of them are career-mad. They talk, eat, dream and exist for achievement. Frances is blessed with a terrific vitality which keeps her constantly working towards her goal, and Leif has this same energy. And in their respective charts emotion towards the opposite sex was classified as an absolute luxury. After they were tops they figured they might dabble at love. But one point was certain. They wouldn't be trapped by an erratic eroticism; they wouldn't be tied down, chained to a stolid, ruinous routine! Each of them had looked with discerning eyes at the unions around them, and the monotony and unhappiness they glimpsed intensified their desires for a stark freedom. They steeled themselves to be coldly calculating.

Then the irresistible flame of love caught them up. Frances was a newcomer to Phyllis Laughton's acting classes at Paramount. Leif was an old veteran of four months. Paramount had important hopes for both, but assumed they could do with some coaching from the studio drama teacher.

"I cast them together," declares Miss Laughton, "because I was impressed with the special earnestness both displayed. They were so determined to make good!"

The Eriksons would die before admitting that they are the least bit sentimental. They scorn presents on official remembrance days. But three days before Leif's last birthday I ran into Frances with her arms full of packages. "I'm in a rush to get these over to Leif's dressing-room today," she explained. And she fancied I didn't detect the hidden ecstasy in her voice.

And so, this being the way they are, they won't tell of their romance in terms of the usual extravagant adjectives. They try very, very hard to be most realistic about it all—but it is young and very modern love, nevertheless.

Frances declares she wasn't bowled over by Leif. Still, her indifference to men faded rapidly when she met him. Each sensed the seriousness of the other about work (*Continued on page* 92)

Unconventional Love Story

WALTER BRENNAN drove his car down Sunset Boulevard, saw the sign he was looking for, "Ann Meredith's Salon de Beaute," and shuddered involuntarily as he had done twenty years before when he heard his first German shell. Spitefully he ignored the "Free Parking for Patrons" sign, and drew to a stop on a side street. Once out of the car he looked up and down the street to see that no one he knew was around, then made a bee line for the door, knocking aside Joan Bennett and Merle Oberon who were just coming out. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he mumbled, careful to keep his head down, and quickly turning his collar up. "Oh, I beg your pardon," and he stood there twisting his felt hat in his hand, in a panhandler gesture.

"May I help you?" It was the solicitous voice of a very beautiful girl behind the appointment desk.

"I—I'm Mr. Brennan," Walter stuttered. "I—"

"Oh, yes," said the girl brightly, looking at her book. "You want a shampoo and bleach, don't you? They called about you from the Goldwyn office. Right this way, please."

It was Walter Brennan's Last Mile. Cells to the right of him and cells to the left of him, and in every one of them some lovely female having her hair fixed. "And here's Peggy to take care of you," said his jailor. "I'm sure she'll do your hair just as you want it."

Walter couldn't stand it any longer; he had to make himself clear. "I'm not the one who wants it dyed," he barked, those Irish blue eyes of his popping. "It's Mr. Goldwyn! I'd just as soon play a Swede without blonde hair, but he thinks—"

"Oh, yes, that's for 'Come and Get It,' isn't it? Miss Farmer was in here the other day and you should see what we did to her. Fixed her with the cutest row of bangs right across the forehead and little curls back like this—" but something in the Brennan manner suddenly made her decide to leave hurriedly.

(*Continued on page 96*)

He's Double-Dyed-

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

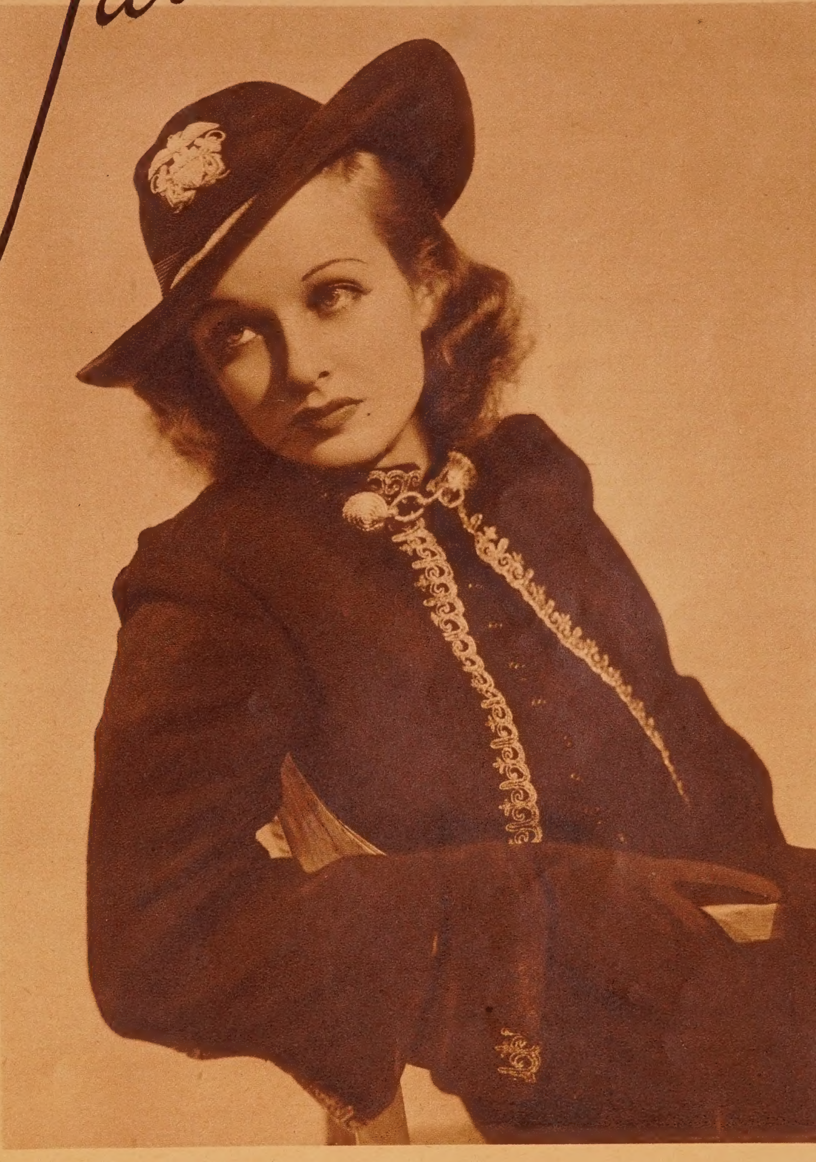
Both life and the movies have treated Walter Brennan pretty roughly. Why, just look what they did to his hair and teeth!

The teeth are already gone and Walter fears the hair's going, too. First it was bleached for "Come and Get It" (below), then changed to red for "Banjo on My Knee" (far right).

BUT NO VILLAIN

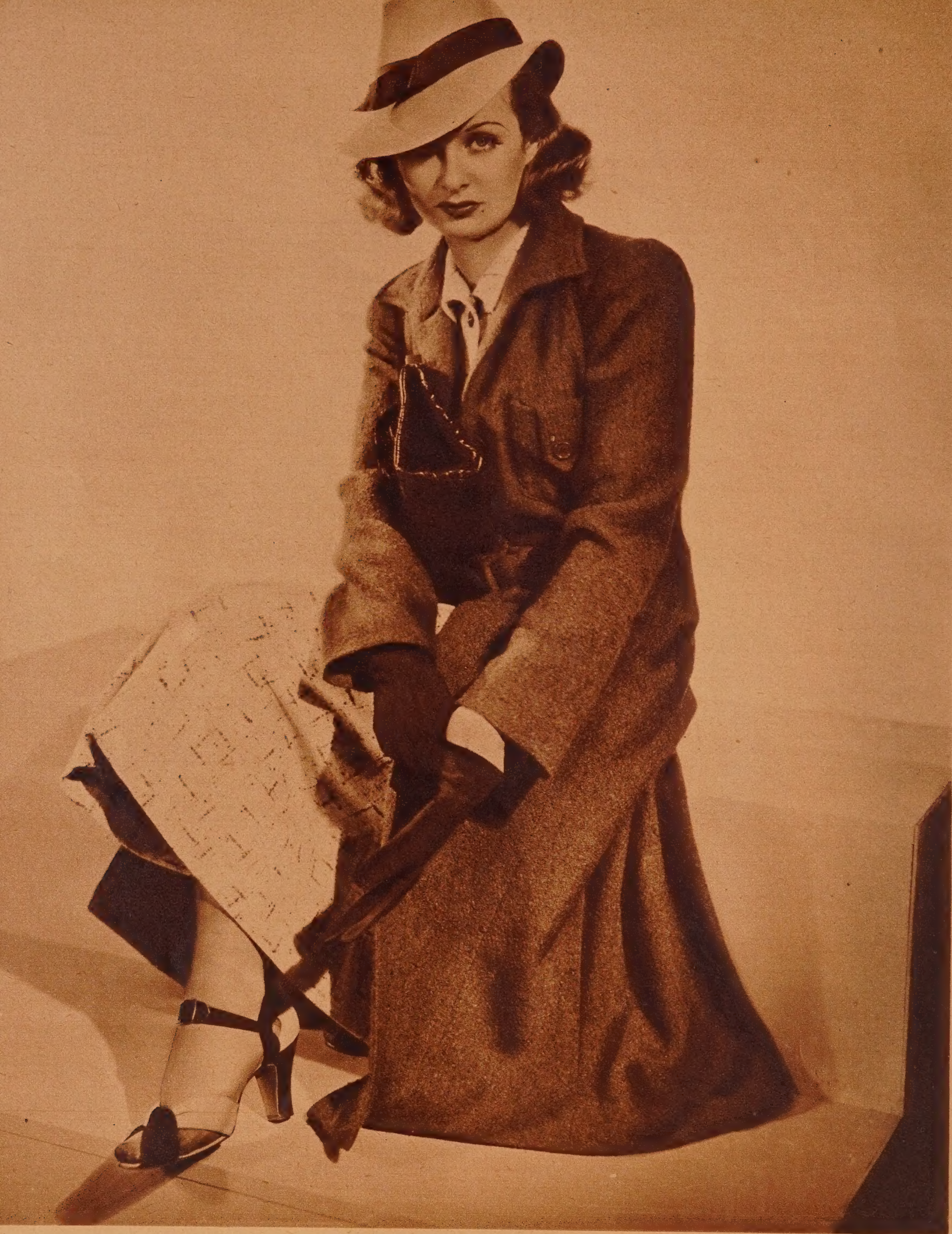
Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS



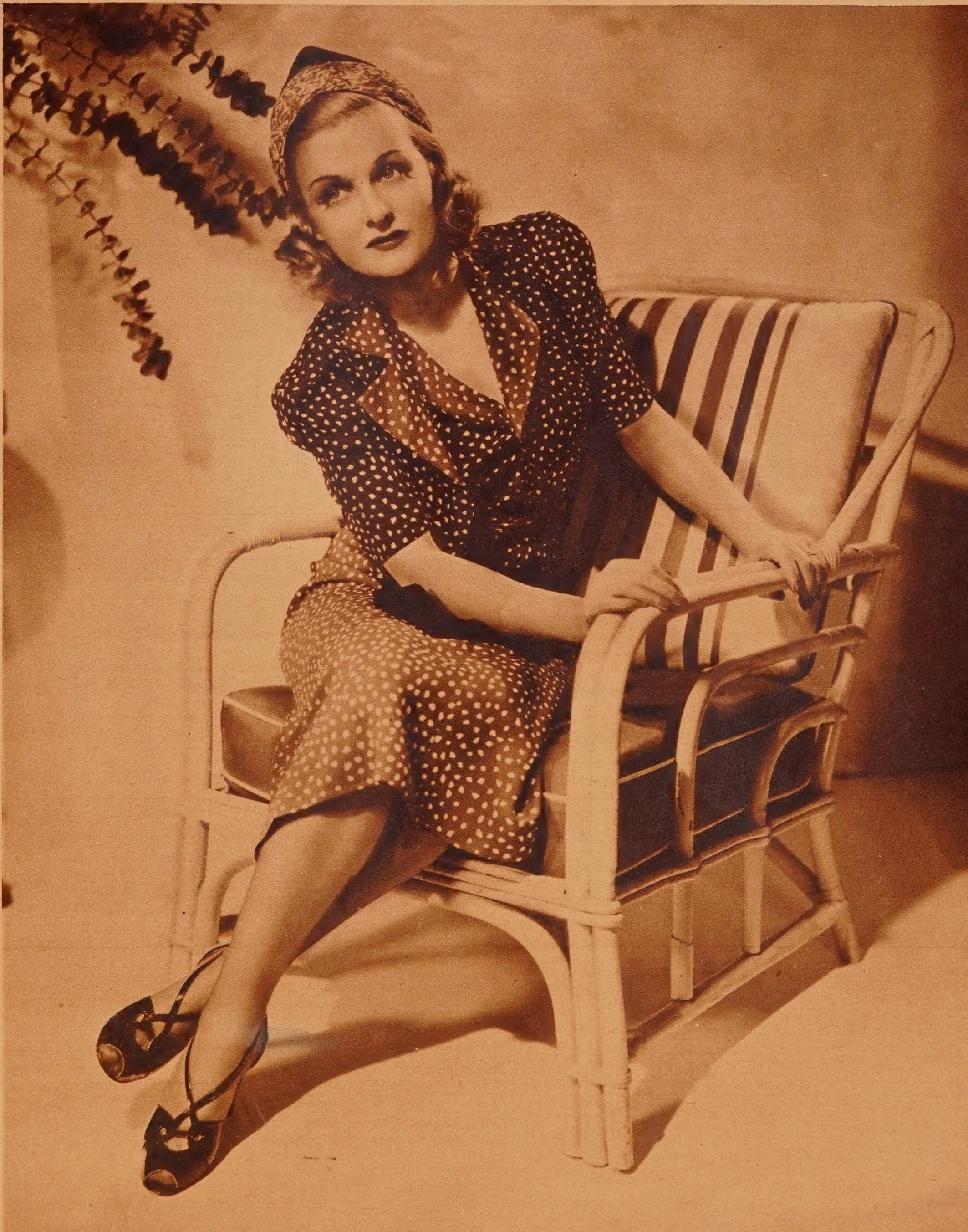
JOAN BENNETT'S
COSTUMES from
I. MAGNIN,
Hollywood

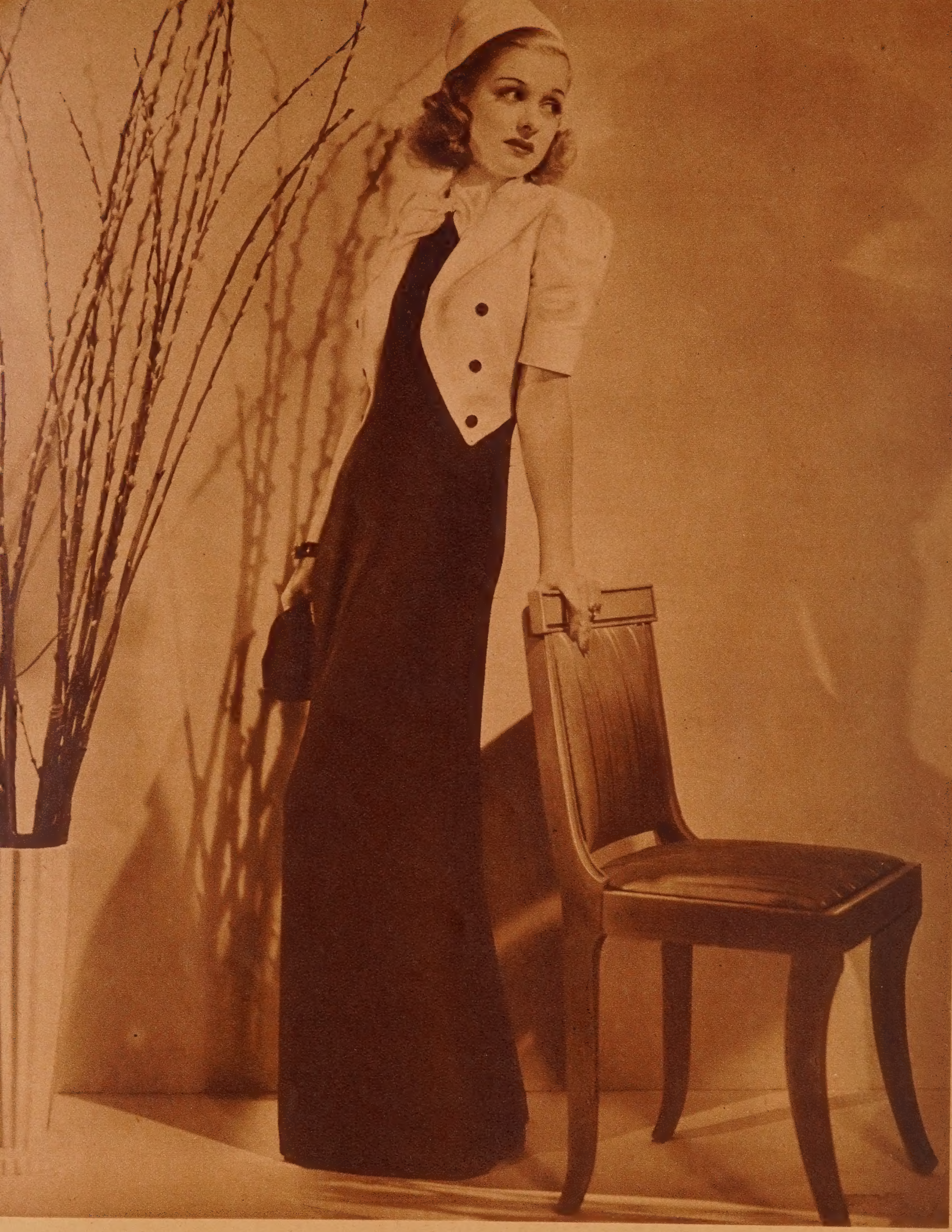
Joan Bennett gets a head start on spring styles with her canny selection of chapeaux. The military influence gives tailored, colorful charm to her Confederate hat (above) of black straw with an emblem of gold to match the trimming on her waistlength box jacket, which tops a short-sleeved frock of black silk-and-wool. Turbans pulled back to show your whole face and all your front hair are important this season. There's a bandbox crispness to Joan's crownless turban of white waffle pique which is a perfect accent for pique-trimmed frocks or colorful prints. The Far East influences her draped turban of navy straw and red Persian print—a practical hat which dresses up a print frock, tailored suit, or sports dress with equal chic.



A fitted topcoat of brick toned shaggy wool gaily contrasts with Joan's shirtmaker frock of banana colored sheer wool with slub yarns the color of the coat. The grosgrain band on Joan's banana felt hat is brick toned, too, to match her coat and gloves, and her cutout sandals are fashioned of wool in the shades of her costume. Willys, the hosiery man of the stars, suggests Cubatan, a golden suntan shade, for wear with all sports costumes, such as this chic ensemble.

"Turnabout" is the intriguing name of Joan's print frock of crinkle crepe with white geometric motif. The red skirt of the short-sleeved dress is sharply contrasted with a navy blouse and short bolero jacket (the prints are in different shades, but the same pattern). The collar of the blouse and revers of the jacket match the skirt. With this frock Joan wears the turban described on the first page, and cutout pumps of navy patent kidskin. Willys suggests Glamour, a golden beige, as the smart hosiery hue to wear with prints.

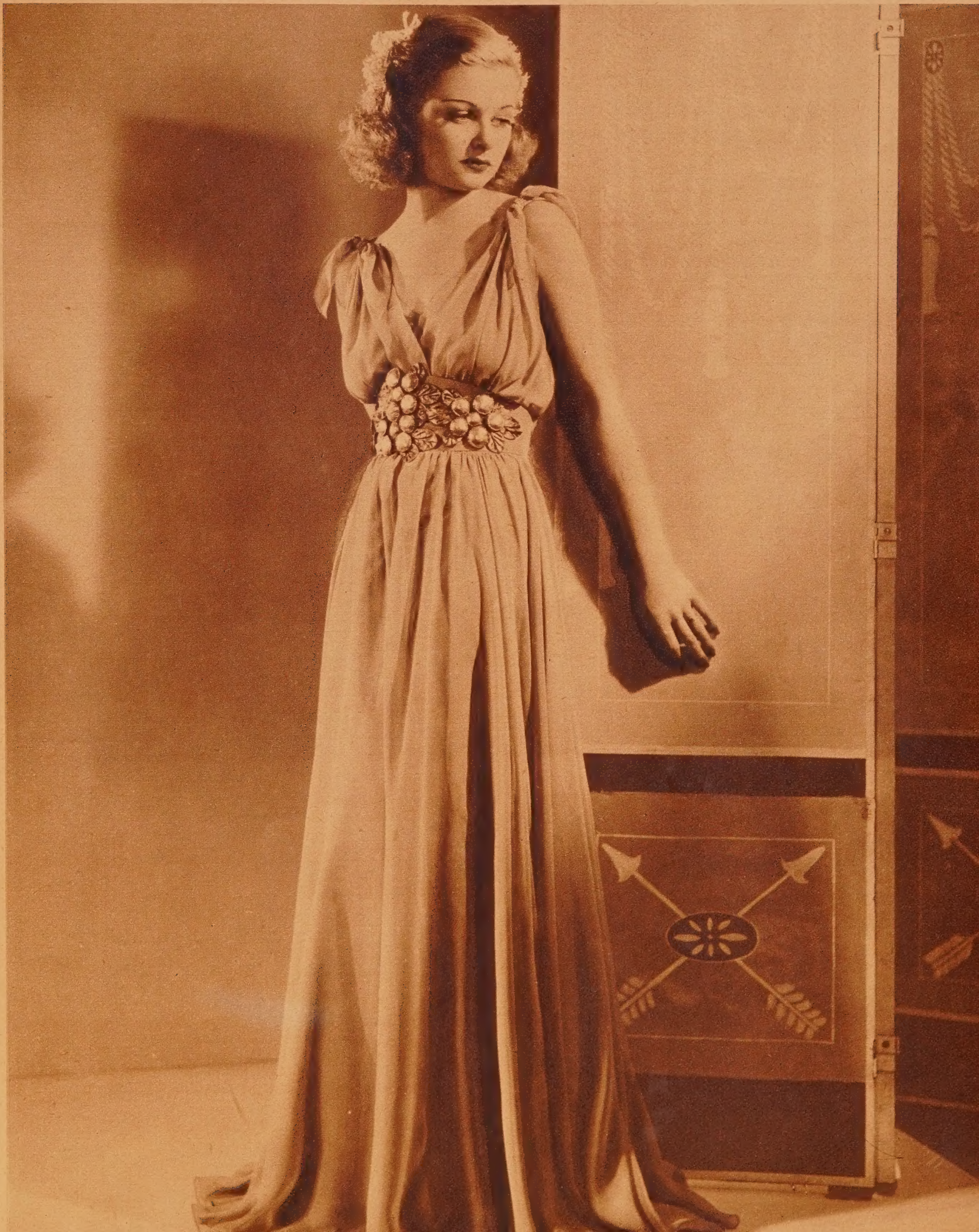




Joan's crepe dinner costume is of navy—which is, incidentally, the leading color for spring. The smartly simple gown has tiny sleeves edged with crisp white waffle pique, the same material which trims the neckline and fashions the audacious little mess jacket. Joan's turban of white waffle pique is, of course, the same one described on the first page of this month's "Star Fashions." Cutout sandals of navy crepe complete her ensemble, and Willys suggests Moondusk, a new beige taupe hosiery shade, for wear with navy or black after dark. With this costume, Joan wears a striking bracelet of onyx.

Why not take a tip from the stars in planning your Easter costume? Send a stamped self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal., and she'll send you descriptions of the stars' Easter ensembles.

Joan selects diaphanous chiffon for her first spring evening gown. Silvery, irridescent grapes and leaves are appliqued on the snug cummerbund—a perfect contrast to the heavenly blue of the chiffon. White bouvardia attached to little combs complete Joan's coiffure.



The Very Personal History of Fred MacMurray

One of the two women who have had such a great influence on Fred's life is Lillian Lamont, to whom he is now happily wed (at right). He met her in his Broadway show days, which began with "Three's a Crowd" (below, left, in a skit with Fred Allen).

FRED spent his first three Hollywood months doing the hardest kind of movie-extra work, hoping for enough money to start back to college in the fall. At that time, it was not so difficult as it now is to obtain registration at Central, the casting agency for the extra players. He found himself on call at $7.50 a day rather regularly, with an occasional chance to wear a dress suit or do a fight scene for $15.00.

His first "fight" was his last. He had always figured that movie fights were faked until that day he went into "Tiger Rose" starring Lupe Velez and Grant Withers. This particular sequence called for about twenty men to divide into two bands of "enemies" who would meet each other in the middle of a cabbage patch for a free-for-all. During the fight, a body of movie Royal Mounties were to ride into the cabbage field and try to stop the battle. Everything went off politely enough during rehearsals; but when the scene was actually shot, the director told the horsemen to "lay it on" and a horse jumped directly over Fred's head and stepped on the man just in front of him, breaking the chap's shoulder. MacMurray never took a call for a fight scene again!

Even in those days, Hollywood was not completely oblivious to Fred's possibilities. Every now and then a director would ask him if he could read lines. When he would reply that he had been an actor in high school, they always gave the bit to—someone else!

By working both night and day, at anything and everything, Fred was managing to save a little money. The six-months' ban imposed by the local musicians union to visitors was up, and he was frequently called to join a band playing at Hollywood parties or local celebrations. The first job at a movie home Fred ever rated was a chance to play for a huge party at Marion Davies's beach house. It burned him up that a large awning which covered the musicians' stand kept him from seeing the faces of the movie stars; but he and a couple of the other boys had lots of laughs guessing stars by their feet and then peeking out to see if they were right.

"The next time I come to one of these Hollywood parties, I'll be on the guest list," said Fred to his pals. The accompaning, "Oh *yeah?*" didn't dampen his enthusiasm, either.

In those early days Fred didn't have an automobile and he was convinced that he was the only adult in Southern California who didn't own one. Even the extras batted around in second-hand flivvers, but he couldn't afford the luxury. It was just an average day for Fred to report for work at Warner Brothers Studio (out in Burbank Valley) in the morning, grab a street-car back to Hollywood five miles away to see if there were any calls for the next day at Central Casting and then ride thirty or forty miles to one of the beaches to play a one-night-stand with some pick-up orchestra. Sometimes he got in at four or five in the morning and then reported for a hard day of extra work just a few hours later.

He was so thin and rangy that his mother worried about him. But when misfortune came to their little family of two, it was his mother, not Fred, who fell heir to it. Mrs. MacMurray stumbled on the stairs of their apartment house and broke her hip. The accident necessitated two operations and a fourteen-months' stay in the hospital.

The rapidly-mounting bills were as nothing compared with the worry about his mother, but so much necessary cash was an item not to be ignored. Fred gave up all ideas of returning to the University of Southern California and set out to get anything in the line of a steady job that would pay him money on the line at the end of the day's work.

It was during this discouraging period that he managed to get a few days' employment as a carpenter at Paramount Studios. He worked on the very sound stage that was later to be the scene of his first triumphant starring picture. One day, just for luck, he climbed to the very top of the sound stage and carved his initials into the beam. The day he went to work on "The Gilded Lily" with Claudette Colbert, he climbed up there again, just to be sure they were still there. They were.

"There is one nice thing about my luck at that time," smiled Fred. "It couldn't get any worse, so it got a little better."

The first break was a steady job with an orchestra at $75.00 a week. It seemed like heaven to the struggling kid who was carrying such a heavy burden of living expenses and hospital bills. He played and sang every night at the Elks Club, near Westlake Park in Los Angeles, and slept most days until dinner time, when he went to visit his mother at the hospital. Now and then, something would come along that made him think he was really going to get somewhere, like the chance he got to sing for two recordings—*After a Million Dreams* and *I'm in the Market for Love*—with George Olsen's band. Later he made some recordings for Gus Arnheim, but neither of these two famous bandsmen ever seemed to find a permanent place for him.

When summer came, and his permanent job was postponed until "next summer," Fred went to work with Ray West's orchestra playing at the Lake Norconian Club. This club is about fifty miles from Hollywood and for the first time in years Fred had a sort of summer vacation. The dancing at the club stopped promptly at midnight which meant that the boys got to bed at a regular time and could thus spend their days golfing, swimming and riding horses instead of catching up on lost sleep.

Since room and board were "on the house" he could save a lot of money towards his mother's hospitalization (she was

(*Continued on page 70*)

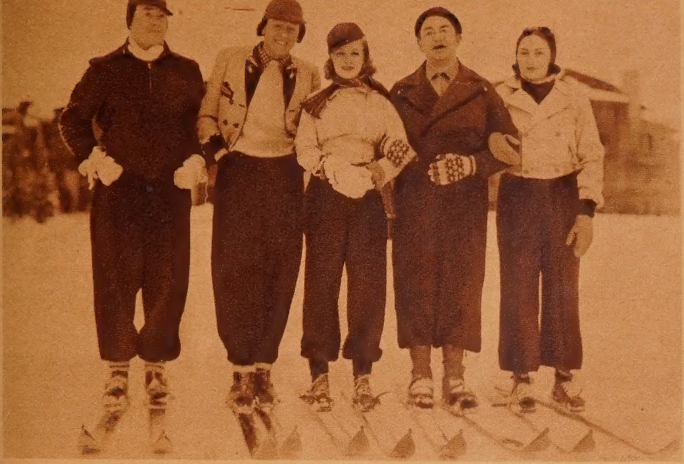
"The Gilded Lily," with Claudette Colbert, was his first (and only) screen opportunity—and he almost lost the job the day he started!

Concluding the biography of the boy with the gypsy heritage who was determined to settle down successfully but quietly—and how he accomplished it all

By

WALTER RAMSEY

CLAUDETTE GETS US A *Scoop!*



No, Miss Colbert hasn't turned reporter—yet—but she sent us these grand exclusive snapshots from Sun Valley, Idaho, the newest playground of both filmlites and socialites. At the extreme left is a shot of Errol Flynn getting a free ride—and, says Claudette, "an old lady getting a big thrill." On the opposite page are views of the palatial Sun Valley Lodge; William Goetz (vice-president of 20th Century-Fox), Lili Damita Flynn, Errol and George Cukor; and Claudette herself, just skating around. The merry group at left includes Gene Markey, "Mr. Dingle" (the pro), Joan Bennett Markey, Bill Goetz and Irene Selznick. Joan is just a bit wary of her skis—and quite rightly. Look what happened to George Cukor, skiing with Bill Goetz! Claudette writes on the picture of herself below: "This is Jack's (her husband's) favorite—he likes any picture of me providing I look funny enough!" She adds, "There are no skiing pictures of me because I was just past the amateur class and was up the hill trying to find a little snow between sagebrush bushes."

How to get

By SALLY JEFFERSON

Sleepless nights hold no terrors for Carole Lombard—nor for John Boles, who learned his secret of quick, restful sleep in the army.

IF you are one of those insensitive souls who don't know the meaning of insomnia without looking it up in the dictionary, this handbook for midnight prowlers is not for you. In fact, if this story were not already titled "How To Get To Sleep in Hollywood," it would be "Tips I Have Picked Up From Non-Sleeping Movie Stars on How To Get To Sleep If It Takes All Night."

The real trouble in wooing Morpheus in Hollywood is that none of the old fashioned remedies applies.

Who ever heard of an actor "clearing the mind of all worry and relaxing" when a contract is just coming up, and he's worried about it; or just being renewed, and he's sure he could have had more money if he'd been smart; or just being dropped, and he's sick about it?

How is it possible to "count sheep" adding into the hundreds when his mind is occupied subtracting what he's earned from what the Government figures he owes in income tax?

How can he think of "quiet brooks and drowsy waters" when he's just come in from the Trocadero where the water is more laughing than tranquil?

One of the most exasperating (at least to herself) insomniacs in Hollywood is Joan Crawford, who can sleep like a babe in arms when she's between pictures and doesn't need to rest, and then pitches and tosses like a ship in a storm the minute she hears she is going back to work. This is fine business for the nerves and practically cinches the services of a masseuse during the entire production schedule to keep Joan from having a nervous breakdown before her second Adrian fitting.

Many is the night Mrs. Franchot Tone has stalked through the rooms of her Brentwood home long after the last guest has gone "so Joan can get to bed early" wishing to high heaven someone had stayed to talk to her, because she doesn't get any help from Mr. Tone who is the only the-minute-his-head-hits-the-pillow sleeper I've heard about in Hollywood. So there is the glamorous Miss Crawford, cigarette in hand, stalking about her home, the only person awake in her house-

Do you suffer from insomnia, too? Then you can sympathize with these famous stars—and try their sure-fire remedies

to Sleep in Hollywood

hold, including the pups, Baby and Pupchen, who don't even hear her get up.

"A pair of fine watch dogs," as Miss Crawford, herself, puts it.

Until Joan went on her famous strike for somebody to help haunt the house with her in the wee small hours, she used to occupy her time emptying ash trays, making out market lists, crocheting something new for the Norman Foster baby, letting out a hem or two, and even stirring up a pot of coffee for herself. One unusually warm night just before "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney" began, she even tried taking a swim in the Tone pool. But in place of exhausting her, the swim gave her sufficient vitality to finish "Gone With the Wind" before dawn!

Who would have thought that the alphabet—yes, the same beginning with *a* and ending with *z*—would prove the solution to maddening insomnia in Joan's case? One night Franchot told her that someone had told the second cousin of their cook that if you would slowly, softly and orally list every word you could think of beginning with *a,* and not leave that fine old letter until you'd exhausted its possibilities, it was a sure-fire bet you would be asleep before you hit the *b's.*

The following night a prowler in the Tone home might have been convinced it was occupied by mental cases if he could have heard the very soft, drawly dialogue floating through the open door of Joan's boudoir toward Franchot's bedroom as Mrs. Tone intoned (*Continued on page* 99)

Joan Crawford, William Powell and Bette Davis may all differ in their solutions of the sleep problem, but they all swear their methods simply can't fail—though you may not want to follow Bill's advice!

The PERFECT WAY to a

More grand exercises and advice to help you regain health, energy and—loveliness!

YOU'LL remember that last month we began a general survey of the problems connected with rebuilding the weak, run-down and under-weight body into a strong and workable machine.

If you followed the advice I gave you in that article you will by this time have reconditioned your nervous system so that a banging door or a yelping dog will not send you into hysterics; if you observed the diet I recommended your stomach will be in excellent condition, ready to accept and utilize to advantage the food you put into it.

I am aware of the difficulties and problems you face throughout your every-day life—the high, swift tempo at which you are forced to live, the impossibility of observing regular hours and habits, the need for stimulants and excitement that 1937 demands of you.

I have not worked for two years with Hollywood stars for nothing.

These people out here are faced with twice the problems you ordinarily would find in your own existence. Women like Luise Rainer, Jean Harlow, Cecilia Parker come to me, brandish the written instructions I have given them, and wail,"But how *can* I live like this? Do you realize—?"

And then they begin. First, the pace of their working hours: up at six-thirty, a gulp of breakfast, and to the studio. Make-up, wardrobe, and then to the set. Interviews at eleven, or through the luncheon hour. An invitation to lunch where the wrong kind of food is served; eat it or go hungry. Back to the set. Nervous tension of the most extreme kind.

Work all afternoon. Finish at six. Dress for dinner, which is to be an exotic mess of spices and sauces. Cocktails before dinner, wines with dinner, liqueurs afterward. Highballs into the evening. Out to a supper club. Dance until midnight.

Home exhausted, to fall into bed and lie rigid with nerves, until at last sleep comes from sheer fatigue, not as the relaxing, restoring thing it should be.

And, withal, another two pounds shot.

A letter comes to me. "I'm going to have a nervous breakdown any minute now," scribbles the young girl. "I don't sleep at night, I can't eat, I drag myself around as if I weighed five hundred pounds—and as a matter of fact I'm down to ninety-five. I'm cranky and irritable. My work is a beastly nuisance and my attitude shows in the results.

"For the love of Heaven, what do I do now?"

So I write and ask her to check up on herself (as I ask you who read this to check) thoroughly and systematically. She is doing a million things every day which are wrong, which are tearing her into the nervous shred she is, and which she does not realize are so harmful.

Her answer is an expected, but nevertheless an annoying, shock.

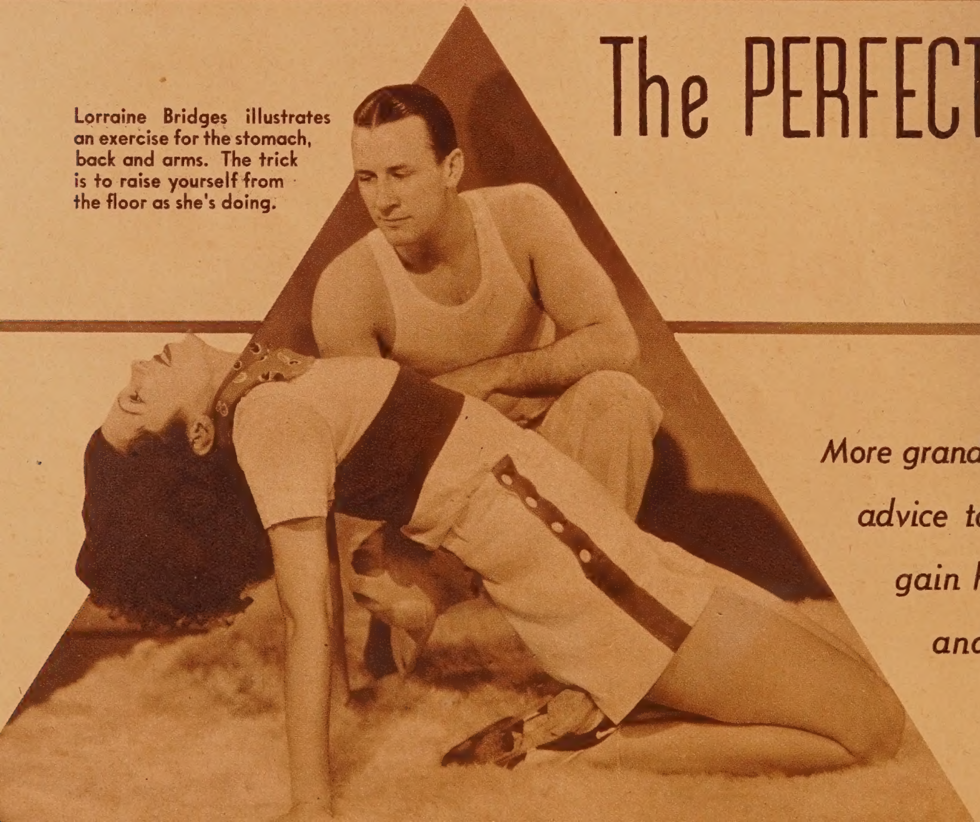
She leaps out of bed in the morning to the cry of a harsh alarm—a nice starter to the day—crawls into a steaming bath, steps listlessly from it, and dresses hurriedly because there is so little time.

She swallows a breakfast consisting of coffee, toast, coffee, bacon, coffee, a bit of grapefruit, coffee, and cigarettes. Then, if she goes to school, she grabs her books and runs for a bus; if she works, she grabs last night's uncompleted reports and runs for the bus.

It's then she realizes that she hasn't prepared for this morning's exam in Biology, or that she hasn't even made a dent in the office statements due today. Panic floods her.

And her nerves begin a tingling which doesn't stop until she has fallen asleep late that night, after doing at least fifty or sixty unhealthy things during the day.

These simple rules of living you *must* follow if you expect to regain your general health and put on that much-needed extra weight:



Lorraine Bridges illustrates an exercise for the stomach, back and arms. The trick is to raise yourself from the floor as she's doing.

You must sleep alone, on a good soft bed, in a well-ventilated room.

You must eat the foods I suggest.

You must readjust the pace at which you do things—walking, eating, working, everything—to a calm, even tempo.

You must exercise regularly according to the instructions in this story.

You must cease worrying.

I have talked with producers, directors and actors, men and women whose jobs are at once exciting and demanding. In the face of possible ruin or misfortune these people are calm. I've asked them how they manage it.

Here's Myrna Loy's reply:

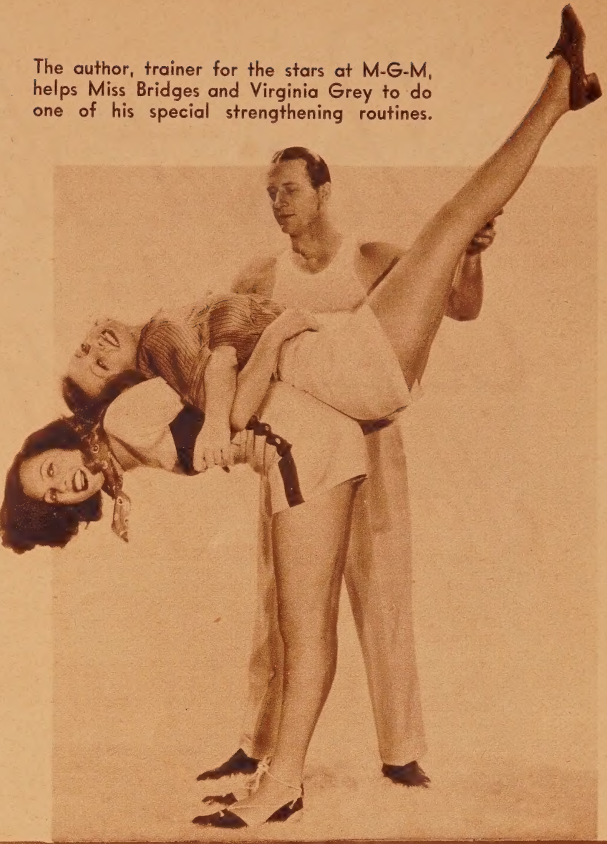
"I have found that the only way to keep from being a nervous wreck under the strain of making movies is to develop a mental control about the whole thing. When my work is finished for the day I reach up and pull a little shade in my brain; it separates the portion that concentrates on work from the portion that thinks about play and relaxation. I do this even at the lunch hour. If my work-day has left me with any problems I shove them into a corner of my mind until the next day—and always I discover that my subconscious has taken care of them just automatically."

It takes a rare kind of will power to do that. But you'll find if you try you'll develop the same ability.

So far as diet is concerned, by this time you're probably pretty sick of the stern, tasteless foods I prescribed to you last month. I confess they aren't very palatable, and I don't expect that you have gained a great deal of weight on them, if any.

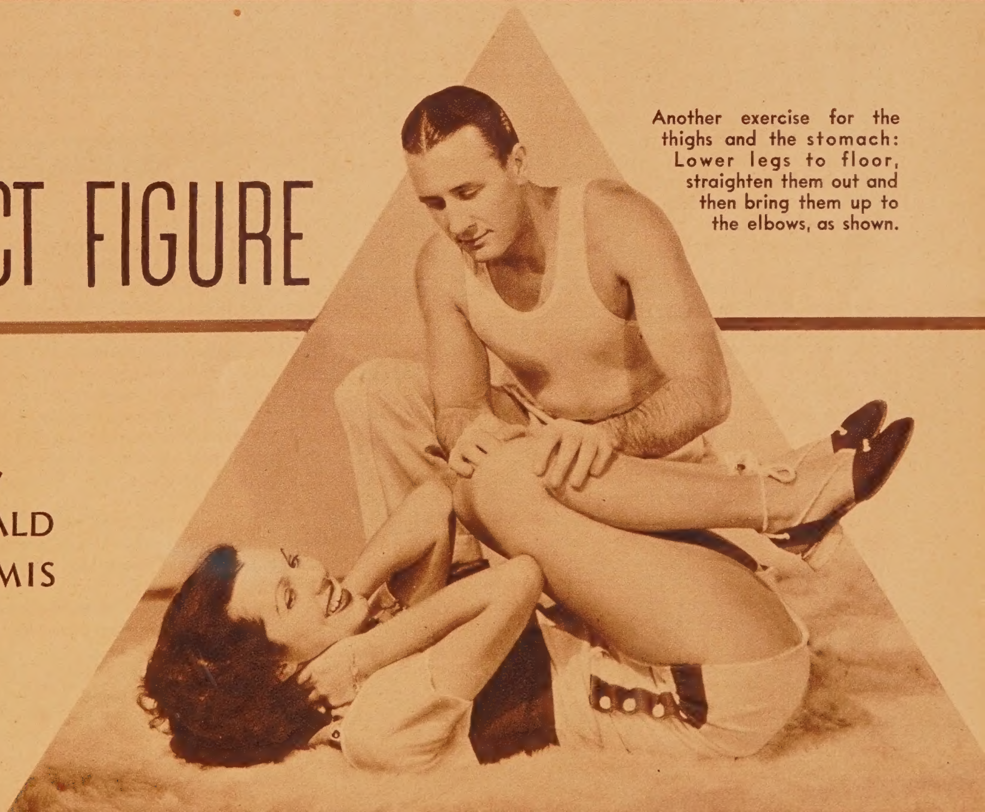
They weren't suggested in order to put pounds on you. Their purpose, simply, was to give your stomach a rest, clear your system of poisons accumulated over a long period of time, and set you on a buoyant path to better things. They are energy foods, easily digested, *(Continued on page* 90)

The author, trainer for the stars at M-G-M, helps Miss Bridges and Virginia Grey to do one of his special strengthening routines.



PERFECT FIGURE

By DONALD LOOMIS



Another exercise for the thighs and the stomach: Lower legs to floor, straighten them out and then bring them up to the elbows, as shown.

"I won't let Anything defeat Me," says FRANCIS LEDERER

And the almost incredible adventures in his struggle to get ahead prove it! There's a message for everyone in his rules for success

By DORA ALBERT

THE young man in the greenish-gray suit faced the theatrical agent jauntily, though his head was a throbbing mass of fire and he hadn't eaten for days. He was feverish with hunger and fear that he would lose this opportunity.

"To play this role of a waiter," said the agent, "you must have a dinner jacket. Have you got one?"

"Yes," Francis Lederer lied desperately. It wouldn't do to let the agent guess that the suit on his back, which his uncle had bought for him, was the sum of his worldly possessions.

And so confident was his air, so debonair his manner that the agent didn't dream that he was lying.

Francis Lederer arrived in Budapest the next day. He had received a small advance on his salary, and he was certain that he would have the time to rent a dinner jacket.

"But instead," he told me, "I had to report at the police station because I was a foreigner and I had to fill out—what do you call it?—a deposition. For four hours they kept me waiting.

"Then I had to go to the theater and rehearse until seven o'clock. And the curtain was going up at eight.

"This is the truth. This is not a pretty story that I invent to tell you. All the shops were closed. I didn't know how I was going to get a dinner jacket, but I tell you I knew that I was going to get it."

Lederer's right hand curled into a fist and he thumped it against his left for emphasis. And something leaped into his eyes. I wish you could have seen him. You'd know, as I knew at that moment, the kind of spirit with which he goes into things.

"I ran out of the theater. I passed a barber shop and looked at the barbers. They were wearing white jackets. I went into the barber shop and told the barbers that I would pay a deposit on a white jacket if one of them would lend me his. But neither of the jackets fitted me. One was too short. And the other man's jacket was no good, because it had holes in it.

"So I ran out of the store and into a coffee shop, where I persuaded a waiter to lend me his white jacket. I gave him a two-dollar deposit.

"Now was the question of pants. I stopped the first man I saw with black pants and told him of my predicament. 'Come into my dressing room with me,' I begged. 'You take my pants and I'll take yours. Then you can sit through the show, and when it is over, I will give you back your pants.'

"'I have some business to attend to right now,' he said, 'but I will be in the theater at five minutes of eight and I'll come to your dressing room then.'

"I believed him and went back to the theater, thinking that everything was taken care of. But five minutes of eight came and the man didn't arrive. I realized that he had promised to come just to get rid of me. He must have thought me a lunatic.

"There was only one thing to do, to go to see the theater manager. 'Listen,' I said, 'a man promised to bring me his pants but he has not shown up. You will have to loan me your pants.'

"He got very angry. 'Are you crazy?' he said. 'You louse, you rascal, get away from me. What's the matter with you?'

"So I explained all over again. 'All right,' he said. 'All right. I will not lend you my pants, but my father has a theatrical wardrobe

(*Continued on page* 85)

BETTE DAVIS tells you how to protect Daintiness

"You girls who want to be popular—remember this: No man can resist the charm of perfect daintiness. The least fault against it spoils romance.

"A Lux Toilet Soap bath is a real beauty treatment. Try it next time you're tired and have a date to keep. You'll find it peps you up in no time!"

Star of Warner Brothers' "MARKED WOMAN"

"The easiest, most delightful way I know to protect daintiness is to bathe with Lux Toilet Soap. The ACTIVE lather leaves skin really sweet—fragrant with a delicate perfume you'll love.

HAVE you ever thought before of what this lovely screen star says? The charm that's most appealing of all—perfect daintiness from head to toe—is a charm within the reach of any girl.

A regular Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath will leave you refreshed—skin *sweet*—pores freed of hidden traces of stale perspiration by ACTIVE lather. Your skin will have a delicate, clinging fragrance that makes people want to be *near* you—even if they don't know why!

Try the simple, inexpensive way Bette Davis has chosen to make sure of daintiness. She is one of many screen stars, famous the world over, who use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. You're sure to find it works for *you*.

9 out of 10 screen stars use this gentle soap with ACTIVE lather. You can keep *your* skin soft and smooth the easy Hollywood way.

LUX
TOILET SOAP

$5,000.00 FOR TRUE STORIES SUBMITTED THIS MONTH

Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during March, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet mentioned below and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $2,500.

GET YOUR SHARE

WIN ONE OF THESE HANDSOME PRIZES

First Prize	**$2500**
Second Prize, 5 at $500	**2500**
TOTAL 6 Prizes	**$5000**

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the person submitting the best story will be awarded the $2,500 first prize, the persons submitting the five next best stories will be awarded the five $500 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC. PAY ON ACCEPTANCE OF MATERIAL BEFORE PUBLICATION. SEE RULES.

CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT-HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Wednesday, March 31, 1937.

Address your manuscripts to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 30C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

WRITE FOR BOOK OF INFORMATION, ADDRESS:

Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. M. M., P. O. Box 490,
Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

CHATTER

ASTRID ALLWYN and Robert Kent are now Mr. and Mrs. Astrid plans to retire from the screen as soon as her present 20th Century-Fox contract expires. . . . Josephine Hutchinson has moved into a new Beverly Hills mansion, built to her specifications. . . . John Beal donated an autographed sketch of Katharine Hepburn to a Hollywood welfare organization and it brought three hundred dollars at auction. . . . Glenda Farrell, making her first trip to England after finishing "Fly Away Baby," will make a picture in London for G-B . . . Warren Hull is poring over architect's plans for a fifteen-room house in San Fernando Valley . . . Ann Sothern was spotted at the Brown Derby giving Beatrice Fairfax information for her lovelorn column . . . Lola Lane was seriously sunburned while skiing at Lake Arrowhead . . . Ann Dvorak, whose hobby is microscopes, has turned her expensive laboratory over to a doctor and is financing his cancer research.

* * *

PRESTON FOSTER, Jean Muir and Virginia Weidler will head the cast of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," Bret Harte's immortal story of early California . . . Fifi (Never A Dull Moment) D'Orsay returned to Hollywood to discover that her ex-medico husband had become an actor in her absence. So thrilled was she that she gave him a great beeg kees in front of Allah, a cameraman and her public . . . Wayne Morris, Warner Brothers' newest prospect for stardom, is seeing a lot of Shirley Lloyd these days . . . Katharine Hepburn's next will probably be "Violette," a drama about a modern newspaper gal, instead of "Stage Door" as previously announced . . . Hugh Herbert stocked his San Fernando Valley rancho with goats and insists on giving goat milk to all his neighbors, but he won't drink the stuff himself.

* * *

IT'S love and probably marriage early this spring for Binnie Barnes and John King . . . Elissa Landi was thrown from her saddle horse and suffered a sprained back that kept her in bed for several weeks . . . Henry Wilcoxon is off to Egypt, where he will star in a picture for a British producer . . . Ronald Colman, who will start work soon in "Prisoner of Zenda," is shopping for a yacht . . . Jack Oakie's wearing the reddest red flannel coat that's ever been seen in these parts.

* * *

THELMA LEEDS is going to marry Parkyakarkas . . . just for the laughs? . . . Nelson Eddy gets the highest rating for most popular radio star . . . and also cops team honors with Jeanette MacDonald in movie polls . . . Borrah Minevitch, the harmonica player, told his waiter to take back the order of chicken giblets and heat 'em . . . the waiter thought he said eat 'em, and did . . . Ned Sparks keeps a stock ticker in an office at his home . . . his market tips are eagerly sought . . . Janet Gaynor is one of thirteen stars who rose from the extra ranks . . . in her new picture, "A Star Is Born," Helene Chadwick is playing a bit part . . . she was Janet's idol when Janet was an extra and Helene a great star.

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The Very Personal History of Fred MacMurray

(*Continued from page* 59)

now making rapid strides with her recovery) and the good food enabled Fred to put on a bit of much-needed weight.

"I don't know when I'd had more fun," he told me. "The whole engagement was like a holiday. I was eating and living regularly, getting my full quota of exercise and sunshine and it did me more good than falling heir to a fortune. I hadn't realized how badly shot my nerves were until I had that chance to build them back to normal."

The club, that summer, might have been an ideal spot for one of those exciting vacation romances, if it hadn't been for a number of things.

"There were plenty of girls there who played tennis and golf with us, but I can't remember the name of a single one," Fred admitted sheepishly. "I was still playing the lone wolf as far as women were concerned. In the first place, Hollywood had given me an inferiority complex about dating girls. Even the extra girls if you took them out seemed to expect nothing short of the Cocoanut Grove. And so I had a long talk with myself and decided that as long as I was unable even to think about romance and marriage, I'd better leave girls out of my life entirely." Then he added, smiling, "Not that anybody was bidding for me!"

IT wasn't until he returned to Hollywood from the Norconian Club that the pattern that was to draw him to the first and only great love of his life, with Lillian Lamont, began. The first step was a job playing five hours of sustaining programs for station KFWB, the Warner Brothers radio station in Hollywood. Then came a chance to play in the pit with the orchestra at Warner's Hollywood Theater and this, in turn, led to his engagement with the California Collegians who came to the theater for a special stage showing.

The seven members of the California Collegians had just completed a long engagement with "Fifty Million Frenchmen" in New York and had signed a contract to return East (after four weeks in Hollywood) to appear in "Three's a Crowd." One of the band boys, Ted Beach, had decided that the business world offered him better opportunity than night clubs and theaters and had given notice to Ted Woods, the leader, that he would leave the band before the return to New York.

Though Fred didn't realize it, Woods was looking over the men in the pit for a substitute musician. He liked the looks of the tall, dark fellow with the suntan. He played well enough, he sang well and what was more important, he looked collegiate, which was the spirit as well as the name of the band. The pit man also looked Californian. When Woods finally offered him the job, Fred knew it was the biggest opportunity he had ever been handed, but he turned it down. Mrs. MacMurray had just returned from the hospital and he was convinced that he shouldn't leave her.

But Woods was not to be put off. He told Mrs. MacMurray about the wonderful chance in store for Fred in New York and it was she who pled, coaxed and at last forced him to accept "the chance of a lifetime." When she promised to send for her sister to come to the Coast and look after her, Fred finally consented.

But even after he had signed the contract with Woods, there was yet an obstacle. The contract signed for the New York appearance of the band called for the orchestra men by name. And, very plainly, for a "Mr. Beach." A change would mean a violation of the terms. The only solution was for Fred to become "Mr. Beach." (Several years later, on the first day of shooting for "Alice Adams," Katharine Hepburn came up behind Fred and said, "Good morning, Mr. Beach." Clifton Webb, one of the stars of "Three's a Crowd," had told her the story of how a certain Mr. Beach had turned into a Mr. MacMurray during the run of the show).

But before the band got to New York, Fred had discovered a new and surprising career for himself. For some odd reason, he had been fitted into the comedy antics of the troupe and it was Fred who rolled on the floor barking like a seal in the zoo number, and did the hysterical Leopold Stokowski impersonation and a burlesque of Rudy Vallee. Fred had always considered himself a serious person. Yet here he was, prancing out there on the stage (during the cross-country trek) in size nineteen shoes, wearing a fright wig and a coat down to his ankles as he did the most hectic burlesque numbers in the show and what's more getting away with them. Well, he supposed, he might be a good enough comic for the sticks but New York would certainly put thumbs down. Thus he figured everybody was out of step but himself when Hazzard Short, the director of "Three's a Crowd," singled him out for a comic bit in the show. He was the Gob who stood in the spotlight as the object of Libby Holman's torch song, *Give Me Something To Remember You By;* and it was Fred who, when the song was done, said that famous line, "See you later, Babe."

"Three's a Crowd" ran a year on Broadway and the boys toured with it another year. The California Collegians were in a star spot by now and long before the show was shunted aside they had signed a contract to appear in several movie houses and later to return for a new show, "Roberta."

SUCCESS to the tune of $300 every seven days, beautiful women, cafes, nightclubs, theaters and New York might have made a big change in the personality of the average young fellow. But Fred continued to live just as modestly and unexcitingly as he had lived in Hollywood. He shared an apartment with a couple of the boys in the band and, seemingly, had as little money for dates as he had had in his days as an extra. Most of his salary went back to California for his mother's living expenses and for their savings account.

It came as a mild shock one day when one of the chorus girls came up to him during rehearsals for "Roberta" and told him she knew a beautiful, dark-haired model Fred should meet. "She's going to model in the show—wait 'til you meet her,"

(*Continued on page* 72)

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(*Continued from page 70*)

the chorine prattled. "She's just like you—quiet and everything." But Fred didn't have any trouble waiting. Within ten minutes, he'd forgotten all about this unknown.

One week later, unshaved and with his oldest clothes on, he wandered onto the practice stage. It was then that he saw her for the first time. She was in a cloth-of-gold gown, and so beautiful that Fred, for the first time in his life, let out an appreciative sigh. She was so "darned beautiful" that Fred felt himself blushing to the roots of his hair when he saw the match-making chorus girl walking towards him with the cloth-of-gold lady in tow!

The minute Lillian Lamont smiled at him and said "Hello," love hit Fred MacMurray like a combination of a California earthquake and a Florida hurricane—and struck even harder.

All during the run of the show, Fred and Lillian were inseparable. They liked the same places to go, the same people to see and the same things to do. Instead of haunting the night clubs, they would go to Lillian's little apartment after the show where she'd cook Irish stew or an omelette. On Sundays, they went for long walks or to the movies. The tall, dark young man discovered that the lovely-looking girl was just as chic in her inexpensive little suits as she had been in the gorgeous stage costumes. And while these two were a part of the New York show world, they were no part of the spirit of it. Fred was just an old-fashioned beau, courting his first and only girl.

For some time, a young and very enthusiastic gentleman named Dave Jones had been trying to interest his boss in Fred's screen possibilities. The boss was an important agent in New York who frequently signed stage people to movie contracts. Fred and Lillian got a kick out of listening to Dave rave about his "great potentialities" but they didn't take much stock in it. Fred had already been to the Coast. He knew how hard it was to break into talking pictures.

One night Dave's efforts were rewarded when Oscar Serlin, Paramount talent scout in New York, was talked into watching Fred in "Roberta." He marked the name "MacMurray" in his little book. But it didn't result in an immediate picture contract. Serlin thought Fred should first take some lessons at the Paramount school of acting before he risked his future in a test; so for four weeks Fred was a secret pupil, studying lines between scenes at the theater and reporting for secret rehearsals every afternoon except matinee day.

It was Lillian who cautioned him not to talk about the chance he might be getting. She thought it bad to count chickens before the hatching day. But she was just as excited as Fred over his opportunity.

And what a big break it was. Two days after Fred made his first test (scenes from "Michael and Mary") he was signed on a Paramount contract and invited to fly to Hollywood immediately! Now that it had actually happened, he was bewildered and torn by conflicting emotions. He wanted to go on to his screen career and to his mother who had waited all this time in California, yet he hated to leave Lillian. It was Lillian who had to argue with him to grab his big chance, just as his mother had argued with him once before. She promised to come on out to California if Fred made a go of movie work. She could always get a job modeling on the Coast. So, though his heart wasn't in it, Fred did give in and accept the motion picture offer.

The band and Lillian gave him a big send-off at the station. Some of the gang kidded him about being a movie star but they all wished him a lot of luck—and above every wish was Lillian's He could see her smiling at him, trying desperately not to show what his departure meant to her. Standing on the platform of the train, Fred would have jumped off in a minute if Lillian had so much as crooked her finger at him.

Thus it was that the two most important professional breaks in Fred's life happened because two women—his mother, and the girl who was to become his wife—forced him ahead.

It will probably be news to those who believe Fred zoomed to immediate stardom upon his arrival in Hollywood, to learn that he waited almost six months before Paramount got around to casting him in his sensational picture debut, "The Gilded Lily." Four of those months were just about the most miserable he had ever spent. With the studio apparently disinterested in casting him in his first role, he didn't feel he had the right to encourage Lillian to give up her job and come to California.

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IT FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE - I'LL SAY!
FEW DAYS LATER
RITA - COME OVER QUICK - THE DANCE BOOK'S COME AND IT'S TOO MARVELOUS!
I'LL BE RIGHT OVER DON'T YOU LEARN ANY MORE TILL I GET THERE!
YOU SURE KNOW ALL THE LATEST STEPS ALL RIGHT
DOESN'T SALLY LOOK GORGEOUS TONIGHT—
I KNEW YEAST WOULD CLEAR UP THOSE HICKIES SHE HAD

He grew disconsolate as weeks dragged into months, delaying their reunion.

Finally, unable to stand it any longer, he wired Lillian to come out anyway. Two weeks later, Fred didn't care much whether the studio *ever* got around to him. Lillian had arrived and already had a marvelous job at one of the most exclusive gown shops on the West Coast. They were together again; that was all important.

The story of how Fred happened to be cast in the lead opposite Claudette Colbert in "The Gilded Lily" and how close he came to losing that chance after but one day's work, is just another proof of how slender the threads of destiny really are!

One of Fred's most enthusiastic boosters at Paramount was Phyllis Laughton, dramatic coach. She really believed in him and was constantly singing his praises to various executives. Yet if director Wesley Ruggles had not been almost to the point of desperation for a male lead for the film, it is doubtful if he would ever have turned an attentive ear to Miss Laughton's raves about her protege. Ruggles was so desperate, in fact, that he listened to Fred read two pages of dialogue after seeing him but once and then cast him without further ado—or enthusiasm.

On the first day of shooting, Fred was so nervous he nearly shook himself out of every scene. "I must have looked like a shimmy dancer," he grinned, remembering how his knees knocked together. "But even so, it was the blow of my life when an assistant director came up to me the next day and told me not to feel too badly if they took me out of the picture. Though I didn't know it at the time, there had been a long pow-wow the first evening with everybody lining up on sides as to whether or not I was to remain in the cast. I understand, now, that the only reason I wasn't removed was that it was impossible to delay production any longer and besides, there wasn't a suitable actor available in all of Hollywood. If I'd known this at the time, I'm sure it would have had a bad effect on my work. Being ignorant, I managed to get hold of myself and, after a day or two, the awful nervousness passed."

With the release of "The Gilded Lily," Fred became a big name immediately. In quick succession he made, among other pictures, "Men Without Names," "Alice Adams," "Hands Across the Table," "The Bride Comes Home," "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "The Princess Comes Across," "Texas Ranger" and most recently, "Champagne Waltz," "Maid of Salem" and "Swing High, Swing Low." And now he's signed for Dick Powell's former spot on Hollywood Hotel.

But even though Fred became an overnight sensation of the screen, he failed to become a Hollywood star in the grander sense. Certainly I've never met another actor who has taken fame quite so casually. When he was the talk of the town right after his first successes, when hostesses were vying for his presence at their parties, Fred continued to call for Lillian at lunch time and after work each day. Theirs is the only Hollywood romance I have ever watched in which neither of the parties has ever been rumored in a romantic tie-up with another person.

And so, on June twentieth, the anniversary of his parents' wedding, Fred joined hands in marriage with the only girl he has ever loved. On a Saturday noon, after the final scenes of "Texas Ranger," they made up their minds. Saturday night found them, in company with Fred's mother, in a plane headed for Las Vegas, Nevada, and they were married early Sunday morning. Two days later, they sailed for a Honolulu honeymoon.

Since their return to Hollywood, they have been one of the most interesting, and yet one of the least-seen couples in the movies. Perhaps this is partially due to the fact that Lillian MacMurray has had a long siege of influenza and has been too ill to go about. But something tells me that lack of social inclination has had far more to do with it than the bride's precarious state of health. They live in a small house in Beverly, and nearby, to be close to her "children," lives Fred's mother.

To the outside world, these three devoted MacMurrays seem to be a closed corporation, content and happy with the simplicity of their lives despite the most unsettling thing that can happen—sudden Hollywood fame.

If I had to name one actor in Hollywood who seems utterly happy and contented in his life, his career and his marriage, I would have to say Fred MacMurray. And in view of the judgment, commonsense and a feeling of real values he has brought to his new estate, I can't think of one who more richly deserves the good things he has found.

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GOOD
TIMES
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NEXT DAY
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She Had a Right to Sing the Blues!

(*Continued from page* 47)

great damage was done. People who Alice had thought were friends turned against her. A part of the public which had not read the explanation remained inimical. Alice was being accused unjustly and without trial.

And it broke her heart.

For the first time in her life, during the months that followed Alice's return to Hollywood, she knew not only the sorrow that death brings but the bitter hurt that rides with disillusionment. She had always been a friendly youngster, liking and trusting everyone she met, but now she exchanged friendliness for cynicism. She liked few and trusted nobody. She admits it.

"I found myself hating the world in general," she told me, frankly, not long ago. "I had always thought that if I were honest and fair and nice to everybody, I should be treated in kind.

"And when I wasn't, when I came back to Hollywood and found that certain persons whom I had cared for most had turned against me without waiting to hear my side of the story, I kind of went to pieces.

"I'd drive to the studio in the mornings with a chip on my shoulder. Those who would speak pleasantly to me I'd decide had some axe to grind; those who were casual I'd consider were high-hatting me. I was in tears half the time and in a rage the other. Honestly, it was terrible!"

I remember something which illustrates what was happening to Alice during those somber days. It happened on the night "The Country Doctor" was previewed.

Alice slipped into the theater, late, just as I did, and sat in a back seat across the aisle from me. She was wearing a white polo coat, slacks and a white beret. She looked tired and unhappy, very different from the resplendent creature I had seen at the Trocadero a few months before—a girl in a ruffled dress dancing with a dozen beaux, laughing with everyone, the life of the party. A real song and dance girl.

But now here she was sitting quietly, alone, in a back seat at the preview; crying, too, during those poignant scenes when Jean Hersholt is misunderstood and misjudged by his townspeople.

When it was over, and the lights flashed on, she started to hurry out, but a woman reached the door first. "May I have your autograph, Miss Faye?" she asked.

Two who have long been absent from Hollywood meet at the same Cafe Lamaze table—Gertrude Michael, who was ill in New York, and Douglass Montgomery, who's been making films in England.

Silently Alice wrote her name in the proffered book. Then, as the woman thanked her and moved on, she turned to me.

"I can't think why she wanted it!" she flung out, bitterly. But there were tears in her eyes.

Yes, Alice Faye had her fingers crossed, those days, but even then, she couldn't stop things going wrong. I said Fate had a grudge against her. And so, as though ordained, came a time when the doctor told her she must give up dancing.

It happened this way. All through the summer months, Alice had been feeling badly. She'd wake up in the morning dead tired. Drag herself to the studio by sheer will power. Strangely enough, those were the days when Alice was unusually unhappy because she was gaining weight.

"How *fat* Alice Faye is getting," we said; a little contemptuously, I'm afraid, because that's the way people are. We didn't know that those pounds Alice was putting on were the result of a desperate effort to keep her health; that she was eating four meals a day in order to keep going at all; that they were unhealthy pounds, acquired in a pitiful, losing fight against ill health. So often we don't know what is back of the things at which we scoff.

So we kept on saying, "What *is* the matter with Alice that she doesn't reduce?"

And Alice, with fear in her heart, secretly paraphrased our words. "What is the matter with me that I *don't dare* reduce?"

You see, she didn't know what the trouble was. The doctors didn't know. They talked about overwork. They talked about nerves, indigestion. They said she must give up dancing, perhaps her entire career. But they weren't sure even this would help. True, she had a tooth that hurt her once in a while but she thought little of it. She was too busy to have it treated. She didn't have the strength, anyway.

Late in August, when they began shooting "Sing, Baby, Sing" at 20th Century-Fox, she met Tony Martin. You remember him—the tall, handsome, soft-spoken chap with the beautiful voice who sang *Love Will Tell?*

THAT was a momentous occasion but Alice didn't realize it then. As usual, she felt too badly. Long after, she told me something about their meeting. Laughed, too, because she is always laughing, these days. But I am getting ahead of my story.

"I was sitting on a wobbly camp stool, over in a corner, drinking milk," she said. "I used to feel guilty about drinking milk and eating so much, but it seemed as though I had to or I couldn't work.

"Anyway, there I was drinking out of the bottle and feeling pretty low. The doctor kept telling me I wasn't strong enough to dance any more; I was getting fat without feeling any better—oh, life looked bad, all right.

"And then, up walked Tony. 'I'm Tony Martin,' he said, and then, 'Say, drinking milk that way isn't sanitary. You'll get germs and such. Here are a couple of straws.' At which he pulled the straws, all done up in cellophane, out of his pocket."

Alice smiled reminiscently. "I made him take one of them and we both drank out of the bottle. I think from that minute I liked him, especially because he didn't look cross-eyed at me and make some wise crack about 'That's not the way to keep the hips down, baby,' or something like that, the way some of the people on the set would do."

So Alice and Tony began to "keep steady company" and that was fun. "It seemed as though Tony was the only thing that kept me going at all in those days," Alice confided to me. "There's something about him that you can depend on, that you can believe. He hasn't a line; he's kind of bashful, really, but he's sweet and wholesome—" she broke off, laughing a little.

"I don't suppose any young man would like to hear himself called 'wholesome,' like a breakfast food or something, but to me Tony was and is the kind of boy a girl really could break down and like, sincerely, without fear that he would hurt her.

"With some men you have to play a game; be smart and sophisticated, sort of frothy, if you get what I mean. They shy at the first serious remark a girl makes and run a mile if she keeps it up. But Tony's different—and better."

She stopped again, smiling at herself. "I guess you think I have a case on him, don't you?" she demanded.

"Yes," I told her, "I do."

She was honest. "Well, I have."

"Meaning wedding bells pretty soon?"

But she wouldn't admit that. "I don't know," she said. *"We* don't know. We don't want to change anything, yet. Things are too nice as they are."

But in spite of Tony's kindness and affection, those weeks while she was making "Stowaway" were a long nightmare for Alice. How could they be otherwise when she scarcely could drag one foot after the other, most of the time? On top of that, her sore tooth began to act up, and if you've ever had a toothache when you were trying to put forth your best effort, you'll know that what she suffered during that time wasn't pretty.

On the last day of shooting, the "Stowaway" cast worked until eleven o'clock at night, finishing up. Alice was ready to drop. Her head ached, her feet ached, her back ached. And outclassing all of those other aches, that fiendish tooth was beating an anvil chorus in her jaw.

SO she took matters in her own hands. "I'm going to the hospital and have that tooth out," she announced.

"Certainly, you must do it the first thing tomorrow," her mother agreed.

"No, I'm going to have it done *tonight!*"

And she did. She routed her dentist out of bed at midnight and he got busy. By two o'clock, Alice was tucked away in a hospital bed; dead tired, shaken and weak, but the proud possessor of thrilling news. The tooth had been terribly infected and undoubtedly had been the source of her ill health throughout those long, ailing months. What a relief to know that!

There in that quiet, comfortable bed, Alice slept the clock around. When she wakened the next afternoon, shortly before three, it was to face not only a new day, but a new world. Or so she says.

"It really seemed like that," she told me. "The sun was shining through the shutters. Mother was smiling at me from the foot of the bed and there was Tony, grinning, beside her.

"I know my jaw was swollen up as though I had the mumps; my hair was a mess and probably make-up was still streaked across my face, but I didn't care. I had the queerest feeling that with that silly tooth had gone all of my other troubles, too. It was as if an ugly, oppressive weight had melted away. Not only could I keep on with my dancing, after all, but everything else was also all right. It was marvelous!"

In the days that followed, Alice Faye found justification for that "queer" feeling of hers. She found that if, once upon a time, friends and public had blamed her because of the whispers about her father's death, they had forgotten all about this now. Phone calls, letters, gifts, visitors

STEP UP, LADEES 'N GENTLEMUN—STEP UP AND SEE TOGO WILDO—THE ONLY WHITE BABY ELEPHANT IN CAPTIVITY.
FAKE! THAT ELEPHANT ISN'T WHITE—IT'S GRAY.
PIPE DOWN, BESS. THIS IS YOUR AUNT MAZIE'S SHEET AND IT'S AS WHITE AS SHE GETS 'EM.
GRACIOUS! I'M EMBARRASSED TO TEARS!
DON'T FEEL BAD, MAZIE. YOU WORK HARD, BUT YOUR CLOTHES DO HAVE TATTLE-TALE GRAY.
THE TROUBLE IS YOUR SOAP DOESN'T WASH CLEAN. YOU SWITCH TO FELS-NAPTHA SOAP AS I DID. IT GETS OUT ALL THE DIRT—EVEN DEEP-DOWN DIRT.
I'LL TRY IT, AND IF IT WORKS, I'LL TAKE YOU AND BESS TO A REAL CIRCUS.
FEW WEEKS LATER
YOU'RE A PEACH TO TREAT US TO THIS, MAZIE.
THANK YOURSELF FOR TIPPING ME OFF TO FELS-NAPTHA. THAT RICHER GOLDEN SOAP FULL OF NAPTHA CERTAINLY MAKES MY CLOTHES SHINE LIKE SNOW!
WH-E-E! REAL ELEPHANTS!

COPR. 1937 FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

CREATE A NEW "YOU"

WITH A NEW POWDER SHADE!

A New Face Powder Shade May Give You a New Personality—a New Glamour—a New Charm!

By Lady Esther

You know what color in clothes can do for you. One color puts you out like a light. Another makes you look and feel your best.

But no color in clothes has half as much effect on your personality as your face powder shade. For this becomes a real flesh-and-blood *part* of you.

Yet thousands of women and girls are actually wearing the *wrong* shade of face powder. Every morning they commit beauty-suicide, right in front of their own mirrors. They quench their personality, destroy what ought to be their glamour and charm—with a dull, drab, dead shade of face powder!

Far better, I say, to use no powder at all, than to bury yourself alive under such a disguise!

Use the Magic of Color!

Yet for each of these girls and women—for *you*, too—there is a *right* shade of face powder. It won't subtract from your beauty. Nor will it leave you just as you were. No! This right shade will add the magic of living, glowing color. It will flatter you, glorify you, create right before your eyes a new "you" that you never dreamed you could be!

The reason you haven't found this right shade long ago is probably because you've been choosing according to your "type"—a blonde should wear this, a brunette that. *This is all wrong!* You aren't a type. You're yourself. And how lovely that self can be—how vivid, alive and alight—you'll never know till you try on all five of my basic shades in Lady Esther Face Powder.

See for Yourself!

To let you prove this to yourself, I will send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder free of cost.

When you have tried all five shades and have discovered the one that was made just for you, you will be instantly aware of many things. You will see a new glow, a new warmth in your skin. You will see a new beauty in your face, in line as well as color. You will see a new radiance about your entire person.

Write today for all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Your mere request on the coupon below brings them to you postpaid and free. With the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder, I will also send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream. The coupon brings both the powder and cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) FREE

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

*City*__________ *State*__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

poured into her hospital room, day after day. Even the studio people, used to adulatory expressions from fans, were surprised at the interest in and concern for Alice Faye's welfare. Yes, the little blonde song and dance girl with the gentian blue eyes and the moanin' low voice had friends, after all. Thousands of them.

So it wasn't difficult for her to stick to a liquid diet, even though she was lying there in bed with nothing to do but think about chicken a la king, welsh rarebits, cream puffs and custard pies, which she adores. Even after her extraction wound healed, she ate only melba toast, pineapple and lamp chops. It is when you are low in your mind or bored that you sometimes turn to food for want of something better to interest you. Alice wasn't low in her mind or bored so she dieted willingly, gladly.

The result was that she had a grand rest, lost a lot of weight, and came away from that hospital feeling like a million dollars—and looking like two.

I saw her the other day, as I said, over at 20th Century-Fox, on the "On the Avenue" set. She was having an elegant time. Those crazy Ritz Brothers were putting on one of their crazy acts, and they kept us all in stitches. But Alice laughed harder than anybody. You had only to watch her for five minutes to know she is ready to laugh at most things, these days.

SHE was a knock-out to look at, too, all rigged up in an Apache outfit (Parisian Apache): polka-dotted taffeta jacket, patent-leather hat with jaunty bow on top and a short, tight black satin skirt slit up the side to reveal to ultra advantage those beautiful legs of hers. She looked slim and svelte; alive and eager.

During the afternoon she went to look at some "On the Avenue" rushes, and came back livelier than ever.

"Boy!" she caroled, joyfully. "Boy! I'm not one to be satisfied with my rushes, but gosh, in these I look only about *that wide*!"

Well, I could see how that could be, because she *is* only about *that wide*. Which represents, I guess, any woman's idea of perfect bliss.

Still it isn't Alice Faye's new slimness alone that is thrilling her most. Nor Tony Martin. Nor the fact that she has her health back and can dance whenever and as long as she pleases. Nor that she is prettier than she ever was in her life. Not any one of these things alone, but a combination of them all, plus the fact that she has been through some pretty stiff trouble during this past year and now it is over.

True, nothing can bring her father back to her. And nothing can bring back the old Alice Faye, the Alice Faye who was mortally wounded by heedless headlines. But the bitterness that so long surrounded the memory of her father's death and its tragic aftermath is gone, leaving in its place something precious and important—the power, at last, to appreciate the bright side of life because she has so poignantly known the other.

You'll like this new Alice Faye better. You'll find her a bigger person than she was before, and a finer one, too. That is always what happens to people when they go through trouble and come out of it—smiling.

Luise Rainer Rediscovers Love

(Continued from page 27)

the most radiant. Ecstasy adorned her like a crown as she stood, small, slender, straight, beside the man of her choice and spoke her marriage vows in words all the more solemn because her pronunciation was halting.

And when the brief service was over and those assembled gathered around to offer congratulations, the new Mrs. Odets was still in the clouds. She kissed everybody in sight, with laughter on her lips and tears in those beautiful eyes of hers, because she was so happy; so certain she had found her heart's desire at last.

Now, you may have wondered a little at that marriage. You may have wondered how Luise Rainer, the Viennese beauty, the famous actress, the glamorous personality happened to discover in Clifford Odets a prince charming. True, he is a brilliant writer, a brilliant man. True, he is a kindly, friendly man, too, with a sense of humor and a gift for being entertaining. But still, he isn't exactly the type you'd expect a movie star to marry, is he? He isn't very handsome. He isn't very—we'll say "dashing" for want of a better word. He seems ineffectual competition for other men Luise must have met in Hollywood.

STILL, he is the man for Luise Rainer, and I'll tell you why. I'll tell you a story as poignantly dramatic as any ever filmed in Hollywood. And when I have finished, you will see, I think, not only the reason Luise Rainer fell in love with Clifford Odets, *but why she could have loved no other kind of man.*

The story begins in Luise's Vienna a long time ago. . . .

There lived there at that time a man, a political writer, who was rapidly making himself a power in Europe. He was tremendously well-informed. He had a remarkable flair for forceful expression, an uncanny talent for sizing up an economic or a political situation long before it had crystalized.

Luise met him at a party one night. He was the honor guest. She was, at least in her own estimation, "just a little actress also present." True, she had won a measure of success in the theater at that time, but her real triumphs on the European stage had yet to materialize.

But that night this man who was being lionized, who had more than a little of the world at his feet, singled out Luise for all of his attentions. Even at risk of offending important personages, he paid court to her. Impetuously, ardently, he laid his heart at her feet for all to see.

As for Luise—well, it was love at first sight for her, too. She adored him from the moment he spoke to her.

Followed a beautiful, mad, all-too-brief time. Delightedly they discovered mutual interests, tastes, diversions. Luise loved to wander into strange shops and cafes; to browse in musty book stores; to visit historic spots in the lovely old city ignored by her sophisticated friends; to take rambling walks and rides in the country. She loved to study nature and to gather specimens for her improvised home

My husband hated "economy dishes"— until I found out about Franco-American Spaghetti

SAY, THIS IS A REGULAR MILLIONAIRE'S DISH. WHAT A SWELL SAUCE!

Discovered! A tasty nourishing dish

for less than 3¢ a portion

ORDINARY "economy dishes" often make dull eating. But not Franco-American Spaghetti. It has flavor, food value—*everything!* Yet a can holding three to four portions is usually no more than 10¢—less than 3¢ a portion.

Serve Franco-American today. See how different it is from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti. Taste its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce containing eleven different ingredients. Delicious to heat and eat just as it comes from the can. Or try the tempting casserole dish below.

Tuna and Spaghetti Casserole
(Serves 3—costs just 30c)

1 can Franco-American Spaghetti
1½ teaspoons minced onion
1 small can tuna fish   2 strips bacon

Place a layer of Franco-American in a greased casserole. Add some of the flaked tuna fish and onion. Alternate layers of spaghetti, fish and onion until all is used. Arrange bacon strips, cut in half, over top. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) until casserole is well heated and bacon crisp.

Franco-American
SPAGHETTI

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *Extra* GOOD SAUCE

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Protection . . .
Modern Style
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● Comfortable . . . Convenient . . . Fits Smoothly . . . Needs No Belt . . . Guaranteed Protection.
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● Figure-fitting as a dancer's panty, smooth as your skin beneath tight-fitting skirts—yet adequately equipped with a protective panel that will repay your confidence with unfailing performance.

The pinning tabs inside are correctly placed to be comfortable and easy to adjust—no other belt is necessary.

Ask specifically for Kleinert's Sani-Scant—one dollar at any good Notion Department.

IF YOU PREFER A SEPARATE BELT

*ask for "Conture"—equally efficient worn high or low. Made of soft *NUVO — Kleinert's velvet-textured elastic fabric which clings without cutting or pulling. 50c in Notion Departments everywhere.*

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laboratory. So did this new love of hers. They found themselves in perfect accord. He forgot his political activities and importance. He forgot everything but her.

One day, they made a pilgrimage to Beethoven's home a little way out of Vienna; stood reverent, hand in hand, in that celebrated room of the two pianos where so many of the master's great works were created. They made another pilgrimage that night to a concert hall to hear Beethoven's *Eroica* played by a renowned symphony orchestra.

The man asked Luise to marry him. And it was then that she, because she is unselfish and fine, unknowingly made of that idyllic interlude a forever "unfinished symphony."

She told him she wouldn't marry him. She told him she felt he would go further alone; that she feared his marriage to a comparatively unknown actress would only hurt his career.

He protested, of course; begged her to change her mind. But she wouldn't give in. "It wouldn't be fair," she said.

AT LAST, however, they made a compromise. He would go away, they agreed. They would stay apart a year, never hearing from each other in all that time. At the end of the year, if they found themselves still in love, he would return, never to leave her again.

They kept faith. The months went by in silence until time had torn twelve from the calendar. Then Luise received a letter, "I have not changed," it said. "Have you?"

She answered with a wire: "Nor I. Come."

He telegraphed back that he was flying to Vienna the next day. But he never arrived. His plane had crashed.

The days after that were, for Luise, dark and hopeless days. But the courage that had enabled her to send him away helped her now. She turned to the only thing she had left—work. She worked as she never had before. She won new recognition in the European theater, and finally a contract in Hollywood.

Luise had been in the film capital about two years when she met Clifford Odets. During that time she had achieved world fame in "Escapade;" had triumphed again as the lovable, pitiful Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld." But off the screen she had defied that tradition of stardom. She had kept to herself; had ignored the night spots; had taken a home in Brentwood and shut herself away with a servant or two and her dog. Her diversions were the walks she had loved in Vienna; the browsings in old book shops and long rides in her little car.

A couple of times she horrified M-G-M by driving alone, a slight, bare-headed figure in slacks and a leather jacket, clear to Vancouver and again south to the Mexican border. She drove fast, too. Many a speed fine the studio paid up and down the coast; many a judge's threat to take away her driving license the studio settled. And many a stern scolding M-G-M officials gave the errant Luise. She mustn't go away without telling them! She mustn't drive so fast! And above all, she mustn't take all those trips alone!

But gaily and yet pitifully, somehow, she kept on gadding about, always by herself. She never had a beau during those first years unless it was one some thoughtful hostess provided. Never once. She didn't want one.

She was keeping faith with a dead love.

Then Clifford Odets came to Hollywood to do some writing for Paramount. His fame preceded him. His plays, "Waiting for Lefty," "Awake and Sing" and half a dozen others had made their mark.

Luise met him at a party given by Max Reinhardt. And they didn't like each other!

True Odets admits now that he had seen Luise in "Escapade" and had fallen in love with her. And Luise, in her naïve joyfulness that day at the marriage license bureau, said it was love at first sight for her. But that's the way she is. She forgets unpleasantness if she possibly can.

At the Reinhardt party, Odets had been talking to a little group of people when Luise arrived. He was, in fact, "holding forth" with the brilliance of which he is so capable. Those about him were only listening. And it seemed to Luise when they were introduced that he was in a hurry to go back to his conversation—"harangue," she might have dubbed it to herself if her English had encompassed the word.

Anyway, instead of staying in the group and listening as the others were, she slipped away and wandered out on the terrace—unnoticed, she believed. But she was mistaken about that. Odets saw her and was piqued.

"Just like a movie star—high hat," he thought, and kept away from her the rest of the evening.

They were conscious of each other, though. They both admit it now. Luise would suddenly become aware that someone was watching her and, turning, would find his eyes upon her. And when he wasn't looking, she would study him, covertly. But when their eyes met, each would turn away quickly; Luise with a flush that flamed above her white satin gown, Odets with a sort of anger that any girl should so upset him.

As they said goodnight their antagonism almost crystalized. They shook hands and Odets said to Luise, "I had wanted to talk to you this evening," reproachfully as though it had been her fault he hadn't.

Coolly Luise answered him. "So? To me this desire was not apparent."

Whereupon, as she said later, describing the scene with chuckles, she swept out leaving him to "make a stare at me."

QUICKLY, however, that bad beginning faded into oblivion beside a new state of affairs. Odets with a chance to calm down and remember how adorable was the star of "Escapade," quickly set about righting matters. He called up Luise and asked if he could come and see her.

Luise said later she meant to tell him no, but that "somehow, I said it yes, instead." And so Mr. Clifford Odets, the famous playwright, came to call upon Miss Luise Rainer, the famous movie star.

That was the beginning of the end. Because during that first "date" they discovered not a mutual antagonism but a mutual attraction.

For one thing, their hobbies were the same; their tastes, too. Delightedly they discovered this—as Luise and another man had discovered a similar situation long ago.

They found they both loved to pack up a picnic lunch and go wandering into the hills for the day, returning at dark tired, dirty, happy, at peace with the world. They found they both loved to get into Luise's car, or Odets', and drive off somewhere, maybe to Santa Barbara or to Laguna for dinner, or to some little spot on the desert which no one from Hollywood had ever visited before.

They discovered similar tastes in music, too. Evening after evening they would sit before Luise's fire listening to her magnificent collection of phonograph records.

Both were working hard, Luise in "The Good Earth" and Odets on the script of "The General Died at Dawn." But gradually, they came to spend every available hour together.

IN LOVE? Of course they were, although perhaps Luise didn't quite realize it. But those of us who saw them together that day on "The Good Earth" set, on location, did.

It was hot that day; dusty and uncomfortable. The sun was merciless and still the cameramen called for certain mechanical lighting effects which were necessary, I guess, but only served to make it hotter.

Luise and Paul Muni were doing a scene in the middle of the rice fields. When it was finished, Luise moved away from the cameras toward our shelter, a weary, drab, almost ugly little figure in a Chinese peasant's costume, still wearing like a masque the Oriental stolidity which characterizes the role of O-Lan.

And then I wish you could have seen her face change, as I did, when she beheld Clifford Odets who had driven out from Paramount to take her home. The expressionless Oriental masque vanished as though she magically had changed her make-up and radiance bloomed in its place. It was a beautiful thing, to see the little Rainer suddenly so happy.

Weeks passed—quickly as they have a way of doing in Hollywood—and Odets, finished with his script at Paramount, returned East.

Then certain people who frequent the Union Air Terminal in Burbank became rather used to seeing on a Friday afternoon a small, unobtrusive figure in dark belted coat, beret and smoked glasses quietly board the 4:30 plane for New York. No one thought much about it, though, because no one suspected that the plainly dressed girl who arrived at the airport alone, and returned alone on the Monday morning plane, was a famous screen star.

But it was Luise Rainer. And she was flying to New York about every other week-end to see Cifford Odets.

Once she arrived East, their program was usually the same. He would meet her at the Newark airport and carry her off to lunch. There he would give her a present. He always had one for her. Sometimes it was a corsage; sometimes a book with marginal notes in his own writing; sometimes a beautiful, lacy handkerchief, because Luise loves beautiful, lacy handkerchiefs. Saturday afternoon they would go for a walk or a drive and Saturday night to a show, often one of his own because for a while Clifford Odets had four plays running at the same time.

On Sunday a late breakfast, another drive and back to the airport and goodbye. Luise must be sure to return to Hollywood in time for work the next day.

In love? Of course. By that time the little Rainer had stopped pinching herself to make sure the ghost of that other love, which had so long shadowed her life, was gone forever. By that time Clifford Odets filled her world. Of all the handsome, glamorous men she had met in Hollywood, she had found he alone could make her forget the past. Why?

Probably Luise Rainer has not asked herself that question. Probably she is too wise—or perhaps she is only too happy—to analyze a thing like love.

But I think I can answer it. It is because Clifford Odets is, as nearly as it is humanly possible to be, *a counterpart of that other man who died!*

He, too, is a brilliant writer, a man of intelligence and wit, a man looked up to as a creative force. He, too, cares for the things that Luise cares for—walking, driving, music, books, simplicity.

If Luise hadn't found him, she might have remained forever bound to memory. She is deep and constant. She loved once. It seemed as though she would never love again.

But she has. She has because the ways of Providence are wise and beautiful.

SO—Luise Rainer is married and started on the way toward "living happily ever after." And Hollywood is glad. Hollywood hasn't always felt comfortable about the little Rainer. She has been too alone, too pathetic, somehow. Hollywood hasn't quite known what to do about her.

Today, though, everything is all right and the Rainer story is one with a happy ending.

DOWN TO HIS LAST FRIEND
MY MASTER'S SO DOWN-HEARTED. AND NOBODY COMES HERE ANYMORE. GUESS I'LL CHEW UP THIS MAGAZINE.
HERE, YOU RASCAL! STOP THAT!
HM! WHAT'S THIS? "MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH. SEE YOUR DENTIST"... SAY! I WONDER...
YES, MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

TWO WEEKS LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED THIS HOUSE IS JUST OVERRUN WITH PEOPLE THESE DAYS!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
Now—NO BAD BREATH behind his SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

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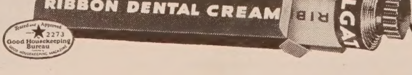
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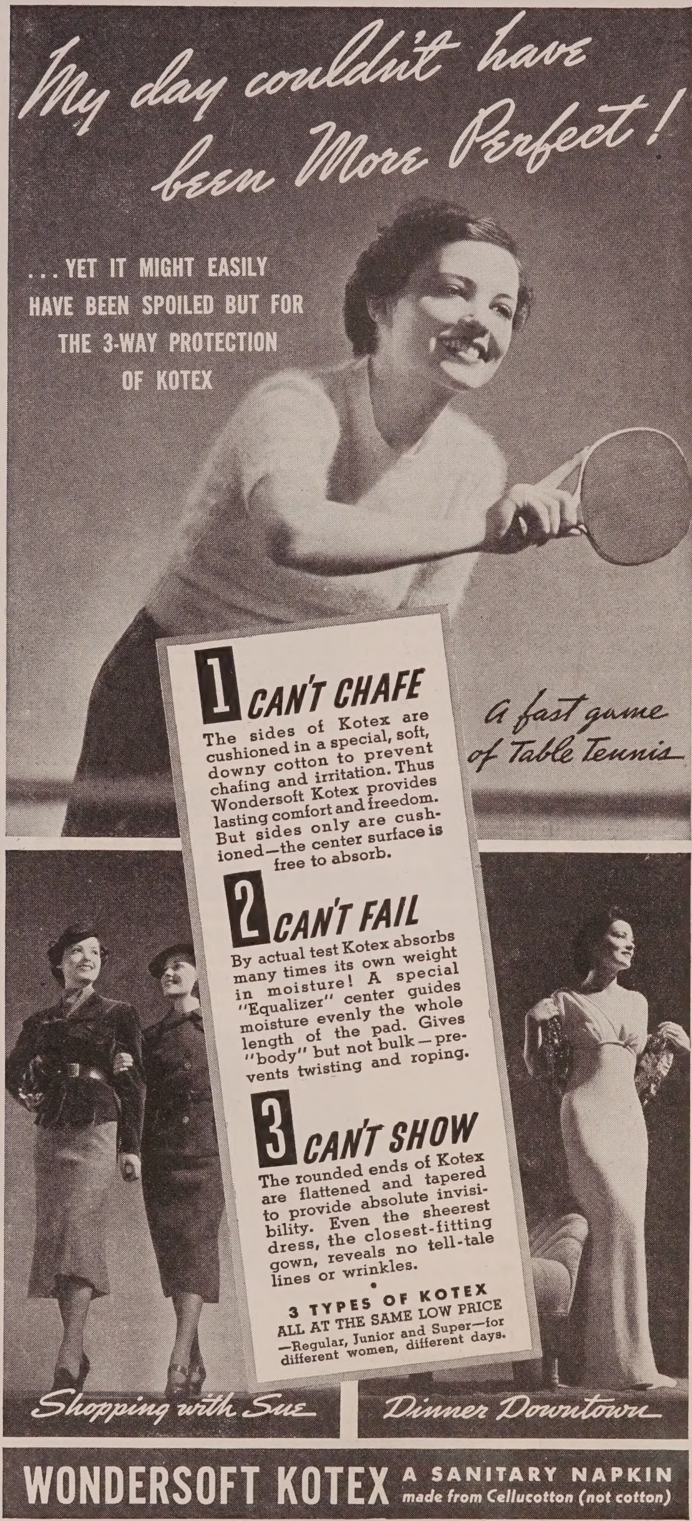
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...YET IT MIGHT EASILY HAVE BEEN SPOILED BUT FOR THE 3-WAY PROTECTION OF KOTEX
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Dinner Downtown

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Thus Wondersoft Kotex provides lasting comfort and freedom. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

2 CAN'T FAIL
By actual test Kotex absorbs many times its own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center guides moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping.

3 CAN'T SHOW
The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale lines or wrinkles.

•

3 TYPES OF KOTEX
ALL AT THE SAME LOW PRICE
—Regular, Junior and Super—for different women, different days.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX A SANITARY NAPKIN made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

The Best Copy in Town

(*Continued from page* 45)

ask us, following a session on the witness stand. "Okay, pals?"

Well, she was doin' all right as a witness—the gangster was ultimately convicted. She was also doin' all right off the stand back in the district attorney's private office where we all stayed when she was not in court. We reporters didn't "interview" her. We just sat around and listened to her comment on things. . . . Such as the time the defense lawyer asked her under cross-examination, for no apparent reason, if she had seen bruises on the gangster's chest. He claimed they had been put there by police third degree methods.

"Good heavens, no!" was what Mae said in court. But afterward she added a postscript: "I wanted to tell him I recognized the face but I couldn't place the body."

There was also the time she regaled us with a list of organizations, scattered throughout the world, of which she is an honorary member. The Brooklyn Eagles, for instance. That's a boys' baseball team and Mae is honorary pitcher or something.

"I have a mean curve," she remarked.

It seems, however, that Paramount about that time put a stop to her joining so many organizations, on the ground that the necessary correspondence, visits as honor guest and such were taking up too much of her time and strength.

Re that, Mae heaved a sorrowful sigh. "Now I can't belong to the Marines."

DURING the trial, Mae received an anonymous note, it was believed from some member of the gang that had engineered the theft of her diamonds.

"We are going to throw acid in your face if you don't quit testifying," it said.

I've heard since that Mae was pretty frightened over that threat, but if she was she didn't show it. She called it her "billy doo" and remarked that she didn't believe in writing letters.

"I always say it's safer to say it with flowers—or fruit," she told us. "And speakin' of fruit, I'd like to send the guy who wrote this a pineapple."

Mae came to court every day looking exactly like anyone would expect Mae West to look. She always wore black velvet or satin gowns, floor length, and picture hats. Her furs were ermine or sable. She usually wore gardenias and carried a fancy handbag. She was colorful every minute.

Another thing about Mae was her willingness to cooperate when we had to have pictures of her, which was every day. She'd pose for the photographers standing up, sitting down, with or without her wraps, anyway they'd ask her to.

"Make it snappy," was all she'd ever say. "My face is getting tired."

A swell gal, Mae. Everybody liked her. And good copy, too.

You might call Francis Lederer a reporter's dream. He is good copy because he knows what makes good copy. I learned that the first time I interviewed him, if you can call it that. The fact is, he really interviewed himself.

"Do you want me to talk about life and

love?" he asked with that flashing smile of his.

"I think it would be nice if a young, unattached man like yourself would talk about women," I told him.

He was gratifyingly agreeable to that. "Okay, as you say here in America, women it shall be. How would the readers of your newspaper like it if I said something like this: 'All women, especially you American women, need—what do you call it?—discipline.' Will not that catch the eye?" he demanded.

"The ladies, they will be indignant, but they will read your story through. And the men, they will react complacently. 'That Lederer he is right,' they will say. And everyone will remember what I have said in your paper, is it not so?" He was obviously pleased with his inspiration.

I told him it was so and asked him how he would discipline the ladies.

He smiled again. "Between you and me," he confessed, "I could never discipline a lady. Frankly, I am one who can be—what do you say?—wound around a lady's little finger. But in theory—ah, that is a different thing! In theory, I believe the firm hand should be the rule! I believe that a husband, or even a fiancé, should say, 'Me, I am your lord and master. You shall do as I say, or—' "

He hesitated and I prompted him. "Or—?"

"Or else!" he finished.

Then, lowering his voice almost as though he feared he might be overheard, he added naïvely, "How is that? It will make your readers sit up and take notice, no?"

"It will," I promised him.

Back at the office a little later, the first two "takes" of my story written and on the city desk, I heard the city editor say to the head of the copy desk, "That guy Lederer is good copy. Play this on page one with art."

See what I mean?

THERE are also stars who are more or less unconsciously good copy. I'm thinking particularly of a small, brisk-spoken lad of some fourteen summers out at M-G-M—Mickey Rooney—and remembering the day we had our weighty discussion on marriage.

Mickey, seated behind a big mahogany desk in one of the writers' rooms, held forth with dignity and emphasis.

"The trouble with most men," he declared, "is that they don't marry young enough. No sir!

"They play around and have too good a time by themselves. That makes 'em selfish. They spend their money on a lotta girls when they should be spending it on a wife. They chase around and raise a lotta—a lotta devilment when they should be settling down and raising a family. And they keep on procras—procras—putting off getting married until, finally, they get outta the notion. It's bad, I tell you—bad for the country and for poster—it's bad for all the kids who haven't been born yet."

He paused and rummaged through his pockets; produced a battered, half-filled package of gum.

"Have a stick?" he offered, casually. Gum, one could see, was merely incidental to a discussion of this importance.

I accepted a stick in the casual spirit

Eager for a Lovelier Skin?

You'll be devoted to these

Germ-Free Beauty Creams

"Alice, what's come over you? You're so sullen tonight!"
"You'd be, too, with this blemish! Wonder how Ruth keeps her skin nice!"
"Hi, there, honey, you're looking happier tonight . . . mighty pretty, too!"
"No more blemishes for me, thank you! I'm using Woodbury's, now!"

They Help Prevent Blemish . . . Vitamin D in Woodbury's Cold Cream Quickens Skin's Breathing

A complexion that dryness will not sear . . . that blemishes will not mar. A skin that looks young . . . *is* young! You have the finest scientific beauty aids to help you in your quest. Woodbury's Creams foster a beautiful skin.

The cold cream is made of delicate oils that lubricate the dry, thin skin to make lines less obvious. And blemishes, caused by surface germs, need not appear to ruffle the satin-smoothness of your complexion. Woodbury's Cold Cream is germ-free. It will not tolerate blemish-germs, either in its own lovely texture or on your skin.

One further way to outwit the loss of radiant skin youth is to let your skin *breathe quickly*. This is the task of Sunshine Vitamin D, a new ingredient in Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . to help stimulate the rapid breathing process of skin cells.

Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream is the companion to the famous Cold Cream. It forms a smooth and flattering foundation for your make-up. Each, only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

Woodbury's
COLD CREAM
Woodbury's
FACIAL CREAM

SEND for 10-PIECE Complexion Kit!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7476 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

"Oh Mother! I'VE LOST MY JOB!"

THE job she needs so badly. The job she worked so hard to get. And what makes it even worse, the job which she is so well qualified to fill!

The tragic part of it is that she doesn't know *why* she lost it. For employers will never tell a girl the real reason when it is a personal fault of hers.

Underarm perspiration odor is an annoyance men will not tolerate in a girl, either in business or in social life.

And why should they, when it is so easy to avoid — with Mum!

Quick and easy to use. Half a minute is all it takes to use Mum. A quick fingertipful under each arm — and you're safe for the whole busy day.

Harmless to clothing. You can use Mum any time, you know — *after* dressing, just as well as before. For it's perfectly harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too. You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. And another important thing — Mum doesn't interfere with the natural perspiration itself. Its work is to prevent the ugly *odor* of perspiration.

Remember, a fresh daintiness of person, free from the slightest trace of odor, is something without which no girl can hope to succeed. Make sure of it with Mum! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., New York.

LET MUM HELP YOU IN THIS, TOO. Use Mum on sanitary napkins and enjoy relief from worry about offending.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

it was offered and at the same time ventured a question. "Will you marry young?"

His answer was snappy. "Certainly. I got the girl all picked out. She's thirteen and by the time I am making enough money to support her and my mother, too, she will be old enough to get married. You don't hafta be so awful' old for that."

Undoubtedly, I should have heard more of Mickey's opinions if he hadn't been called to the "The Devil Is a Sissy" set just then.

"Retakes, I suppose," he sighed. "Such a bore."

We shook hands. "Thank you for interviewing me," he said. "I hope you got the story you wanted."

I told him I was sure I had and he nodded. "That's good."

It was good, too. I simply went back to the office and wrote what he told me. That's all I had to do. Words of wisdom like those from the mouth of a fourteen-year-old are good copy.

GRACE MOORE is another star who talks—beautifully. She has lived as fully, as vividly as any star alive, I think, and this richness of experience surrounds her like an aura. She is the most dynamic personality I have met in Hollywood. Forgive the superlatives, but that is the way she is likely to affect people.

I remember the first time I ever met her. I drove to her Beverly Hills home one gray Sunday afternoon for an interview. I found her in her gold-carpeted living room with its dark-beamed ceiling and ivory walls, sitting on a divan before the fire. She wore a rose-colored hostess gown with wine-hued velvet sash and matching sandals. Roses in crystal vases or low golden bowls were everywhere.

On a long table by a velvet-curtained window stood an imposing array of autographed portraits of the world's great—Franklin D. Roosevelt, Eleanor Roosevelt, Herbert Hoover, Fritz Kreisler, ex-King Edward VIII, Paderewski, Mary Garden—symbols of triumphs won by a little girl from Jellico, Tennessee, an eager little girl with laughing eyes and a high heart and the voice of an angel.

Yet when she spoke, I forgot the luxuries about us, the imposing photographs, the triumphs. Because Grace Moore has a way of making you forget all but the situation at hand.

I was there to get some advice for young, would-be singers. I had some questions to ask, but I never voiced them. I didn't have to. Grace Moore told me the answers without interrogation.

She spoke eagerly, joyously, as if this were a privilege, this giving counsel to others seeking the success she had found. She talked about the technical aspects of voice training; gave advice about teachers. She talked about the emotional side.

"If you would be a singer, never lose sight of the joy there is in singing," she charged. "That is what singing is, an expression of beauty! When you sing, sing not notes but the emotion that is within you. That is the boon singing grants. It allows you to open your soul as well as your throat."

She issued a warning. "If you would be a singer, be simple. You have no right to be otherwise. Your voice isn't of your making; it is God-given, and you must be humble before this gift. Your beauty of soul must measure up. Singing without soul is nothing! I always have believed that great music is close to God; that it is the nearest expression of Divine Love that we know."

She talked until darkness rode up the winding, palm-lined drive outside, and the tea in our cups was cold. And, finally, when I came away from there I, who was not a singer, only a reporter, felt buoyed up, confident in the fulfillment of my own hopes and dreams. Because this is the effect Grace Moore has on people.

IF YOU could just once drive up to the beautiful Spanish *hacienda* of Leo Carrillo's, in Santa Monica canyon, you would encounter another personality with color. The very atmosphere of the place is colorful. Once inside, you feel as though you had ventured back a hundred years, into those gracious, lazy, charming days of the California *dons*.

Leo, usually wearing the tight trousers, satin blouse and sash of his Castilian ancestors (he loves this costume), welcomes you as though you were of royalty. You have the feeling that he has never been quite so glad to see anyone else.

You have tea, or perhaps if you're from the border country and have tried it before, you'll take with not too wry a face a glass of *tequila* and the inevitable pinch of salt afterward.

Then Leo will show you his house and his treasures. He loves to do that. You'll find his wife among his treasures; perhaps, also, the new fur coat or some other gift he has bought her. You can see he takes delight in buying her things.

He'll tell you about the cracked oil painting of the Madonna that hangs above the little shrine off his bedroom. He'll tell you about the silver-mounted saddle that once belonged to Villa, the Mexican desperado. He'll show you priceless Spanish laces and tapestries and tell you their history.

He will display a surprising knowledge of current affairs, too. He will talk about any subject you wish, with intelligence and authority.

You'll come away from there pleased and thrilled. And if you have been there for a story, you will write a good one because you will have something to write about.

JOE PENNER is like Leo in many ways. He has that same friendliness and desire to please. And he has something else. Joe has been in the show business a long time. He understands publicity. That the public has a right to expect stories about people whose names are news he knows. So he helps.

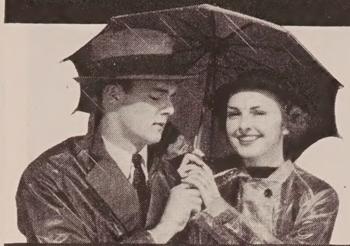
There was that day I went out to the Penners' charged with getting some of what we call in newspaper circles "gag" pictures of Joe and his duck, Goo Goo. Remember him? I'll admit I didn't have a single idea of what kind of "gag" pictures we were to get. Neither did the photographer I took along.

"They gotta be funny," was all the city editor had said.

So there was nothing to do but throw ourselves upon Joe's mercy. "Can you think of something?" I asked him.

He could and did. "Let's pretend I'm showing you my new house, have the duck interrupt us all the time and take pictures

It wasn't April Showers that dampened his love...'twas the feel of her rough, dry Hands



IT'S NO FUN having rough, puffy, red hands. Jack noticed mine—and I thought our good times were spoiled forever.

THEN—

AN ADVERTISEMENT HELPED ME. I read how quickly Jergens Lotion softens a girl's hands because it soaks into the skin. So I always use Jergens now and Jack says, "Your hands are wonderful—so soft."

Moisture *inside the skin cells* keeps Hands lovably soft

HAND skin only too easily dries and chaps. Because cold, wind and water dry out moisture from the skin cells. And most women find they have their hands in water up to sixteen times a day.

But—with Jergens Lotion—you can speedily replace that precious lost moisture *inside the cells*. Jergens soaks in more effectively than any other lotion tested. Your hands soon lose their neglected look—soften, become girlishly smooth. Jergens contains two ingredients doctors use. Use Jergens regularly for tender hands a man loves. It's never sticky. Only 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—$1.00 for the big bottle—at any toilet goods counter.

JERGENS LOTION

JERGENS LOTION

Carries beautifying moisture into the skin more effectively than any other lotion tested.

FREE: PURSE-SIZE JERGENS

Use after hands have been wet, to restore girlish smoothness, whiteness, to your hands.

The Andrew Jergens Co., 1728 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada—Perth, Ontario.)

Please send my purse-size bottle of Jergens—free.

Name ______

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NO SKINNY WOMAN HAS AN OUNCE OF SEX APPEAL
BUT SCIENCE HAS PROVED THAT THOUSANDS *DON'T* HAVE TO BE SKINNY

NEW "7-POWER" YEAST TABLETS GIVE THOUSANDS 10 TO 25 LBS.
—in a few weeks!

THOUSANDS of skinny people who never could gain before have quickly put on pounds of solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets. Not only that, but they've gained naturally lovely color, new pep, new friends and popularity—*in almost no time!*

Scientists recently discovered that hosts of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Without these vital elements you may lack appetite, and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now one of the richest known sources of this marvelous Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it *7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then day after day watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See better color and natural beauty come to your cheeks. Soon you feel like an entirely different person, with new charm, new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of enough Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time, and note the marvelous change. See if they don't aid in building you up in a few weeks, as they have helped thousands of others. If you are not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 224, Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST
Genuine
50 TABLETS
IY

7 REASONS WHY

1. Rich red blood, necessary to nourish and build up every part of the body is especially promoted where more iron is needed.
2. Hearty, healthy appetite enabling you to enjoy plenty of good body-building food is assured those who specifically need Vitamin B.
3. Needed aid in getting ALL the flesh-building good out of your food is supplied where Vitamin B is deficient.
4. Nerves depleted by an inadequate supply of Vitamin B, are strengthened by the help of this special nerve-aiding vitamin.
5. Unsightly skin eruptions resulting from Vitamin B deficiency are corrected and natural beauty restored in a short time.
6. Body growth, development and increase in weight are quickly promoted where they have been retarded by Vitamin B shortage.
7. New energy, strength and pep that lead to popularity are quickly given to thousands who need both Vitamin B and iron.

Posed by professional models

of these interruptions," Joe suggested.

So that is what we did. We staged a picture in Joe's living room with Goo Goo on the davenport and Joe looking horrified at this invasion. We staged a picture in the bedroom with Goo Goo's tail feathers sticking out from under the bed and Joe properly embarrassed. We staged one in the kitchen with the duck peering out of the oven; in the patio with Goo Goo in the gold fish pond.

"And say," Joe concluded the day's work on an inspirational note, "you can say in your story that on account of all this trouble Goo Goo has caused me I invited you to a duck dinner and said you *needn't bring the duck!* How's that?" He chortled gleefully.

JIMMY STEWART is good copy in still another way. He doesn't try to be; quite the contrary, in fact. But he's just colorful, that's all. Colorful because (he admits it) he's cuckoo.

The last time I saw him was the day "After the Thin Man" was finished at M-G-M. I was having tea with a friend in the commissary, deserted except for two or three. Suddenly a tall, stealthy figure all tricked up in a long black beard came skulking across the room. Stopped and peered under our table.

"I'm 'after the thin man'," he announced in a sepulchral whisper.

"Well, desist for a minute and sit down," he was invited.

Without further ado, the visitor drew up a chair, turned it around backward so he could straddle it and doffed his beard as you would a hat. Young Mr. Stewart emerged.

"Don't mind if I do," he said.

He raised the lid of the teapot and sniffed inside. "What, no champagne?"

Set right on this score, he subsided for a moment. Then—

"I hear they're going to have a midget show at the Troc," he vouchsafed.

Of course I had to be the one who bit! "Really?" I asked him.

"Sure. For the benefit of the people under the tables."

Whereupon he rose, carefully put his beard back on and bowed low. "Very nice to have seen you ladies," he remarked politely. "I trust we shall meet again. Good day." He slunk away in the same stealthy manner he had arrived.

An engaging lad, Jimmy Stewart. Should belong to the Never-a-Dull-Moment club. Incidentally, he blushes when he talks to you. Strange, in Hollywood, isn't it?

ANOTHER "engaging lad," although he no longer blushes when he talks to you, goes by the name of Clark Gable. And after that day last fall when I took the little girl from Iowa over to M-G-M. to see him, I couldn't finish up a saga like this without including Clark.

The thing was, I was greatly indebted to this girl's father, a small town newspaper editor, for many past favors. So when he wrote me that daughter was coming to Hollywood for a vacation, I hastened to ask if there was anything I could do to make the child's stay pleasant. Well, it seems there was. Quite a lot. I could fix it so she could interview Clark Gable and write him up in her dad's newspaper.

Ye gods, what a request! Still, I was

bound to do what I could. And I was lucky, or, rather, I should say Clark was nice about it. Naturally, he didn't have much time for such an interview but he said he would see her for a few minutes. He did, too. But that isn't the amazing part of it. What made me wild was that that nineteen-year-old kid, far from appreciating what a break it is to talk to the busy and necessarily exclusive Clark at any time, elected to treat him with momentous condescension. I suppose she thought that was the way to appear sophisticated, but I could have wrung her neck.

However, Clark didn't care. That's the way he is. In fact, I think he enjoyed it. A twinkle came into his eye and he kind of played up to her. Answered her questions about where he was born and to what he "attributed his success" as seriously as though he had been talking to a famous author. And when it was time for us to go, he escorted us to the door and shook hands impressively.

"I hope I haven't bored you," he said to the youngster from Iowa.

She hastened to reassure him. "Oh, no," she said sweetly. "You're good copy."

"I Won't Let Anything Defeat Me," says Francis Lederer

(*Continued from page 66*)

across the street. Go see him and he will fix you up."

That story illustrates the spirit with which Lederer goes into everything. He does not know what it means to give up.

When Lederer first came to Hollywood, he knew sickening failure. He had been preceded by a terrific ballyhoo campaign. Fans were told that he had been a matinee idol in Prague, in Budapest, in Berlin, in Vienna, in London. He had come to America, his press agents insisted, over a feminine bridge of sighs.

In New York, as the bouncing Tyrolean innkeeper who fell in love with a mousy little school teacher in "Autumn Crocus," he had become the matinee idol of shop girls, stenographers and debutantes alike.

The critics wrote reams about his strange appeal, his lithe body, his bouncing vitality. They even named him the "International It-Man."

Perhaps no man could have lived up to all that moon-sick publicity, but Lederer's debut on the screen as an Eskimo in "Man of Two Worlds" was a complete letdown. The lithe body that the critics had raved about was hidden under heavy coats of fur. The strange great eyes they had talked about were tortured out of all semblance to themselves, so that Lederer might look like an Eskimo.

The fans stayed away from that picture by the thousands, and Francis Lederer learned what it meant to fall from the heights. He found himself the laughing stock of Hollywood.

"That man a matinee idol?" chortled Hollywood. "Why, he's as crazy as a bug. And temperamental! Listen!"

Everything he said; every thing he did was misinterpreted. His superstitions.

LITTLE "COAL MINES" IN YOUR SKIN!

THAT'S WHAT BLACKHEADS REALLY ARE!

Here's How to Deal with Them

By Lady Esther

Those little black specks that keep showing up in your skin—do you know what they really are?

They're nothing more than little "coal mines" in your skin!

They're imbedded dirt—dirt that has found its way deeply into your pores.

This dirt isn't easily removed, as you know, or you wouldn't have blackheads.

Like Black Little Candles In Your Skin

This dirt is stiff and waxy. It's a combination of fatty waste from the body, dust, soot and dead skin cells.

It forms little plugs or wedges in your pores that stop them up and make them larger and larger.

It's the blackened tops of these wedges that you see as blackheads.

These waxy wedges must be dissolved to be removed. That's the only correct and scientific way to deal with them. You can't just moisten them. You can't just loosen them. They must actually be dissolved.

When dissolved, they can be removed with a simple wiping of the face which is the right way! When you try to squeeze them out or steam them out, you do more harm than good. You destroy delicate skin tissue and make tiny scars in your skin. Not only that, you make the pores still larger so they can collect still more dirt.

Dissolves Waxy Dirt

Lady Esther Face Cream deals with this waxy dirt in the scientific way.

It softens it—dissolves it. It makes it so soft that a very light wiping of your skin takes it off.

There is no taxing of your skin, no stretching of your pores.

When your pores are completely cleansed of the plugging matter, blackheads automatically disappear. Also your pores automatically come down in size. Responding to Nature, they reduce themselves to their original, invisible smallness.

I'll Pay for a Test!

Let me prove to you the soundness of the Lady Esther Face Cream method. Just mail me your name and address and I'll send you a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream postpaid and free.

To hasten results, use up the whole tube at one time. Put on one application of the cream after another. Leave on each application for 5 minutes before removing. The whole job will only take 15 minutes.

Notice how soft your skin is after this cleansing. That shows you are softening the dirt within the pores—dirt that has probably been there for months or longer.

As you continue the daily use of Lady Esther Face Cream, you make this waxy dirt softer and softer and more and more of it comes out. Finally, your pores are relieved of their long-standing burden.

Clean Pores Become Small

As you relieve the pores, they come down in size. They become smaller and smaller each day, until they have regained their original smallness and you no longer can see them with the naked eye. You can almost see the improvement taking place in your skin.

Act Now!

But start proving this to yourself at my expense. Mail coupon today for your free purse-size tube of Lady Esther Face Cream.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (32) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2034 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a purse-size tube of Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream; also all five shades of your Face Powder.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*____________ *State*____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.)

Wake up the Sleeping Beauty in Your Eyes!

Maybelline's world famous Solid form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold vanity—75c. Black, brown or blue.

Good morning, Sleepy Eyes! Freshen up with cold water. Wake up the sleeping beauty in your eyes—with a few simple brush strokes of Maybelline. Transform sleepy, scattered, scanty lashes into long, dark, curling, sweeping fringe. And presto!—lovely eyes are ready to work wonders when you're dressed and ready for the day's task, shopping or pleasure.

★ Naturally, you'll want to avoid the risk of any hard, theatrical, "made-up" look given by ordinary mascaras. Use only the finest of all mascaras—for the *natural* appearance which reveals *your* individual charm. Use Maybelline mascara—in either the new perfected Cream form or the world-famous Solid form.

★ Not waxy, lumpy or gummy. Non-smarting, tear-proof, absolutely harmless. Keeps lashes soft and silky. There is no mascara more waterproof than Maybelline. Only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter.

★ Have you tried the largest selling Eyebrow Pencil in the world? It's Maybelline. Let its smooth-marking point form your brows into the expressive, graceful curve most becoming to your individual beauty.

★ Try all shades of the exquisite Maybelline Eye Shadow. You'll find them thrillingly subtle in color and gloriously becoming. Softly blend a shadow on your lids. See how much it adds to the color and sparkle of your eyes.

★ 10,000,000 discriminating women know that there is nothing quite so satisfying as Maybelline. Generous purse sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable in the 10c stores. Try this new and more delightful way to daytime and eventime enchantment.

Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag, 75c.

Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.

Maybelline Eye Shadow. Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

His simple beliefs. His crazy, magnificent idealism.

RKO, puzzled as to what to do with him, loaned him to Paramount for a picture. And at Paramount, in "Pursuit of Happiness," as a charming Hessian soldier, he did redeem himself a little. But his career was still rocky and uncertain.

Today he is a success in Hollywood. Women say so. The box-office says so. The producers, the directors who cast eager eyes in his direction, say so. He is under contract to Jesse Lasky, the wise producer who has guided so many other stars to success. Columbia has signed him for one of the most important pictures of the year, "Chopin," to be directed by Frank Capra, who is famous for his box-office successes.

I went to see Francis Lederer to find out how he had bridged the gap between sickening failure and heartening success. So often we find ourselves beaten down by despair and discouragement, and we wonder how we can emerge from the jungle of our own personal humiliation. We need some sort of formula to set ourselves right with ourselves.

Perhaps, I thought, in the life of this man I can find the secret..

I think I have found it. In the first place, it lies in the man's magnificent zest. Rarely in my life have I seen such vitality. It lights fires in his dark eyes. It gives his walk a spring. It gives his voice that rich, warm color you hear on the screen.

HE doesn't just sit. He bounces into a chair, and leans forward on the edge of it, his legs spread wide apart.

I've heard him called handsome, pretty even. I don't think he is. There are lines in his face, lines of suffering and living. But his vitality pours out of his face.

"I knew," he told me, "when I first heard that RKO had bought 'Man of Two Worlds', that it was not likely to be a success. Right away I called up the story editor in New York and said, 'Please do not adapt this story for me. I do not want to play an Eskimo. An Eskimo, for heaven's sake, should play an Eskimo. An actor's range is within his race.'

"But they did not listen. When I came to Hollywood, they had bought two other stories, but they were not ready yet. The producer urged me to make this picture.

"I said, 'But M-G-M is making a picture called "Eskimo." They have spent over a million dollars shooting scenes in the Far North. Do you think that it is wise that we should make another Eskimo picture?'

"'Oh, that is nothing,' the producer said. 'These two pictures will be very different. You read the story. You will see.'

"I read the story, and it was charming. I did not think it was a good story for me, but I thought, 'After all, these people have had so much experience making pictures. Perhaps they are right.'

"As Aigo, the Eskimo, I was supposed to fall in love with the picture of a beautiful white woman—Elissa Landi. As the studio had no pictures of Elissa handy, they gave me a frame with a picture of another girl in it.

"Well, for heaven's sake, what kind of picture do you think they put in? A—what do you call it in English—hotcha girl, all legs and bosoms. And I am supposed to look at the picture and think her a heavenly creature!

"Now in Elissa Landi's face there are spiritual qualities. So I said, 'Will you please give me a picture of Elissa Landi? If I am supposed to fall in love with Elissa, for heaven's sake, why can't I have a picture of Elissa?'

"The publicity department thought that was funny and they wrote stories saying that I insisted on realism. But they just didn't understand. You see, people think all an actor has to do is act. That isn't so. Ninety per cent of acting is reaction. Take a lamp, for instance. Will the lamp burn if you do not plug it into the right socket? Suppose you put the lamp in any two holes, will it burn? No, there must be electricity behind it."

What happened was inevitable. "Eskimo" was released about the same time as "Man of Two Worlds." "Eskimo" was based on reality; "Man of Two Worlds" on artificiality. All of Francis Lederer's fears came true.

But what happened inside of Francis Lederer's heart was what really counted.

"I did not let myself get discouraged," he told me. "You see, I believe a person can overcome anything if his spirit is a conquering spirit."

Always Francis Lederer has believed that. Always he has set his indomitable spirit against every crushing disappointment that has come along. And always that magnificent courage of his has proved greater than the discouragement.

YOU know something of his background, of course. Of how he was born in Prague, Czechoslovakia, the son of a poor cobbler; of how he worked in a shop where they sold material for women's clothes; and how his whole life seemed walled in by poverty.

But Francis Lederer wouldn't allow himself to think so. Even when he wheeled a push-cart through the streets of Prague, his mind seethed with tumultuous dreams of a radiant future as an actor. He tried and tried to get a chance to act till he finally got a job with a local stock company in the evenings.

In his spare time he read the biographies of such men as Demosthenes, the great Greek orator, who had a speech defect. In order to learn to speak clearly, Demosthenes had to put pebbles in his mouth, and talk while the pebbles cut into his tongue. It was when he read of Demosthenes that Lederer saw the thing which was to illumine his whole life—that nothing could defeat a man except himself.

Through weary days and nights, through continual work, through that God-given talent of his, Lederer managed to get somewhere on the stage. But he felt that a greater career might be achieved in England than anywhere else in Europe. So Lederer studied English for six weeks and learned enough to open in "Meet My Sister" in London.

Everyone was sure that it would go over magnificently, for the tryout of the play on the outskirts of London had been very successful.

The play opened in London on a Monday. On Saturday of that week a friend visited Lederer backstage during the first act. "Well, Francis," he said, "how do you feel about the show closing today?"

"What do you mean?" said Francis.

3 LIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO . . . send coupon TODAY!

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TRIPLE INDELIBLE

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost
NAME..............................
ADDRESS..............................

10¢ AND 20¢ AT LEADING 5 & 10¢ STORES

USE "Anti-Colic" 3-HOLE NIPPLES

No. 151 Ask Your Doctor No. 147

Doctors and nurses everywhere recommend these "Anti-Colic" brand nipples. For FREE SAMPLE, mail this advertisement, before May 1st, stating preference: No. 147 or No. 151.

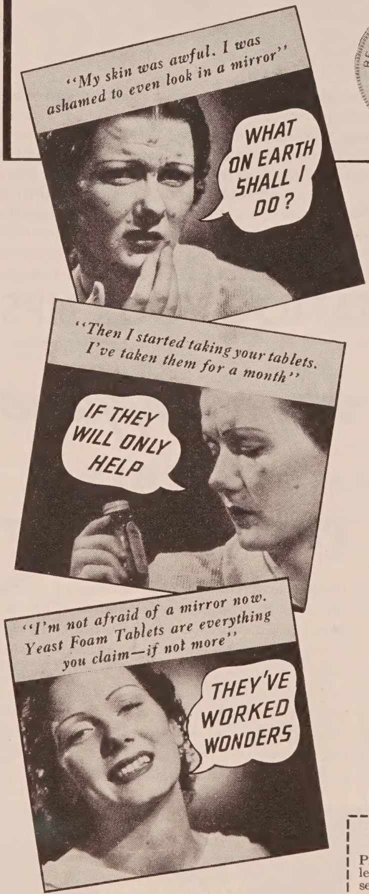
Davol Rubber Company — Dept. B-11
Providence, Rhode Island

DAVOL

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN

This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice G Ruttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC


"My skin was awful. I was ashamed to even look in a mirror"
WHAT ON EARTH SHALL I DO?
"Then I started taking your tablets. I've taken them for a month"
IF THEY WILL ONLY HELP
"I'm not afraid of a mirror now. Yeast Foam Tablets are everything you claim—if not more"
THEY'VE WORKED WONDERS

NOTE: *The above letter is but one case, of course, but it is so typical of many others that it more than justifies a thorough trial of Yeast Foam Tablets in similar cases of skin or complexion disorders.*

ARE you missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim.

It came to us, a simple letter written in pencil—just one of thousands from grateful girls who have regained their natural beauty with the aid of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help rid your system, too, of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which often stimulate sluggish digestive organs—help to restore natural elimination—and thus cleanse the system of beauty-destroying wastes.

You'll look better—and feel better—when Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others.

Ask your druggist today for Yeast Foam Tablets—and refuse substitutes.

FREE! Mail Coupon NOW for Sample

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only one to a family. Canadian readers please send 10c to cover postage and duty.) RG 4-37
Name ______________________
Address ______________________
City ______________ State ______________

"Why do you say that the show is closing?"

"It says so on the bulletin board outside," said the friend. "I thought you knew about it."

Imagine the feelings of this young Czech who had staked his whole career in England on the success of this play. Despair must have gripped his heart, laid its cold wings over his spirit.

But it was gone so quickly that today he doesn't even remember it. For he said to me, "I give you my word, I did not feel discouraged. I believe, you see, in the old saying, 'There are thousands of roads but they all lead to Rome.' If one road failed me, I made up my mind that I would find another. I said to myself, 'Very well, then, let the play end tonight. But first tonight I am going to work ten times as hard as I've ever worked before!' "

As he speaks, a surge of new vitality seems to go through Lederer, and he lifts up his head, and in his eyes is a challenge. Like all great actors he is living through that scene again.

One of the severest critics in London was present that night, and the next day he wrote an editorial hailing Francis Lederer as a new Chevalier. (In those days, of course, Chevalier was hot stuff.)

That night Lederer went to the Savoy Hotel for dinner and met Monckton Hoffe, an English writer, who asked him what his plans were.

I DO not know," said Lederer. "Perhaps I will go back to Germany."

"Why don't you wait a few days?" suggested Hoffe. "I understand that Basil Dean wants someone who speaks English with an accent to play in 'Autumn Crocus.' I will send him a wire recommending you."

The wire was sent, and Lederer got the role—that same role in which he made his great hit on Broadway.

"I was not discouraged by what happened to me in Hollywood," said Lederer quietly, "because it only repeated on a larger scale the disappointments I had suffered many times before. Disappointments do not matter if you do not let them get inside your skin. I have never lost my belief that life can be something glorious. And it is up to us whether we make it glorious or otherwise."

"Then you don't believe in luck at all?" I asked.

The wise dark eyes shone.

"Luck?" said Lederer, as though he were hearing the word for the first time. "I believe in God. I believe that we can get help through the power of God, which we can reach through our prayers and desires. Perhaps that's what people call luck."

To those who are now living through the discouragements he has known in the past, he has this to say: "Don't be afraid of discontentment. No one who is continually striving can ever be completely satisfied. Discontentment is a sign of life, of growth. Dare to be discontented, and you will dare to do other things, too.

"I do not believe that any of the people the world calls successful ever consider themselves successful, because what they accomplish is so minute besides what they dream of.

"I am not, I have never been, satisfied with myself. It is not of material things

Advice in allure

FROM THE GLAMOROUS SOUTH SEAS ENCHANTRESS

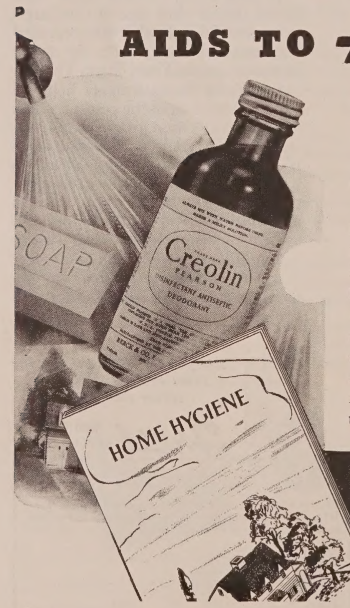
Lips are most alluring when their color is exciting . . when they have no pasty look . . when they are smooth and soft . . soft to touch!

The *New* TATTOO gives lips a strangely intoxicating redness; a sweetly tempting moistness and luster that only South Sea colors have. You'll sense it yourself the instant you see the five luscious shades. And because the *New* TATTOO is clearly transparent, lips do not have a pasty look to spoil the allure of their enchanting color. But more! There's a magical ingredient blended into the *New* TATTOO that gives lips a thrilling new kind of softness . . . an *endlessly yielding softness!*

CORAL . . EXOTIC . . NATURAL . . PASTEL . . HAWAIIAN

TATTOO IS ONE DOLLAR EVERYWHERE

TATTOO YOUR LIPS!



AIDS TO Home Hygiene IN THIS FREE BOOKLET

Helpful hints on how to avoid and overcome the dangers and embarrassments of unsanitary conditions and offensive odors in the home. What to do about annoying and destructive insects. Ways of using Creolin as a general antiseptic, personal deodorant, and for first aid. And many other valuable aids for the housewife. Just send your request for free copy of "Home Hygiene," to Merck & Co. Inc., Dept. MM4, Rahway, N. J.

CREOLIN banishes Bathroom Odors

I am speaking. I could be satisfied living in Central Park, dining on a loaf of bread if that were to happen to me.

"Acting is an elemental thing, like a thunderstorm or a sunset. If a man is to be worshipped as an actor, he must be something more than an actor. He should also be a real personality.

"An artist—not that I think I am an artist, for heaven's sake, no—works with materials; with paint and a brush he creates his picture, his interpretation. But an actor has not outside materials to work with. His materials are himself.

"I heard a girl sing in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York the other night. Her voice was so lovely that there wasn't a person in the room who wasn't moved by her song; by her beauty. As they would have been moved by the sunset.

"So long as there is one person in an audience who does not like me, I cannot be satisfied with myself as an actor."

His panther-like head was bowed. Humility seemed to cover him like a cloak. It wasn't fake humility, either. Lederer is incapable of putting on an act.

"But," he raised his head again, his voice sang as he said, "that is the greatest fun in life—to keep on striving for a goal you know you cannot reach. That, for heaven's sake, is what life is for."

Francis Lederer's Rules For Success

1. Don't be afraid to have great ambitions. Other things being equal, the one with the greatest ambitions goes furthest.
2. Do everything you can to realize your ambitions.
3. Strive for perfection. You'll never be able to reach it, but what of that? It is the striving that counts.
4. Don't despair because you are filled with discontentment. That is a sign of growth and life. No one who is continually striving can ever be completely satisfied.
5. Don't ever allow yourself to become discouraged. Bad breaks cannot defeat you. Only one person can defeat you—yourself. A person can overcome anything if his spirit is a conquering spirit.
6. Read the biographies of those who are considered successful. Everyone of them had terrific obstacles to overcome. It is the difficult path which leads to success. If something is easy, it does not lead to success; for everyone can do it.
7. There are thousands of roads but they all lead to Rome. If one road to what you want is cut off, do not despair. Look for another road.
8. Train every single capacity you have. Just as a muscle grows flabby when it is not used, so does the mind grow flabby if you do not exercise it. Find time to exercise your mind, your emotions, your body. Find out what are the best times for you to do difficult work, and then use those times.
9. Believe in your possibilities.
10. Have some sort of religion. There is a Power which we can reach through our prayers and desires. Believe in life and in its glorious possibilities.

FREE DRAWING TEST!

IF YOU LIKE TO DRAW, test your sense of design, color, proportion, etc., with our simple Art Ability Test. An opportunity to get a frank opinion, *free*, as to whether your talent is worth developing.

Magazines, newspapers, publishers and advertisers spend millions yearly for illustrations. Design and color influence the sale of most things we buy. Artists have become important to industry. Machines can not displace them. If you have talent, train it. Drawing may be your surest road to success.

THE FEDERAL SCHOOLS, affiliated with a large art, engraving and printing institution, has trained many young men and women now serving industry as designers or illustrators, capable of earning from $1,000 to $5,000 yearly. Its Home Study courses in Commercial Art, Illustrating and Cartooning, contain exclusive illustrated lessons by many famous artists. Practical instruction by experienced men is the reason for its many years' outstanding success. Courses sold on easy payments.

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Send me, without obligation, your Art Test and Free Book.

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APPROVED WAY TO TINT GRAY HAIR

AND LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

● At home—quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

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3 DRESSES
$3.98

Women up to $22 in a Week and get your own dresses FREE of cost
Showing Latest FASHION FROCKS
....Direct from Factory!

No House-to-House Canvassing Necessary

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You can make up to $22 in a week, full or spare time, and get all your own dresses free of any cost to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity. Send No Money.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc
Dept. SS-200,
Cincinnati, O.

This shelving behaves itself!

Unlike other shelvings, Royledge doesn't curl at the edges to become a catch-all for dust. It goes up in a jiffy without tacking—lies straight and neat—stays fresh and clean for months.

Why is Royledge so *different*—so *practical*, you ask? Because of its wonderful patented edge, which is double thick and strong. Just "feel it" and you'll understand why this is the most serviceable shelving you can buy. It's beautiful, too—in a choice of colorful patterns and designs, for every closet and cupboard in your house.

At all 5¢ and 10¢, neighborhood or dept. stores—9 ft. for 5¢; 10¢ sizes, too. Roylace, 99 Gold St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

ROYLIES—beautiful table doylies, make every dish a party dish . . . 5¢ and 10¢ packages!

Royledge REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
SHELVING
9 FT. 5¢
"FEEL THE EDGE"

Sensational BARGAINS

Guaranteed $102.50 Model NOW Only $44.90 Cash or on Easy Terms
SMALL CARRYING CHARGE
10-Day Trial
No Money Down

Fully GUARANTEED

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $102.50 office model refinished Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements, including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shiftlock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Complete rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System—fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money Back Guarantee
Send coupon for 10-day trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

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Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10 days' trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full. **For quick shipment give references and occupation.**
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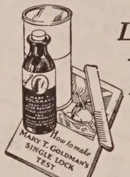
Town.................................State..........


MARY T. GOLDMAN
How to make MARY T. GOLDMAN'S SINGLE LOCK TEST

Lustrous Color for
FADED HAIR
(Test Bottle **FREE**)

Have ever-youthful looking hair this SAFE way. Clear liquid is combed through hair. Gray goes—streaks disappear. Color wanted comes: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to wash or rub off on clothing. Hair stays fluffy—takes wave or curl. Get full-sized bottle from druggist on money-back guarantee. Or mail coupon for Free Test.

FREE TEST ~ We send complete Test Package Free. Snip off a lock of hair. Test it first this safe way. No risk. No expense. 3,000,000 women have received this test. Mail coupon.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
3322 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Name..
Street...
City......................State...............
Color of your hair?...........................

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page 65*)

and good for you no matter what ails you.

Now, if you have accepted and followed that previous diet, you are ready to help yourself to the foods you like—and more of them—since you will be exercising regularly and scientifically and thus your body will be able to absorb and use the extra nourishment.

For breakfast you should heap up your plate with hot cereals, eggs (not fried, please), bacon and sausages. Drink fruit juices of all kinds regularly, and milk with each meal. A cup or so of coffee each day, if you like it, can't hurt you. If you want bread make sure that it is whole wheat or rye.

For lunch: Solid cream soups, chicken or beef, vegetables (a chef's salad, preferably, with raw greens and tomatoes and a sharp garlic dressing to make them palatable) and ice-cream for dessert. Don't take up room in your stomach with heavy puddings and whipped cream.

You can have a hearty dinner if you intend to spend an active evening, but don't eat too much if you're going directly to bed. Remember—fried foods are bad; potatoes are not good for gaining weight; too many spices and oriental sauces are disastrous. Drink milk as if it were water, and concentrate on vegetables.

If you find your appetite isn't up to this ask the family doctor to prescribe a good tonic, calculated to make you hungry. It should contain a predominance of malt, with cod liver oil and some iodine. There are several reputable aids of this type on the market.

And so to the exercises.

Please observe the following statement carefully, and mull over it until it has impressed itself on your mind:

You will not gain the maximum of weight unless you do your exercises exactly as I instruct you, and unless you do them regularly. You must not skip a single day.

I am going to set forth a series of very general routines, calculated less to make you an amazon with bulging muscles than to give your muscles the firm, healthy tone they should have. You will discover as you proceed that your nervous system will begin to settle itself into working order; you will sleep effortlessly and dreamlessly at night; and in the morning, when you awaken, you will feel like running up and down mountains.

The exercises should be done three times a week, one day apart; on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or whichever days are most convenient for you. This is because they are rather strenuous. Don't do them within an hour, either way, of meals; and remember that they must be done at a precise, slow pace.

The retarded speed, here, is the secret of their efficacy. If you hurry you will lose weight instead of gaining it.

First, I will ask you to drop by a hardware or plumbing shop and buy a pipe or bar that weighs about ten pounds. It will not cost you more than fifty cents.

You may find what you need in the family garage. At any rate it's necessary for some of the exercises. The routine:

1. Lie on a bed or table—on your stomach, face down—with your upper body over the edge. Get someone to hold your legs and feet down, or put something on them to keep them flat to the surface. Now, with neck and shouders rigid, raise your upper body so that it is level with the bed or table, lower it again, and repeat. Remember to do this slowly; and do it as many times as you comfortably can.

2. Reverse this procedure, so that your legs from the hips down are over the side of the bed; and lower and raise the legs, keeping the knees stiff throughout.

3. Now lie on your back on the floor, with your heels on the edge of a low table. With your arms folded, arch your body off the floor, using the table and your heels as a lever. Repeat.

4. Still lying on your back, with your heels on the edge of a low sofa this time, put your hands behind your neck; and keeping the back rigid, sit up and touch your elbows to your knees. Try to add two more repetitions of this exercise each week.

5. This is one of the best general exercises I know, but it entails the use of a bar or sill which hangs above you at a distance so that you can just reach it as you stand upright. If you've a husband or boy-friend ask him to make you one by cutting a broom-handle to the width of a doorway nad securing it firmly at the correct height. Then catch hold of it and pull both knees at once up to the waist as many times as you comfortably can.

6. Now open a door, place both hands against the frame at either side—about eye-level—and, standing about three feet from the doorway, lean forward with your back rigid. Keeping your elbows uncompromisingly stiff, push your entire body forward through the opening, against the resistance of your shoulders. This will straighten your upper back and relax the nerves and tendons in your neck.

7. Take the pipe you have bought and lie down on your back on a bed. Hold the pipe with both hands, and stretch it behind you—elbows stiff—as far as you can. Then bring your arms slowly up until they hold the bar directly above you. Let them fall slowly back, at the same time drawing in your breath and filling your lungs. Hold your breath until the bar is once again above your chest; let out the air, and repeat as often as you can. Correct breathing with this exercise is all-important.

8. Stand and push the bar up until your arms are straight above your head. Lower the bar to your chest. Repeat slowly.

9. Still standing, let your arms hang down before you. Bring the bar up to your throat; lower again; repeat.

10. Hold the bar behind your neck, supporting it on your shouders, and then bend over; straighten; bow again. Keep your knees and back straight during this exercise. Remember the pace must be deliberate.

11. Stand now without the pipe, hold with one hand to the top of a dressing table or something for support, and put your left foot out before you so that your entire weight is resting on your right foot. Then slowly sit down, still keeping that left foot off the floor, and stand again. Repeat for a while, and then change so that your weight is on the left foot.

By the time you have finished this routine of exercises you should be ready for a brisk cold shower and a nap—or bed. Naturally you will want to rest a few minutes between each exercise.

It shouldn't be too difficult for you to give up dissipation and late hours and alcohol during the period in which you are campaigning for health and strength. I don't insist that you sit at home and bore yourself to tears. That would have a bad mental effect on you and would retard your progress. By all means make dates, go to theaters and night clubs; amuse yourself.

But be at home early enough to insure your nine hours of sleep each night. Go on the wagon for a couple of months. Cut down on cigarettes.

After awhile, when you feel well enough, you may return in a measure to your former way of living. You may eat any sort of food you like, you may drink moderately, you may spend one or two nights a week in really hitting the town. You may substitute your favorite sport for the exercises you have been doing.

But until then—work faithfully as I have instructed you. You won't regret it.

Mr. Loomis will continue next month his valuable instructions on how to weigh what you should and look like a million! In May MOVIE MIRROR, *on newsstands March 24.*

Just as OLD FASHIONED as the Saturday Night Bath—

Washing your girdle only Once a Week

Why is it even nice girls are often so careless about their girdles? Girdles are constantly absorbing perspiration odor from the skin. Unless they're Luxed every day or so, this odor is almost sure to offend other people.

Lux not only removes odor—it saves the *elasticity* that makes girdles *fit*. Soaps with harmful alkali, and cake-soap rubbing, weaken elasticity—avoid them! Lux has no harmful alkali. With Lux there's no injurious cake-soap rubbing. As every woman knows, anything safe in water alone is safe in gentle Lux.

For Daintiness•••Lux Girdles Often

"I'M STRIKING FOR HOME GROWN VEGETABLES!"
Unfair to Babies

"Of course, you know it's unfair to give me anything but the best...but do you know, Mother, that it's unfair for you to cook for me yourself? No matter how you hand-pick my vegetables or how carefully you cook them and sieve them, they won't be as fresh or as nutritious as Gerber's!"

Just read these features of Gerber's *Home Grown* Vegetables:

Only Gerber's Offer All These Advantages

Pedigreed Seeds—developed by expert horticulturists for prize vegetables of highest nutriment.

Controlled Farms—for proper soil, and harvesting at the correct degree of full ripeness.

Home Grown—within an hour from our kitchens to prevent loss of quality.

Shaker-Cooked—after scientific straining at correct temperatures with air excluded for mineral and vitamin protection in high degree. Each sealed can is mechanically shaken for even cooking throughout.

Gerber's Strained Cereal made from selected whole grains; Gerber's Prunes are from the Santa Clara Valley of California, which also raises Gerber's Apricots. Apples used are Michigan Grimes Golden.

Gerber's

Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods

STRAINED VEGETABLE SOUP—TOMATOES—GREEN BEANS—BEETS—CARROTS—PEAS—SPINACH—PRUNES—CEREAL.

And now a new Gerber combination:
STRAINED APRICOTS AND APPLE SAUCE

Get This Gift for Your Baby

A boy doll in blue, or a girl doll in pink, of high quality sateen, all stuffed and trimmed. Sent for 10c and 3 Gerber labels. Check items desired:

☐ Boy Doll ☐ Girl Doll.
☐ Mealtime Psychology, a free booklet on infant feeding.
☐ Baby's Book on general infant care, 10c additional.

GERBER PRODUCTS COMPANY
Dept. 114, FREMONT, MICHIGAN
(In Canada, Gerber's are *grown and packed by* Fine Foods of Canada, Ltd., Tecumseh, Ontario.)

Frances Farmer's Unconventional Love Story

(*Continued from page* 51)

and that was pleasing. Rehearsals consumed four hours daily. They consoled each other when they had to make film tests with aspirants for parts, reassuring one another that the executives would shortly recognize their unappreciated talent being thrown in. They decided they could improve more quickly if they rehearsed away from the studio, too. Nothing would have made them admit they wanted to see more of each other.

They started those after studio rehearsals in Frances' tiny apartment. The script Miss Laughton had assigned them called for a fiery dispute between husband and wife and they didn't spare themselves. The dialogue was climaxing magnificently when the manager imperiously leaned on the doorbell. Frances had to produce the script to prove that she and Leif weren't about to kill each other, that their "quarrel" had all been in the line of duty!

After that, moonlight drives along the crescent beach of Santa Monica afforded a more attractive locale. They'd rattle down the broad silver highway in Leif's Ford coupe, gesturing and speaking potent pages for all they were worth. They pretended they didn't notice the moon. They ignored their own youth and loveliness.

Leif suggested they intersperse their scenes with some fishing; he kept a small boat moored at Santa Monica. Picture actresses customarily are fond of exclusive yachting parties, but how many have you ever heard of who'd be a sport on a two-by-four dinghy that reeks of mackerel? Frances is that rare creature, a beauty who isn't a devotee of the make-up table. Away from cameras she wears no make-up, and so she could gayly go along and haul in fish without any furtive qualms.

Next he mentioned hiking. Riding is the fashionable Hollywood recreation, but Leif was bored with fashionable folk and he wanted to find out if she was also. Frances retorted that she'd adore to go and she'd put up a few sandwiches if he'd tote some pop. She scoured the Boulevard for a bargain in high boots and they proceeded to have high times. They still said they did all these things for their work. They didn't suspect for an instant that they were falling in love.

NOR did Hollywood in general. Here is a couple that doesn't care for the showy restaurants, or for the Troc. When they sought the sun in the desert they headed for plain oases instead of Palm Springs. They weren't mysterious, but they simply went about like two normal people who aren't tempted by paraders. And so no one noticed them.

They discovered, soon, that their outlooks were truly alike. It developed that neither would sacrifice individuality to marriage. Strangely, Leif hadn't the remotest inclination for the accepted sort of home, either. He didn't yearn to settle down and that made Frances glad. He anticipated the bewildering responsibilities which are bound to come with success. Possessions seem like jailors to Frances; she isn't anxious for a large wardrobe, for jewels, or for property. And Leif thought this way, too. He enjoyed living quietly and inconspicuously, but emphaticaly living to the hilt. He was on the go. Frances' extra money went for dancing lessons, his for his singing. What they could save could be used to advance their careers.

They had discovered all this in each other when, in the middle of a clinch before Miss Laughton and the rest of her pupils, they didn't stop. They went ahead and kissed. They hadn't schemed to; but they couldn't help it!

The onlookers clapped. Frances and Leif didn't blush. The shock of so suddenly solving the answer to the loneliness which had always engulfed them was so strong that they just turned and bowed, the contact of their hands burning a message of surrender. Finally they managed to slip from each other's arms, to mumble to the drama coach excuses as to why they had to rush to appointments elsewhere. Outside, on the steps of Paramount's rehearsal building, they hesitated and looked into one another's eyes. Smiles swept them. They ran like kids to the studio gate, clambered into Leif's old car and drove madly away.

THEY still don't know how far or where they drove.

Finally Leif, so masculine and so thoroughly everything that Frances had supposed the impossible, remarked casually, "Doing anything tomorrow?" She shook her head sideways. "You'll drive to Yuma?" She nodded.

So early the next day they rushed through the city traffic and fairly skimmed over a desert that had never been so breathtakingly majestic. Frances didn't inform the studio what she was up to, nor did she wire her family. The responsibility was hers and Leif's alone. Three college boys trailed them in Yuma and campaigned desperately for them to be married in three different churches. But whereas gravity and a sense of forever-and-ever binds the average pair, casualness links these two in an infinite trust. Frances and Leif ignored the sales chatter and searched out the justice of the peace to read the ceremony that united them.

It was Saturday so they just had that fleeting week-end to be away from Hollywood. They had never planned to honeymoon at a ritzy hotel and they didn't. Impetuously they drove to San Diego and registered at an auto camp!

On their return to Hollywood there was a tentatively sad reaction to the congratulations which were heaped upon them. They had been such arguers against matrimony that they became self-conscious with each other with the fuss that was made. But that passed.

Frances' one-room apartment proved so crowded that they moved to a three-room suite. The street-cars were so noisy that they resolved to retire to a house. "All we want," they chorused, "is a fireplace and room to eat and sleep!"

In wooded Laurel Canyon they stumbled upon their retreat. It is a little rustic cottage of studio design, nestling up a dirt road under giant evergreen oaks. They haven't gone shopping for furnishings—they don't want to own any! In the nonchalant living-room there are an old-fashioned davenport and a couple of arm-chairs beside a Hungarian peasant fireplace. There are a one-tone brown rug, a piano hardly in the mode, a comfortable squashy couch and an overburdened magazine rack. It's just as the landlord left it, except for the books here and there, and you don't have to be fussy. Whichever one of them is near a woodyard orders a sack of wood tied onto the Ford—Frances has a yesteryear's model which she drives—and thus the heating problem is handled. If the lone fire threatens to fade, Frances calmly picks up the bellows and peps it up.

At first they were determined to do their own cooking, or eat out. But you can't prefer modest restaurants indefinitely and you can't do all the housework and play moving picture leads at the same time. So they inherited a maid of all duties from a friend. They haven't bought dishes, silverware, or service plates, so it's a cook's paradise.

WHILE Frances has demonstrated that it isn't necessary to behave like an orthodox bride, not long ago she did get her first evening gown. An invitation came to a formal supper and they couldn't get out of attending. So Leif, who isn't a bit sentimental either, you'll recall, stole down to a Boulevard store and selected a gorgeous gold bracelet that teams with Frances' unadorned gold wedding ring. "'The long dress' had to have something to set it off," he grins. He invariably refers to her formal satin as "the long dress!"

They revel in studying humanity. Frances evolved her hard-boiled character for "Come and Get It" by dropping into a Western Avenue beer parlor with Leif. The Eriksons, in ordinary attire, had only a quarter with them. The hostess felt sorry for them when they'd spent their fun allowance and insisted upon treating them. They went back several evenings, Frances absorbing the woman's attitude. "She claimed she could cook a marvelous spaghetti dinner and we asked her to come up and prove it. But she never did. We guess she didn't consider us worth cultivating!"

Frances and Leif assuredly are worth cultivating and not merely because they are in pictures. Although Frances did usher in a theater, she also is an outstanding graduate of the University of Washington. She was born in Seattle, the daughter of a lawyer, and she worked her way through college. She didn't waste her time in the jolly whirl of sororities, but concentrated on the drama course in which she majored. The constant training she secured is why she has scored so promptly; she was already familiar with the technique of acting.

When she got her diploma she had no money to finance an attack on Broadway. A newspaper aided her. It wanted a representative college girl of known intelligence to make an inspection tour of Russia. And so when she departed on the bus it was en route to the land of the Soviet. She went alone. "And why not?" she queries, her superb sapphire blue eyes reflecting her wonder at anyone presuming that she might have been frightened.

On the Atlantic, returning, she met a doctor, who, being acquainted with theatrical folk, listened to her tale of acting ambition. In New York he introduced her to a friend who immediately escorted her to the Paramount scouts. She was obviously a natural.

IN the meanwhile Leif, a native Californian and son of a North Pacific skipper, had quit U.C.L.A. to sing with Ted Fio Rito. He enacted a repertoire of principal roles in Reinhardt's road version of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and was singing in vaudeville when Paramount signed him as a leading man bet.

So you see this is a marriage of minds as well as emotions. Frances doesn't have to pretend to like what her husband likes. She hasn't been betrayed into a routine because they haven't infringed upon each other's individuality. They haven't stooped to jealousy. Each of them is just twenty-two.

With their first year together nearly a matchless memory, the Eriksons have maneuvered a vacation to celebrate—even if they won't wait for the proper date and won't call it a celebration. Yes, and in spite of their Hollywood position, they are blithely stopping at auto camps!

Are they kidding themselves when they say they do not want the staid bulwarks of conventional marriage?

Or is Frances smarter than most women in completely understanding herself and not letting the prescriptions of others badger her?

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Hollywood's Most Heart-Warming Friendship

(*Continued from page 49*)

with a tent show doing one-night stands. Ralph told Melvyn the whole sad story. He had fallen violently in love with the tent show heroine, a woman some years older than himself. He'd planned their marriage, only to pick up a newspaper and read of her wedding to a traveling salesman!

Melvyn sympathized, and counselled Ralph. There were other dates to be had, he said, other lovely girls to be wooed and won.

When you encounter someone who is an ideal chum life perks up. Impulsive, thrill-loving runaways, Melvyn and Ralph promptly began to share their escapades and dilemmas. When one needed advice, the other gave it. When one required extra wardrobe, he borrowed the other's clothes. They halved boarding-house rooms and basement quarters, a Model T Ford that had a careening career, and the bumps and fun of amounting to something.

Because they took their business itself seriously, they dressed as they fancied actors should—in loud checked suits and spats! Madison was a college town and Melvyn had made friends with many of the students. He got Ralph in on all their after the theater parties; both were agreed it was foolish to go to bed when they could knock around.

Besides stage managing, Ralph played bits. Melvyn, the big shot, aided him in every possible way, rehearsing with him and praising him. Ralph acted his first lead when he subbed for Melvyn. Stricken with appendicitis, Melvyn was rushed to a hospital and Ralph had to go on in his stead. It was a great moment—he was carrying on for Melvyn and it was his opportunity to illustrate his own worth. He had to read the part, but he whisked the script out of sight as often as he could and when the curtain finally dropped he dashed hopefully to the center of the stage to take his bow. The curtain rose. He was stunned by a definite hiss. The curtain dropped and when it went up again he breathed anew; the hissing was merely the ssss of a collegiate Sis-Boom-Ah yell from his university friends!

A CAR became imperative in Madison. Youth had to have a stylish fling. So they invested in a Ford on time payments; but only Melvyn could find enough cash for a down installment. To catch up, Ralph paid their board bill for some months. Naturally the car got them places. Week-ends in Milwaukee, starting after the Saturday night performances, had to be literally snappy so they'd be back for the Sunday matinee. Once the curtain was being raised and the troupe was frantic when the boys strolled onto the stage from their hundred-and-eighty mile weekend jaunt; after that a notice was posted forbidding any of the troupe to drive more than forty miles away.

At the end of this season, with nothing else lined up, they were dog-tired, discouraged and broke. En route to Chicago, they rolled into Rockford on a rim. Researching their pockets, they dug up two nickels and bought hot dogs for breakfast. Since the car was their one choice asset they tried desperately to sell it. A second-hand dealer was on the verge of taking it; they hadn't finished their payments, and when he telephoned the finance company he was instructed to have them thrown into jail if they dared dispose of it! They didn't get to explain that they fully intended to settle with the finance company.

That being distressingly that, they finally remembered the existence of a struggling writer in Chicago, and wired him collect for ten dollars. While waiting for the answer, they stretched out on benches in the park. In a few minutes it was pouring rain and they were driven into the railroad station. There they dozed, to be awakened by an officer rudely tapping their feet with his club. Repeated runs to the telegraph window at last got them five dollars.

SAFELY in Chicago on that, they looked up William Owen, who was glad to see that two of his proteges had become such good friends. They canvassed the theatrical offices with fresh vim. Melvyn was offered a better salary at Evansville. Ralph secured an acting berth there, too, along with the stage manager's hard job; he had to attend to all the props, lights, and the curtain.

Their car, with which they'd been too democratic, almost didn't get them to the new stand. After they'd piled in their luggage and filled the gas tank, they hadn't a single penny. And so, merrily speeding along with the top and the windshield down, Melvyn jumped a ditch. Ralph had been snoozing, with his feet nonchalantly resting on the hood. He was thrown out, and landed on the ground head first. Quite beyond walking, he parked on the running-board while Melvyn thumbed a ride into the nearest town to wheedle some supply store manager out of an inner tube. A tire had split in the accident and they had no spare; it was a hundred miles more to Evansville. When they put the second-hand tube in, they found they'd have to stop every four miles to pump up that tire. And then, eighteen miles from their goal, they ran out of gas—but they talked a station attendant out of a gallon!

In Evansville it was a continual struggle to meet their wardrobe demands, for of course they had new shows every week and had to provide their own clothes. Luckily near enough in size and weight, they could switch suits and accessories. Afterwards, working in distant cities, they'd write each other to hurry to the rescue by mailing some "variety."

When Ralph, run ragged as both actor and stage manager, asked for a five dollar a week raise he didn't get it. Rather, he was fired. This ended the fine teaming for fun for awhile. Ralph returned to Chicago to rustle up another job and was hired for leads for the first time, but he had to tour the tiny villages of Northern Wisconsin and he had to double as the set carpenter—all for forty dollars weekly, a cut from what he'd been earning.

In the letters he received from Melvyn a mystery began to develop. His pal had vague, wonderful plans. The denouement came with the word that Melvyn had promoted financing for a stock company of his own in their original stamping ground, Madison. He wanted Ralph to join him as the juvenile. "It was the first time anyone considered me as just an actor!" Ralph exclaimed, reminiscing.

Their great hope, of course, was to attract Broadway scouts. But they didn't. They had to climb the difficult route; they had to save up and storm New York and hang on till they were recognized. Melvyn, who'd been assisting his family, made the attack first. He was utterly bewildered by the size of the city; he was squelched by office boys and generally ignored. He got a job running an elevator, hunted for a theatrical chance during his lunch hours and finally got the role in "A Free Soul" which Gable afterwards duplicated in films. This first New York engagement put him across.

RALPH tackled New York on sixty dollars after a season in Terre Haute stock. Soon he was reduced to eating stale buns and raw peanuts, then for five days he went without food of any kind. He had too much pride to call upon Melvyn. Finally he accepted another stock berth—away out in Iowa; he had to borrow the fare there. When he wound up with one hundred dollars he had to use it to put up sufficient front to be engaged in Des Moines. The following two winters, skillfully interesting a backer as Melvyn had done, he had his own company. With applause in his eager ears and some money in hand, he re-entrained for New York.

And yet again he ran into utter indifference. No one wanted him and once more he had to go back, this time to stock in Rochester. But there he was cast opposite Catherine Willard, a tall, brown-eyed, red-haired beauty. Their play was "Romance" and in no time it was a grand romance in their hearts.

Spurred on by love, Ralph renewed his siege of the New York theaters. He had to register somehow, for Catherine's sake. There still was no break, for a whole winter more. Melvyn, meanwhile, had clicked, but since he was supporting his family he and they were living in a three-room basement apartment in Greenwich Village. It was jammed, but Melvyn insisted that his pal come and share his own room.

It was in this, the darkest period for Bellamy, that their wonderful friendship was cemented by Melvyn. There are spells when, despite ability and in spite of willingness to slave, there is no work. In these dips, inexplicable and unjust, a pal proves himself. These two men, sobered by this caprice of Fate, cooked their meals in chafing dishes, then; they struggled to help Ralph and wouldn't admit that one of them was licked.

Because they didn't admit it, Ralph wasn't defeated. It turned out that Walter Huston was sought for the lead in the drama "Borned in Texas," Huston was tied up under contract in Hollywood. Ralph kept after the producers for a chance at the part and finally they gave it to him; the critics promptly raved, clarioning that here was one of the ten best performances of the Broadway year. With that one boost Bellamy soared over the top! The very morning after his momentous first night Ralph received bids from five legitimate producers for future Broadway shows, and offers from four picture studios. He picked the best movie opportunity and his happiest second was when he told Melvyn the news. They slammed the door on the frayed suits in Ralph's closet.

Ralph then married Catherine Willard and they now not only have a home in exclusive Bel-Air, between Beverly Hills and the sea, but Ralph with his smart desert Racquet Club is also a foremost citizen of the luxury town of Palm Springs.

MELVYN was cast with Helen Gahagan, raven-haired singing star, in the Broadway hit "Tonight or Never." It was love for them at first sight. Hollywood astutely grabbed Melvyn and he, too, has a model home in California now. And in his library the most treasured volumes are the works of de Maupassant, because Ralph struggled to buy them for him one Christmas. Ralph Bellamy clings to the first bathrobe he ever had; Santa Claus Douglas surprised him with it on that same Christmas back in their boarding-house days.

Recently these two have been working on adjoining sound stages, Melvyn starring in "Women of Glamour" and Ralph starring in "Weather or No" with Ida Lupino. Between shots they visited one another's sets and the studio folk wondered how two rivals for Columbia's romantic leads could be so comrade-like. This story is the answer.

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He's Double-Dyed—But No Villain

(*Continued from page* 52)

"Now don't you worry," said Peggy briskly, "a lot of actors come in here, you know; it's all part of the business!"

And Walter's mutterings were drowned by the swish of water around his ears.

But in telling about it afterward Walter made it clear how severely he suffered. "Not only did I have to have my hair dyed, but my eyebrows, too, and when I went home that night, my kids laughed at me, and my dog bit me. And then, right after that picture, I had to go again and get turned into a redhead for 'Banjo on My Knee,' and I tell you if they don't stop monkeying with my hair pretty soon, I'm not going to have much authority left at home, and I guess I'm not going to have much hair left, either! Look, I can almost comb it with a towel now!" Then suddenly, his frown unwrinkled and he grinned. "But I guess I can't complain. I've just finished my eighteenth week without one day off, and that sure is something—especially after the old days." He sighed whimsically, "Me and the missus sure went through plenty before I got to the place where I was important enough to have my hair dyed!"

Walter Brennan can look back on those "old days" good-humoredly enough now—today he is one of the highest paid character actors in the business—but in the actual living of them there were few chuckles, few laughs; there were often struggles and tears. Walter Brennan is in his forties now, and he's traveled a long, long trail, a hard trail, a tramp trail. It led him to a lumber camp at nineteen, to the war at twenty-one, to the West at twenty-four, and finally to fame just two years ago when he made his first real hit, as Old Atrocity in "Barbary Coast."

HIS first remembrance is that of a tramp who came to his grandmother's door in Lynn, Massachusetts, when Walter was just four years old. Little Walter stood in the kitchen, quite close by the tramp, as he ate, and his eyes were big with looking and wondering. What had he seen? His eyes lighted on the tramp's hat which was on the chair. Walter reached for it and tried it on. It fell down around his ears. His grandmother said, "Walter put that down! No telling where that hat has been. Look at it! It's filthy!" She grabbed the hat from his head, threw it back on the chair, then went over to the sink and carefully washed her hands. Walter looked at the tramp quickly to see if he was hurt. But the tramp was smiling, and as he met the boy's eye, he winked, as much as to say, "All old women are persnickety like that; you and I understand, son." And in that friendly, secret wink, Walter Brennan's fate was sealed, his life was doomed.

A moment later his grandmother sent him to get dressed for Sunday school. He wore white sneakers with black soles, and a little white suit. He looked at himself disgustedly. So clean and starchy and effeminate! Give him a suit like the tramp's—full of holes and dirty, but a suit that was fit for the road!

It was a strain that cropped out in him again and again. The summer that he was eleven he astonished his family by announcing that he had a job, a job driving old Mac's express team for three dollars a week. They all fretted and fumed—it was such menial work, so dirty! His mother said that it would ruin his clothes. But Walter stood his ground. He said he had bought a suit for fifty cents from the plumber's assistant, and it was just dirty enough to suit the job. Dirty and greasy, and it smelled bad, too, but to Walter it was a robe of royalty, and the team, two old plugs, were chariot horses as he raced them through the town.

AGAIN, he was always helping stray drunks home. This was the thing that caused the family the most anxiety. There was that big bruiser Mr. O'Hara down the street who always got drunk on pay night, and whom Walter was always leading home. It was a strange picture. Walter, scarcely as high as the big man's elbow, coaxing him along, begging him to lean on his shoulder. Why did he do it? Where was the lure? Why did these drunks, tramps and derelicts appeal to him so? Mr. and Mrs. Brennan could only figure that maybe it was some quirk he had inherited from Grandmother Flannigan who fed tramps not once, but every day of her life! Little did they know that this odd pastime was really Walter's training for a great acting career. In later years he was to make a glamorous movie living in unglamorous old clothes, playing the parts of those poor souls he knew and envied as a boy.

Still, in his school days, Walter Brennan never dreamed of ever becoming an actor. He had no particular ambition. His father wanted him to be an electrical and mechanical engineer like himself. His mother's desire for him was a job in a bank; in her visions she saw his name neatly lettered on a little gold plate, with the initials V. P. suffixing it. Walter listened to these persuasions with the horizon in his eyes, and when he left school he took to the road, for a lumber camp in Maine.

It was there that he suffered his first physical set-back. He spent six months pitting his frail weight against giant trees and wound up in a hospital. But he has never regretted a day of those bleak bean-y six months. Even as he lay there in the hospital he rehearsed the dialects that he had learned and on the wall opposite his bed, as on a screen, the faces of those rough lumberjacks paraded before him. Every eyebrow, every beard was clearly remembered; every gesture, every mannerism carefully stowed away, years later to become invaluable actor-property. And in the two old suitcases under the bed were his most cherished possessions. They made him smile with pleasure as he thought of them, old trousers, coats, jackets, hats—worn and shapeless, but heavy with the scent of work and the woods.

From the hospital he returned home—that was in 1916—intending to stop for only a short visit and then to be on his way again. But his mother was ill and she begged him to stay near by for at least a year; to get that job in the bank, to give her that one joy. So Walter went to work in a Boston bank, and if it hadn't been for the war he might still be there. But the war—the war and Ruth—released him.

The war needs no identification, but Ruth does. She is the girl to whom Walter refers when he says today, "I've been married to the same gal seventeen years and I haven't seen one yet I'd trade her for!" They grew up together. Their fathers and mothers had known each other, as before them, their grandfathers and their grandmothers. But there was no bond between these two when they were children in school. Ruth was a student, and on his own admission, Walter "was never overly bright."

RUTH was very neat and very feminine, and you already know how Walter used to look. Ruth was tiny. She had long black braids. And cool, rather snooty eyes which seemed to put a world between them. "I never thought I had a Chinaman's chance with her," Walter said, "but along came the war and I thought the least I could do was play hero in her eyes. So I enlisted the day after war was declared—of course I had to pull my neck in a half inch, or I'd have been too light, but anyway I got in. I remember I sailed on the *Adriatic*, September 19th, 1917, and I returned April 10th, 1919. The reason I remember dates so well, that last one particularly, is because I was so glad to get back. But the most important of all was April 29th, 1919—the day I was set free of the whole mess. You know, when anyone ever asks me about my experiences in the war, I always say, 'I was gassed once and severely frightened five hundred times.' I guess you can't say it quicker than that. And the fellow who tells you he *wasn't* scared just isn't telling you the truth. Why, I got so I could do a hundred yards in eight flat, carrying a pack! Believe me, I'll sure have flat feet in the next one!"

It was the mustard gas that sent Walter to the hospital a second time, this time minus his lower teeth. But more than that, the aftermath of the gas was painful, and because Walter could not lie there and listen to his pain, he managed to escape after a few months and returned to his regiment at the front. Even a dirty dugout was more comfortable than the white stillness of an iron bed. Also at the front he got letters from Ruth, and these letters were his only balm in those bloody years. Intimacy and romance grew between them. Walter knew that if he ever returned they would be married.

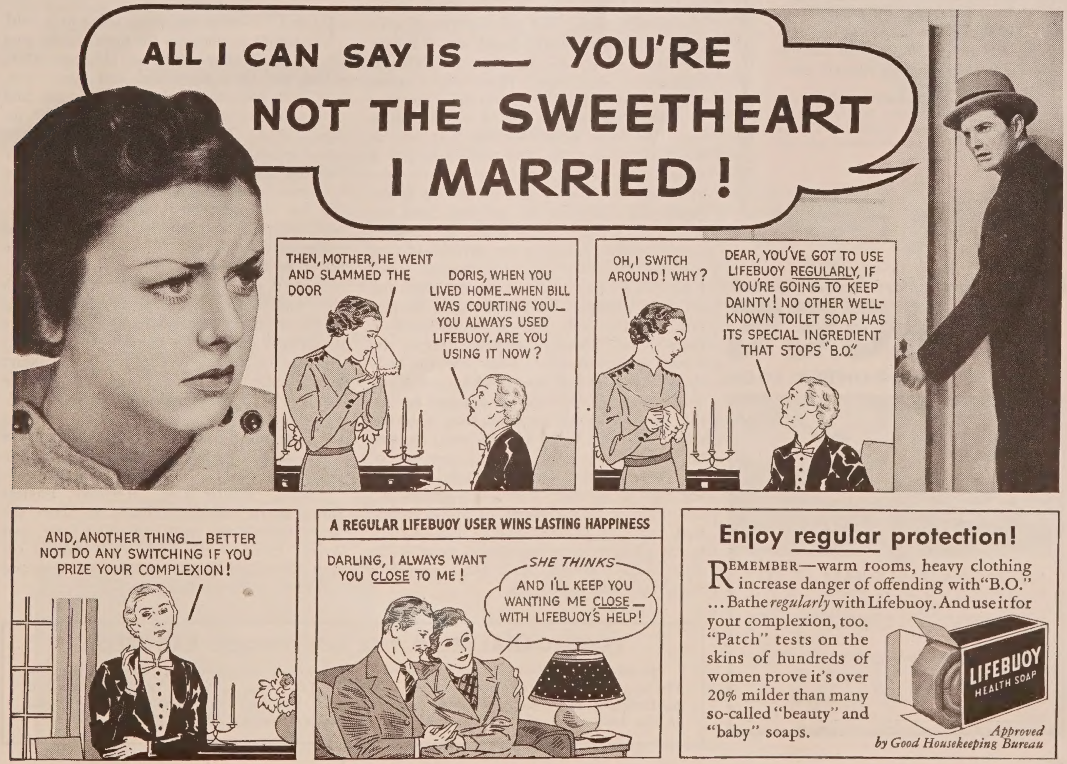
Also, now and then at the front, Walter had a chance to partake in some of the company shows, evenings when the shells weren't flying, and they could play-act at being merry. Invariably Walter assumed the costume and personality of a poor old tramp fellow and had his comrades rolling in the mud at his sad-funny antics. Everyone agreed that Walter could sure tell stories and do imitations. Everyone but Walter. He really thought nothing of it. It was just a release for him, a chance to return to boyhood and the interests he had had then.

After the war, once again the restlessness was upon him. He and Ruth married and Walter had a chance to go to Guatemala to oversee a pineapple plantation. But first he thought he'd like to take a look at California. The Brennans came West in 1920, and they've been here ever since. Walter saw great opportunities in real estate and immediately became a successful real estate broker. He made good money, they decided to have a family. First Wells arrived; then, a year later, Andy; and the year after, Ruth. Things went along swimmingly. Walter belonged to clubs. He was always called upon to entertain. And when friends dropped in at his house they invariably stayed half the night listening to his drolleries. "Gee, Walter," they said, "you ought to be an actor. You ought to go in the movies."

Walter said, "Oh, jingus!" It was his way of saying, "Oh, pshaw!"

BUT, eventually, he was driven to it. That was after he had lost all his money in the crash, and was on the verge of losing his home. Three children and not much to eat, and a wife who didn't complain, which was worse than if she had. Finally it made him see what had to be done. The successful real estate broker was no more. He recognized the end of an old life and plunged into a new one. One that he had never thought of before . . . one he had never thought he would care about. But, as is typical of the Irish, once in the game he was determined to succeed.

"I remember, it was the first studio I had ever been in. I got in over the back


ALL I CAN SAY IS — YOU'RE NOT THE SWEETHEART I MARRIED!
THEN, MOTHER, HE WENT AND SLAMMED THE DOOR
DORIS, WHEN YOU LIVED HOME—WHEN BILL WAS COURTING YOU—YOU ALWAYS USED LIFEBUOY. ARE YOU USING IT NOW?
OH, I SWITCH AROUND! WHY?
DEAR, YOU'VE GOT TO USE LIFEBUOY REGULARLY, IF YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP DAINTY! NO OTHER WELL-KNOWN TOILET SOAP HAS ITS SPECIAL INGREDIENT THAT STOPS "B.O."
AND, ANOTHER THING — BETTER NOT DO ANY SWITCHING IF YOU PRIZE YOUR COMPLEXION!
A REGULAR LIFEBUOY USER WINS LASTING HAPPINESS
DARLING, I ALWAYS WANT YOU CLOSE TO ME!
SHE THINKS—
AND I'LL KEEP YOU WANTING ME CLOSE — WITH LIFEBUOY'S HELP!
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

Enjoy regular protection!

REMEMBER—warm rooms, heavy clothing increase danger of offending with "B.O." ... Bathe *regularly* with Lifebuoy. And use it for your complexion, too. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove it's over 20% milder than many so-called "beauty" and "baby" soaps.

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

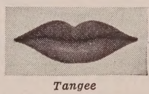
TANGEE FOR
Youthful Lips

Tangee's Color Change Principle assures your most becoming shade
...Orange in the stick, Tangee changes on your lips to a natural blush-rose...Paris bans a "painted look". Tangee *isn't paint!* Use Tangee Rouge on cheeks. Also has magic Color Change Principle.

Tangee Lipstick's special cream base keeps lips soft all night...
Always apply Tangee at bedtime ...39¢ and $1.10. Or send coupon below for Tangee's special offer.

• BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee — don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for* TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Painted



Tangee

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

"24-HOUR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET"
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Rush "24-Hour Miracle Make-Up Set" of miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)
Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel
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*City*________ *State*________ MA47

fence somehow and went to the casting director. It was cold turkey. I had never seen him before. I had no record as an actor. I went to see him for days. Eventually I got work in a mob scene. Mob scenes! I was part of them for years, it seems. Wearing old clothes, getting trampled on in riots. Always getting banged up. And in those days a lot of rough things happened. Broken legs, broken collar bones—all of us were always getting them." Walter leaned forward suddenly and there was a fierceness on his face. "You know, they often print that I lost all my teeth in the war, and that that's why I can play old men so well. Well, that's not so at all, though I suppose it sounds more—well, more dramatic and glamorous to say that. But what really happened about my upper teeth is that I had 'em knocked out! *Kicked out* —right here in Hollywood, too, when a water hose with ninety pounds' pressure was turned on me by mistake. I was knocked down and in trying to get up I collided with a man's heavy boot. That's all. Hurt? Bitter? No! Just disgusted because I wasn't further along than I was—so I wouldn't have had to get into scenes like that.

AFTER that, I decided to do anything, everything to get ahead. Versatile! Why that word doesn't do justice to what I was. I could imitate animal sounds, so I did that when I had a chance. Chickens, ducks, lions, jackasses—I was the sound for all of them at one time or another—for ten dollars a bray! And I did stunt work, too. I was like a crazy man. I guess. Trying to get enough sawbucks stowed away so I could keep out of the extra line-up and bide my time for something more worthwhile. But I had one experience with stunt work that finally cured me. I forget the name of the picture, but we were on location at San Diego. There was a scene where a car had to be driven off a twenty-five foot cliff into the bay. A regular stunt man had been hired for the job, but at the last minute he got cold feet, so I volunteered. The extra money would come in handy. Well, they padded me up pretty much and I got in the car and took the wheel. I started back about a hundred yards, to gain speed so the car would turn a couple of times before diving in. Then I got about forty feet from the edge and all of a sudden it flashed through me that this was the end, and—a funny quirk—I know I said aloud to myself, 'Jingus, did I pay that premium?' That was the only thing that worried me, thinking of Ruth. Well, as I turned over, I banged against the steering wheel so hard that it broke, and I thought I did, too. When I bobbed up to the top of the water I saw one of my shoes floating and I thought sure my leg was in it, only I couldn't understand why there wasn't a streak of blood around it. I woke up in the hospital. Fortunately, I was all there—my leg hadn't been in the shoe—only I couldn't walk for a couple of days. But that cured me.

"After that I fought more than ever for character parts and began to get them. All the time I was picking up derelict outfits. I had such a closet full of old relics that Ruth had her nose up in the air and I finally had to move them out to the garage. Poor Ruth. It's a wonder she didn't get sick and tired of my tramp chasing. Why, even when we went for drives on Sundays, we'd be driving along and I'd suddenly see an old fellow walking down the road, and I'd pull the car over and just look at him and say, 'Gosh, did you ever see a muff like that! Now if I put one on like that for a part, they'd say I was exaggerating. Look at it, Ruth. Isn't that beautiful?' Of course, a muff, in case you don't know it, is a beard.

"It wasn't until 'The Wedding Night,' with Gary Cooper and Anna Sten, that I figured my luck was turning. I had the part of a station master in it, and I got good notices. After that I got a crack at Old Atrocity in 'Barbary Coast.' I heard about it one hour, and an hour later I went to see Hughes, all made up for it—minus an eye, and with an old hat in my hand which I'd picked up on the desert at Mojave. They said I could have the part, if they didn't get Lionel Barrymore. It was a bad week I spent until they made up their minds."

His success story ends about there—for, as the saying goes, a little success always begets more—and Walter has been doing great things ever since. His characterization of Swan in "Come and Get It" is one of the finest Hollywood has seen in many a year. He was so fine that 20th Century-Fox built "Banjo on My Knee" practically around him. Studios will go on and on building pictures around him.

THERE is only one more thing to be told. It rather symbolizes the man. In the part of Swan, Walter wore an old undershirt which has been worn nigh onto ten years, and had just the right look of age and dirt around the neck to show under an open shirt. The wardrobe man looked upon it with a maniacal fascination every evening as he came around to pick up costumes which needed pressing or cleaning for the next day's work. "Mr. Brennan, why don't you let me wash that undershirt for you? We won't hurt it a bit. I promise you."

And Walter's only answer was to grab the undershirt away from the itching hands of the property man, wrap it in a newspaper and take it home to keep it safe from cleanliness. Every night the shirt went home with him, every morning he brought it back. Finally Edward Arnold, too, became fascinated. "Walter, I don't see how you do it. It's so dirty I don't see how you can manage to bring it into your dressing room."

"Well," Walter said, "it's easy. Easiest thing in the world. I come in from the set, I unlock my dressing room door, and I just stand in the hall, while taking off the shirt. Then I take it by the hand and we both walk in together!"

PSYCHOANALYZING THE HOLLYWOOD BACHELOR
Handsome, wealthy, talented—there are numbers of extremely eligible men in Hollywood who have never married. Why? You'll be surprised at the reasons a psychologist finds for their "single-blessedness" when you read this startling analysis in the May issue of MOVIE MIRROR, on sale everywhere March 24th.

"I am 'tops' again
– because I feel and look like my old self once more"

"How did I do it?
"I just reasoned sensibly."

YOU just can't be happy and enjoy life when in a run-down condition. Poor health and poor looks won't let you.

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SSS TONIC

How to Get to Sleep in Hollywood

(*Continued from page* 63)

"arsenic" and Mr. Tone gently replied, "anagram." Then followed in gentle succession "arithmetic," "army," "antelope," "anvil," and so on for fifteen minutes or more. And it wasn't until Mr. Tone cheated with *"am*brella" that he was quite sure Mrs. Tone was sleeping peacefully at last!

"It is the most marvelous cure for insomnia I've ever heard," says Joan in enthusiastic testimonial. "It is such a bore!"

NEXT to Joan, Willy Powell is our leading pacer of midnight floors, and the thing that burns Bill to a crisp is that he is always so sleepy *before* nine o'clock! Invariably a false alarm drowsiness descends upon him after dinner, but let him retire, and he's as wide awake as the Fourth of July.

It is nothing at all unusual for Bill, clad in pajamas and overcoat, to get out his Ford coupe and drive himself down to Santa Monica, gulping in deep swallows of air and stopping by Drive-Ins for cups of hot milk when these spells are upon him.

But Bill's best sleep inducer is something else again, something only he could think of, and that's his library of boring books! There are some highly specialized cures that recommend reading as one of the best nerve soothers of them all. "There's only one catch to it," said Bill. "Reading an interesting book won't do you any good at all. You'll stay awake all night and never know the difference. But a dull book—that's something else again!"

Maybe you think Bill keeps technical books, or treatises on Boy Scout activities, or "How To Be a Master Plumber" in this very private collection. He does, along with some you'd never suspect, like many of our current novels. He swears there is nothing that bores him so much as badly written books about young engineers or crazy young people who are wintering in Florida. About the time these latter get to the third quart of gin and the second love affair, Bill is so drowsy he drops off and never has to learn how true love overcomes all.

Another thing dapper Powell hates to do is to play checkers and he never indulges in the game except when he's so wide awake at bedtime he has to play to bore himself into a sufficiently relaxed mood. There are also certain people who bore Mons. Willy very much but as they are difficult to reach at just the right times he usually has to forego this sure cure to deep sleep.

BETTE DAVIS once told me she could feel a sleepless night coming on long before it actually hit. At least, Bette can tell by the events of the day just what kind of night she is going to have. Working on the theory that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, the dauntless Davis always calls her favorite hairdresser and engages her services from 10 P. M. until "unconscious"—and not to dress her hair.

"I just tell her to bring her brush

"THIS FLAVOR IS TOPS"
BEEMAN'S
CHEWING
PEPSIN
GUM
BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

"You're right, daughter—I've been partial to Beeman's for years! It's so delicious and fresh-tasting—that clever air-tight package keeps it fresh as the day it was made. And I like that bit of tang! Beeman's actually perks me up—it's a real help to digestion, too, you know—makes a person feel mighty *good!*"

Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

"I Writhed with Pain-

I Couldn't Even Tell My Doctor the Torture I Suffered!"

WHAT agony Piles! What they impose in pain, in mental distress, in loss of personal efficiency!

The sad part about this affliction is that, on account of the delicacy of the subject, many hesitate to seek relief. Yet there is nothing more liable to serious outcome than a bad case of Piles.

REAL TREATMENT

Real treatment for the relief of distress due to Piles is to be had today in Pazo Ointment. Pazo almost instantly stops the pain and itching. It is effective because it is threefold in effect.

First, Pazo is *soothing*, which tends to relieve sore and inflamed parts. Second, it is *lubricating*, which tends to soften hard parts and also to make passage easy. Third, it is *astringent*, which tends to reduce swollen parts.

Pazo is put up in Collapsible Tubes with special Pile Pipe, which is perforated. The perforated Pile Pipe makes it easy for you to apply the Ointment high up in the rectum where it can reach and thoroughly cover the affected parts.

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Pazo is now also put up in suppository form. Those who prefer suppositories will find Pazo the most satisfactory. All drug stores sell Pazo-in-Tubes and Pazo Suppositories, but a trial tube will be sent on request. Just mail coupon and enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to help cover packing and postage.

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along," is Bette's private recipe for insuring her full eight hour quota. "Sometimes I think I'm part cat, I'm so mad about having my hair brushed and massaged. Once upon a time when I was very poor and sleepless, I promised myself that if I were ever rich and sleepless I'd hire myself a private hair-brusher. And while I certainly don't consider myself rich, what's the fun of being a movie star if you can't indulge these little whims? When it comes to soothing effects, getting your hair brushed slowly, slowly, slowly is just twice as good as a body massage for relaxing the nerves. If you can't afford to hire somebody to do it for you, then try brushing your own hair, not briskly but very gently, just before you call it a day. Ahhhh, it makes me sleepy to think about it."

CAROLE LOMBARD insists it is only on rare occasions that she doesn't go to sleep the minute her head hits the pillow, which certainly argues well for Missy's clear conscience and good health. But on those rare occasions when she can't, Carole doesn't argue about it with Morpheus or anyone else. She merely gives in to wakefulness and sets about answering her mail, or dealing out bridge hands, or taking the polish off her nails.

"Of course, if insomnia were a regular thing with me I suppose I'd be just as desperate as anyone who suffers from it," Carole concedes. "But if you're bothered with it only rarely, I'd say stop whipping your nerves with a lot of silly games for trying to get to sleep. Relax and stay awake! You can't argue yourself into feeling sleepy. Suppose you do stay awake all night? It isn't going to make a hospital case of you—and you'll probably be so dog tired the next night that you'll make it all up."

JOHN BOLES is so sure of his cure for sleeplessness that he's offering it as a bona fide recipe; and if it doesn't work for you the next time you're ready to give up and call it a night, then Johnny feels you're just not putting your heart in it. Says "Doc" Boles, who swears this is purely an amateur theory:

"It is easy to tell people to relax, a lot easier than it is to do. But a long time ago when I was in the Army, a buddy of mine told me this crazy idea, and I'll be darned if it doesn't work. It is very simple, maybe that is why. When you want to relax perfectly imagine yourself in an elevator that is falling, *and let yourself fall with it!* There is still another little trick to it—and that is to exhale as you mentally let yourself go! The more rigid your nerves, the more they will tingle from this mental relaxation game. It has never failed me yet."

I dare you to try it right now. Ready—*go*. Well, what do you know about that? And in a falling elevator, too!

So now you know all the best secrets of how Hollywood gets to sleep. And now, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll take a little nap. Another awfully good way to get sleepy is to listen to people tell you how or to write a yarn like this.

The Real Reason Why Ross Alexander Killed Himself

(*Continued from page* 30)

measure up to. He tried, I know. He tried almost as Dr. Jekyll fought against changing into the hateful Mr. Hyde. But he often failed, and I am as certain as I am certain of night and day that it was those failures which finally broke his heart and prompted the shot that ended his life.

The first time we ever met, he told me a story which, I think, will show you what I mean.

It was at a party, one of those informal affairs at which you sit around in little groups and talk. During the evening I found myself in a corner with Ross. He was sitting there, smoking. He had been laughing, talking, wise-cracking with everybody. Now he seemed moody, unhappy.

"You don't look very gay," I told him.

He answered me obliquely. "See that woman over there?" indicating one of the guests at the far side of the room, a woman about thirty-five with graying hair and fine, dark eyes. I said I did.

"Well, she reminds me of somebody." He spoke abruptly, almost angrily. "She looks like a teacher I had, once, when I was a kid in school. I never have forgotten her. I—I hurt her feelings."

"How?"

"She was coaching our class play and I was in it. She was a good sort; worked hard with us. Used to help me with my part after school. Always seemed pleased when we kids took an interest in things. . . ."

He stopped and lit another cigaret. His motions, like his words, were abrupt, angry.

"One day we disagreed over the way I was to say some lines. I've always been crazy about acting but I guess I've always, too, wanted my own way about it.

"Patiently, she tried to tell me she thought her way was best. I wouldn't listen. I got mad. Tore up the script and threw it at her. Said I wouldn't be in the play and stalked out. As I looked back at her from the doorway I saw that she was crying."

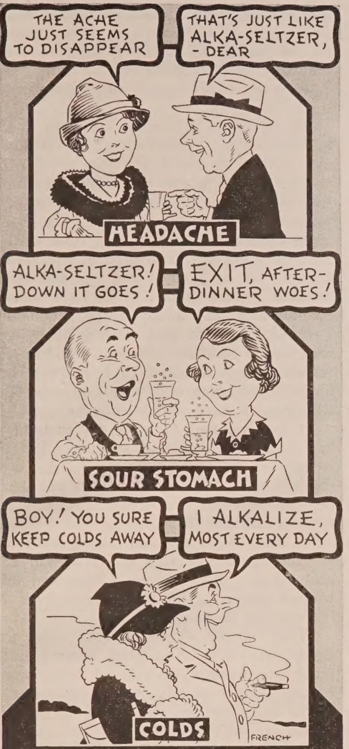
He stopped again. Grown-up, self-assured as he was, he looked as though he wanted to cry, too.

"I was sorry about that," he said, slowly. "Terribly sorry. I went to her home that night and apologized. And I tried to give her what was, then, my most cherished possession, a green ever-sharp pencil but she wouldn't take it."

"Did she forgive you?" I asked him.

"Yes," he said, quietly, "she forgave me. I went on in the play and she was as nice as ever. But I've never forgotten what I did, because it was so unnecessary. I think about it every once in a while, even now, and wish I hadn't made her cry."

Yes, he wished he hadn't made her cry. During his life he wished more often than we'll ever know, perhaps, that he hadn't made this woman and that woman cry. But he did. He did too often—perhaps


THE ACHE JUST SEEMS TO DISAPPEAR
THAT'S JUST LIKE ALKA-SELTZER, - DEAR
HEADACHE
ALKA-SELTZER! DOWN IT GOES!
EXIT, AFTER-DINNER WOES!
SOUR STOMACH
BOY! YOU SURE KEEP COLDS AWAY
I ALKALIZE, MOST EVERY DAY
COLDS
FRENCH

Be Wise··Alkalize!
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New BLONDEX SHAMPOO & RINSE FOR ALL HAIR

only because he could. Women were crazy about Ross Alexander, always. They gave him everything he asked, even tears.

You'd have thought, perhaps, that his first wife might have been an exception. I mean the one before Aleta. He was married three times. His first wife was more poised and sophisticated than Ross. He was only eighteen when they were married. But she loved him devotedly—and let him break her heart.

"'What's the use of sticking around and trying to hang on to me,' I told her, 'when I want to get away?'"

It was the cynical, hard-boiled Ross Alexander speaking when he said that to me one day on the Warner Brothers lot.

"Sure we had a kid," he went on. "So what?"

He looked at me defiantly, as if daring me to disagree. He was working hard at being ruthless. He was pointing to the chip on his shoulder. But that night, late, my phone rang. It was Ross.

"I'm sorry for the way I talked this noon," he said without preamble. "I don't know what gets into me. She," he didn't say whom he meant but I knew, all right, "she was much too good for me. And we have a swell little girl. I despise myself for saying the things I do, sometimes. I am just a no-account."

A "no-account." I doubt it. He was his own worst enemy, yet pitiable because later, when he realized what he had done, in these words of his, he was sorry.

YES, Ross could be sorry! I think if I live to be a hundred I shall never quite forget just how sorry he was that night he made Aleta Alexander cry before us all. It was at a sundown swimming party in Bel-Air not so many months before she killed herself. If I told you the hostess' title before she was married you would recognize her. She is a famously beautiful Russian princess. Aleta had known her before either came to Hollywood.

Almost all of the guests arrived in swimming suits. Ross did, but Aleta wore a blue linen sports frock and a big white linen hat. The minute they arrived, you could see Ross was at odds with her; that he was wearing the well-known chip on his shoulder.

Their hostess greeted them cordially, but exclaimed her disappointment that Aleta wasn't going swimming. As Aleta started to explain, Ross cut in:

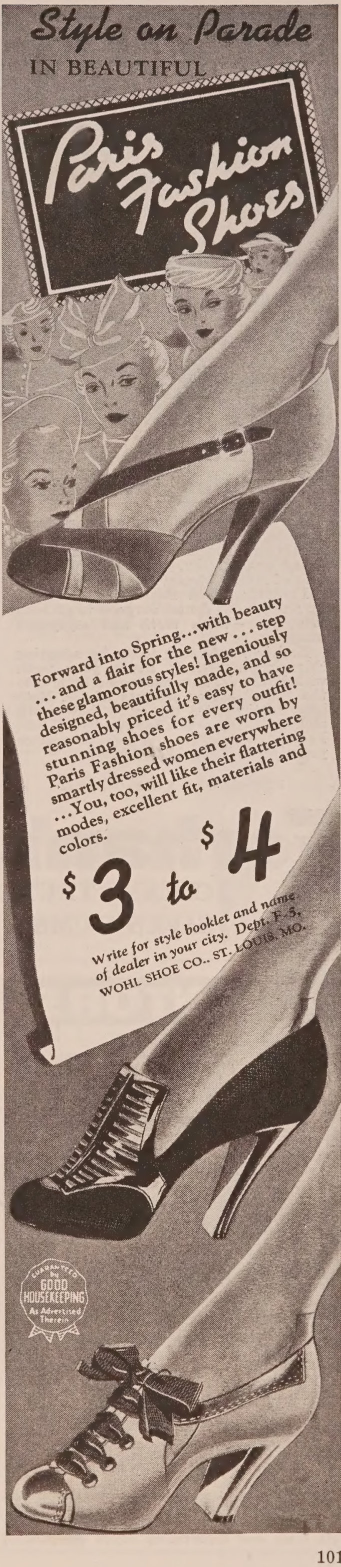
"Lady Astorbilt chose to be contrary today!" The words were harmless enough but his tone was double-edged.

Aleta with beautiful graciousness tried to pass off his bad manners. "Yes. You see, I am not at my best in a bathing suit," she smiled, then added, "Seriously, I have a little cold and thought I'd rather not swim today."

The hostess hastened to assure her this was perfectly all right, but Ross was not to be mollified. "You didn't have such a cold that you couldn't sit up reading until one o'clock this morning," he said, stubbornly.

New arrivals, just then, interrupted this little by-play and certainly none of us was sorry. We all went down to the swimming pool together.

But I could see that Ross was restless and moody. He kept at Aleta for not going swimming. Shot barbed remarks at her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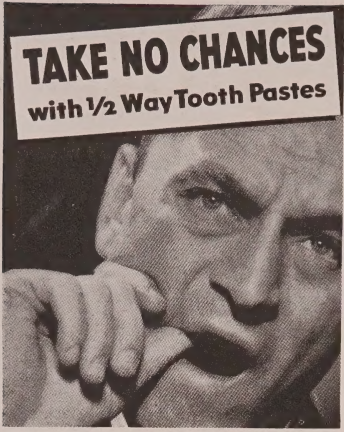
Write for style booklet and name of dealer in your city. Dept. F-5, WOHL SHOE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.



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whenever chance allowed. He would plunge into the pool and swim a turn or two, then climb out to make little thrusts at her.

Came that moment when, dripping from the pool, he strode over to where she sat, pretty and immaculate, and flung himself down on the arm of her chair. Of course the water from his wet suit spotted her frock. Of course she protested.

"Ross, look what you're doing!"

He sprang up, his cheeks flushed, a queer gleam in his eyes. "I'll show you what I'm doing!" He snatched off her hat and threw it into the pool.

I suppose it isn't such a terrible thing to throw an inexpensive white linen hat into a pool, but, somehow, that gesture of Ross Alexander's was indescribably cruel—cruel because he meant it to be and because it hurt Aleta so. We just stood around, tongue-tied, watching a pitiful flush stain her cheeks and even her throat and forehead.

SHE was a thorough-bred, though—slender, blonde Aleta Alexander. She tried to smile and, as a woman will, she rummaged in her bag for a comb to smoothe her hair, disarranged when her hat was jerked off. But her hand trembled so she could scracely hold the comb, and the tears just wouldn't stay back.

And then Ross changed. He changed almost as a Mr. Hyde changes into a gentle Dr. Jekyll. Suddenly and completely. He dropped on his knees and put his arms around her, ardently, with a gesture the more sharply tender because he first hastily wiped the water from his arms that he might not further spoil the little linen frock.

"Darling, my darling, I'm sorry! Please don't cry! Please!" His voice broke.

He seemed not even to know there were others around. "Darling," he was saying over and over. "Darling, don't cry. I could kill myself for making you cry."

Silently, as unobtrusively as we could, the rest of us left them to make it up by themselves, and the party went on.

It was almost an hour later when they rejoined us, Aleta, radiant, and Ross radiant, too. And all the rest of the evening he never left her, except to get something for her. He was a cavalier any girl would have thrilled to command. He paid court to her, worshipped her for all to see. He had told her, "I could kill myself for making you cry."

I am thinking now of something one of the other guests said to me as the Alexanders left that night. He said, "That boy will do something desperate in one of those moods, someday."

I'm thinking, too, of a talk—a long talk—Ross and I had, perhaps a year later. Aleta was dead, then, and he had not yet met Anne Nagel.

We went to the Brown Derby in Hollywood for lunch and an interview. But I never got the interview because we got to talking about religion, instead.

"I don't believe in anything," Ross said. He was almost boasting about it. He was Ross, the hard guy, the cynic.

Now I am not given to attempts to convert a lost soul. Everyone is entitled to his own beliefs, I think. But by his very hardness, by his very cynicism, Ross Alexander was, somehow, asking to be convinced he was wrong.

So I tried. Futilely, I guess, as it turned out, but sincerely, I tried to make him believe there is some sort of divine pattern to this universe; tried, at least, to show him how heartwarming can be faith, "that essence of things hoped for; substance of things not seen."

We talked all afternoon, oblivious to the business of the restaurant going on about us. I tried to show him that neither he nor anyone is wholly sufficient unto himself; that there inevitably comes a time when every human being must turn to an unseen power for help, at least for courage. And he scoffed. He scoffed at everything I said. He laughed at me, too, and made me mad. You'd think I would have walked out on him but, inexplicably, I couldn't. I couldn't ignore that feeling that here was, not a famous, sufficient-unto-himself screen star who cared for nothing but himself, but, deep underneath, a little boy, whistling to keep up his courage.

At last we had to leave. I thought I had lost. He was still scoffing. But as we parted he said something which, I've thought since, explains why Ross was what he was—spoiled, arrogant, cynical—and why he couldn't be anything else.

He said, "Why are you taking the pains to talk to me like this? No woman has ever done that before. They've only wanted kisses." And there were tears in his eyes as he said it.

"They've only wanted kisses," when the thing that Ross Alexander needed most from the women who loved him, never having had it at all, was "cold turkey" talked by someone who could forget his charm and be concerned with his soul. He needed someone who could, for a change, dish it out and make him take it.

But he never found anyone like that.

Instead, after Aleta's death, he found blue-eyed, brown-haired Anne Nagel, who adored the ground he walked on and wouldn't have crossed him if she could.

THEY met in "Here Comes Carter," and those who worked with them in that picture said the two of them hadn't been together for two days when they began to fall in love. Anne is pretty, gentle, fresh-looking. Ross Alexander hadn't been very good company for himself during the months just passed, and here was a welcome diversion, lovely, tempting diversion. Here, perhaps, was absolution from the old bitterness, remorse, self-condemnation. They lunched together, they dined together. They danced, and played tennis and swam together. They laughed a lot. And Ross told himself, for a while, that he had found a new life.

He would begin all over again. From now on everything would be different. He hoped it would. He wooed little Anne Nagel. Won her. Married her and tried once more to "live happily ever after."

But it was too late. The past was too much for him. There was too much to remember. Too much to regret.

I was afraid of this the last time I saw Ross alive. We talked briefly, but he said a lot just the same. It was a month after he had married Anne.

"Yeah, I've done it again," he said and his words were colored by the old bravado. I almost expected him to add, "So what?"

But when I told him I was glad and that I hoped he would be happy, his arrogance left him. "I hope so too," he said

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soberly. "Anne is a wonderful girl. I love her and I hope I deserve her. I am trying to make her happy."

"You can if you want to, Ross," I said.

He shook his head. "I don't know. I haven't made anyone else happy. . . . Quite the contrary. I try to tell myself that what is done is done and, honestly, I do love Anne. But I can't forget that if Aleta and I hadn't quarrelled that night she—she—"

He stopped, and I changed the subject because ghosts have no place beside a new love. . . . But not before he had told me bitterly, hopelessly, "All of the quarrels I ever had with anyone were my own fault!"

NO, I wasn't very surprised when Ross Alexander killed himself. He had a lot to live for, you say. Yes, but he had a lot to live *down*, in his own eyes, and I guess he couldn't do it.

Even as he died, he must have sneered at himself. "This is like you, Alexander," he must have thought with that ruthless clarity with which his one self looked at the other. Because to him, death meant oblivion, eternal forgetfulness, but to Anne Nagel, his wife, it meant not only heartbreak but financial trouble as well. Living, Ross Alexander was able to provide her with a motion picture star's fine salary. But dead, there were only debts—and less than $200 in the bank.

True, Anne Nagel has been given the break she has sought so long in pictures. She is being starred in "Steel Highway," a new Warner Brothers production. And those of us who know the ways of Hollywood know that perhaps this break would not have come so soon had not Ross Alexander's death placed her, too, in the spotlight of publicity.

Still, to Anne Nagel, who loved her fascinating, handsome husband dearly, it is a comparatively small good that this great ill wind has blown. Especially when they're saying in Hollywood, as a probe in a wound, that Ross didn't really love her; that he died because he couldn't live without his other wife, Aleta.

But I think they're wrong. I think he died because he couldn't live with himself.

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Garbo Escapes from Loneliness at Last

(*Continued from page* 43)

on her last Atlantic crossing. "I think they were more afraid of me than I was of them," she laughed.

She begged the musicians to play between scenes—rhumba music, particularly—and swayed to the rhythm like any co-ed.

And she made three sincere friends who, finding her already greatly changed, have been instrumental in completing the transformation.

George Cukor (Pal Number 1) directed "Camille." He had never met Garbo before, but it's an open secret that he did not welcome the assignment, that he didn't like "the idea of Garbo."

Instead of the frigid untouchable that he had expected, he encountered the new Garbo and within a few days they were devoted friends.

Now Cukor has two other close friends among Hollywood's glamorous actresses, Katharine Hepburn and Tillie Losch, who has just been signed on a long term starring contract by M-G-M. Perhaps the natural curiosity of those ladies instigated his plan; perhaps, as he explained later, he simply "wanted three such wonderful women to know one another." At any rate, he gave a luncheon party in his home and, with some trepidation, invited Garbo. She accepted with unfeigned delight.

NO one has ever given a complete, detailed account of that luncheon, but Garbo news, like murder, will out and it has been an easy task to reconstruct the story of the afternoon from the many comments which have been dropped, now and then, by George Cukor and Tillie Losch.

They played the piano and they danced. They played the radio and they danced. They played phonograph records. And then, when Katie said that *she* had some phonograph records which were of extra, plus ultra, fourteen carat quality, they all decided that they were having far too much fun to quit, so they transferred their merriment to the Hepburn mansion and spent the rest of the afternoon.

Emboldened by that gay luncheon, Cukor introduced Greta to other of his friends. She liked them and they liked her. She had luncheon with Anita Loos. She went to a dinner party at Cukor's home, a large party that was attended, for the most part, by members of the so-called "arty" crowd. And there she had a grand time, from all accounts.

Cukor, who had wailed when handed the Garbo assignment, now couldn't sing her praises loudly enough.

"She is warm, completely human, friendliness personified," he said in his somewhat clipped English.

Through Cukor, Garbo made the acquaintance of a Metro scenarist named Virginia Faulkner. Miss Faulkner promptly gave a dinner party in her home for fifty guests and invited Garbo. And Garbo accepted the invitation without so much as asking who the other forty-nine guests were to be.

I asked Virginia Faulkner about the party and found her gracious but somewhat cryptic.

"Yes, Miss Garbo came to the party, in the company of her one time-honored, intimate friend, Mrs. Salka Viertel, a writer."

"What? . . . Why, she wore slacks . . it was all quite informal."

"Yes, Miss Garbo apparently enjoyed the evening very much . . . she talked with everyone . . . she was quite gay and laughed a great deal . . . she danced. . . ."

Incidentally, it was just after she had attended the luncheon party at Cukor's house that Garbo commissioned Adrian, to design for her a complete private wardrobe And her list of necessities for that wardrobe contained a number of evening gowns! The exclamation mark is essential for Garbo has always been noted for her complete disrespect for "what-the-well-dressed-woman-will-wear-this-season." Never before, since she came to Hollywood, has she ordered a private wardrobe from any modiste.

Robert Taylor (Pal Number II) also played an important role in the transformation of Greta Garbo.

"What do you mean, 'Mystery Woman?'" Bob demanded after working with her a couple of days. "Why, I think Garbo is one of the friendliest persons I've ever met."

And so, between scenes of "Camille" witness Bob Taylor, the ex-farm lad from Nebraska, and Greta Garbo, the ex-milliner from Sweden, chatting and laughing like cronies of many years standing.

Garbo, it seems, was particularly interested in the great Middle West because to her way of thinking it is the real America. She asked Bob question after question about his childhood, about life in a small town, about the farms in the Middle West.

Bob Taylor wanted to have a few of his friends visit him on the set. He mentioned the desire to Garbo and she seemed surprised that he should hesitate on her account.

THE friends paid the visit and Garbo, instead of retiring to the privacy of her dressing booth, waved at Bob and smiled at his friends.

One afternoon Bob conceived a great idea. On a nearby stage Joan Crawford, his time-honored idol, was at work. Here, with him, was the Garbo, his new friend. The two, he reasoned, should be brought together. He suggested to Garbo that a tea party would be in order.

"I would be very much pleased," said Greta with enthusiasm.

An hour or so later, stage eight, where Joan was working in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," hummed with excitement. A table was laid and Robert Montgomery and Director "Boley" Boleslawski, who were also to partake of the ceremonial tea, straightened their ties. At the appointed moment, Garbo, giggling like a schoolgirl on an escapade, was escorted through a side entrance by Bob Taylor and George Cukor and the momentous function was under way. But it didn't turn out to be a ceremony at all. Garbo put everyone at ease and the party lasted so long that neither company resumed work that day.

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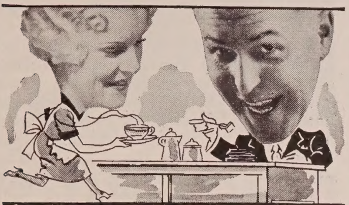

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It was Bob Taylor who persuaded Garbo to violate the most iron-clad of all her self-imposed restrictions. It had been years since her fear of crowds had permitted her boldly to enter a theater to see one of her pictures previewed, but she gave away before his "double-dare-yous" and drove to Pomona, California, to see the preview of "Camille."

And now imagine, if you can, the shocked amazement of the good people of Pomona when, after the preview, their unbelieving eyes beheld Garbo, standing in the theater lobby excitedly talking and laughing with Bob Taylor and his girl friend, Barbara Stanwyck.

Garbo likes to play tennis. So does Bob, and so does Barbara Stanwyck. Ere long, those three were meeting almost daily on the tennis court in Garbo's yard. And it's authentically reported that Bob, on several occasions, took some of his friends along to join them.

Garbo found in Laura Hope Crews, who played an important role in "Camille," Pal Number III. Miss Crews is a veteran of the American stage and Garbo eagerly asked questions about her experiences in the legitimate theater. In return, she told about her own student days in the Swedish Royal Academy of the Drama.

And she made statements to Laura Hope Crews that may explain the "Garbo Mystery."

"I was very ill for years," she said. "I was still very ill when I went home, to Sweden, the last time. I was under the doctor's care, always. The doctors told me that I should not work before the cameras and I only kept up my work by saving my strength in every possible way.

"But now I am well again. Almost well. And I feel like a woman reborn. I feel that I can really live for the first time in many years."

And Garbo *is* living—if not in the hectic, mile-a-minute Hollywood tradition, at least in the normal conception of the word. On the completion of "Camille," with Laura Hope Crews, she spent a happy week-end in Palm Springs as the guest of the Edmund Gouldings. They picnicked on the desert, rode horseback and played tennis under the hot desert sun.

Unquestionably Garbo has changed phenomenally. The question still remains, "Is it too late?"

"Camille" is a great picture—probably the greatest picture Garbo has made since she co-starred with John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil." Her popularity has been slipping. Can "Camille," as excellent as it is, place her again on the throne and insure the permanence of her stay in Hollywood?

STAR FASHIONS AS WORN BY MADELEINE CARROLL

This month, we presented the perfect spring wardrobe modeled by Joan Bennett, on pages 53-57, in place of the announced fashion worn by Madeleine Carroll—who was snow-bound at Sun Valley, Idaho, and was unable to pose for Gwenn Walters' up-to-the-minute department in time. But we'll have them next month (the May MOVIE MIRROR, out March 24th), and they're well worth waiting for!

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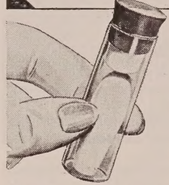

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What's Happening to Dick Powell?

(*Continued from page 29*)

In his heart he must have known it himself; yet he kept on driving, fighting against the danger signals.

One night he blew up, tore his radio script into shreds two minutes before the show went on the air. He was so emotionally shaken he could barely get through his first song number, and that wasn't like the kid from Arkansas who came out to Hollywood grateful for the breaks he was getting, glad to pitch in and work his heart out whenever they asked him.

I know Dick, himself, was amazed that he did it because he came to a party given for the air cast a couple of hours later with the lovely and happy Joan on his arm, looking like a little boy who had been naughty. He was sorry about it and hoped everyone understood.

He laughed louder than anyone when somebody got up and made a speech. Dick and the show were "just one big happy family" with never any rows, or anything. He was so sincerely engrossed trying to explain his side of the battle to the wife of the director of the show he didn't see or notice people passing through the room where he sat.

DICK POWELL has never meant to be unreasonable or difficult about anything in his life. He has always been too grateful to those who have given him a helping hand on the way up. He has always liked people and has wanted them to like him.

He's never gone high hat or stellar or ritzy. I can remember when he was beginning to be a pretty important somebody, with exhibitors clamoring for more of his pictures, and he'd call up two or three non-social publicity and writing people and invite them for an evening of bridge when he could have been hobnobbing with the elite of the colony.

The people who were Dick's friends when he first came here are still Dick's friends, his and Joan's. He's never forgotten a pal.

But somewhere between the modest beginning and the glamorous present Dick did forget one important thing—he forgot how to play. More important, he forgot how to relax and rest. Dick Powell's career had become "big business." He might have learned a lesson from the tragic death of the brilliant Irving Thalberg, but he didn't.

The difference first began to show itself in Dick in little ways. In the way he'd walk up and down when he was talking to even one person. In the way he'd stride across the big stage before the radio programs. His hands were never still. There was a nervous abruptness in his manner that was not rudeness, but fatigue.

RUMORS began to float around that this Powell chap with the nice grin was becoming difficult. There were things he would and wouldn't do at the studio, so they said—and things he would and wouldn't have on the air.

I suppose his explanation might have been that the fight to stay on top was ten times harder than the fight to get there.

But the real explanation was far more simple and to the point: He was tired, physically and mentally. He was nervously exhausted.

I wonder, when the going was at the very toughest, if Dick ever stopped to remember his philosophy spoken in the days when he was so sure what he wanted out of movie fame and money.

He used to say that if he had enough to own a nice home of his own, with enough money in the bank to take care of his very modest desires and a chance to travel now and then, it would be easy for him to say goodbye when the bubble burst and the days of the golden harvest were over forever.

Also, he said he was looking for the right girl to marry. One marriage had

20th Century-Fox hopes that "Seventh Heaven" will do the same thing for Simone Simon and Jimmy Stewart (shown here lunching at the studio) that it once did for Gaynor and Charlie Farrell.

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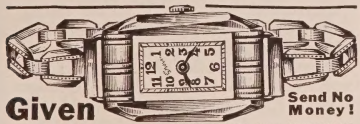

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2

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failed. But he wasn't cynical about marriage. He believed he'd never be completely happy until he'd found a wife and a partner to share his life. "I was never cut out to be a bachelor," is the way he explained it. "I like married life. I'll never be really contented until I'm happily married."

Well, all those dreams came true for Dick. Everyone who knows him knows how deeply in love he is with Joan and how devoted they are to her little son. He is the proverbial proud father when the youngster sits on his knee at night watching the Disney cartoons run off for him before his bedtime. It tickles Dick pink when the lad calls him Daddy.

I know that back of everything he has done, and is doing, back of this ambition that drives him all the time, is the desire to protect those things that are so dear in his life. Always he sees the magical future beckoning before him, a future that holds Joan and the baby and himself, their three lives knit closely together.

But isn't present happiness just as important as the future? Surely, no one in the business is in a better position to coast for a little while than Dick Powell. The success he has built is as firm as a rock. Right now Dick Powell is tops.

WHEN he resigned from his air show, when he asked for a vacation from the studio so that Joan and he might have a real honeymoon, it was the hearty wish of all those closest to him that he would rest completely, get back his perspective and his strength. The result was that he and Joan had a swell month dividing their time between Yosemite and Palm Springs. When they came back Dick looked better and healthier than he had in years.

But now the rumors crop up again that he's stepping back into the din just where he left off. Already the trade papers are hinting at another Dick Powell air show, of a contract that calls for three pictures on his home lot next year and two to be made on the outside. They're saying he can write his own ticket from here on in. There isn't a radio program or a motion picture company or a musical comedy or a theater that wouldn't give anything to get the magical Powell name on a contract. This may very well be a million dollar year for Kid Powell.

Maybe it will be. Maybe somewhere along the way Dick has found the nervous and physical strength to keep on going at a blinding pace, setting in two or three career fields a speed record that has never before been equalled by a motion picture personality. Only Dick himself knows the answer to that one. A million dollars is a lot of money.

Yet I wonder if Dick might not be interested in hearing something Rudy Valentino said to me in the last interview he gave out in Hollywood.

He said, "I've never found time to enjoy any part of the fame and success that have come to me. I've been too exhausted hanging onto it!"

There can and there should be fun and happiness in a career as brilliant as Dick Powell's. Why, oh why, won't he take time out to enjoy the wonderful things he's earned for himself in five years of one of the most amazing career stories Hollywood has ever known?

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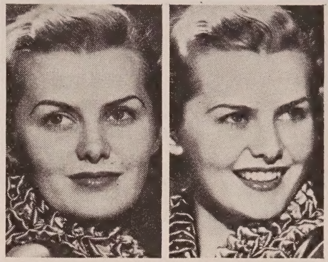

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Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 4)

a sinister character portrayed as a crippled madman or homicide—it gives an impression that crippled people have evil intentions, and have twisted mentalities. Even back in the silents I can remember some of the most fiendish parts as those of demented crippled persons, and almost every time I have seen a mystery picture there has been a crippled person of some sort in it and I was so disgusted that the picture lost its appeal. Why is it they think there's something horrible in a crippled person's appearance? I can't understand it.

The highlight of the year seems to me to be the hobbling madwoman of "The Devil Doll." Why do they so often have roles of this kind portrayed thus? It draws attention to the crippled people of real life and certainly they have enough trouble without having themselves shown thus on the silver screen. Let's give the crippled people a break!

From one who IS crippled,
Nathaniel Rutherford,
Cincinnati, O.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
In Praise of a Studio

When Carl Laemmle sold the Universal studios recently, the papers were full of the new owners' plans for "bigger and better pictures." But I had my misgivings. I remembered "Only Yesterday," "Back Street," "Show Boat," "Diamond Jim" and "Magnificent Obsession." I knew the studio had few big stars under contract. I was all set for some lousy picture from an inexperienced studio head.

Then I saw "Flying Hostess" and "Luckiest Girl in the World," and I realized that Universal doesn't need stars; it can make stars of its own! Who can help liking Judith Barrett or Ella Logan or Jane Wyatt or William Hall? And I've just heard that there's a new honey named Doris Nolan starring in a Universal picture named "Top of the Town." I certainly intend to see it!

Angelo Eovaldi,
Herrin, Ill.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Too Elaborate?

I think musical pictures would be better if they were produced on a smaller scale. Most of them have so many stars, are so redundant with chorus girls, chorus boys, and big orchestras strewn around such huge sets that they become not musical shows, but spectacles, more bewildering than entertaining.

This was clearly shown, I believe, in Eleanor Powell's latest, "Born to Dance." The battleship set was very gorgeous, glittering and amazing with the myriads of chorus boys and girls, musicians, drummers and buglers; the drapes and curtains and steps. But the act in the Lonelyhearts Club—done on a much smaller scale—was much more entertaining and amusing. There one could see, hear and enjoy the routine of "I'm Nuts About You," with Eleanor, Una and Frances, James, Sid and Buddy, without being distracted by diamond chandeliers and vistas of acres of shapely limbs. Also, it was more spontaneous and catchy, quite the best part of the show.

So leave the panoramic scenes with thousands of extras to the horse operas and war pictures, and let us have our musicales more intimate and appealing.

D. H. Reed,
Seattle, Wash.

HONORABLE MENTION

It is probably a crazy idea, but I would like to see Katharine Hepburn play a part like Calamity Jane. Jean Arthur did a fine job in "The Plainsman," and I am not trying to oust her. If Miss Hepburn would loosen up and swing a whip as though she meant it, and howl at Wild Bill Hickok until she forgot herself, she would not only make a good picture, but she would improve herself for the dignified, classical roles she usually plays—Christine Johnson, Chattanooga, Tenn.

* * *

Now that Technicolor has found its way into films to stay, why can't we have our news reviews in colors?—Marie Catherine Hagel, Reading, O.

* * *

I am twenty-seven years old and have seen many movies in my life but none have been more miscast than those of late. Don't you movie fans think that a "Li'l Abner" version on the screen would be profitable, with Henry Fonda cast as the little mountain boy?—Mrs. B. Hackmann, Cincinnati, O.

* * *

I went to see "The General Died at Dawn" ready to applaud my square-jawed, drawling-toned favorite, Gary Cooper. But, to be honest to myself, during and after the last reel was run, I forgot entirely about this lanky star. Akim Tamiroff got all my attention. The way he talked with a slow, round voice . . . he is simply *marvelegant.*—Moises Sevilla Ocampo, Manila, Philippine Islands.

* * *

I want to ask you what is wrong in a boy's growing up. It was insinuated in "Inside Stuff" of the January MOVIE MIRROR that since Jackie Cooper is growing up we will not be seeing him any more. Why??? We, the fans, do not care if he is growing up. As a matter of fact, most of us are *glad* and are very eager to see him in roles such as Tom Brown had in "Rose Bowl."—Opal Pickel, Liberty, Tex.

* * *

What a shame that the lovely talented girls of the screen should be made to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the public by absurd and conflicting reports of their ages. After all, it is even more to the credit of an actress who, at thirty, can appear to be twenty, and she should be allowed the admiration of her public for this marvelous ability.—Charlotte Fox, Elyria, O.

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So Clark Gable *is* Rhett Butler, is he? If he gets that part, I stay home. Not that I have anything against Mr. Gable. On the contrary, I like him very much. But why put him in a part that was made to order for Ronald Colman? You were thinking of the love scenes between Scarlett and Rhett, but you forgot the rest of the book. Mr. Gable could never put the feeling of watchful eagerness into the character that Mr. Colman could. He could never portray that hopeful, haunting look that Scarlett saw on Rhett's face, the look that hinted at his great love, love that remained hidden through fear of sarcasm from the one he adored.—Charlotte Brown. Downers Grove, Ill.

* * *

Why all this frenzied search for *the* Scarlett O'Hara? There is only *one* girl for the role, and she is within calling distance of directors. Scarlett was fiery, tempestuous, yet so distractingly lovely that no man could resist her! In all the world can there be anyone who could more perfectly enact this role than volcanic Miriam Hopkins, herself a Southerner?—Rubye M. Chapman, Montgomery, Ala.

* * *

I saw Bobby Breen in "Let's Sing Again." I fell in love with him. I, being only fourteen, do not think it amounts to much because of my age and his. I suppose it is his singing that I am crazy about. If he proposed to me, I think I would marry him, and I also think it would be a great idea. According to some of his remarks over the radio about Deanna Durbin I suppose I don't stand a very good chance.—Bernice Kozloski, Medina, N. Y.

* * *

We don't delight in destroying the career of a lawyer who loses a case, or of a doctor whose patient dies. Quite often, it isn't their fault; and frequently a star isn't to blame for being miscast. So be a little more generous with your boosts than with your boos.—Connie Matthews, Friona, Tex.

* * *

It's about time somebody said a word or two of well-deserved praise in favor of Lewis Stone, that great old veteran of the screen. Do you remember his portrayal of the cowardly seaman in "China Seas" who finally sacrificed his life to save his mates? It was only a minor role that he played, but don't forget it's actors like him that make pictures so successful.—Joseph Patrick Forde, Jr., Invercargill, New Zealand.

* * *

She's the high school kids' choice, so why not give us a break and produce more college plays having sweet Arline Judge as the leading lady?—L. D. Schneider, Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

I am honestly in favor of long pictures, principally because they are not the mill-run we usually see, and there is more important detail, color, plot and frequently the characters seem more real because of the added time for depicting them. I believe that is the final deciding factor in appreciation of a picture—do the characters live after you have left the theater?—Mary Abbe, Terre Haute, Ind.

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Movie Mirror Junior

(*Continued from page 6*)

bullet just shaved Prancer's shoulder. The dog doctor said he would be okay. But you can imagine how scared I was when I thought I had hurt my dog. Of course, Dad had a couple of things to say to me about it, too.

Best wishes,
DAVID HOLT

The name of our club is "The Buddies" but we aren't satisfied with that name and we want a new one.

Write and tell me what name you would suggest for the Paramount children's club. Also suggest a new password we can use for our meetings, and when we greet one another on the lot. Remember, we are going to keep this password a secret.

I'll send ten autographed photographs of myself to the ten Juniors who write me the best letters, suggesting a name and password for our club. Miss Betty Turner and I will act as judges. Just address your letters to me in care of Movie Mirror Junior, *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. Letters will be judged upon the basis of interest and appropriateness. Be sure to mail them before April 5, 1937. Don't forget, write to me!*

Movie Mirror announces the following winners in the Spanky McFarland Movie Mirror Junior Contest.

First prize, Spanky's boat, Gerald P. Goddord, Salineville, Ohio.

Autographed photos have been sent to the following:

Doris Westphalen, 4439 Kossuth Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Burton Bradley, 30 Park Place, Johnson City, N. Y.

Betty Tucker, 2709 W. Pico St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Lola De Greef, 627 E. Palmer, Glendale, Cal.

Neva Lee Budworth, Route 1, Box 5K, Bakersfield, Cal.

Rita Anne Fouguet, 28 Sullivan St., Rochester, N. Y.

Colleen Fulk, 742 Madison St., Harrisonburg, Va.

Margaret Jane McClain, R. F. D. No. 2, Salineville, Ohio.

Ruby Mae Hill, Box 52, Elkridge, West Virginia.

Mariko Tsuneta, 1028 Francisquito Blvd., Baldwin Park, Cal.

Growing Up with Beauty

(*Continued from page 12*)

when they were very young, with too-tight brassieres, and lament that they were never warned of the danger of this practice.

On the other hand, watch your figure; and if you find it getting heavy in places, get right after it with special exercises. You don't need to have that extensive rear, you know, nor those heavy upper arms. Exercises can control them, and you should exercise. Remember over-indulgence in certain sports or dancing may bring on a muscular development that isn't pretty. Watch out for that, too, and you won't have the struggle that Norma Shearer had, to undo the effects of being too enthusiastically athletic when she was your age!

Please watch your weight, not only for your appearance, but for your health, but don't go in for reducing or weight-gaining regimes unless you've checked with your doctor first. This excessive variance from the normal may be a symptom of something that needs treatment. Furthermore, did you know that scientists attribute in part the rise in deaths from tuberculosis among young people, to the reducing craze? Well, they do. So you be sensible about it. Just cutting down on sweets, starches and fats, and increasing the exercise often does the trick.

While you are very young is the time to begin caring regularly for your hair and hands. Brush your hair, up and down and sideways, every single night, and give your scalp a good massage work-out. And here's another little beauty hint from Anita Louise, whose lovely hair is the envy of most of us. When she has been out on location, exposed to unusual dust and dirt, she brushes her hair with a brush around which she has wound one layer of a thin piece of cloth. This removes much superficial grime and keeps the hair shining.

Should you have a permanent? Why not, if you are sure you get a good one, though nowadays the danger of getting a really harmful one is practically nonexistent. But do avoid complicated or exotic coiffures. Plenty of time for those later on, and they brand a girl as not being style-wise. The cleverest young girl knows it is smart, and so much more attractive, to look her age.

Get yourself an adequate manicure kit, and then use it. A few minutes spent on your hands every day, with a real manicure at least once a week, will banish forever that grubby look that stamps you as "just a kid." And of course you don't bite your nails (or do you?), for this can spoil the shape of them. To break this habit, use liquid polish on your nails, not only because it's pretty, but because, somehow, it's awfully hard to nibble on nails that shine.

Don't let yourself get into bad habits of posture. Standing on one foot, or sitting with your feet under you, can actually make one hip bigger than the other. Slouching shoulders are unattractive, and the slouch prevents you from breathing as you should. The old, old stunt of walking in stocking feet with books on the head is still the best posture-corrector we know.

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I hope every one of you in your teens will take these things seriously, and that you won't neglect any of them.

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GLORIA MACK,
c/o Movie Mirror, 7751 Sunset Blvd.,
Hollywood, Cal.

New Ways of Using Canned Milk

(*Continued from page 8*)

chocolate. Stir in one and one-third cups of sweetened condensed milk and eight cups of boiling water. Add a tiny dash of salt, and (this may be new to you) a dash of cinnamon! Serve hot with whipped cream topping each cup.

And speaking of whipped cream, did you know you can whip evaporated milk? A pretty useful trick to remember, as the double cream necessary for whipping isn't always available, and the versatile little can of evaporated milk may be kept on your pantry shelf, ready for emergencies.

First scald the evaporated milk for fifteen minutes. Chill thoroughly. Set the bowl in another bowl filled with chopped ice (and coarse salt, if you have some), and just go ahead and whip it!

Canned milk blends perfectly in many vegetable dishes, and there is just space enough left for one of the best of them.

STRING BEANS BRETONNE

2 tablespoons butter
1 medium onion
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup evaporated milk
½ cup water
2 cups cooked string beans
Salt, pepper, paprika

Melt butter. Fry thinly-sliced onion until yellow, but not browned. Stir in flour. Add gradually evaporated milk and water. Stir until thickened. Add cooked string beans, cut in one-inch lengths, and seasoning. Serves six.

THERE IS NO CHARGE for other delicious recipes, giving you new and interesting uses for both condensed and evaporated milk! Candies, soups, sauces —all kinds of good things. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write to ask for them.

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Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

brated English musical comedy star. Having the same name and in hopes of gaining a break, she carries through the impersonation; that is, until the show is about ready to go on. This brings the usual climax and the usual solution.

It is the splendid work of the late Ross Alexander which keeps this from becoming just another musical. His work is so engaging, so wholeheartedly enthusiastic that you welcome every sight of him on the screen. As the harassed young producer who has received financial backing from a movie company to stage his long-dreamed-of show, Alexander is grand, his comedy is sure fire, his acting splendid. He will be missed.

Ruby Keeler has several engaging dance numbers and manages to look sweetly pretty and efficient throughout. Hugh O'Connell as the dumb but wealthy suitor who comes to the show's rescue does a good job in a thankless role.

The sets are back to the extravaganza style. The mammoth typewriter number displays keys big enough for Ruby to dance upon; the chorines kick up the type.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll love Alexander's farewell performance.

✓✓ Quality Street (RKO Radio)

You'll See: *Katharine Hepburn, Franchot Tone, Eric Blore, Cora Witherspoon, Fay Bainter.*

It's About: *An army captain who falls in love with a case of mistaken identity.*

Out of the human, whimsical pages of Sir James Barrie's famous novel emerges this exceptional portrait of a street and of a girl who lives on it. She is Katharine Hepburn who, burdened with two distinct and difficult roles, offers one of the finest performances of her career.

The gay, polite decorous story is set along a fashionable thoroughfare with its well to do but gossipy old neighbors furnishing a cackling overtone to the general action. Hepburn is the romantic, pretty little Phoebe whose dashing young lover (Franchot Tone) is called unexpectedly away to war. He is gone ten years and returns to find Phoebe a dried up, unattractive old maid at thirty. Determined to win his love again, Phoebe becomes her own mythical niece Libby and captures the heart of every man in town until at last Tone discovers her ruse.

Playing with her usual sprightliness the coquettish girls of the story, Hepburn manages to imply that all maidens in love are fluttery and heartless. Tone does his usual good work and you will enjoy the fine trouping of Cora Witherspoon and Eric Blore.

Your Reviewer Says: Excellent for everyone but especially for Hepburn fans.

✓ Nobody's Baby (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Patsy Kelly, Lyda Roberti, Lynne Overman, Robert Armstrong, Rosina Lawrence, Don Alvarado, Tom Dugan, Jimmy Grier and his orchestra.*

It's About: *Two student nurses who unravel a mystery and find themselves with husbands.*

Patsy Kelly with trimmings. Patsy giving new life to old gags and more than holding her own despite the efforts of picture stealers Lyda Roberti and Lynne Overman and, yes, the tuneful music of Jimmy Grier's orchestra.

Patsy and Lyda Roberti enter a hospital as student nurses. There they discover Rosina Lawrence, missing wife and dance partner of Don Alvarado, who has run away from Alvarado to have her baby in secret. Patsy and Lyda finally succeed in reuniting the estranged couple, but not before Lynne Overman and Robert Armstrong, their boy friends, plunge them all into hilarious complications.

It's fast and furious fun and Patsy and Lyda are delightful slapsticky.

Your Reviewer Says: A feature length story with the screen's beloved hoodlums at their best.

✓✓ You Only Live Once (Walter Wanger-United Artists)

You'll See: *Henry Fonda, Sylvia Sidney, Barton MacLane, William Gargan, Warren Hymer, Jean Dixon, Jerome Cowan.*

It's About: *A young criminal who tries to reform, and the dangers of circumstantial evidence.*

While this is a so called "crime" picture, its stark tearing drama is surrounded by one of the most bitter-sweet love stories ever filmed. Reuniting the two stars of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," beautifully photographed and excellently produced, it is a picture you must not miss.

Briefly this is the story of *Eddie* (Henry Fonda) who is serving a third prison term. Against the advice of everyone, *Joan* (Sylvia Sidney) insists on marrying him and helping him rehabilitate himself. But *Eddie's* fatal mistakes in the past begin to take their toll in terrific fashion. After as remarkably vivid a bank hold-up as you ever encountered, *Eddie* is back in prison—this time in the Death House.

The honors belong (a) to Henry Fonda for his utterly convincing, surly, reckless, despairing *Eddie,* so eager for freedom and the happiness it should bring; (b) to Sylvia Sidney who has never done finer work; (c) to William Gargan as *Father Dolan,* the sensitive, charitable Irish chaplain.

Your Reviewer Says: We think it is simply swell.

✓ We're on the Jury (RKO)

You'll See: *Helen Broderick, Victor Moore, Philip Huston, Louise Latimer, Vinton Haworth, Robert McWade.*

It's About: *A jury which not only fails to find the accused guilty, but locates the real criminal.*

The teaming of the outspoken Helen Broderick and the befuddled Victor Moore is an inspired bit of casting.

Juror Helen Broderick not only decides the defendant (Louise Latimer) is innocent of murdering her husband, but with the bewildered Victor as her aide, she sets out to unearth the real criminal.

Here is bouncing comedy with murder and drama taking a back seat for the laughs provided by Broderick and Moore.

Your Reviewer Says: It's fun.

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The Mighty Treve (Universal)

You'll See: *Noah Beery, Jr., Barbara Read, Samuel Hinds, Hobart Cavanaugh, Alma Kruger, Tuffy.*

It's About: *A collie dog who, unaided, tracks down a sheep killing dog.*

If you are a dog lover who enjoys the sterling performance of a well trained animal, this picture will be a treat, indeed. No finer animal than Tuffy, a beautiful shepherd collie, has ever flashed across a movie screen. The dog displays intelligence and understanding and romps home with all honors.

Noah Beery, Jr., an orphaned lad and the proud owner of Tuffy, struggles to overcome the aversion of his sheep ranching uncle (Samuel Hinds) to dogs. Finally Hinds is convinced Tuffy has been killing his sheep but discovers his mistake when Tuffy tracks down the real killer.

The plot offers nothing new in dog stories but the worthy performance of Tuffy overshadows these faults. Barbara Read is a pert addition to the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture for all dog lovers and for children.

House of Secrets (Chesterfield)

You'll See: *Leslie Fenton, Muriel Evans, Noel Madison, Morgan Wallace, Sidney Blackmer, Claude King, Holmes Herbert.*

It's About: *A young American's trouble with his English legacy.*

Produced without benefit of big names, this little mystery manages to excite with its fast action and clever plot twists.

The story concerns Leslie Fenton who inherits what he believes to be a quiet and peaceful English home. When he arrives, however, he finds his estate occupied by a group of mysterious individuals who insist upon shooting at him every time he tries to enter the house. Together with pretty Muriel Evans, Fenton finally gets into the place and succeeds in solving the mystery of his queer-acting guests.

Fenton plays the adventure-loving heir in nice style, and Muriel Evans is satisfactory.

Your Reviewer Says: An interesting mystery thriller.

Without Warning (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *J. Edward Bromberg, Betty Furness, John Howard Payne, Victor Kilian, Billy Barrud, Gavin Muir.*

It's About: *Murder in the desert, with an old man and a young boy sleuthing.*

Basing its bid for patronage on the atmosphere of its location and on the general success of the original story, this gets away as acceptable entertainment.

The story takes place at a lonely resort in Death Valley, where John Howard Payne is a swimming instructor. A rancher is murdered, and although Payne starts after clues, a rural detective (J. Edward Bromberg) comes vaguely in from the county seat and unobtrusively takes over. Billy Barrud, a young boy at the inn, helps him. A gold mine turns out to be the center of interest, and Betty Furness does several nice love scenes with Payne.

Bromberg steals this, but most of the other characters (and there are too many) support him nicely.

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Your Reviewer Says: Go if you like murder pictures.

Penrod and Sam (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Billy Mauch, Frank Craven, Spring Byington, Craig Reynolds, Harry Watson, Jackie Morrow.*

It's About: *Kids who go in for amateur crime detection.*

Slow in starting but gathering pace after the first reel, this offers mild entertainment to adults and is exciting matinee material for the youngsters. Based on the popular Booth Tarkington characters, it is modernized to include 1937 methods of trapping criminals, translated to the capabilities of school boys.

Although the fine flavor of Tarkington's work is almost completely lost, you'll enjoy the situations and general set-up. Young Billy Mauch has the role of *Penrod*, who with his gang plays at detectives so ardently that eventually they are entangled with gangster Craig Reynolds and his companion villains. Spring Byington is the mother, Frank Craven the very human *Mr. Schofield* who tries to understand his son.

You may find the Mauch characterization a little on the sweet side.

Your Reviewer Says: Catch it on a double bill.

✓ Bulldog Drummond Escapes (Paramount)

You'll See: *Ray Milland, Sir Guy Standing, Heather Angel, Reginald Denny, Porter Hall, E. E. Clive, Fay Holden, Patrick Kelly, Walter Kingsford.*

It's About: Bulldog Drummond's *rescue of a girl held prisoner by counterfeiters.*

Against a background of deep fog, dark houses, kidnappings, murder and general skullduggery, Ray Milland as *Bulldog Drummond* moves blithely on.

Within a few hours of his return to London, Milland witnesses the disposal of a corpse, has his car stolen by Heather Angel, and, upon tracking her to her home, finds that she has been overtaken by Porter Hall who is holding her prisoner. Sir Guy Standing, of Scotland Yard, believes Hall's contention that the girl is merely suffering from a persecution complex, but, against all odds, Milland sets out to get to the bottom of the mystery. In this he is aided by E. E. Clive and Reginald Denny. It's entertaining, and amusing. Milland is excellent as the insouciant *Drummond*, and every member of the supporting cast turns in a good performance.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy this fast-moving melodrama.

Mama Steps Out (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Guy Kibbee, Alice Brady, Betty Furness, Stanley Morner, Gene Lockhart, Edward Norris, Gregory Gaye, Ivan Lebedeff, Heather Thatcher, Mitchell Lewis.*

It's About: *An American family in search of continental culture.*

What this minor effort lacks in artistic attainments, it certainly makes up in noise. There is a piano pounding Frenchman, a poetry reading Englishwoman, an excitable Russian, and, above all, Alice Brady at her most hysterical.

The plot deals with the old familiar tale of an American family in Europe. Alice Brady as an American wife and mother yearns for Continental culture. The daughter (Betty Furness) yearns only for an American crooner and the father (Guy Kibbe) yearns only for Fort Wayne, Indiana.

There is one redeeming feature about "Mama Steps Out" and that is it serves to introduce Stanley Morner, who, we predict, will be the new American rave. The rest of the cast are a mad lot.

Your Reviewer Says: Not good, but loud.

Don't Pull Your Punches (Warner Brothers)

You'll See: *Barton MacLane, June Travis, Wayne Morris, Dickie Jones, James Robbins, Joseph Crehan, Maxie Rosenbloom, Frank Otto.*

It's About: *A prizefighting cowboy who almost becomes champion.*

This punching, brawling little fight opus introduces newcomer Wayne Morris; his work is pleasant, and the boy is handsome.

The story gets under way when newsboy Dickie Jones is mistreated by a professional pug. Morris, a cowboy stranded in New York, steps in and makes short work of the heavyweight, whereupon fighter Barton MacLane, who also, dreams of being the world's champion, befriends him and starts him upon a successful fighting career. Meanwhile, Morris has fallen for his benefactor's sister, June Travis. Working his way rapidly to the top of the fight ladder Morris, finds himself pitted against his friend MacLane for the heavyweight crown—and a satisfactory climax.

Barton MacLane is splendid as the earnest but dumb pug. Miss Travis hasn't much to do.

Your Reviewer Says: Lots of scrapping for the kids to enjoy.

Two Wise Maids (Republic)

You'll See: *Alison Skipworth, Polly Moran, Hope Manning, Donald Cook, Jackie Searl, Lila Lee, Luis Alberti, Maxie Rosenbloom, Marcia Mae Jones.*

It's About: *Two old maid school teachers and how they live.*

Wearing their school-marm roles to perfection, Alison Skipworth and Polly Moran portray two east side Manhattan school teachers who believe in making the problems of their pupils their own. A stern disciplinarian, Alison Skipworth is nicknamed "Old Ironsides." Disappointed at the school board's action, which deprives her of the principalship to which her seniority entitles her, she stays on to crusade for playgrounds and improvements in her beloved school. She is innocently involved in a scandal, a secret shared by a snooping pupil bent on thieving examination papers, and to save the school's good name, she declines to fight an order for her dismissal pressed by the culprit's mother.

Alison Skipworth is fine. Marcia Mae Jones as a problem pupil offers one of the most outstanding child performances in many months. Jackie Searl and Polly

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Moran give able assistance in important roles. Luis Alberni and Harry Burns handle the comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like it.

✓✓The Good Earth (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Paul Muni, Luise Rainer, Tilly Losch, Walter Connolly, Charles Grapewin and others.*

It's About: *A Chinese farmer who cast off a faithful wife for a completely deceitful one—all because of his ruthless desire for power.*

Here is a picture that took two years to make—but the result is worth it. It is a magnificent picture that has truly caught the authentic feel of Chinese peasant life. The story unfolds with all the gripping power of the book from which it was adapted—Pearl Buck's "The Good Earth."

Paul Muni is quietly and tellingly superb in his role of *Wang,* the power-seeking farmer who discards his good, child-bearing wife, (Luise Rainer) for the more seductive charms of Tilly Losch. Luise Rainer steals the picture. She is supreme in the inarticulate role of the gentle drab peasant woman who knows no code but that of complete submission and faithfulness. But this doesn't mean that you won't be utterly fascinated by the brilliant Losch who knows how to win her man—even though she doesn't keep him—which is what happens before the close of this epic, for Muni eventually goes back to his true family.

Two sequences you will never forget—the awe-inspiring locust plague and a thunder storm so realistic it will have you cringing and stuffing up your ears in anticipation of the next crash.

Your Reviewer Says: A bit slow moving but extremely beautiful and very touching.

✓✓On the Avenue (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Dick Powell, Madeleine Carroll, Alice Faye, the Ritz Brothers, Alan Mowbray, Cora Witherspoon, Walter Catlett, Douglas Fowley, Stepin Fetchit, Billy Gilbert and others.*

It's About: *A Park Avenue blue blood who falls in love with a boy from across the tracks.*

Here is motion picture pie a la mode. The lovely lilting songs of Irving Berlin, the looney levity of the Ritz Brothers, the incredible beauty of Madeleine Carroll, the magnificent production (the sets are not so collossal they tire the imagination), the grand chorus numbers by as snappy a little bunch of honeys as you'll see, all these make up one of the best musicals of the season.

The slender story concerns a playwright (Dick Powell) who puts a satirical sketch in his revue which makes the richest girl in the world (Madeleine Carroll a laughing stock and infuriates her irascible father. She sets out to get revenge, falls in love instead. Alice Faye is also in love with him, and her efforts to keep him make up the plot.

You'll love Alice Faye's rendering of *This Year's Kisses,* and *Slumming on Park Avenue.* Dick Powell (minus his moustache which is a great improvement) is natural as always, Cora Witherspoon's antics as the fad-mad aunt will have you hysterical, The Ritz Brothers specialities are a howl, and Madeleine Carroll a delight to the eye.

Your Reviewer Says: It's a Wow!

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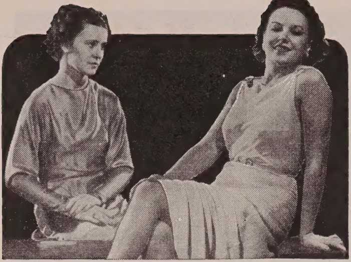

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Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page 23*)

of its star. And Marion, somewhere in Europe at this writing, also is waiting. She awaits the expiration of the sixth month since the completion of "Cain and Mabel." You see, since California imposed a state income tax on large earnings, she maintains legal residence elsewhere, and should she cross the state line before the end of that sixth month, it would cost her pu-lenty!

* * *

WITH Rosalind Russell and Bill Selwyn swapping gifts of wrist watches, it looks like romance time again.

* * *

REPORTS that Ginger Rogers will soon file suit for divorce against Lew Ayres are being confirmed by her new romance with Allan Lane. Here and there and everywhere you see these two. Yes—it looks like a real emotional tip-off.

* * *

IT looks like a sizzling romance between Claire Trevor and D. David Hire, a Pasadena socialite.

* * *

THE bookmakers who fix the odds on Hollywood's matrimonial handicap will give you ten to one that Miriam Hopkins becomes the wife of her director, Anton Litvak, within the next six months. They're in l-o-v-e—cross our hearts!

Litvak, here to direct "The Woman I Love," is a Russian who has resided in Paris since the war. He and Miriam met in France last summer and (it's a stock phrase but true) fell in love at first sight. Doesn't the title, "The Woman I Love," recall the poignant, farewell speech of ex-King Edward?

* * *

A SAMPLE morning on the Rogers-Astaire set:

1. Ginger, registering rage, rushes to the door of her apartment, jerks it open, admits Fred. She starts to upbraid him. Fred makes faces—very funny faces. Ginger breaks into a shout of laughter. Scene spoiled.
2. Second Take: Ditto!
3. Third Take: Ditto!!
4. Fourth Take: Ginger beats Fred to the punch, does her upbraiding with a Garbo accent. Hilarious laughter. Scene spoiled.
5. Fifth Take: Ginger, to counteract the lugubrious Astaire pan, goes so violently angry that she jerks the doorknob from the door. The whole company goes into hysterics. Scene spoiled.
6. The director shrugs helplessly, calls "Lunch." And they get paid for this fun spinning.

* * *

EDWARD G. ROBINSON is a tough mug on the screen but in private he is a patron of the fine arts. If you happen to be one of those unpleasant creatures known as a Doubting Thomas, you can check this item some time this spring when $250,000 worth of Robinson's paintings, purchased in Europe, will go on exhibition in several Pacific Coast museums.

* * *

ADD to your collection of strange coincidences: John Beal took a furnished house. He moved in, puttered about, and accidentally found a letter that had dropped behind a desk in the library. The letter was addressed to himself. It was signed, "Charles Laughton!" It commended his performance in "Les Miserables," made two years ago. Curious about it, John called the agent and discovered that Laughton had rented the house at one time.

* * *

MICHAEL WHALEN and Rita Carewe (re-named Linda Gari after a visit to a numerologist) are making eyes, holding hands, romancing and all the rest of it—which is just another way of saying authentic engagement news is due at any moment.

* * *

A JUNE wedding is being planned by Beverly Roberts and Director William Keighley. They met during the filming of "God's Country and the Woman" and have been secretly engaged for several months.

* * *

MRS. ARTHUR HORNBLOW, better known to a hundred million movie fans as Myrna Loy, sat on the set of "After the Thin Man" knitting most industriously. Gradually the article began to take form and there were excited whispers between the rest of the cast and crew. Beyond doubt it was a baby's sweater. . . .

In time to avert headlines, she explained that she was knitting "things" for the expected baby of her maid, Theresa.

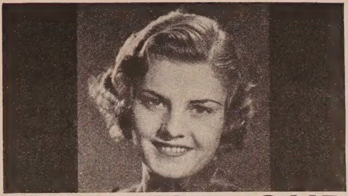
* * *

ANOTHER Taylor Tale. Robert Taylor, coming from 83rd place in 1935 to fourth in the list of box office stars of 1936, now gets 8,000 letters a week. . . . 4,000 is considered tremendous for a big star. A secretary and an assistant handle the mail and Bob reads the best letters. Here is a boy who is very conscientious about his fan mail.

Bob must have had suppressed cowboy yearnings when he was very young for he has bought two cow ponies (which he keeps at Barbara Stanwyck's ranch), and his favorite garb is a ten gallon hat, blue jeans and cowboy boots. He started his collection of cowboy regalia in Texas when he visited the Centennial, and now has everything from guns to spurs. Your hero lunches regularly in the studio commissary with Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy. No one would be too surprised to have him elope with Barbara.

* * *

WILLIAM POWELL is going to build again—but this time his house will be in the mountains, far from the eyes of the fans.



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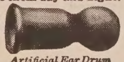

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News in New York

(*Continued from page* 24)

Clad in a simple, long-skirted gray chiffon gown of Grecian design and wearing Lilliputian heel-less sandals of gold kid on her size one-and-a-half feet, Lily goes through the complicated routines for the big dancing sequences in Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Le Coq d'Or,* which is being revived at the opera house this season. Fokine did the choreography for the opera the first time it was presented in this country some twenty years ago, but Lily will be the first prima donna who has ever danced, as well as sung, the role (which, incidentally, includes the beloved aria, "Hymn to the Sun"). Previously, the part has been "doubled"—with a singer for the vocal sequences and a ballerina for the dancing scenes.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX was responsible for the most successful film party of the past month, a huge Norwegian-style cocktail party at the lovely Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria for Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Arline Judge and Tony Martin. Guests were awed by the tremendous "Smorgasbord" of tempting fish, salad and pastry dainties filling one end of the room and the little skating star was kept busy instructing them how to pronounce the intriguing word in her native tongue. She looked stunning in a fur-trimmed suit of black velvet, cut along the swinging lines of her exhibition costumes, and speaks with a very slight accent in real life. "But," she said with mock consternation, "the microphone picks up every little misplaced vowel and syllable!"

Tyrone Power hovered near her constantly and they went everywhere together during their stay. Obviously they're much attracted to each other, with many interests and tastes—and youth—in common, but it doesn't look like romance. It looks more like a grand friendship.

Tyrone, by the way, is an alert lad with an appropriate, though polite, answer for everything. Friends had warned him that he should come to New York incognito, for films had made his face more familiar to the public than his previous fine work on Broadway. "I might just as well come as myself," he retorted, "because I was in 'Lloyds of London' incognito, which amounts to the same thing!"

All four stars were gay and excited about being in New York. Tony Martin, in particular, was having a grand time, modestly grateful whenever anybody praised him for his good work and rapid climb to fame in films. He doesn't really believe in any of it yet, and is genuinely surprised that the public and press are interested in what he's doing. Arline Judge was a little sad, however, concerned about the health of her little son, who developed a slight ear infection shortly after their arrival and had to have his ears lanced. She left only a few days later for Florida, so that Junior could convalesce in the sunshine, away from the dismally uncertain weather of Manhattan in winter.

THAT old devil stage certainly does get into the blood! Phillips Holmes, for instance, couldn't resist the impulse to run back to America and see what was hap-

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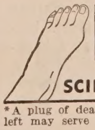

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SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

pening on Broadway, between pictures that he's making in England. Perhaps he shouldn't have come back, for now he's so homesick for the American theater that he can hardly wait to get back to the footlights. "There's a family feeling about the theater," as he puts it, "that is hardly possible in a huge motion picture organization, with different people working together from day to day. During the run of the play, everyone works together, for the good of the family, so to speak, on the various problems that arise not only at rehearsals but at actual performances. Besides, I think New York is the most exciting place in the world. If you've got anything, you're going to find it out here."

It's quite possible he believes in that family feeling so thoroughly because his own family is so definitely connected with the theater. His father, Taylor Holmes, is touring with "Tobacco Road," his sister, Madeline, is touring with "Reflected Glory," and his kid brother, Ralph, just made his stage debut this fall, appearing in "You Can't Take It With You." "With all my family in the theater," he observes rather wistfully, "I hate to be the only one out of it!"

THAT Cagney-Warner Brothers feud has affected the Cagney-O'Brien friendship not at all. Recently, Jimmy was unable to use the tickets he had purchased for "The Eternal Road" and was eager to give them to his best friend. Consequently, autografans who had heard the grapevine rumor that Jimmy would be in the audience at this show were much surprised to discover Pat sitting in the box instead! Both these rough-and-ready heroes have been in town on extended vacations, each having himself a swell time. One night, for instance, we saw Pat having lots of good clean fun at the latest night club craze, the Harlem Uproar House. And one of Jimmy's biggest thrills while he was here was a backstage visit to the Winter Garden Theater, where he once worked as a lowly chorus boy.

JUST as all roads once led to Rome, today all roads seem to lead to Hollywood. From every walk of life the hopeful come, from society, stage, stores and offices. One of the newest promising youngsters located by the talent scouts is Jerry Bergh, who has been signed by Grand National after an amazingly successful social season. Jerry's life has been a series of debuts. She made her bow to society at the Savoy-Plaza on Friday the thirteenth, December, 1935, and rose to fame as record chairman of the debutante committees—smashing other records, too, in the number of proposals she received from the town's most eligible bachelors. But previous to that (and she's not quite nineteen yet!) she had made a screen debut at the age of six, in a charity benefit movie, "The Night Before Christmas." Then she made her debut with the ballet of the Metropolitan Opera, at the age of twelve, as part of her dancing training. At least, she's following faithfully in the footsteps of her mother, who also deserted society for the stage, previous to her marriage. But Jerry is a modern daughter, and it's the movies that tempt her. She's typical of the modern debutantes, too (the kind that you *don't* see on the screen, where they're still showing last year's model), in that she doesn't smoke, drink or swear. In fact, she started the current vogue for milk-drinking at social functions, which perhaps accounts for her gorgeously clear complexion. She ought to photograph like a million, and there's a wealth of personality in her smile.

Joan Crawford, attending the Philharmonic concert with husband Franchot Tone, wears this entrancing wig to conceal the curlers she has in her own hair as preparation for next day's work!

ANOTHER movie recruit who attracted filmland's attention in an entirely different line is attractive Betty Wyman, the girl whose face you see so often in the cigarette ads. Betty's road to Hollywood was a roundabout route indeed, for she came from the Middle West for a visit to New York—and remained to become Manhattan's most successful professional model. All her work has been in the field of commercial photography, both for advertisements and for the big fashion magazines, and she's been photographed in color more than any other person, which makes her a natural for "Vogues of 1938," the Walter Wanger fashion musical in Technicolor, for which she has signed a contract. She's extremely enthusiastic about her profession. "Modeling," she says, "is an unparalleled opportunity for acquiring prestige and poise, and thus a stepping stone to many fields of endeavor. A number of my friends have gone on to success in advertising, publicity, motion pictures, executive positions in big department stores, the stage and designing." Betty herself has designed clothes, particularly furs, and has made several trips to Europe as a buyer, doing many other things besides posing for the firms for which she works. In Hollywood, she'll be assistant to Helen Taylor, who's creating the costumes for "Vogues," and only time will tell whether she will devote her future to appearing on the screen or designing clothes for it.

Opera, too, has been a fruitful field for talent scouts these days. But motion pictures are an unusually difficult venture for operatic stars, affirms Frank Forest, who appeared in "The Big Broadcast of 1937" and "Champagne Waltz." As Frank explains it: "The leading man or woman in opera is never called upon to show any sense of comedy. Today a part of every performance in a talking picture must be played with your tongue in your cheek—and that is not easy when you've been trained in a century-old tradition such as we have in opera!"

Around the Town with a Candid Camera

Walter "Dodsworth" Huston receiving his award for the best screen acting of 1936 at the New York film critics' award party in the Rainbow Room. . . . Gloria Swanson, Walter Abel, Onslow Steven, Helen Chandler and her husband, Bramwell Fletcher, among those present representing the screen players' profession. . . . Hollywood well-represented—in quality if not in quantity—at the most exciting event of the New York social season, Elsa Maxwell's mammoth Barn Dance in (of all places!) the grand ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria. . . . Kay Francis, in Tyrolean peasant costume with emeralds and diamonds flashing in the bright lights, calling out the square dances. . . . while the Freddie Marches, the Douglas Fairbankses, and Connie Bennett tried to follow her instructions. . . . Georges Metaxa and his lovely wife, Byrnece Macfadden, dancing at Guido's Sapphire Room. . . . Blanche Yurka at the "21" Club, looking very different from her Madame Defarge role in "A Tale of Two Cities," with her beautifully dressed blonde hair and gold-trimmed chartreuse velvet dinner gown (and there's a fashion tip for blondes—three of the most stunning golden-haired gals to be seen in the night clubs that same evening were dressed in deep chartreuse velvet or crepe with a dash of gold or tomato red for contrast). . . . Freddie March paying a surprise visit to the office of our editor, who happened to be in town that week—and sending the little office girls and stenographers into such a dither of excitement that no work could be done for almost a week!

for Your BABY

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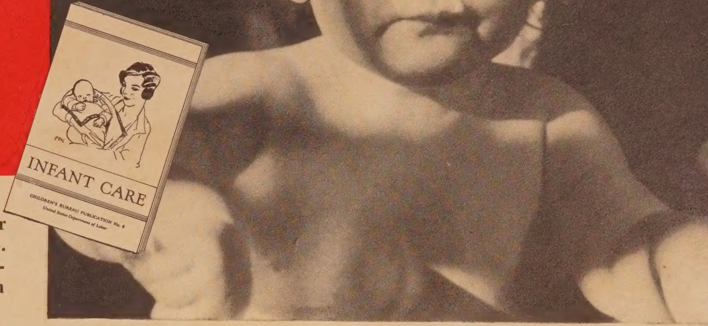
U.S. GOVERNMENT BOOK



Doris Day

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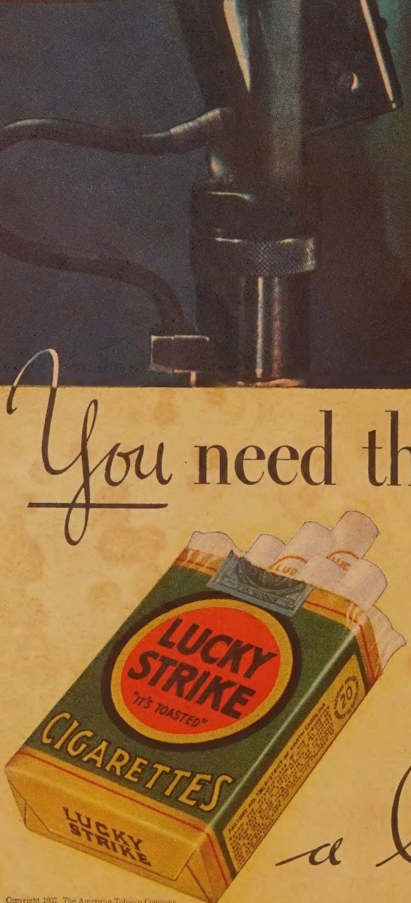
SEND COUPON TODAY

You need this throat protection too!

. . . That only a light smoke offers

The stars of the radio have to protect their throats—naturally. But keep in mind that your throat is just as important to you . . . be sure you have a light smoke. You can be sure Luckies are a light smoke because the exclusive process, "It's Toasted", expels certain natural impurities harsh to the delicate tissues of your throat. So follow the stars to a clear throat! Choose Luckies.



a light smoke OF RICH, RIPE-BODIED TOBACCO—"IT'S TOASTED"

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movie MIRROR

MAY

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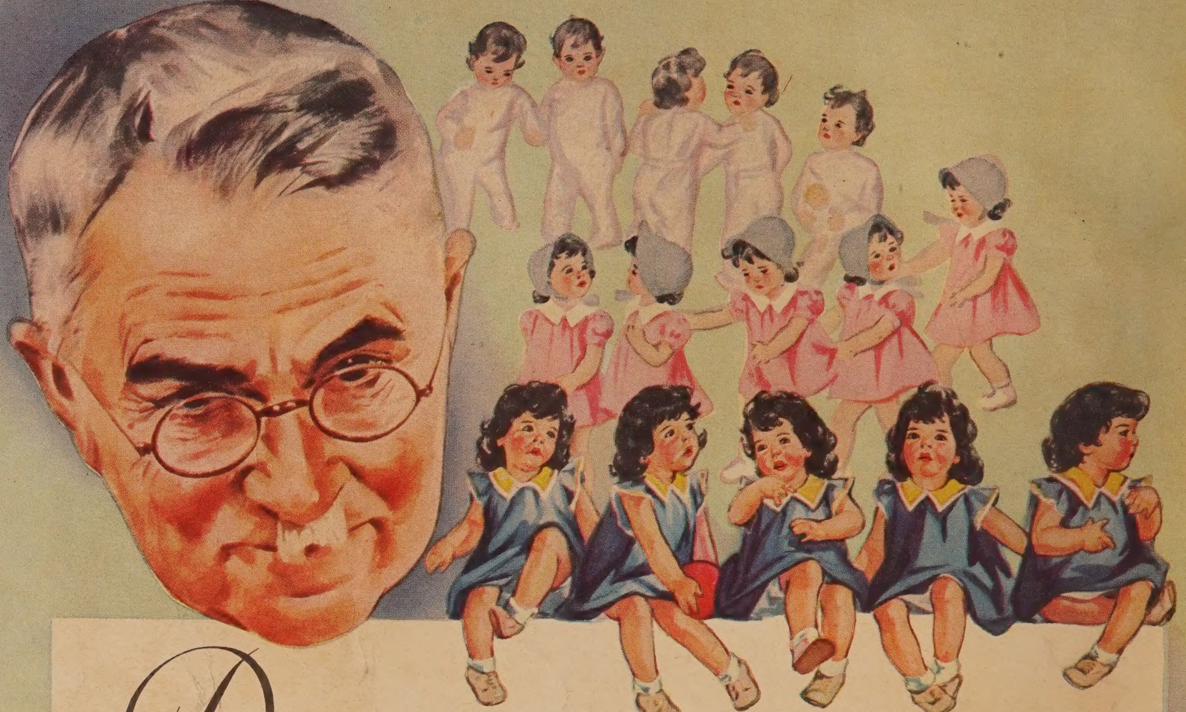
A MACFADDEN PUBLICATION

JEANETTE MacDONALD

When HARLOW and TAYLOR Visited THE ROOSEVELTS

The Amazing Story of MARY ASTOR'S Surprise Wedding



Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says:

"Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

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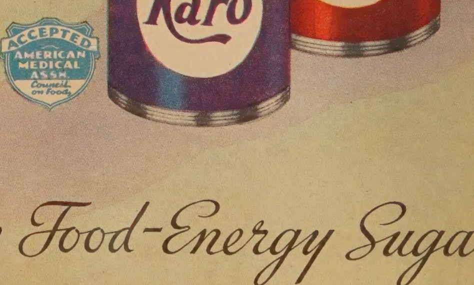
AMERICA'S FAVORITE TABLE SYRUP


POURING SPOUT
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ACCEPTED
AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN.
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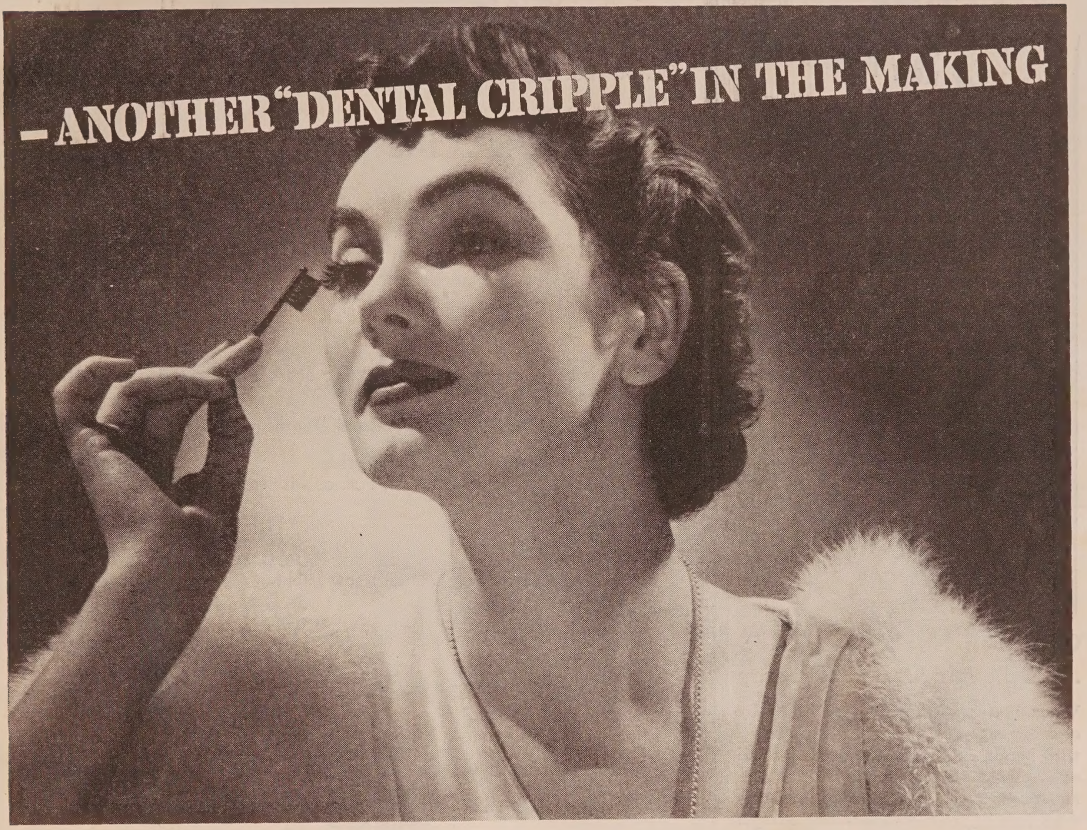
Rich in **DEXTROSE** *–The Food-Energy Sugar*

Lovely lashes demand her attention but not a second for her tender gums


–ANOTHER "DENTAL CRIPPLE" IN THE MAKING

How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

LET her labor over her lashes until she is late for the show...let her spend time and money on her favorite brands of cosmetics and cold cream. But will someone please tell her about her *dull, dingy* smile—a smile that distorts a face even as beautiful as hers?

Yet she *could* have—*can* have—teeth that sparkle with brilliant whiteness... a smile both good-looking and lovely to look at. But not until she knows the meaning of that tinge of "pink" on her tooth brush—knows it and *does something about it!*

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

"Pink tooth brush" is a distress signal. When you see it—*see your dentist.* Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown tender because of our modern soft foods—gums that need more work—and, as your dentist will so often advise, gums that need the stimulating help of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage. For Ipana with massage is designed to help benefit your gums as well as clean your teeth. Rub a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. Those lazy gums quicken as new circulation wakens in the tissues. The gum walls themselves gain new health, new firmness.

Play safe. Even before you see that tinge of "pink," schedule yourself for this modern dental health routine as one sensible and effective way to help the health of your teeth and gums. Your smile will be brighter, more attractive and appealing—*and safer!*

Remember
a good tooth paste,
like a good dentist,
is never a luxury.

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS©
NEW YORK

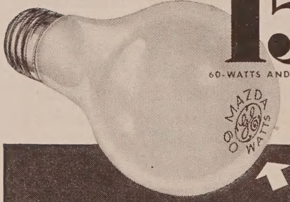
IPANA
Tooth Paste

HOUSE CLEANING TIME
calls for new light bulbs

GET G-E MAZDA LAMPS
... and avoid wasted electricity

When you brighten up your home by cleaning rugs and wallpaper, brighten up with better light, too. Clean shades and reflectors. Wash globes and fixtures. And replace burned-out or blackened bulbs with bright, new G-E MAZDA lamps.

Inferior substitutes may waste as much as 30% of the light you pay for, and cheat eyes of light they need for seeing safely. Insist on bulbs marked G-E. They do not waste electricity and they STAY BRIGHTER LONGER. Thanks to General Electric research, they are *now brighter than ever.*



15¢
60-WATTS AND SMALLER

GENERAL ELECTRIC
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G E identifies the General Electric 10c lamp. If you want the best bulb for a dime, this is it. 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watt sizes. Try an assortment.

MOVIE MIRROR

Edited from Hollywood
WALLACE HAMILTON CAMPBELL, Art Editor

VOL. 10 NO. 6 MAY, 1937

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Natural Color Photograph of JEANETTE MACDONALD by James N. Doolittle

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Preview of their first picture together!

How Bob loves—and how Jean loves it!...It's a merry mad farce in the M-G-M "Libeled Lady" manner—which means high-powered romance mixed in with the laughs!...Here's the merriest of Springtime pictures!

Bob is assigned by the sheriff to guard Jean's personal property...that's when the fun begins!

He masquerades as her butler, so her high-toned society friends won't suspect she's flat broke...

Who should Jean's honor-guest be but Bob's fortune-hunting brother, who thinks Jean is an heiress!

Bob's the boy to clear up complications—so he becomes Jean's personal property, Item No. 1

JEAN HARLOW · ROBERT TAYLOR

HARLOW · TAYLOR

in

"Personal Property"

with **Reginald Owen**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Produced by John W. Considine, Jr.

Directed by **W. S. VAN DYKE**

The Hit-Director of "After the Thin Man" "San Francisco" and others

Speak for Yourself

"Bark for yourself!" orders Errol Flynn, as he shares his tea biscuits with his dog, between scenes of "The Prince and the Pauper."

$20 PRIZE LETTER
East Greets West

The East is East, the West is West and never the twain shall meet. But they have indeed in the current dramatization of "The Good Earth." It binds the good will between two contrasting cultures in a firm handclasp of understanding and sympathy.

The vivid portrayal of the Chinese characters by the performers reveals the finesse and perfection of acting talent by our Western neighbors. To Honorable Paul Muni and to lovely Luise Rainer, who so nobly shoulders the most burdensome task of all, I bow in respect. And may I, an Oriental, pay humble homage to the producer and to all his assistants for this magnificent achievement in cinema entertainment. Dramatic accomplishment such as this brings forth the very essence of taste and culture that is really Hollywood.

Robert Kobayashi,
Honolulu, Hawaii.

$10 PRIZE LETTER
Reply to "The Pleasures of Complaint"—by a "Knocker"

We're not being unfriendly; that idea put away,
For there's an old saying: "Every dog has his day."
We would like to be acting and showing the world,
But since we can't do it our ego is furled
And we go to the movies to get lots of fun
From telling our friends what *we* would have done!
It's a grand privilege, yes, to criticize much
And accept not too calmly each flourishing touch.
So may we continue to go with the crowd?
We're not so bad, really—we don't *talk aloud*
And disturb the whole show by explaining the scene
And telling our neighbors what tense moments mean.
Besides, who cares really that Knockers are stirred?
No one on the screen can hear a darned word!

Mazie G. Carney,
Spokane, Wash.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Relief for Refugees

My husband and I were only too glad to give temporary home to a man and his wife who had lost all their possessions in the recent flood. We tried for three days to comfort and cheer them but it was useless. They remained the same dejected, bewildered, sadly silent creatures as when they had entered our home.

As a last hope my husband took us all to a movie. Almost as soon as they were seated an amazing transformation took place. They smiled, they laughed, their faces were animated with aroused interest as they followed the story's action. I knew then they were finding true relief. Relief from the mental tension and torture their terrifying experiences had put them under.

I wonder if there is another form of entertainment that could have accomplished as much as that movie?

Mrs. Lawson Byng,
Columbus, Ohio.

$1 PRIZE LETTER
A Fan's Eye View

No wonder Robert Taylor and Jean Harlow are tops with the fans. I saw them at the President's Birthday Ball and they are great—and swell troupers. Never before has there been such response to this ball and you can blame it on Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor.

From the time they arrived until they left they were rushed here and there filling engagements. Jean, looking better than ever, so friendly and trying so hard to do everything in her power to make this appearance a success; Bob, somewhat bewildered but nevertheless very game, did his part also to make the ball a success.

What engagements they had—wow! Personal appearances at packed hotel ballrooms, two capacity audiences at two vaudeville houses, radio appearances at packed

(*Continued on page* 81)

MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted: $20 first prize; $10 second prize; five prizes of $1 each. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

"YOU SAID A *Mouthful*, 'WAIKIKI WEDDING' IS SOME PARTY," says *Martha Raye*

"Girls, until you've seen Bing make love to Shirley the way they do on the beach at Waikiki, oh . . . boy . . . you ain't seen nothing. And Bob Burns is no slouch as a Hawaiian lover himself. Why he has me so excited I actually sing Hawaiian. And, speaking of singing . . . wait'll you hear Bing and Shirley croon those new Rainger and Robin ditties . . . 'Sweet Is the Word For You' . . . 'Blue Hawaii' . . . 'In A Little Hula Heaven' . . . 'Okleohao' and 'Sweet Leilani'. Yeah, man . . . 'Waikiki Wedding' is some party . . . *and how!*"

"WAIKIKI WEDDING" with **BING CROSBY • BOB BURNS • MARTHA RAYE SHIRLEY ROSS** • **George Barbier • A Paramount Picture directed by Frank Tuttle**

Deanna's only fourteen, but the past year and a half in films and radio have been packed with exciting incidents!

MOVIE MIRROR junior

Deanna Durbin
—GUEST EDITOR

DEAR Juniors:

So many wonderful things have happened to me during the past year and a half. Sometimes I feel like pinching myself to make sure it isn't all a dream. In that time, I have signed two movie contracts, sung over the radio weekly, and had more fun than I can tell you making my first picture, "Three Smart Girls," at Universal.

Until eighteen months ago, I was just another young girl going to school in Los Angeles, taking singing lessons and doing the very things every Junior girl probably does at home and school.

I have lived in Los Angeles since I was a year old. Father brought our family from Canada to California at that time. Now, I'm fourteen.

Like most of the people in Los Angeles, not connected in any way with the movies, I knew very little about how pictures were made. But when I was twelve things started happening to me.

I attended the Bret Harte Junior High School, and I appeared in a good many school plays. Because I was good at figures, the school let me work as cashier in the cafeteria at noon. I had also been studying singing for two years with a teacher named Ralph Thomas.

One day, as I was having a singing lesson in Mr. Thomas' studio, a gentleman came in and heard me sing.

"Wouldn't you like to sing over the radio and in pictures?" he asked me, when I had finished.

You can imagine how hard that question was to answer. It sounded wonderful, of course, but I was so surprised. I had never dreamed of being able to do such a thing. Finally, I said he should talk to my family about it.

The name of the man was Mr. Jack Sherrill. He has been my personal manager ever since that day.

After talking to my family, Mr. Sherrill arranged for me to visit the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, in Culver City. It was the first time I had ever been inside a studio.

When we arrived, Mr. Sherrill and I were ushered into a large and attractive office where several men were waiting to hear me sing. After I had sung, one of the men turned to me and said:

"That will be all, Miss Durbin," and motioned toward the door. He asked Mr. Sherrill to remain a moment and chat with him.

Going back to the car, I was very discouraged. No one was interested in my singing, I felt sure. I even started to cry a little, I remember. But Mr. Sherrill soon returned to the car.

"All you have to do is sign your name on this," he said, handing me a paper, "and you have a movie contract." It's hard to tell you how I felt at that moment. I did cry, I know. But, you see, I was so happy!

That was in October, 1935. Soon, my very life was different. I did things I had never dreamed of doing before. I started going to school at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. My schoolmates were Jackie Cooper, Freddie Bartholomew, Mickey Rooney and all the other movie children working on the lot.

I was given a screen test three weeks after I signed the contract. The studio, then, started looking for a picture in which they felt I would be suitable for a part. I kept up my singing lessons and practiced every day.

Since everything was so new to me, the time slipped by quickly. I had been at the studio almost six months without getting a part in a picture. But I enjoyed my school and life on the lot so much, I did not think too much about it.

One day, Mr. Sherrill came to see me. I could tell by looking at his face that he had something important to tell me. All at once, I guessed what it was.

"I have some bad news for you," he began. But I told him I knew what he was going to say. He was going to tell me that my studio option had not been taken up. I was right. Then, tears came into my eyes.

"Here, now," Mr. Sherrill protested, "you haven't let me tell you the good news yet."

He told me that I would have another studio contract within a very short time. And he was right. One of the men I had sung for the first time at the studio had then recently joined the new Universal executive staff. As soon as Mr. Sherrill talked with him, he offered me a contract. So I moved my school things right over to the Universal lot.

Again there was a delay about a story for me. I began to feel that nobody would ever let me sing and act in a picture. You see, I had never worked in a picture before, and studios like players with lots of experience.

But no matter what anyone else might think, Mr. Sherrill was certain that my screen career would not be a gamble. He insisted that the proper story be found for me within three months, or my contract returned to him.

Then, the studio found "Three Smart Girls." I was assigned a part, and given my chance to prove that I could act as well as sing. I hope you liked me in that picture. It was so much fun to make. We worked on it about eight weeks. At

(*Continued on page* 104)

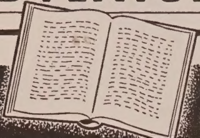
IN ONE THRILL-PACKED NIGHT YOU'LL LIVE THE ADVENTURES OF A LIFETIME!

The prince played hookey to join the pauper on the world-famous adventure of two regular kids.

It wasn't a bit different 400 years ago—the same Coronation next month brings to London in all its pomp and glory.

He made enemies beg for mercy—he made lassies beg for more!

BOBBY-THE PRINCE



Pictures may come and pictures may go—but here at last is a picture destined to live forever! The favorite romance of millions, by the favorite story teller of all the world. A motion picture you'll long love and long remember!

Warner Bros. present

MARK TWAIN'S

Novel of All-Time Fame

THE PRINCE and the PAUPER

with

ERROL FLYNN
CLAUDE RAINS
HENRY STEPHENSON
BARTON MacLANE
and THE
MAUCH TWINS
BILLY & BOBBY
Patric Knowles · Montague Love
Fritz Leiber · Donald Crisp
Alan Hale · Anne Howard
Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Warner Bros.

Errol swings a mighty sword to defend the prince—or is it the pauper?—he could never tell which!

"It's all right for a girl to lose her head", said King Henry VIII—and he wasn't really fooling; because she did!

BILLY-THE PAUPER

Produced on a Massive Scale
1000's in the Cast...3 Years
in Preparation . . . 7 Months
to Film in the World's Greatest Motion Picture Studios

GOLDEN GLOW MUFFINS

4 tbls. butter
4 tbls. sugar
2 eggs
½ cup milk
½ cup (1 can) prepared carrot puree
5 tps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
2 cups bread flour

Cream together the butter and sugar. Beat the egg yolks and add, together with the carrot puree and milk. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder together. Add, and beat thoroughly. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites last, and bake in well buttered muffin pans for half an hour in a hot oven (450° F.). Serve immediately with plenty of butter.

A NEW SHORT CUT IN COOKING

By MAE HERSCHEY

As any conscientious mother will tell you, preparing vegetables properly for a baby is a long and complicated business, and one which has to be repeated every day. If the child is to thrive, these important vegetables must be fresh, perfectly ripe (not always an easy matter to procure such vegetables) and they must be carefully cooked and strained.

It is easy to see why modern mothers have welcomed so heartily the ready prepared vegetables which are put up especially for children. The little cans (purposely small in size so that one can makes a serving) are filled with the finest, most carefully chosen vegetables it is possible to obtain, picked in their prime, and processed under the immediate supervision of specialists. This is why doctors can and do give this type of food for children their warm endorsement.

But like many other things on the market today, which were originally made for one definite purpose, these vegetable purees are now being used in all kinds of cooking, and not just for children's meals.

With an assortment of the vegetables on your shelf, you can decide to have a delicious souffle, a tomato bisque and other things, without counting in all that extra time necessary for the puree process.

When I really began going into the possibilities of these prepared vegetable purees, I had much fun experimenting. I'm giving you some of my successful results so that you may try them out in your own kitchen.

I'm sure these recipes will suggest others to you, and you'll prove for yourself what a valuable addition to the pantry shelf are these little cans of puree tomatoes, string-beans, prunes, peas and others.

The golden glow muffins, of which I did manage to get a picture before the staff here finished them off, with lots of butter and many "ohs" and "ahs" over the flavor, are about as delicious a muffin as you'll find. That elusive flavor is due, of all things, to carrot puree, which blends with the other ingredients to make a brand new taste.

And here is the recipe for the spiced meat loaf roll, also pictured on this page. This uses the special prepared baby's vegetable soup, and a combination of spices. I know you will like it as well as we did for its hearty goodness.

SPICED MEAT LOAF ROLL

½ lb. beef
¼ lb. pork
1 lb. veal
¾ tsp. nutmeg
¾ tsp. cinnamon
¾ tsp. ginger
½ cup cooked macaroni
1 green pepper
thin strips American cheese
1 can pimiento
2 tbls. catsup
½ cup (1 can) prepared baby's vegetable soup
bacon to garnish

(*Continued on page 97*)

Meat loaf dishes are always popular, and this "Special Meat Loaf Roll" is unusually good. It's one of this month's recipes!

All through the night

ALEXANDER KORDA *Presents*

MARLENE ROBERT

DIETRICH·DONAT

IN

KNIGHT WITHOUT ARMOR

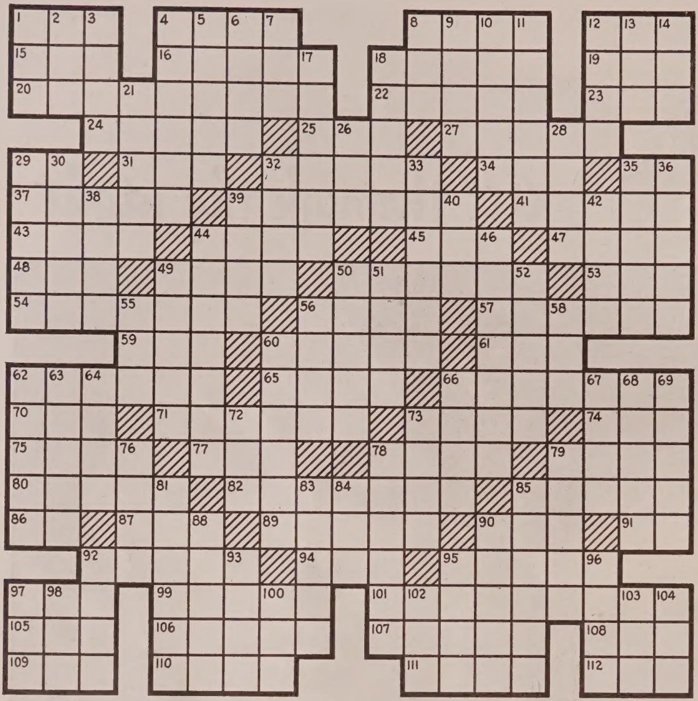
All through the night—hand in hand—heart to heart—together... Facing danger—sharing adventure—together... Pursued by hatreds and passions—lost amid perils too great to face alone... Looking into each other's heart—to find each other... All through the night—arm in arm—escaping together... Tomorrow held their destiny... Tonight held their love

---

Directed by JACQUES FEYDER • By James Hilton, famous Author of "Lost Horizon" • Released thru United Artists

MOVIE MIRROR'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Llora L. Phelps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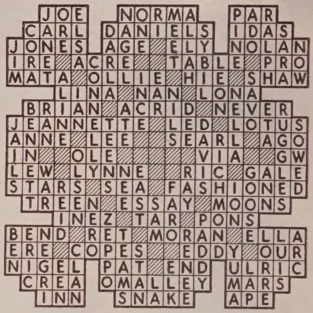
ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLE


JOE NORMA PAR
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JONES AGE ELY NOLAN
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MATA OLLIE HIE SHAW
LINA NAN LONA
BRIAN ACRID NEVER
JEANNETTE LED LOTUS
ANNE LEE SEARL AGO
IN OLE VIA GW
LEW LYNNE RIC GALE
STARS SEA FASHIONED
TREEN ESSAY MOONS
INEZ TAR PONS
BEND RET MORAN ELLA
ERE COPES EDDY OUR
NIGEL PAT END ULRIC
CREA OMALLEY MARS
INN SNAKE APE

HORIZONTAL

1. Famous "It" girl
4. Personal pronoun
8. Bill of a bird
12. Buck in "Rhythm on the Range"
15. Formerly Mrs. John Gilbert
16. He stars in Westerns
18. Love interest in "Pennies from Heaven"
19. Nickname of a U. S. President
20. President Jackson in "The Gorgeous Hussy"
22. She plays the title role in "Theodora Goes Wild"
23. First name of a canine actor
24. Newcomer starred in "Top of the Town"
25. Given name of Mrs. Roger Pryor
27. ----- Walker played in "Captain January"
29. Army Corps (abbrev.)
31. "Phantom of the Opera"
32. First name Shirley's grandfather in "Dimples"
34. Perceive by the eye
35. Freddie's mother in "The Devil Is a Sissy" (init.)
37. Kind of beer
39. His first name means a bovine mammal.
41. ----- Imhof, character actor
43. A flower
44. Humorous fellows
45. Star of "Weather or No"
47. First name of the author of "Cavalcade"
48. Neither
49. Electrified particles
50. Star of "Black Legion"
53. "It Happened --- Night"
54. Buffalo Bill in "The Plainsman"
56. Second year man in college (slang)
57. Lovely new actress in "Stage Struck"
59. "Sinner Take ---" M-G-M production
60. Red-headed actress in "A Star Is Born"
61. To piece out
62. Gold-digger in "Three Smart Girls"
65. Nothing odd about this
66. You'll see him in "Seventh Heaven"
70. "The Seeing ---" Educational film
71. Faculties
73. "---- Make a Million"
74. "Yours --- The Asking"
75. She's the leading lady in "Black Legion"
77. Affirmative answer
78. Italian coin
79. Large bundle
80. Deceased actress of "The Big Parade"
82. Famous Hollywood producer
85. Bald - headed Popsy in "Spendthrift"
86. Youth's Society (init.)
87. A circular body; sphere
89. Director of "Three Men on a Horse"
90. Noah's houseboat
91. "Love -- the Run"
92. Belonging to the girl who played "M'liss"
94. Hero of "Jungle Princess"
95. Genuflect
97. Young actor in "Rose Bowl"
99. Member of the Barrymore clan
101. Bette Davis won the Academy Award for her work in this
105. Alcoholic beverage
106. His first starring role is in "Grand Jury"
107. James Stewart and Wendy Barrie headed the cast of this
108. Writing fluid
109. Nickname of Charlie Ruggles' brother
110. Placed upon a mound
111. Elongated fish (pl.)
112. To utter in words

VERTICAL

1. Cloth worn under a child's chin
2. Given name of Miss Munson
3. Caution
4. Armand in "Camille"
5. "----- Cargo"
6. School in England
7. Turn from the right
8. "--- Twenty Rides Again"
9. Character name in "Jalna"
10. First name of the girl in "Son of the Sheik"
11. Dancer in "Ready, Willing and Able."
12. Siren of the silent screen
13. Japanese sash
14. Husband of Bebe Daniels
17. Feels an earnest desire
18. Ruby in "Banjo on My Knee"
21. Actors' parts
26. Red in "Sing Me a Love Song"
28. Rubber kneed comedian
29. Lily in "Ah, Wilderness"
30. Heart interest of "Polo Joe"
32. Mists
33. June -----
35. Formerly known as George Duryea
36. Jobyna Ralston's husband
38. Martha Raye stars in "Hideaway ----"
39. Hank ----, old timer in "Modern Times"
40. Alice Brady will play in "--- Beats the Drum"
42. "The ---- Earth" co-stars Rainer and Muni
44. Cigar smoking comedian
46. Organ grinder in "Poor Little Rich Girl"
49. Islands
50. End men in a minstrel show
51. Unfastened
52. "The Farmer ----- a Wife"
55. Male lead in "Stolen Holiday"
56. Bring out of danger
58. Condensed moisture
60. Husband of Norma Talmadge
62. "Old Hutch"
63. Star of "Murder With Pictures"
64. Strap on a bridle
66. Dry; withered
67. Not near
68. ----- Lloyd plays Napoleon in "Anthony Adverse"
69. She'll be in "The Go Getter"
72. Sour-faced photographer in "One In a Million"
73. "That Girl from Paris"
76. Gaseous element
78. "------ of London"
79. Comedian in "Champagne Waltz"
81. ------ Cossart
83. Gives a fine performance in "Beloved Enemy"
84. Masculine name
85. Statements of belief
88. "Marked Woman"
90. Tragic actress in "Last of the Mohicans"
92. Screen name of former Mrs. Bruce Cabot
93. Foot covering
95. Human joint
96. The wife in "There's Always Tomorrow"
97. Marble
98. Chic Johnson's partner
100. "--- of the Trail"
102. Mimic
103. Comedienne in "Born to Dance"
104. "Fugitive in the ---"

YOU ALWAYS LOOK TO MUNI FOR THE YEAR'S OUTSTANDING ROLE!

The hell of hate around them. The heaven of stolen love in their hearts. Thundering drama that flings these two thrilling lovers into each other's arms!

The pal that sat beside him in the plane that spattered death was in love with the woman he called his own.

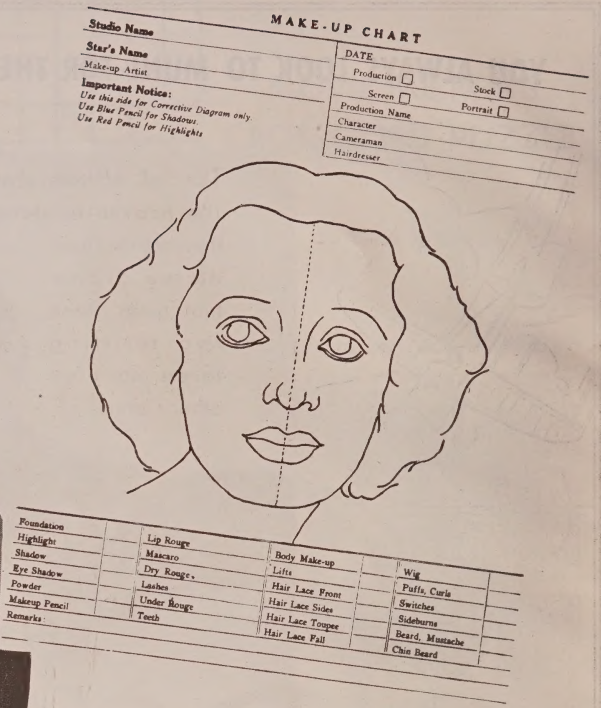
PAUL MUNI
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in
"THE WOMAN I LOVE"
with **LOUIS HAYWARD**
Colin Clive · Elizabeth Risdon
Owen Davis, Jr. · Sterling Holloway
Directed by ANATOLE LITVAK

RKO RADIO
PICTURE
•
Produced by
ALBERT LEWIS

Gloriously lifting two great stars to new greatness!

Charting Your Course for BEAUTY

By GLORIA MACK



MAKE-UP CHART

Studio Name

Star's Name

Make-up Artist

Important Notice:
Use this side for Corrective Diagram only.
Use Blue Pencil for Shadows.
Use Red Pencil for Highlights

DATE

Production ☐ Stock ☐

Screen ☐ Portrait ☐

Production Name

Character

Cameraman

Hairdresser

Foundation							
Highlight		Lip Rouge					
Shadow		Mascaro		Body Make-up			
Eye Shadow		Dry Rouge.		Lifts		Wig	
Powder		Lashes		Hair Lace Front		Puffs, Curls	
Makeup Pencil		Under Rouge		Hair Lace Sides		Switches	
Remarks:		Teeth		Hair Lace Toupee		Sideburns	
				Hair Lace Fall		Beard, Mustache	
						Chin Beard	

Janet Gaynor reveals some amusing studio make-up secrets in this scene from "A Star Is Born." Let us tell you how to use a studio make-up chart yourself!

THE skillful use of powder and rouge, and an understanding of what good creams can do for your skin, are fundamentals of beauty which no girl can afford to ignore. We all want fine, clear skins, and we all want to know how to choose and apply our beauty aids in the best possible way. But there is such a wealth of excellent facial creams and fascinating cosmetics available today, one is sometimes at a loss to know just where to begin with them.

"What cream shall I use for my skin?" and "Where shall I put my rouge?" are two of your most frequent questions. Let's take up creams first, and then I'll tell you some of the interesting things I learned from Paul Stanhope, the make-up wizard on the technicolor picture "A Star Is Born," which Selznick-International Studios is filming now, with Janet Gaynor as the "star." And I'll explain the meaning of this funny looking diagram above which you are probably wondering about!

Facial creams are of two kinds: Those you use, and those you wear. Those you use are again divided broadly into two groups, cleansing and nourishing, and you can't do without either. If you use any make-up at all, or if you live in a big city, or are exposed to extreme weather, either hot or cold, you simply must use a good cleansing cream first, before you wash your face. I hope every single one of you will remember and apply this rule. It would save so many from blackheads, rough, dry skins, and other troubles.

"But won't this make my skin oily?" I am sometimes asked. No, it won't, and if you want proof of this, look at the example of the movie stars who must use cleansing cream, sometimes many times a day, to remove make-up. What the cleansing cream does, is take off the extraneous layer of dust and grime, particles of dried cuticle and make-up, without irritating the true skin. Then you wipe away this accumulation with soft cleansing tissue. Warm water and soap complete this cleansing process and you have a genuinely clean face, with every pore relieved of foreign matter which might clog it or carry infection. Do you see why a fat jar of good cleansing cream should stand on every dressing table?

Almost equally important is the nourishing cream, and never more so than during these windy early spring days. Always thoroughly clean your skin before applying nourishing cream, as this must have immediate access to the surface. A good way is to rub in the cream gently (*never* massage your face except with the gentlest motion and always upwards) just before you go to bed. Wipe off most of it after the massage, leaving only a thin film. Many girls use nourishing cream before taking a hot bath, as the steam helps the lubricating effect.

The very name "nourishing" shows you the function of this second asset to beauty, and you should on no account deprive your skin of the benefit

(*Continued on page* 85)

NO USE, MISS *Scrub-Hard*,

No matter how hard you brush, your teeth won't really sparkle unless you use the right tooth paste.

Pepsodent alone among Tooth Pastes contains IRIUM

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent requires NO SOAP. . contains NO GRIT., NO PUMICE
—Safe!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent gently floats film away —instead of scraping it off.
—Thorough!

BECAUSE OF IRIUM . .
Pepsodent, with massage, stimulates gums.
—Refreshing!

Change to
PEPSODENT
TOOTH PASTE
containing
IRIUM

The modern way to remove film and win flashing new luster on teeth

- Attention Scrub-Hards! A thrilling new dental discovery now makes your brushing *thoroughly effective!* It steps up the cleaning power of tooth paste—removes dingy film and helps polish your teeth to a sparkling luster you never thought possible!

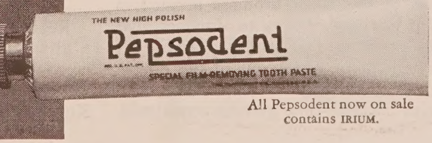
IRIUM—the remarkable new ingredient contained only in Pepsodent—*ends* Scrub-Hard disappointment. It *obsoletes* the harsh abrasion of older methods—provides a smooth, gentle washing action that speedily loosens clinging film and floats it away like *magic*. Now proper brushing gets *results* —in teeth that shine with natural brilliance.

Completes the formula for beautiful teeth

If you would have beautiful teeth, remember that proper brushing is only *half* the formula. The other half is Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. This modern dentifrice responds *instantly* to your brush—penetrates between teeth—cleans and polishes enamel surfaces in a way that *shows up* old-fashioned methods.

Your teeth will stay bright and feel clean much longer after using Pepsodent Tooth Paste containing IRIUM. Try it today!

Change to PEPSODENT TOOTH PASTE
IT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM



All Pepsodent now on sale contains IRIUM.

Inside Stuff

By PETER ABBOTT

with Photographs by HYMAN FINK

At this year's Screen Actors Guild Ball! Below, Loretta Young, Gloria Swanson (note her hairdress—it created a sensation) and Chester Morris. At right, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell Powell seem oblivious to the camera barrage in the background. Below at right, Robert Montgomery and Cary Grant.

Three on a Marx: Harpo, Groucho, and Chico Marx do get on one anothers' nerves. They have lucid moments when Chico can't endure Harpo's madness another hour; Groucho goes off in a corner and quietly gnaws off the ends of his fingers.

At the end of his endurance, recently, Harpo called up the Mirador at Palm Springs and reserved a room for the weekend. Shortly thereafter Groucho was seized with a similar inspiration. And when Chico, unaware of his brothers' plans, also phoned in a reservation, the hotel was convinced that somebody was crazy. Why should Mr. Marx call up about reservations three times in one day?

You guessed it—when one after another of the Marx brothers arrived in Palm Springs, it was to discover that only one room had been reserved. Fortunately there was room in the double bed for all three of them, and they had a nice sociable time getting acquainted.

Vernal Madness: In our quiet poking about we were attracted to a great to-do at the Crawford-Tone home and paused to inquire. Joan was doing her spring housecleaning, a lost art in Hollywood. She goes like a whirlwind from cellar to attic, her hair in a towel, bringing death to moths and clean paper to the pantry shelves. Joan was wearing a blue and white gingham just like the one she'd worn last spring cleaning time. She has 'em made up, you know, from the same pattern and same bolt of cloth, at a downtown department store, because it's her favorite house dress. The vacuum cleaner began to roar again as we looked about for Mr. Tone. He had skipped out for the day, banished as all husbands are, during spring cleaning madness.

Real Inside Stuff: Sometimes we get a glimpse of the inner Hollywood that convinces us we see all, know all. There was, for instance, lovely blonde Evalyn Knapp, wife of Dr. George Snyder, who came by with some pictures under her arm. Ever curious, we asked her to open the envelope and give us a peek.

"They're rather candid," said Evalyn.

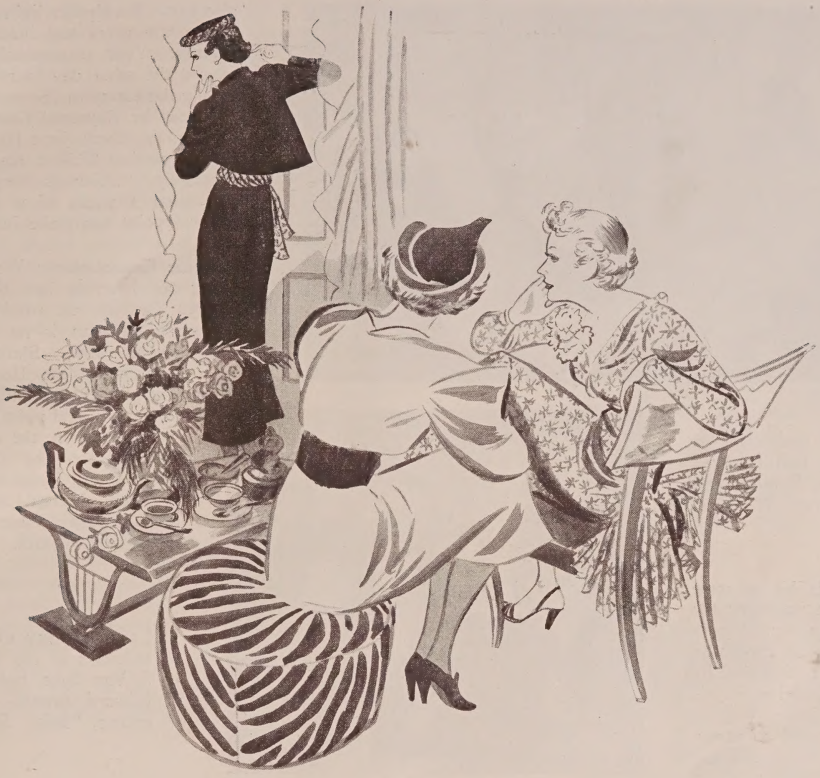
She was right. What she showed us were X-rays!

Gable Garbled: Never has Clark Gable taken a role more seriously than "Parnell." For the three days he was filming Parnell's death, he went around looking like a ghost. He wouldn't even ride his bike. He just gloomed. On top of that, he had a very bad cold.

Late one afternoon frantic calls from newspapers besieged M-G-M demanding to know the truth about a rumor that Gable was dead. Gable replied from the Beverly Wilshire that the Gable rumor was garbled.

The moment the picture was finished, Gable dashed for the Arizona mountains on a hunting trip with Ted Tetrach of the property department, to be gone two weeks.

(*Continued on page* 16)



JOSEPHINE: *Poor Lizbeth . . . she simply hasn't any men friends.*

CAROLYN: *It's the same old trouble*. . . she can't hold her friends because she can't hold her breath.*

*For halitosis (*unpleasant breath*), there's nothing like LISTERINE

When is a Woman on the Shelf?

by SUSAN BROWN

IS it when telltale rolls of fat begin to appear in the wrong places? Is it when ugly little lines start running across a face that might have launched a thousand ships? Is it when the hair grows grey and the muscles get flabby?

Sometimes "Yes," but not always. A woman may have all of these faults but if her charm persists she is welcome, often sought after.

The thing that really puts so many women on the shelf—so many young women, mind you—is a trouble that often isn't suspected at all. I speak of the condition of the breath.

Why so many women, otherwise fastidious, dare to assume their breath is without reproach is quite beyond me. Dozens of my friends offend this way, then wonder why they are out of the social swim.

Are you one of those forgotten women? I trust not. After all, is there any excuse for the breath being anything but pleasant when Listerine, the quick deodorant, is probably sitting right on your bathroom shelf, inviting regular morning and night use?

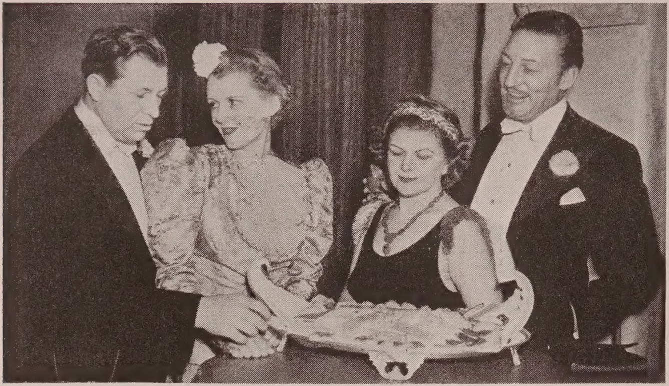
LISTERINE
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
Tested and Approved
4602
Good Housekeeping Bureau

BE POPULAR; GET RID OF BAD BREATH

The insidious thing about halitosis (unpleasant breath) is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friends won't tell you. Why risk this humiliating condition? Why guess about the condition of your breath when you know that Listerine Antiseptic, used morning and night, halts fermentation, the major cause of breath odors and quickly overcomes the odors themselves. No fastidious person neglects this pleasant morning and night precaution with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE
the quick deodorant



Husbands and wives at the Guild Ball (above)—the Stu Erwins and the Warren Williams.

Left, galaxy of movie notables at the ball: W. S. Van Dyke, Bob Taylor, Edward Arnold—and, of course, "Babs" Stanwyck.

Roses Are Red: We feel some awards should be made for the most novel Valentines. Myrna Loy, filled with a gay gardening spirit, was given rose bushes by her husband. Martha Raye's Valentine from Jerry Hopper, her ex-fiance, showed an arrow breaking its point against an iron heart, and began: "Dear Angelpuss. . . ."

Gossipe Gossip: Simone Simon tripped demurely into the luncheon room at 20th Century-Fox, and with shyly averted eyes was ushered to a distant table. We goggled. Was this a new Simone? She was presently introduced to a distinguished couple seated there—Mr. and Mrs. Girard Swope, and then we tumbled. The parents of young John Swope were giving Simone the double-O. All of which may mean things are getting serious. It also explains, perhaps, why Simone has broken three dates with Tyrone Power. When she broke the last date, Tyrone sent a brief note: "I've got a headache, too. Tyrone Tyrone."

"They know it isn't proper, they know it isn't nice, but the guy who reaches furthest always gets the biggest slice!"—Una Merkel, Eadie Adams, Preston Foster and Bob Montgomery.

Hunch: Paul Kelly, the actor, has been getting all sorts of clippings about Paul Kelly, the race horse trainer, in his mail. It set him to thinking that he had never seen the Santa Anita race track so, with wife Dorothy, actor Paul sallied out to watch the horses run. On the program was a horse trained by Paul Kelly. It looked like a hunch to actor Paul Kelly. He bet the works on the nag, right on the nose. The horse came in second.

History of an Actress: Alice Lake was the happiest girl on the Vitagraph lot when she got a job in a movie, doing a bit for $7.50 a day. Fatty Arbuckle signed her at $75 a week to come to the coast as his leading lady. To avoid any hint of scandal, Arbuckle took a train through El Paso, sent Alice Lake via Salt Lake City. Soon she was getting $750, then $1750, every week. She starred in "Red Lights," in which Jean Hersholt and Raymond Griffith were also cast. Slowly her light winked out. Depression years and illness took her savings. Your sentimental biographer paused the other day to recognize her among the extras in "Seventh Heaven," produced by Raymond Griffith, featuring, among others, Jean Hersholt.

"I'm getting $7.50 a day," she said cheerfully, "which is very welcome. But what a whale of a difference a decimal point can make in your life!"

Great Expectations: We have been doing our faltering best to sift those rumors for you on who's expecting. Margaret Sullavan is on the blessed events list. Similar rumors concerning the Henry Fondas are all too apparently the father to a wish, and not a fact. Most persistent were the rumors concerning Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow. These, too, are unfounded. Myrna Loy is expecting—to move into her new house this month. But that's all.

Is It True About Dixie? We're a bit cynical about Dixie Dunbar's romances. That little minx is a female version of Tom Brown; she flutters from beau to beau so fast it's impossible to keep up with her. But stern duty compels us to report that we saw her at the Troc the other evening with a Mr. Robert Levey of New York and every time she waved to a friend a brand new diamond on that certain finger flashed like an air mail beacon. She won't say she's going to be Mrs. Levey, but what girl would have courage enough to return a sparkler like that?

Front: We do hope this isn't going to shatter any illusions, but Clark Gable confides with really impressive venom that some day he's going to quit this blankety-blank motion picture business and sit down to a dinner and eat all the blankety-blank-blank steak and potatoes that he can hold without thinking about his double-blanked waist-line.

There's never a rose without its thorns! Clark says that bay windows run in the Gable family. He's very gloomy about it.

Miss Oslo Not So Slow! We hand the palm to Sonja Henie, the lady from Oslo. Tyrone Power is very attentive, she has a new contract with 20th Century-Fox that pays her $125,000 a picture and she netted a cool half-million on her exhibition skating tours! Sonja is very enthusiastic about America. She says it's really the land of opportunity. And Darryl Zanuck, the boss of 20th Century-Fox says that the cherubic little Norwegian miss is the hardest bargain driver that's ever appeared on the Hollywood scene.

And another devoted married couple at the Screen Actors Guild Ball. Yep, it's Franchot Tone and Joan Crawford looking over their program.

HERE comes the bride...and an adoring husband feasting his eyes on her skin. Smooth, velvety-soft...in spite of nippy winds! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream yourself for bride-like skin. Now that it contains Vitamin D, it's better than ever—gives skin some of the benefits of sunshine. Skin feels so much softer!

FAMOUS LOTION NOW CONTAINS VITAMIN D... SOOTHES CHAPPED SKIN FASTER

SPRING PLANTING stains, roughens skin. Use Hinds to ease that "tight" drawn feeling...change chapping into smoothness *fast*. With its Vitamin D, Hinds seems to smooth even scaly places!

FREE! The first one-piece dispenser, with every 50c size

Copyright, 1937, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS

HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

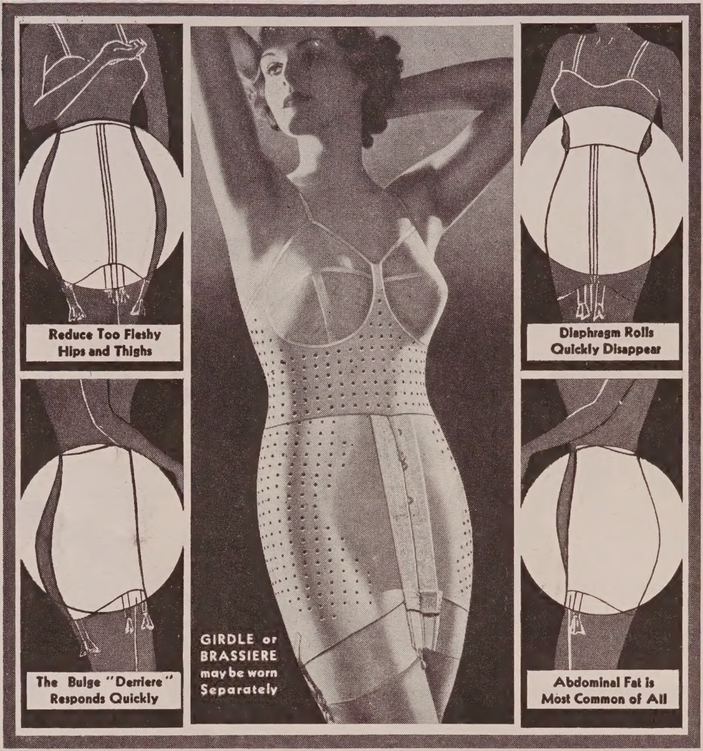
Hinds—with Vitamin D in it—does dry skin a world of good!

Now, more than ever, Hinds Honey and Almond Cream soothes and softens dry, chapped, windburned skin. This beloved hand lotion, long famous for the good it does, now contains Vitamin D! This vitamin is *absorbed* by your skin... gives it some of the benefits of sunshine. Use Hinds regularly to fight cracked knuckles, chapping, rough "sandpaper hands." Every creamy drop—with its Vitamin D—does skin more good than ever! $1, 50c, 25c, 10c.

QUICKER-ACTING... NOT WATERY!

QUICKLY CORRECT THESE 4 FIGURE FAULTS

Perfolastic not only CONFINES . . . it REMOVES ugly bulges!


Reduce Too Fleshy Hips and Thighs
The Bulge "Derriere" Responds Quickly
GIRDLE or BRASSIERE may be worn Separately
Diaphragm Rolls Quickly Disappear
Abdominal Fat is Most Common of All

If YOU Do Not REDUCE Your Waist and Hips 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

. . . it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women owe their slim, youthful figures to Perfolastic—the quick, safe way to reduce! Since so many Perfolastic wearers reduce *more* than 3 inches in 10 days, we believe we are justified in making YOU this amazing offer. You risk nothing . . . simply try it for 10 days at our expense.

You Appear Smaller at Once!

■ Look at yourself before you put on your Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere—and afterwards! Bulges are smoothed out and you appear inches smaller at once. You are so comfortable, yet every minute you wear these Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing hips, thighs, waist and diaphragm. Every move you make puts the massage-like action to work at just the spots where the disfiguring fat first accumulates.

No Diet . . . Drugs . . . or Exercises!

■ No strenuous exercises to wear you out . . . no dangerous drugs to take . . . and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. You do nothing whatever except watch the inches disappear!

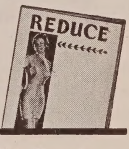
The Safe, Quick Method

■ Every move you make puts your Perfolastic to work taking off unwanted inches. The perforations and soft, silky lining make these Perfolastic garments delightful to wear next to the body.

"Reduced my hips 9 inches", writes Miss Healy; "Hips 12 inches smaller", says Miss Richardson; "Lost 60 pounds with Perfolastic", writes Mrs. Derr; "Formerly wore a size 42, now I take an 18. I eat everything", writes Mrs. Faust, etc., etc. Why don't you, too, test Perfolastic?

Send Today for 10-Day FREE Trial Offer and Sample of Material

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks! You risk nothing . . . we want you to make this test yourself at our expense . . . Mail the coupon NOW!



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Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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Oh, Doug, Doug, Doug! Lorraine Eddy must find something very appealing about the name "Doug." She married Douglas McLean, but it didn't take. After the divorce she went to London to work in those things that our British cousins call "cinemahs" and while there did the bright spots with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Evidently that romance didn't take, either, for now she's back in Hollywood and the steady boy friend is Douglass Montgomery.

Flynn and Fish: Having rushed through three pictures in as many months, Errol Flynn is packing his kit for a two-months' vacation trip to South America. He tells us that he met a fellow who knows a chap who knows about a place off the coast of Peru where the fish grow *that* big! Honest! And Errol's going to catch some.

Which is a very nice fish story, but we're all wondering whether the expedition is a swan song for the Flynn-Damita marriage. Lily's not going.

A New Career—Sh: It's supposed to be more or less a secret, but since you might like to know, John Beal spent nine months last year studying singing. Not just ordinary warbling, but grand opera! He's very modest about it all but we have it from no less an authority than his teacher that he has one of the finest natural baritone voices in America and will probably make his concert debut next year.

At the "Good Earth" premiere—proving Jimmy Stewart is still lovely Ginger Rogers' favorite escort about town.

These Moderns—Sh: You'll also be glad to know that Arline Judge is still happy in spite of her matrimonial troubles. She tripped away to Reno to sue Wesley Ruggles for divorce—a nice friendly divorce, if you please—and announced at the same time that as soon as she has thrown her wedding ring in the Reno River and kissed the courthouse pillars, she will marry Mr. Daniel Reed Topping of New York. They plan to go to Honolulu on their honeymoon.

Big Business—Sh: It's all very *sotto voce* as yet, but we hear from very trustworthy sources that that business genius, Mrs. Temple, has arranged for Shirley to star on a breakfast food concern's weekly radio program.

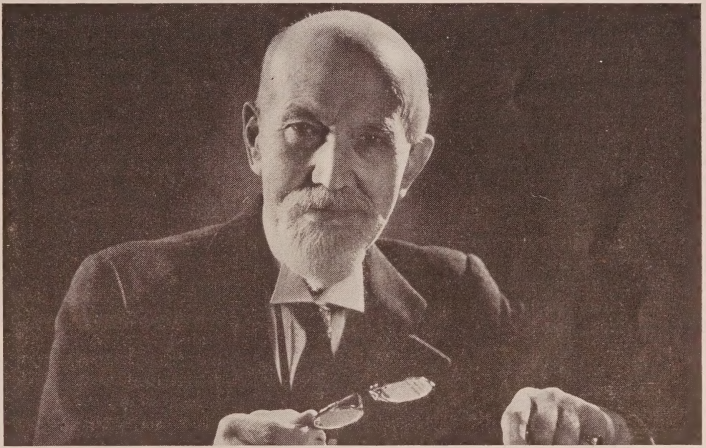
Kay Francis is back from her travels, prettier than ever, even in grab shots like this!

The Well-dressed Men: We felt quite proud the other day when we managed to sit at the same luncheon table with Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and his good pal, Sam Goldwyn. Naturally, we expected to hear discussed momentous issues affecting the entire motion picture industry. Instead . . .

"I've found a new tailor who's a positive genius on shoulders," said Sam.

And "These shirts?" mused Doug. "Well, Sam, you'd be surprised how superior the English shirtmakers are. I brought back six dozen cut from this pattern. Tell you what, Sam, you've always been a friend of mine—I'll let your shirt-maker copy one."

How would *your* laxative rate with the doctor?



YOUR DOCTOR is your friend. He wants to help you guard your health. And he is just as careful about *little* matters affecting your welfare as he is about the more important ones.

The choice of a laxative, for instance, may not worry *you*. But it's a definite consideration with the doctor. Before he will give a laxative his approval, he insists that it meet his own strict specifications.

Consider the various points listed below. Will the laxative *you* now use meet every one of them?

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A LAXATIVE:

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proved by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS EVERY DEMAND

You need not memorize the list above. But remember this: Ex-Lax checks on *every* point! No wonder so many doctors use Ex-Lax themselves and give it to their own families. For more than thirty years, mothers have given Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole wide world.

MAKE YOUR OWN TEST OF EX-LAX

Next time you are constipated, try Ex-Lax. You'll discover that Ex-Lax *is* mild, *is* gentle, *is* thorough. You'll find that no discomfort attends its use. You'll observe that it does *not* over-act or upset you. On the contrary, such a complete, gentle cleansing will leave you with renewed freshness—a sense of well-being.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting purgatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. It tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking Ex-Lax. And it's just as good for them as it is for the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or if you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!
(Paste this on a penny postcard)
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Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.
Name..........
Address..........
City.......... Age..........
(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Miss Loy Designs: Myrna Loy would like to have you know about the beauty-exercise room which she has had installed in her new home. It's a huge room. One-half of it is devoted to a barber chair, an electric hair-dryer, a massage table and various other beauty-aids—not that Myrna needs them but they *are* nice to have. The other half of the room is a gymnasium. There's an exercise table with a wealth of gadgets, a pair of rings, a rowing machine and a bicycle. Myrna designed it all herself.

Pickfair News Note: The subject of houses reminds us that Pickfair, the most famous mansion in Hollywood, will be offered for sale as soon as Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers are married. Mary says that they will probably buy a ranch in San Fernando Valley, where Buddy can raise polo ponies.

Of course there are people—close friends of hers, too—who claim that Mary just wants to free herself from the ghosts of a former happiness which haunt every room of that big house on the hill.

Tennis Gossip: We have never seen as many full dress suits and evening gowns at an athletic event as graced the recent professional tennis match between Fred Perry and Ellsworth Vines. It was really very impressive, much more impressive than the match itself, for Vines didn't give Helen Vinson's husband a chance.

Both contestants admitted afterward that they were just a bit annoyed by the incessant popping of flashlight bulbs as Hollywood's famous ones, arriving late as usual, made their regal entrances.

Those Gay Nineties: If you know any girl with extra large . . . er . . . hips and things, you might pass the word along that 20th Century-Fox is desperately looking for them. They need a "gay nineties" chorus for the new Robert Taylor-Barbara Stanwyck picture, "This Is My Affair," and they want only the kind of girls who used to give grandpa the quivers.

The President's daughter, Mrs. John Boettiger, visited Marion Davies; here they are with Louella Parsons.

Happy foursome at the Troc! Leah Ray, Don Ameche, Alice Faye—and that's Michael Whalen behind the mustache.

RUM
LIP MORRIS

The old hatchet is buried forever; Eddie Cantor and George Jessel made up—and combined forces with Bill Robinson for a flood relief benefit program at the Troc, where the cigarette girls look like this!

History on the Screen: We knew the Spanish Revolution would spread into Hollywood before long so we weren't surprised to learn that three studios are racing to see which can get a picture about that bloody struggle screened first.

But they're going to have a hard time getting any actors to play revolutionists for most of our actors, for some reason or other, are ardent socialists.

Sothern Cruise: Ann Sothern seemed so absolutely ecstatic when she boarded a plane the other day to visit her husband, Roger Pryor, who's playing an orchestra engagement in Chicago, that we interrupted our farewells long enough to comment on her happiness.

"And why shouldn't I be happy?" she demanded. "Do you realize that we were married in August and that we have spent just three weeks together since our marriage?"

Roger's been quite unhappy about the separation, too, so he sent her a book of airplane tickets for her birthday.

Weather Profit: Probably you've never heard of Tom Yuen. We hadn't either until recently, but we like to think about him because he's living proof that opportunity awaits anyone of great talent.

Tom is a Chinese weather profit. He examines the tops of onions and the leaves of a rose bush and then tells you what kind of day next Wednesday will be. And he never makes a mistake, which so excited M-G-M when he was working in "The Good Earth" that they put him under long term contract at a very nice salary to do nothing but prophesy.

Hollywood Linguists: Very clever people, these screen stars. There's Fay Wray, for instance, who has a habit of answering the telephone with an almost understandable French accent whenever she's in doubt about the identity of the caller.

"Thees ees Mees Wray's maid . . . non, I am sorree but Miss Wray is out," she tells you with her voice fairly dripping regret.

And there's Leo Carrillo, who is really an expert at the same trick but who prefers the Chinese accent.

Another New Contest: When Jack Oakie, Cary Grant and Edward Arnold heard that they must grow beards for their current picture, "The Toast of New York," they decided that they might just as well make it a contest instead of a duty. So they posted the

That English-French marital alliance, Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer, attends the big "Good Earth" premiere.

A Clean Face is the secret of radiant beauty

BEAUTY authorities agree that thorough cleansing is the most important step in complexion care. A simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created the new Golden Cleansing Cream—a more efficient skin cleanser could not be obtained.

New kind of cleansing

Golden Cleansing Cream contains a remarkable new ingredient, colloidal gold, with an amazing power to rid skin pores of dirt, make-up and other impurities. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see the iron in spinach. But its special action makes Golden Cleansing Cream many times more thorough than ordinary cleansers, and tones and invigorates skin tissues meanwhile.

Make this simple test

Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Then cleanse with Golden Cleansing Cream. On the tissue you will find more dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

Try it tonight. See for yourself how fresh and clean Golden Cleansing Cream leaves your skin. You'll find this new cream at your drug or department store for just $1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)

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GOLDEN CLEANSING CREAM

Daggett & Ramsdell, Room 1980, 2 Park Avenue, New York City. Dept. MF-5
Enclosed find 10c in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)
Name.......................................
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stakes and the one who grows the longest whiskers will collect $50 profit.

The money goes for the flood relief fund of the Red Cross.

Curtain: It grieves us to report that Elaine (Ariel) Barrie's stage play, "The Return of Hannibal," proved to be a collosal, stupendous, terrific FLOP. According to her friends, she would be practically inconsolable if it were not for her alimony claims on John (Caliban) Barrymore. She's asking for $2250 a month from him.

Being greatly interested in the Barrymore-Barrie romance, we eagerly welcomed a recent opportunity to question the erstwhile captain of John's yacht. He told us quite a few interesting things about that famous Caribbean cruise Ariel and Caliban made. We gathered he didn't like Elaine and her mama.

Dishing a Little Dirt: That romance between Miriam Hopkins and Director Anton Litvak moves along apace. And thereby hangs an amusing little tale.

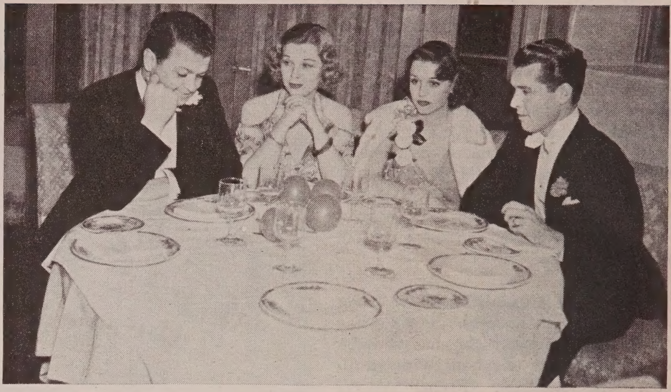
It seems that Miriam, feeling love and longing surging in her heart, decided to pay Anton a visit on the location where he was shooting airdrome scenes for "The Woman I Love." It was raining and Miriam was warned that the roads were muddy. But, "Pooh," said she, "what's a little mud?"

It took Director Litvak's location trucks—three of 'em—something like six hours to pull Miriam's heavy roadster out of the quagmire!

Bellamy's Racket: We dashed down to Palm Springs last week to the Racquet Club organized and owned by Ralph Bellamy and Charles Farrell. It's amazing what their yen for a tennis court of their own has led to . . . forming a club, they now have four courts, dining room, bar, pool, everything for pleasure. Bellamy was refereeing a game between two new members. Movie talk is *verboten.* Paul Lukas, Charlie Butterworth and Claire Windsor built homes within a block of the club, just to make it more convenient to get up a game. If you wish to join, merely remit $750 to the membership committee, and you *may* get in. But don't blame Bellamy or Farrell if you fail to make the grade. They aren't on the membership committee!

The Higher Art: Much to-do lately over the paintings of Willard Nash, on exhibit in Hollywood, with the colony flocking in to see the work of this famed American artist. Nash had done a portrait of Arthur Treacher, and Treacher was on hand before the doors opened, quipping: "I'll be hanged if I let anybody else hang me!"

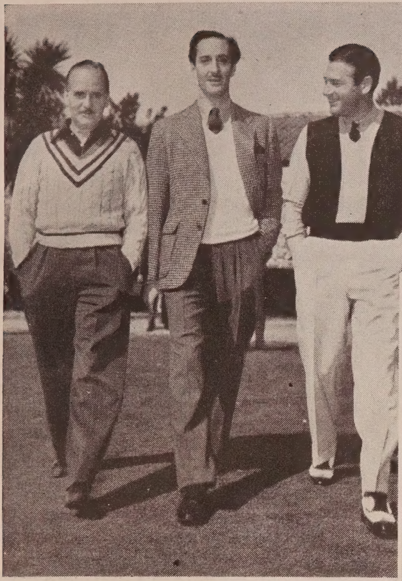
As the crowd oh'ed and ah'ed at the



Wonder what Drew Eberson's done now, that his very best girl, Glenda Farrell, should look so reproachful? With them at this Guild Ball table are Anne Nagel Alexander and Gordon Oliver.

Above, the seldom-photographed little daughter of Irene Hervey, lunching with her mother and her new papa, Allan Jones.

Then back to the Guild Ball again, to snap this picture of Bette Davis, Ham Nelson (her husband) and Paul Muni.



Left—Ralph Morgan, Basil Rathbone and Dick Arlen turn out to support the flood relief golf matches.

Right—Bing Crosby tees off in the recent meet for the benefit of flood sufferers, at the Lakeside Golf Club.

brilliant blobs—Nash is a modernist who paints "abstractions"—little Jane (Holy Terror) Withers paused before a canvas labeled "The Prize Fight."

"What brilliance!" cooed a lady.

"Such dash and fire!" said another.

"It just looks like a lot of paint to me," spoke up Jane.

Nash was greatly amused by this withering candor, said it was the best criticism he's had yet, and now Jane is studying painting with him.

Goodbye to Movies: When the second baby arrives in the Evelyn Venable-Hal Mohr household, the newcomer will definitely end Evelyn's screen career. Or so she told us. Hal is the cameraman who won honors for filming "Midsummer Night's Dream" and who then became a director. With a husband and two children, Miss Venable says she'll have her hands full and it's goodbye to movies . . . but can one ever escape the hankering to "do just one more picture?"

Shades of DuBarry: We have just come from Claire Trevor's bedroom—purely a reportorial call—and here are the details: She has a double-double bed, if you can picture one that wide, with the headboards done in orchid colored quilted satin. On a conservative estimate (and somebody must remain conservative in the midst of this)

POND'S FACE POWDER

CLOSE-UP, ALL RIGHT! IS MY POWDER SHOWING TERRIBLY?

YOUR FACE lighted by the bright spring sunshine! Does he see it "soft and fresh"? . . . Or "all powdery"?

The answer is in your powder!

Pond's Powder is "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light—never to show up "powdery." True skin tones, they give a soft look in any light.

Try Pond's for yourself—in the brightest light. In a recent inquiry among girls, Pond's got more votes than any other powder for not showing up in bright light!

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires July 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-PE, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name____________________

Address____________________

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we'd say the bed could sleep six people. And they could remain total strangers. The walls are in sea blue-green satin damask, and the furniture is French empire. Claire says it takes care of all her inhibitions just to look at the room, which would make DuBarry pallid with envy. Off from it is Claire's dressing room, barren of frills.

Life Is Like That: Warren Hull, announcer for Boston's WEEI, stepped to the mike and presented a dimpled little blonde to his unseen audience.

"This little girl has been selected by talent scouts for Charles R. Rogers, producer of 'Eight Girls in a Boat,'" he said. "We're proud one of our Boston girls won the contest and wish her every success in Hollywood. May I present Jean Rogers!"

His duty done, Warren Hull wondered how soon the pretty blonde would be back home at the same old job. Then he got a chance to go to Hollywood, too. That was three years ago.

The other day Warren Hull and Jean Rogers did a love scene together in "Night Key" in which they have featured roles. Life is like that!

Flood Sufferer: In the big floods out here two years ago, Victor McLaglen's Flintridge estate was ravaged to the tune of $25,000 in damages. He put in concrete channels and dams, and this year came through with only one loss—a duck. The torrent flung it against a retaining wall.

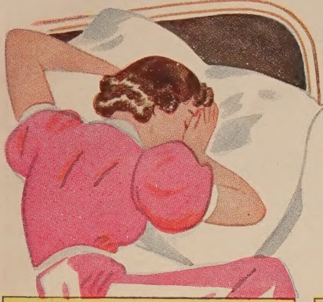
Dan Cupid Reports: Sad but true, young David Niven no longer pines for Merle Oberon. We see the unmistakable signs that absence makes the heart grow, not fonder, but forgetful. Davey can be forgiven, however, for it wasn't exactly his fault. There was Virginia Bruce in "When Love Is Young" and Niven was in "We Had Our Moments," and those titles did something to them both out at Universal, where they were working. Now they are playing the leads in a private romance entitled "Ain't Love Grand?" Davey still takes Loretta Young out, too. A busy lad . . . As for Jimmy Stewart, another of Virginia Bruce's beaus, he seems to have left the field to Niven. Jimmy hopped off with Director Henry King, in King's airplane, to fish for tarpon in Florida. . . . John King has dropped

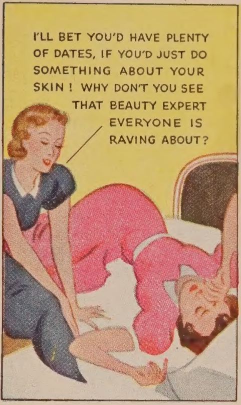
(*Continued on page* 116)

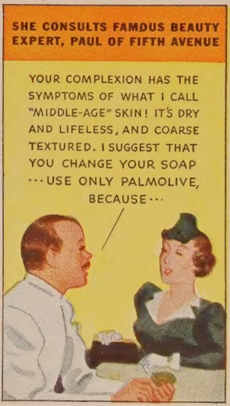
Here's one answer to the question: Does Tyrone Power prefer Rochelle Hudson (above), Sonja Henie or Loretta Young? The romance at left looks big-time, too —Virginia Bruce and David Niven, Merle Oberon's erstwhile fiance. Below, Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond stop to greet Sophie Tucker at the Victor Hugo.

Only 22 BUT "ON THE SHELF"

BECAUSE OF "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!




I'LL BET YOU'D HAVE PLENTY OF DATES, IF YOU'D JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN! WHY DON'T YOU SEE THAT BEAUTY EXPERT EVERYONE IS RAVING ABOUT?


SHE CONSULTS FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT, PAUL OF FIFTH AVENUE
YOUR COMPLEXION HAS THE SYMPTOMS OF WHAT I CALL "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! IT'S DRY AND LIFELESS, AND COARSE TEXTURED. I SUGGEST THAT YOU CHANGE YOUR SOAP ··· USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, BECAUSE···

PAUL EXPLAINS WHY PALMOLIVE CORRECTS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!

"Palmolive is made with Olive Oil, a real beauty aid. And Olive Oil makes Palmolive's lather gentler, more soothing . . . gives it a *special protective quality* all its own. Thus Palmolive does more than just cleanse. It protects your skin against the loss of those precious natural oils which feed and nourish it . . . That's why Palmolive keeps your complexion soft, smooth and young!"

Paul of Fifth Ave

NOW NO MORE LONELY EVENINGS ...THANKS TO PALMOLIVE

How Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, prevents dry, lifeless, old-looking skin

IT creeps up on you without warning . . . this heart-breaking "Middle-Age" Skin!

You may have a soft, smooth complexion today. Yet next month, or even next week, you may look in your mirror and find your skin dry, lifeless, coarse-looking.

So right now is the time to watch out . . . to take this simple precaution advised by beauty experts.

Use Palmolive Soap regularly. For Palmolive, made with Olive Oil, does more than just cleanse. Its gentle, protective lather helps prevent your skin from becoming dry, old-looking; keeps your complexion soft, smooth, *young!*

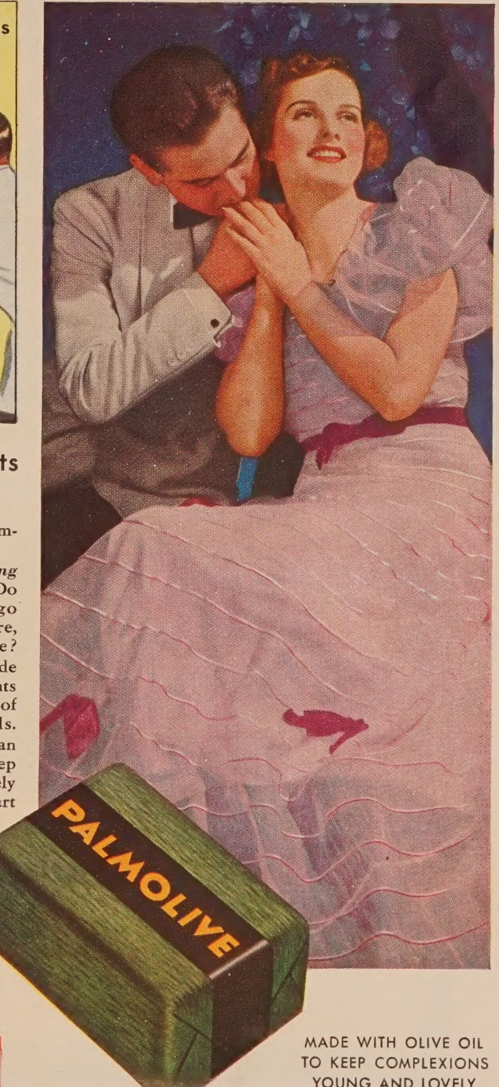
Does the soap you are now using give you this same protection? Do you know what ingredients go into it? Are you sure it is as pure, as gentle and safe as Palmolive?

You *know* that Palmolive is made only from real beauty ingredients . . . a secret and unique blend of soothing Olive and Palm Oils.

That's why Palmolive, more than any other soap, promises to keep your complexion young and lovely through the years! Why not start using Palmolive Soap—today?

CHOSEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE DIONNE QUINS!

What a beauty lesson there is for you in the fact that Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive exclusively for the Dionne Quins! If this fine beauty soap, made with Olive Oil, is safest and gentlest for their tender skin, isn't it safest for your complexion, too?



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL TO KEEP COMPLEXIONS YOUNG AND LOVELY

YOUNG MRS. ROCKEFELLER PILOTS A LOW-WING MONOPLANE

MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR., of New York and Allenhurst, is an aviation enthusiast. She favors jodhpurs, windbreaker, and close-fitting helmet. Flies a low-wing monoplane. Has had several thrilling experiences in the air. "I've been caught in heavy fog," she says. "That's enough to shatter anybody's nerves. My first thought, when I put my feet on firm ground, was to smoke a Camel. Smoking Camels eases up my nervous tension—sets me right again. I can smoke all I like—and they never tire my taste. 'I'd walk a mile for a Camel'—and *fly* a thousand!"

THE CORINTHIAN ROOM at the Hotel Pierre. Mrs. Rockefeller in the foreground. When she entertains, Camels go with every course. Mild and delicate, Camels accent flavors in food. They also help digestion, increasing the flow of digestive fluids, building up alkalinity. Camels are overwhelmingly popular at the Pierre, as at other famous restaurants. Mrs. Rockefeller says: "When I give a dinner or after-theatre supper—whether here or at home—it's Camels that I serve."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia* — Mrs. Alexander Black, *Los Angeles*
Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston* — Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., *New York*
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, *Boston* — Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, *Philadelphia*
Mrs. Chiswell Dabney Langhorne, *Virginia*
Mrs. Jasper Morgan, *New York* — Mrs. Nicholas G. Penniman III, *Baltimore*
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., *Chicago* — Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
Mrs. Brookfield Van Rensselaer, *New York*

FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE... SMOKE CAMELS!

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand

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MOVIE MIRROR
VOL. I NO. 5
MAY 1937

NEWS IN NEW YORK

By TERESA BUXTON

PERSONAL to a certain matinee audience of the Astor Theater's showing of "The Good Earth": If you saw a diffident, dark-haired girl in low-heeled shoes, plain sports coat and a soft felt hat, who crept into the theater after the lights went out and left just before they went on again, that was Luise Rainer. What's more, it was the first time the little Viennese star had a chance to see her own latest triumph in its final release form. Strangely enough, it was here at the theater that she escaped the crowds of autografans who mobbed her everywhere else she went during her Manhattan visit.

Despite those rumors about the Rainer-Odets marriage, Luise's new father-in-law was one of the first to welcome her to Manhattan.

No screen star ever dressed more quietly than Luise. Even at the night clubs, she wore only the plainest and most conventional evening attire. One evening at El Morocco, for example, she sat among the always brilliantly dressed habitues, wearing a simple white satin evening gown. Though she did take in the night life of the town, she must have disappointed Broadway columnists terribly—she had no constant male escort, just went everywhere with groups of friends, mostly women.

The best the hungry press could do was to hint that her trip was prompted by discord in the Rainer-Odets household. Well, whatever temperamental difficulties there may be in a marriage of such vivid personalities, the New York visit wasn't part of it! It had been planned for some time, so that Luise could straighten out some problems for her parents, and that's that. Between these unexpected worries and the rush of her hurried shopping, Luise lost five pounds in five days. Bewildered and embarrassed by the rumors about her marriage, she could only say helplessly to her friends: "If the press will not believe my denials, I should like very much for them to see the latest telegrams from my husband. Ah, that should show them!"

THE "Country Doctor" and his efficient nurse were both in town for a holiday this month. "Dr." Jean Hersholt, however, was forced to combine business with pleasure. He saw all the theatrical hits in between stellar radio appearances on the Vallee and Shell Chateau programs, not to mention a special trip to Washington to have his say before a senatorial committee on the Dickstein bill to keep all foreign-born actors and musicians out of this country.

He made this latter visit in behalf of the Screen Actors Guild, of which he is a board member, and was perhaps more amused than indignant about the bill's provisions. As he pointed out, carpenters, electricians and studio musicians would be as much affected as actual performers. He has figures to show that, of all the twenty thousand people employed by studios, 530 employees are contract players—and only sixty-one of these are unnaturalized aliens. That's a small number for the Government and native talent to get excited about, he argues, when you consider that fifty per cent of American film money is made in foreign countries!

He enjoys playing Dr. Luke in the Quintuplet films. He looks forward each year to his visit to Ontario, partly because of his admiration for Dr. Dafoe, and partly because of the fascination of watching the little Dionnes grow. The Quintuplets' real-life doctor and their screen doctor faced each other with misgivings and trepidation at their first meetings, he now admits. "I went to Dr. Dafoe's office on that (*Continued on page 69*)

Marlene Dietrich, too, was kept busy denying divorce rumors, on her return from England on the Berengaria.

When Harlow and Taylor VISITED THE Roosevelts

Behind the scenes with Jean and Bob, as they visited the White House and attended the President's birthday parties

By BARRETT C. KIESLING

EVERY man, woman and child in the country able to read a newspaper or tune in a radio knows that Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor went to see the President and to attend the birthday balls given in his honor in Washington, D. C.

Jean and Bob agree that the trip was the most thrilling thing that has ever happened in their thrill-studded lives, and since their return to Hollywood they have been unable to talk of anything else.

For forty-eight delirious, mad hours they toured the nation's capital; rushed, with sirens screaming and a police escort surrounding them, from one exciting event to another; gave autographs; greeted the fans who surrounded them at every starting and stopping point.

There was the official welcome by Commissioner Allen, head of the District governing body, when the stars were given the verbal keys to the city.

There was the lovely tea given by Prince del Drago, nephew of King Victor Emanuel of Italy. It was here that Hollywood saw and conquered the brilliantly attired members of the Diplomatic Corps.

There was the visit to the Senate office building, when business stopped while Senators Pat Harrison, J. Hamilton Lewis, Green, Burke (of Taylor's native Nebraska), Couch and Bob Reynolds formed an informal reception committee. It was at this gathering that the famous picture of the Senator who dared to kiss Jean Harlow was taken.

There was Jean Harlow's visit, piloted by J. Edgar Hoover, to a darkened target room where she saw G-Men practice with machine guns, using tracer bullets as their only illumination.

Then there were those few hectic minutes when Bob Taylor opened the President's Ball in Baltimore.

Taylor had made his graceful little speech. Ten policemen, locking hands, formed a lane through which he was rushed to his car and off to Washington.

But Bob's feminine fans were anything but satisfied with such a brief glimpse of their favorite. They milled around uncertainly.

It's a red-letter day, even for a screen star, when he shakes hands with the national representative of his home state! Here's Bob meeting Senator Edward R. Burke of Nebraska, the day Bob arrived in Washington, D. C.

Suddenly one caught sight of Mr. Donald Kirkley, a movie reviewer on the Baltimore *Sun*, who was carrying a batch of stars' photographs to be used to illustrate picture reviews.

"Have you any of Bob Taylor?" she asked.

Without thinking, Kirkley said, "Yes."

In an instant he was mobbed, hugged and kissed. His tie was torn off. His face was smeared with lipstick. His shirt collar was a sight. And his pictures in a few seconds became scattered fragments over the dance floor!

Thanks to the vigilance of the Washington police, however, Mr. Kirkley, innocent bystander though he was, was the only casualty, for Jean doesn't even count the abrasions she received when a too-enthusiastic fan tried to pull a ring from her finger.

But transcending everything else in importance were Jean's and Bob's visits to the President and their tour through the White House. They described their first meeting with Mr. Roosevelt when I visited them recently at M-G-M where they are making "Personal Property."

"We were so darned nervous we didn't know what to do with our hands and feet," said Bob.

"I couldn't see anything for a moment," confessed Jean, "but that brilliant, gorgeous smile of Mr. Roosevelt's!"

The President made a charming informal speech of welcome, then said, beckoning to Miss Harlow, "I'm glad, after all these years of enjoying you on the screen, to meet you face to face."

To Robert Taylor, a look of concern erasing his smile for a moment, he said, "Robert, how are you?" (Taylor had been confined to his berth with flu every moment of the trip from Los Angeles.)

When the President returned to his work, Mrs. Roosevelt showed her guests through the White House. All the world knows what a delightfully gracious hostess our First Lady is, but no one voices this opinion more enthusiastically than her Hollywood visitors.

"She was, is, the most charming hostess I have ever known," related Mitzi Green, who also was a member of the party.

"As we went from room to room it wasn't as if the President's wife was formally showing us America's only counterpart of a king's palace. She was just a very lovely, normal, average American housewife, proud of her house, proud of her housekeeping. She is adorable!"

The tour through the White House started at the third story, and here is the locale for one of the loveliest human interest stories concerned with the whole trip.

Robert Taylor was the last of the party to start down the stairs to the second floor. Just then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw five big-eyed faces peering from five different doorways. He turned to a White House attache. "I'll be very happy to meet these ladies."

And five embarrassed, deliriously happy maids were informally presented to the most popular man in pictures.

After the presentation, Taylor (*Continued on page* 90)

Film stars on a Washington merry-go-round! Left to right, Sen. Nathan L. Bachman, Tenn.; Sen. Alben W. Barkley, Ky.; Col. Ed. Halsey, Secretary of the Senate; Jean Harlow; Sen. Robert R. Reynolds, N. C.; Bob Taylor; Sen. Edward R. Burke, Neb.; Sen. Geo. L. Radcliffe, Md.

Two great American personalities at the Wardman Park Hotel's birthday ball (left)—Mrs. Roosevelt, First Lady of the Land, and Jean Harlow, glamour queen. Jean enjoyed meeting the President and his wife so much!

THE AMAZING STORY OF

Mary Astor's Surprise Wedding

Rubin, head captain, shows Mary and her third husband, Manuel del Campo, to a table at the Grove—before their marriage, for they were separated by circumstances only an hour after their wedding.

ONCE again the most impulsive beauty of Hollywood has hurled another bombshell into headlines!

When Mary Astor eloped to Yuma, Arizona, married Manuel Martinez del Campo, returned by plane to Hollywood alone while her husband winged to Mexico City for the funeral of his father—both first denying and then affirming their midnight marriage—Hollywood was more surprised than it has been since Mary's sensational divorce diary revelations of months ago.

But with all the eyebrow lifting and general buzzing throughout the local gathering spots, something tells me that when the dust cleared away, no one was more surprised at the sudden marriage of Mary Astor than that lady of impulse, herself!

Whether or not the marriage of Mary and del Campo turns out to be a happy one, a lasting contentment and peace in the life of a woman "too beautiful" for her own happiness, only time will tell. Hollywood marriages, even the safest and sanest and most carefully planned, are surprise packages at best. The impulsiveness of their elopement will not matter one way or the other when their union is put to the test of time and companionship and friendship which form the framework of all successful marriages.

Maybe Mary and the youthful del Campo will find this happiness when they are together again after the young Spanish-Irishman has settled the estate of his late father and returned to his bride in Hollywood.

After all, only Mary and del Campo know what they have really found in their love story.

But this much their intimates and close friends do know. Mary had no intention of marrying the boy who came to Hollywood to be an actor (only to meet great disappointment so far in his career) when she flew toward Yuma with him the morning of February 18th.

She had confided that she was accompanying del Campo as far as Yuma, where he would obtain his clearance papers to cross the border, because she was his closest friend. The boy was heartbroken over the death of his father. They had been very close. When pneumonia ended the senior del Campo's brilliant diplomatic career very suddenly, his son, distraught in his grief, pleaded with Mary to accompany him as far as she could on his sad journey.

When she returned from that trip of sympathy and companionship Mary was married to a man she had known less than two months—for the romance which culminated in marriage before a justice of the peace at two o'clock in the morning on February 18th dated from a casual introduction at the home of Ruth Chatterton on New Year's Eve.

Just what happened to change Mary's mind in the three short hours as a chartered plane sped through the midnight sky is known only to the two of them. Perhaps in his deep grief and need of her, Mary discovered she really loved the boy she had befriended and encouraged in his career.

Perhaps del Campo convinced her that without the tie and obligations of marriage his family would not permit him to return to Hollywood.

Perhaps he led her to see that his whole fate hinged on her acceptance of his pleas to marry him.

The pilot of the elopement plane said when interviewed that for the entire duration of the trip del Campo poured his broken heart and ambitions at Mary's feet and into her keeping.

Her answer was "Yes"—and headlines . . . new headlines that came less than a year after those famous ones that made THE MARY ASTOR DIARY DIVORCE household words everywhere.

(*Continued on page* 98)

Untold facts in the life of a woman "too beautiful" for her own happiness!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

Five grand comedians get the breaks this month—and prove they deserve them! Left, Montgomery, Crawford and Bill Powell in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney;" above, Lombard and MacMurray in "Swing High, Swing Low."

Movies of the Month

The reliable guide to the recent talkies, with one check (✓) for good ones, two checks (✓✓) for those that are outstanding

✓✓ Swing High, Swing Low (Paramount)

You'll See: *Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Charles Butterworth, Dorothy Lamour, Jean Dixon, Harvey Stevens, Franklyn Pangborn, Charles Arnt.*

It's About: *An entertainer who swings high in his work, forgets his "inspiration," swings low.*

Get your cheers polished up for this delightful film treat. It is romantic, dramatic, and packed with entertaining charm. Your money's worth, if you ever got it.

The story opens in Panama, where Carole Lombard falls in love with Fred MacMurray, a ne'er-do-well entertainer. Inspired by love, Fred becomes an outstanding success in his work. He gets the swellhead, and neglects the wife whose faith and aid started him up the ladder to fame. If you think you can imagine the results, don't try!

Carole and Fred come through with grand-slam performances. Carole, in her debut as a screen songstress, provides the month's outstanding cinema thrill with her song, "A Call to Arms," sung in Fred's embrace. Charles Butterworth and Jean Dixon supply good comedy support. Mitchell Leisen's direction is well-nigh perfect, and the photography grand.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means, see this.

✓✓ The Last of Mrs. Cheyney (M-G-M)

You'll See: *Joan Crawford, Bill Powell, Robert Montgomery, Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce, Jessie Ralph, Benita Hume, Ralph Forbes, Aileen Pringle.*

It's About: *A lady crook with a smooth tongue and a conscience.*

Once more the ultra-smart *Mrs. Cheyney* comes to the screen, this time with an emotional sincerity which belies the polished surface of the traditional character. You may find the endless conversation a little tiresome, the urbane response to excitement a little phoney; but on the whole it's amusing cinema.

Joan Crawford, as the brilliant woman thief, poses as a wealthy widow and is invited to an exclusive week-end party where she goes after the *Duchess'* pearls. This enterprise is complicated by the attentions of Frank Morgan, rich nobleman, and Robert Montgomery, accomplished rake. Joan falls in love with Montgomery and develops a distaste for her job, but reluctantly continues because of her loyalty to Bill Powell, her companion in crime. The denouement is set to polite dialogue which is good enough to justify its brassy tone.

Montgomery is ever the romantic gentleman whose finesse at love and back-chat is superb. Joan invests the adventuress role with an exciting quality and Bill Powell, in his almost-minor part, calmly steals every scene he is in. Frank Morgan, Nigel Bruce and others in the cast do well.

Your Reviewer Says: See it for a pleasant evening.

✓✓ When You're in Love (Columbia)

You'll See: *Grace Moore, Cary Grant, Aline MacMahon, Henry Stephenson, Thomas Mitchell, Catherine Doucet, Luis Alberni, Gerald Smith, Emma Dunn.*

It's About: *A trick marriage between an opera singer and an artist.*

What a merry, mad movie. The dialogue is sparkling. Scenes and situations are developed in a breezy, unique style. The photography is beautifully impressive. You'll love every bit of it, and come away singing the praises of author-producer-director Robert Riskin for giving you such a smash Grace Moore picture.

The story opens in Mexico, where Australian opera singer Grace Moore is trying to persuade the immigration authorities that she must re-enter the United States to sing in a music festival honoring her old voice teacher (Henry Stephenson). Marriage to an American citizen proves the only solution, so she hires a care-free artist (Cary Grant) to be her husband of convenience. In Manhattan, Grant woos his famous

Cary Grant and Grace Moore (above) are at their best in the enchanting "When You're in Love." And there's more merry, mad romance in "Love Is News," starring Tyrone Power, Loretta Young and Don Ameche (right).

bride. Complications, however, build to an exciting climax of thrilling romance and fun.

If you have enjoyed Grace Moore in the past, you'll love her here. Her work is lighter, happier and she was never in better voice. She sings "Minnie the Moocher," as well as a number of opera arias. Cary Grant does the best work of his consistently brilliant career. Every member of the supporting cast absorbs the jocular mood prevailing and turns in a finished performance.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means, take the family to this entertaining, melodious treat.

✓✓ Love Is News (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Loretta Young, Tyrone Power, Don Ameche, Slim Summerville, Dudley Digges, Walter Catlett, Pauline Moore, Jane Darwell, Stepin Fetchit.*

It's About: *A reporter and an heiress, both at war.*

Appealing directly to your sense of humor, this loud farce-drama rushes madly through absurd situation after impossible situation to leave you spent with laughter. Played with ingratiating insouciance by its principals, it is edited to a breathless pace and makes hilarious entertainment.

Heiress Loretta Young is tricked into an exclusive interview by Tyrone Power and, to thwart him, tells all the other papers she has accepted his proposal of marriage. Scooped on his own story, helplessly enraged at the set-up, he discovers what it is like to be famous and the target of publicity. In the end, of course, he falls in love with Loretta.

Loretta Young is incredibly beautiful. Don Ameche plays the explosive city editor and turns in a convincing, fast performance. Tyrone Power justifies his

(*Continued on page* 106)

A honey of a month, this, for your movie going, because there are two knockout musicals, a heart-tugging comedy-drama and a zippy romantic comedy. Even the also-rans are good this time. The musicals are "When You're in Love" and "Top of the Town," and you're merely cheating yourself if you miss either of them. The heart-tugger is "Swing High, Swing Low." Carole Lombard is terrific in this. The romantic comedy, "Love Is News," is a darb. Disappointment of the month, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," okay, but not so good as it should be.

Ruth Waterbury

PICTURES in the CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

Personal Property. Jean Harlow has had lots of fun making this picture of high society life (with Robert Taylor). It's comedy, and advance reports indicate she'll be swell!

Espionage. Edmund Lowe and Madge Evans have leads in this continental melodrama of intrigue.

PARAMOUNT

Murder Goes To College. This is a little mystery film whipped up for newspaper man Roscoe Karns and a college professor's daughter, Marsha Hunt. Lynne Overman, Astrid Allwyn and Larry Crabbe.

RKO-RADIO

The Woman I Love. This powerful story with war background was screened in France as "Escadrille," and the studio brought the director, Anton Litvak, to make the American version, starring Miriam Hopkins. Paul Muni has the male lead.

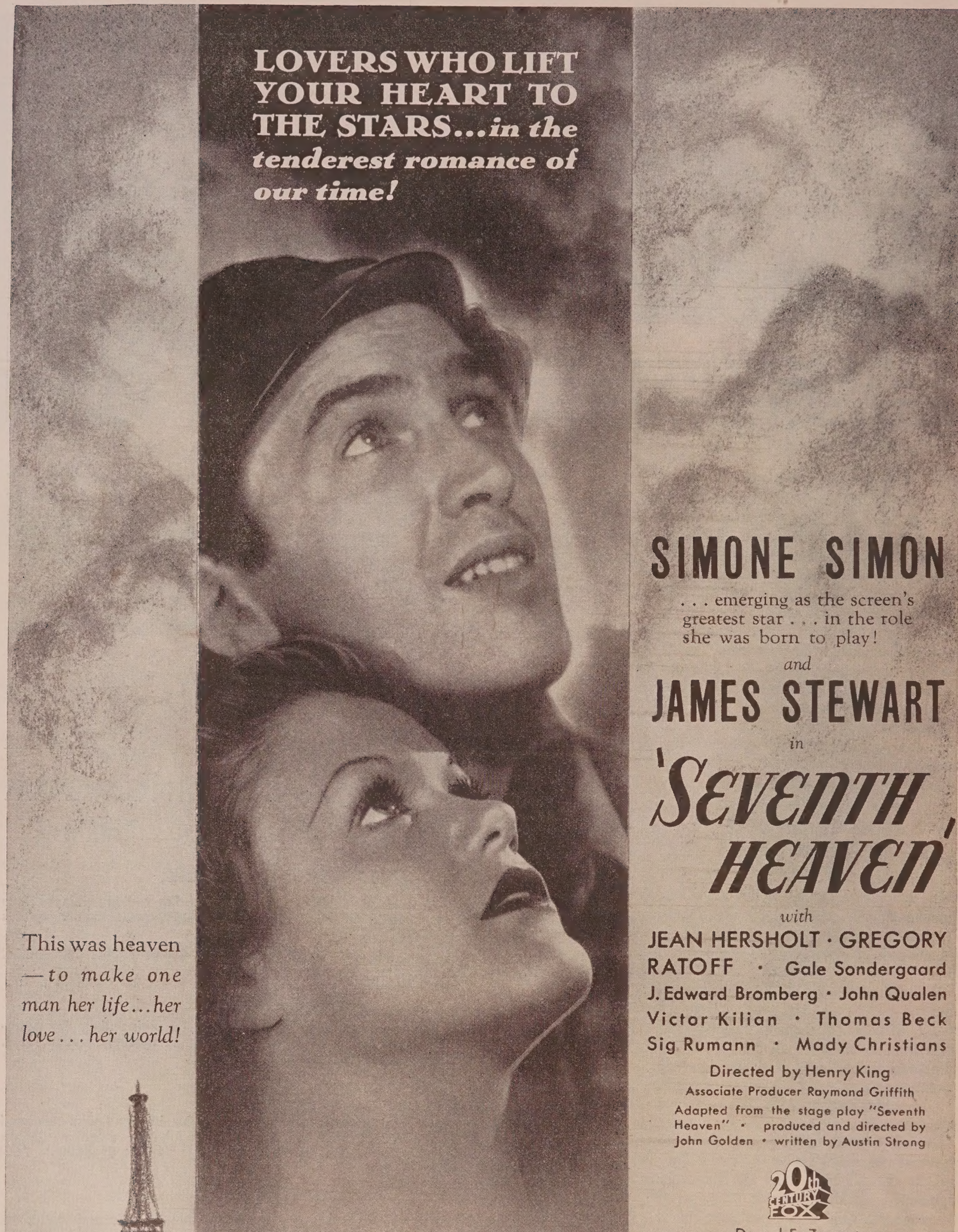
UNIVERSAL

When Love Is Young. Virginia Bruce was loaned for this picture about the "ugly duckling" who goes to New York and becomes a singer. Kent Taylor, Walter Brennan and Jean Rogers have supporting roles.

Person To Person Call. Gloria Stuart and Walter Pidgeon are the lovers in this adventure, the background of which is an orient-bound steamer.

WARNER BROTHERS

The Prince and The Pauper. Filled with pomp and Sixteenth Century ceremony, this famous Mark Twain tale brings Errol Flynn and the Mauch twins (Billy and Bobby) to collective stardom.



LOVERS WHO LIFT YOUR HEART TO THE STARS...*in the tenderest romance of our time!*

SIMONE SIMON

. . . emerging as the screen's
greatest star . . . in the role
she was born to play!

and

JAMES STEWART

in

'SEVENTH HEAVEN'

with

JEAN HERSHOLT · GREGORY RATOFF · Gale Sondergaard
J. Edward Bromberg · John Qualen
Victor Kilian · Thomas Beck
Sig Rumann · Mady Christians

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer Raymond Griffith
Adapted from the stage play "Seventh Heaven" · produced and directed by John Golden · written by Austin Strong

20th CENTURY FOX

Darryl F. Zanuck
in Charge of Production

This was heaven
—to make one
man her life...her
love... her world!

MOVIE MIRROR'S PERSONALITY PARADE

Dick Powell brings luck to charming newcomers at Warner's. Recently it was Jeanne Madden in "Stage Struck," and now it's Doris Weston, who gets the lead opposite him in "Singing Marine," her first film.

A new and glorious team, the King and Queen of Heartthrobs—together for the first time on the screen! Robert Taylor steps into the once-famous Robert Montgomery role, in "Personal Property" (once filmed as "The Man in Possession"). Fans can expect a new high in romance and comedy, with Jean Harlow and Taylor co-starred as the battling lovers. P.S. And the one-and-only W. S. Van Dyke is directing it!

While on this page we have a long-awaited reunion! Robert Montgomery returns to pictures in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—and challenges Robert Taylor's recent success as Joan Crawford's screen sweetheart. "Mrs. Cheyney," of course, is the role that Joan swapped with Myrna Loy when she left the "Parnell" cast and Myrna replaced her—or is this getting too complicated? (It caused many a Hollywood headache!)

That fighting Irishman, J. Cagney, in a characteristic moment. "Great Guy" was Jimmy's first picture under the Grand National contract which gives him final say on stories, casts, directors, time—everything, in fact. "Hot Oil" will probably be his next.

"The Woman's Touch" reunites Miriam Hopkins with starring partner Joel McCrea and good trouper Walter Brennan. After that, who knows? Maybe "Gone With the Wind"—at least, if Alabama has anything to do with the casting of that controversial film!

What's all this talk about love and romance, huh? Why, here's one of the grandest combinations you could wish —Victor McLaglen and Shirley Temple in "Wee Willie Winkie," film version of Kipling's famous child story. The uniform is that of the Seventh Highlanders stationed in India, in 1897.

If you don't believe that the picture "team" is here to stay, just take a look at these old favorites of not so long ago, reunited in Universal's "We Have Our Moments." Yes, indeed, it's Sally Eilers and Jimmy Dunn (and who doesn't remember them in "Bad Girl"?)—together again, by popular demand.

SIX years ago when I went to interview him I had never met Gary Cooper. I was ushered into his dressing room by one of the publicity department. There was no sign of Mr. Cooper. "Confound that guy," muttered my guide. "He's always taking a run-out powder. He's probably decided he doesn't want to be interviewed, or else he's forgotten it."

Just then there was a muffled sound from the rear of the suite and a voice said, "Be with you in a minute."

"Here is Dick Mook," shouted the publicist to the invisible voice, "waiting for you." He turned to me, "I've got to go now. You'll be all right."

I thumbed through magazines for about fifteen minutes. Suddenly a voice at my elbow demanded, "What kind of razor do you use?"

I glanced up and there stood Gary. At the moment he was *not* a figure to cause the hearts of a palpitant female populace to race and flutter. Upstairs he had on only a tired old undershirt. One side of his face was lathered. The other side had been shaved. His hair was mussed, too. In his hand he grasped a safety razor which he shook at me to emphasize the importance of his question. Some of the lather and whiskers flew off onto my new suit.

"I—er—I use a straight edge razor," I gasped when I recovered from my astonishment.

He digested this momentous bit of news for a moment. "I wish I could, too," he muttered. Then, without another word, he returned to the bathroom and finished his ablutions. After that, he put on a shirt, combed his hair, came in and sat down with me.

I had gone there prepared to thoroughly dislike the man. It was before he was married and I didn't at all care for the publicity that had been going the rounds about him. I thought it in bad taste, cheap and common. I'm not a particularly discerning person but five minutes' conversation with Gary could not have failed to convince a moron that that publicity was even less to *his* liking than mine.

On December 15, 1933, he married Sandra Balfe in New York. Since then there has been absolutely nothing printed of Gary's private life. He and his wife have conducted themselves in a manner that has not only compelled the respect of the entire film colony but which has buried Gary's past romances as completely as though they had never been.

We chatted for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes. When I left I was as firm an admirer of his as any member of his fan clubs.

"Come over and have lunch with me next week—any day," he said as we shook hands at parting, and added, "I mean it."

I wished he hadn't said that. It was the only thing about him that smacked of Hollywood. Later on I mentioned something of the sort to a friend of his in describing the meeting. "The only difference between his invitation and those other Hollywood invitations you receive," retorted the friend, "is that Gary *did* mean it."

The next couple of years were punctuated by occasional chance meetings on sets when he'd give me a quick, friendly nod.

I had never availed myself of his invitation nor had there been any further conversation between us. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Dick and Joby Arlen took me out to his

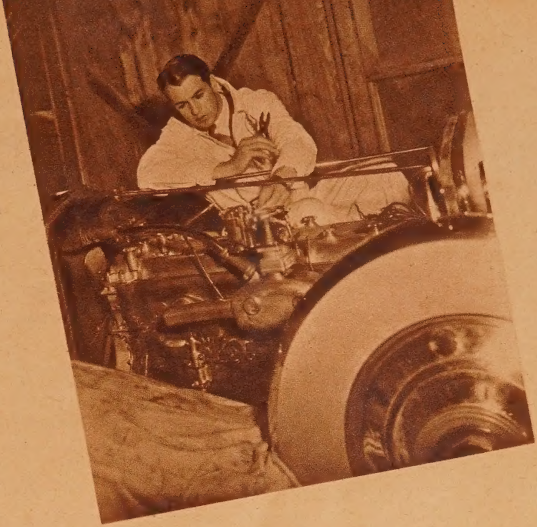
Throughout the years, Gary's kept the same friends. On the opposite page — with Dolores Del Rio Gibbons, Sandra Shaw Cooper, and Cedric Gibbons.

Fame

ranch. A week later he, Dick, Jack Oakie and I left for a cruise on Dick's yacht. We were thrown together constantly for ten days. When you're with a man twenty-four hours a day for that long you get to know him pretty well.

IN THE years that have elapsed since that cruise I have come to know Gary better and better. He isn't a person who indulges in chance friendships. You might meet him a hundred times without ever getting close to him. I don't know that he, himself, is conscious of doing it; but he weighs people, mentally, until he is sure there is at least one common bond of interest between them before he permits himself to become really friendly with them.

Once that friendship is established, however, it is rare that anything disrupts it. Friendship with him isn't the sort that is dependent upon frequent meetings for life. You may not see Gary for six months or a year. When you do, the friendship is taken up where it left off. There is no time lost in getting back to the old status; no fencing around to see if either of you has changed, if it is safe to trust each other with confidences. You could be trusted once, therefore you are to be trusted again.



He has never lost his passion for high-powered automobiles, either, and he still loves to tinker around with an engine.

I should say his most characteristic trait is his speech. He talks as laconically off screen as on. I know of no one who uses words as sparingly as he. He uses them as though he had only a limited number to serve him the rest of his life and he has to make them last as long as possible. Yet this monosyllabic quality of his has no relationship to taciturnity.

On the cruise we used to lie for hours, stretched out in the sun on the deck, without a word passing between us. But there was never any feeling of strain or restraint during the silences. He is one of the few people I know with whom one can be silent and still be at ease. There is something about him that makes you feel he is paying you a compliment when he feels he knows you well enough not to try to force conversation. When he does speak, he says something. If he tells a joke or pulls a wisecrack, it is done with a minimum expenditure

(*Continued on page 77*)

He's still the same likable chap, but what is he really like? One of his best friends gives the lowdown

By DICK MOOK

DOESN'T CHANGE GARY COOPER

AN UNKNOWN CHAPTER in Eleanor Powell's Life

WHEN you go back into the early lives of the greatest screen stars you will discover that often they have been deeply "influenced" by others. Almost invariably some outside person has pointed out the path to fame and greatness. Talented, ambitious, vivid as those marked for stardom are, they yet seem to need some courier to blaze the bright trail.

Janet Gaynor would not have reigned for more than ten years as the box office queen of Hollywood had it not been for her stepfather, fondly called "Jonesy"—a man who believed in her ability and, until the day of his death, encouraged her, whipped her into a frenzy of ambition, comforted her when she needed that, shamed her when ambition lagged.

Perhaps there might have been no glamorous, exciting star named Joan Crawford had it not been for the president of Stevens College whose kindly words and kindlier deeds showed Lucille Cassin how to discover herself.

These stories have been written, but there is one you do not know. It is the story of Eleanor Powell and Ralph MacKernan.

Eleanor is famous. Unless you have lived in Springfield, Massachusetts, you've probably never heard of Ralph MacKernan. Yet without him Eleanor Powell, as you know her today, could not have been.

Ralph MacKernan was a strange bird in a strange tree. He had married a Springfield girl, else he would never have been in that circumscribed little New England town. His life rightly belonged to the pre-war capitals of Europe, where dancers were court favorites.

Ralph had studied with the great Mordkin. The ideals, the aims, the abstract beauties of the ballet were deep-rooted in Ralph's soul. Mordkin (and Ralph) believed that no physical accomplishment was greater than doing more pirouettes in succession than anyone had ever done before.

Although Ralph had achieved some scant success in the ballet he lacked either the divine urge or the divine opportunity, for he did not, himself, achieve greatness.

Whatever the reason, he married a New England girl and "settled down"—or so he said—in Springfield, where he devoted the rest of his life to pounding ballet routines into the reluctant brains and more reluctant bodies of the awkward kids whose mothers thought they should dance. Yet Ralph could not completely conform. The desire to touch beauty burned in him. Memories of his thwarted ambitions were bitter gall.

When he walked down the street amazed eyes stared after him. He looked, as Eleanor Powell describes him now, like Alfred Lunt. He wore dramatic flashy clothes, always with a bright scarf knotted at his throat. Others walked. He strode, the violence of his movements a futile defiance of Springfield convention. Everyone said he was "very strange." That was probably what he wanted them to say.

No one understood Ralph MacKernan. Even his own children thought it "funny" that Papa should be a dancer. Nobody else's papa was a dancer. So Ralph bitterly abused the fate that had kept him from self expression in the greatest ballets. His talent, he felt, was wasted.

But he was wrong, for while he was bemoaning his life a little girl in the same town was being brought in to see her mother's friends, a little girl so shy that she hid behind the sofa and cried when a kind lady smiled at her. The child succeeded in embarrassing her parent so thoroughly that the poor mother herself was left in a state of tears.

"But why, Eleanor? Why did you do it?" the mother asked. "What will people think?"

Eleanor could not answer. All she knew was that when she was brought in to speak to her mother's guests a huge lump rose in her throat for the sole purpose of choking her. Her palms grew moist and tears filled her eyes. The only escape in that cluttered New England living room was seclusion behind the sofa. And to this retreat Eleanor Powell resorted.

At last one of the visitors, watching Eleanor's torture and dismay, turned to Mrs. Powell and said, "Why don't you send her to dancing school? It might cure her of her shyness, give her some assurance."

And so Eleanor, long legged, awkward as the rest of the kids in the dancing school, shy beyond all description, was finally dragged to the studio and shoved before Ralph MacKernan.

He looked at her. Another brat with no sense of time and rhythm. Another little girl to stumble over her feet and giggle like an imbecile. Ralph sighed.

What he did not realize immediately, with Mrs. Powell eyeing him suspiciously as everyone else did, was that Eleanor had a retreat other than the corner behind the sofa. Alone she had always danced to the sound of the scratchy gramophone, ever since she could remember. Dancing was her escape from the realities of her young life. When she became a part of the tempo of the music, when her feet, her arms, her spirit responded to that stimulus she was caught up in an ecstasy that blotted out consciousness of everything else. She was, for those long moments, music and rhythm.

But this, since she was so inarticulate, she could not explain to anyone—least of all to the strange looking man in the bright neckerchief. Then he asked Eleanor to dance. The tiny piano struck up a *pizzicato* and the child lost herself in dancing as she always did.

Ralph had been lounging by the piano only half watching, but suddenly he straightened. Suddenly he cried out, "This is it!" And impetuously he rushed to Mrs. Powell.

"This child has everything a dancer needs. She must go on and on and climb to the top. She will be one of the great ones. But a career means sacrifice. It takes money, Mrs. Powell. Do you think you have the courage to see her through?"

Eleanor danced and Mrs. Powell had the courage to see her through. She and her husband had been separated since Eleanor was two years old, so the entire family burden was Mrs. Powell's. Dancing lessons were expensive. The mother worked at anything she could find to do. She was a waitress in a restaurant once, a linotype operator, bookkeeper in a bank. If she lost her job she was terrified—it might mean that Eleanor would have to stop her lessons—and she had to get another job, anything she could find, no matter how cruel the work, at once.

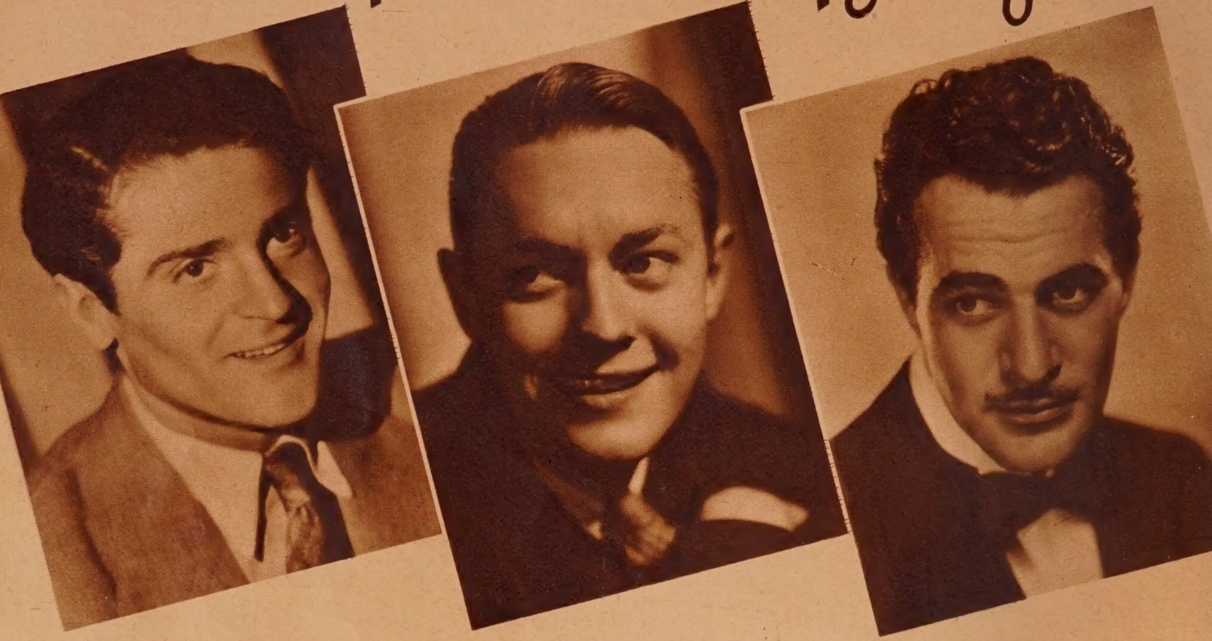
But the lessons were wonderful. Ralph neglected his other pupils to concentrate on Eleanor. Because here, away off here in Springfield, was a real (*Continued on page* 112)

We might never have seen her on the screen if it hadn't been for the faith of that first teacher and her mother (above). Right, as she looked then.

There's a story of someone's devotion and sacrifice behind any great success, This is Eleanor's!

By KATHERINE ALBERT

Psychoanalyzing



Filmland can boast of many eligible young men—handsome, talented and wealthy—such as these! Left to right, Francis Lederer, Dick Cromwell, Gilbert Roland, Nelson Eddy, Doug Montgomery, Nino Martini. But why have they never married?

WILL Robert Taylor marry in 1937? Will he take for his bride the lovely Barbara Stanwyck, as has often been rumored but never confirmed? Or will he permanently join the magic bachelor circle of Hollywood and continue to keep the feminine hearts of America in a flutter?

The dashing Bob won't commit himself. Most probably he doesn't know. He is young enough to be swept off his feet and end in a romantic midnight elopement to Yuma.

And if he does, perhaps others of the screen's determined celibates will break down their defenses against Dan Cupid and the campaign of lovely ladies in search of a husband.

Last year there were three major casualties among the screen star bachelors, Fred MacMurray, Randolph Scott and Jack Oakie. Fred's marriage was not unexpected, for he and his charming bride had contemplated a walk up the aisle for many months. But Jack's and Randy's surprise weddings startled everyone. Both were what the boys called confirmed bachelors. Jack's engagement to one lovely star after another was rumored for years, but always Jack would smile at interviewers and say that marriage was not for him. Randy never became seriously entangled at all so the announcement that he had been married for months to Mariona DuPont Somerville was all the more startling.

But it just goes to prove that the most ardent bachelor *is* vulnerable and *can* be caught! That's why Hollywood is sitting up and taking notice of its remaining young eligibles, Robert Taylor in particular, Francis Lederer, Gene Raymond, James Dunn, Nelson Eddy among others—and wondering just who will be the next altar-bound victim.

Yet is a young man, even a handsome screen hero, with matrimonial intentions on his mind, a victim? The real question at hand is why have these dashing male stars been dodging love and the responsibilities of marriage? Economically they can well afford a series of wives, yet they only play at romance and continue to escape wedlock. And why? Because we think they are evading, for the same reason that you and I evade. Because they are *afraid!* Of jealous wives? Of losing popularity? Of the alimony racket? No! Of *love!*

Now there must be a reason for this fear, so let's study the Hollywood bachelor, and all bachelors for that matter, in the terms of modern psychiatry.

According to Dr. Alfred Adler, the eminent Viennese psychiatrist, the average actor is a romantic idealist and suffers from a nervous disturbance which is termed "emotional infantilism." According to the laws of psychology he is a successful actor because, like a child, he is able to run the gamut of his emotions and display them at will. It is only after we have matured emotionally that we have our feelings under definite control. Otherwise we should all have the divine spark, with its attending childish tantrums and fits of adolescent temperament.

Dolores Costello complained bitterly of this in her divorce action against John Barrymore, a truly great artist, but looked upon by his intimates as just a boy. Now a woman with a strong maternal instinct, which may have been thwarted, might make a success of such a marriage by

The Hollywood Bachelor

By GRETCHEN COLNIK

Don't take a man's word for it, when he tells why he's single. He's probably wrong!

babying the man and giving in to his whims much as mothers pamper their three-year-olds. But a woman who wants to be truly feminine and dominated by her husband will resent emotional immaturity and the marriage frequently ends in divorce.

Robert Montgomery has popularized this type of man on the screen, although his own marriage is a most happy one. He is invariably cast as the gay deceiver—a charming, irresponsible lover who leaves the bride at the altar, or a dashing, dissolute husband who philanders on the side. The screen ladies always adore him, but leave him, as do indeed the women in real life leave the men who are poor lovers. In fact, statistics prove that nine out of ten divorces granted in this country are due to the lack of love technique on the part of the American husband. And it's all because of his emotional immaturity, according to the psychiatrists.

Let's take a look at some of Hollywood's eligible young bachelors and ask them why they haven't married.

Ramon Novarro, probably the most romantic actor on the screen, has spent the last fifteen years dodging the altar. He is the pillar of strength for all the bachelor brothers to lean upon in moments of weakness. Yet he claims that he has been looking all this time for a quiet, home-loving girl. But psychologists interpret this as the dominating male in search of an inferior mate.

Nino Martini is also looking for his dream girl. And she too must be able to keep the home fires burning.

Gene Raymond, like Robert Taylor, has proved himself the most vulnerable, because he is still in his twenties and has now announced his engagement to Jeanette MacDonald.

James Dunn is without doubt the most elusive of all the picture heroes. He's been loving 'em and leaving 'em for years. And because psychiatrists frown upon the fickle mate as a good husband, perhaps Jimmie is much safer giving all the gals a rush.

Gilbert Roland has also played safe for many years by choosing married women as his friends. We don't need a doctor to tell us this is a definite evasion. For a long time he was the constant companion of Norman Talmadge, but since her marriage he has been beauing Constance Bennett around in the absence of her titled husband.

Francis Lederer has often been rumored as engaged, but he never makes any formal announcements. Like Novarro and Martini, he likes the old-fashioned girl who doesn't smoke, drink, or use lipstick.

Richard Cromwell is one of the younger eligibles, but he admits he is shy with women. Yet a psychologist would tell him that as soon as this adolescent diffidence is overcome through a closer companionship with the fair sex, he will be ready for marriage. On the other hand, Douglass Montgomery admits he doesn't care much for girls. He isn't the fickle type and when a woman appeals to him he enjoys her companionship, which is, of course, the ideal basis for marriage.

It was recently pointed out in a marriage consultation clinic that the reason so many Hollywood romances go to pot is because the majority of American movie stars are victims of romantic infantilism. Dr. Adler coined the word romanticism to best describe the (*Continued on page* 83)

Nine dangerous accidents—count 'em! But Ann just laughs at her scars and says: "I'm practically the original battlefield of Gettysburg!"

Ann Sothern's

By SHEILA WORTH

IT does not seem possible it all could have happened to one girl and she live to tell about it. But here she is, Ann Sothern, a living proof!

I found out about her nine miraculous escapes from death, to say nothing of a number of shaves too close for comfort, quite by happenstance; there's nothing of the neurotic or hypochondriac about the new Mrs. Roger Pryor. In fact, she hadn't realized there had been quite so many of her accidents until we started ticking them off one by one.

We were sitting in her attractive dressing room, all newly redecorated in a soothing shade of blue, between shots of "The Smartest Girl in Town" at RKO where she is under contract. We were lunching—at least she called the one lone lamb chop on a big plate her lunch—and she was charmingly *deshabille* in a filmy white negligee. One bare knee peeped out and on that knee was a long white scar. I mentioned quite a nasty cut must have caused it.

"What, that one?" she laughed, running her finger tip over it. "That's nothing! Look at this one." She slipped the negligee from her shoulder and displayed another, a larger one under her arm. Then lifted her other elbow so another might show. Then poked out her other leg to reveal still another.

"And those aren't all of them, either," she said, a note approaching triumph in her voice. "I've got a little one here on my upper lip, another on my back, and another on my—well, see for yourself. I'm practically the original battlefield of Gettysburg!"

She was only three when the first accident occurred. That was the one responsible for the tiny scar on her upper lip; it's barely discernible to the eye now, and studio make-up fortunately covers it. She was Harriette Lake then, a toddling, mischievous child having a grand time on a visit to her paternal grandparents, the Frank Lakes, while her mother, the noted concert singer, Annette Yde, was on tour.

The place was Sioux City, Iowa.

"As in most cities of that size, the cellar stairs were steep and not very well lighted," Ann recounted. "I had been told, of course, to keep away from them."

But telling Ann to keep away from anything—and that goes for now as well as twenty-odd years ago—is about the best guarantee you can give yourself that she'll get into it. It is nothing less than sure-fire. And so down the steep, dark steps she started. She negotiated two or three with success and then boom! Down she tumbled the entire flight, landing on her curly, blonde head. When a terrified grandmother picked her up, unconscious, blood was flowing freely from a wide gash.

The hastily summoned doctor took six stitches and Ann was put to bed. Two weeks later she was again risking her neck on the selfsame stairs!

Next came the knee scar. She was five then and at home in Minneapolis with her mother and father, Walter Lake.

"Mother sent me to the corner store for a bottle of milk," Ann related. "I had the empty quart bottle in my hands to exchange for the full one. Either I was not watching what I was doing or else I just plain fell down, which I've been doing all my life. Anyway, down went the bottle with me on top of it."

It required sixteen stitches and a long fight against blood poisoning to clear up that mishap. For many weeks it looked as though she would lose the fight, so quickly and thoroughly had the dye from the long black cotton stockings children wore then seeped into the open wound.

Most of the worst scars came from her next brush with death, Ann said. And from it too came her present dread of fire, a dread that paralyzes her with fear every time she so much as hears a fire siren today.

"I was about six by this time and was visiting my maternal grandmother Nelson in Minneapolis," she narrated. "It was a hot August night and I had been put to bed early as usual by Mother. About eight or nine o'clock I got restless and decided to prowl about a bit. I got as far as the dining room and there on the

(*Continued on page 87*)

MIRACULOUS ESCAPES FROM Death

The healthy-looking heroine of "Fifty Roads to Town," opposite Don Ameche, can tell you some hair-raising tales!

WHY ALL HOLLYWOOD Adores CLARK GABLE

By SARA HAMILTON

THE newsboy at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios stood beside his magazine stand grinning widely. "Better get a *Liberty* this week, Miss Harlow," he said. "Got a story in it about the greatest guy in Hollywood."

"Really?" said Jean, reaching for the magazine. "And who is the greatest guy in Hollywood?"

"Aw, gee, Clark Gable is. Everybody knows that."

The newsboy didn't exaggerate. Gable is the great guy of the movies. And every man, woman, and yes, child in the movie village has his own pet reason for thinking so.

Great stars are usually targets of envy, jealousy, whispers and scandals. Great stars are seldom people. They daren't be. And yet, after five years of Hollywood stardom, Gable stands before us today more loved by every worker in the industry than when he was in his humble Hollywood beginning, a spear carrier in the back row of extras.

His has been the acclaim that has gone to very few stars. The acclaim that once was Bushman's. The hysterical approval that was showered on the handsome

You can learn a lot from this extraordinary star, for the special qualities

Valentino, and the tremendous popularity accorded the late Jack Gilbert.

Gable has had all that, and more. Yet, after five years of it he has emerged more a man than any great movie star of the cinematic past.

Why? That's what I made up my mind to find out. It isn't as though Clark were any plaster saint.

He is quite capable of the most childlike antics of misbehavior. He has been known to brood in sulky silence when hurt or unhappy. Glaring nastily at one and all. He can and has spoken his mind to the right people at the wrong time. He has even cussed out the wrong people at the right time. There is nothing wishy-washy or goody-goody about the man Gable.

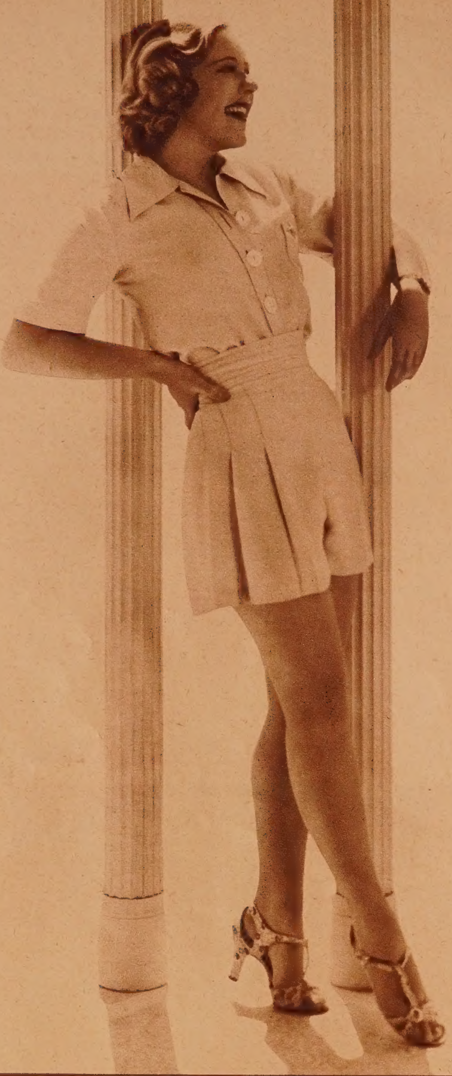
But there is this about him. He has remained a truly simple person under circumstances that have turned the heads of nine out of ten men anywhere.

Measure them side by side, the spear-carrying extra and the present screen hero, and you won't find a fraction of an inch difference. Except that the Gable of today is a shade more kindly and perhaps several shades simpler than the man of yesterday.

I sought out the people who *(Continued on page 93)*

It looks like a jigsaw puzzle—but when you put the pieces together, with the clues in this grand story, you'll have a perfect picture of "the greatest guy in Hollywood."

that endear him to his friends would make anyone popular anywhere on earth



Sonja Henie—and Family

By DORA ALBERT

An interview in which Papa Henie steals the spotlight from Sonja, in between bites of Swedish food

MAYBE you haven't seen Sonja Henie in pictures. But you will. When you go to see "One in a Million" you may think you're going to see Arline Judge, Adolphe Menjou, Don Ameche, Ned Sparks and the Ritz Brothers, but you'll go away raving about Sonja Henie—about her smile, the dimple in her cheek, and, above all, her skating, which is poetry in motion. She waltzes, she tangoes, she rhumbas—all on ice. She's dynamite on ice skates.

Off the screen she's just as cute. She has golden hair, richer in color than ripe wheat, and dark brown eyes.

Her name is pronounced Sunya Henny (Walter Winchell says you pronounce it "such a honey").

Her press agent and I taxied over to the Hotel Waldorf in New York where Sonja was staying and waited in Peacock Alley. "She'll have to pass here, on her way down from the elevators," said the p. a. "I told her to meet us in the main lobby, but it's so crowded I think it will be better to wait here."

About ten minutes passed, and Sonja didn't appear. We peered into the main lobby, and practically bumped into Sonja. "Oh, there you are," she said breathlessly, "I have been looking all over for you.

"Where shall we have lunch?" she asked. "I was thinking of eating at the Waldorf. But papa says I can eat here, but he will go out and have some real Swedish food. Do you like Swedish food?"

"Yes," said the p. a.

"Yes," said I. I was thinking it would be fun to interview a Norwegian star in a Swedish restaurant. Catching her in her native haunts, so to speak.

From somewhere in the lobby Wilhelm Henie and Mrs. Henie emerged. He is fat—not corpulent or stout—but fat; he beams all over, and he looks like a combination of W. C. Fields and Papa Katzenjammer. "I am Wilhelm Henie, the father of Sonja," he said in a ringing voice.

We made a formidable procession as we hailed a taxi—Mama Henie, a quiet, retiring woman with brown eyes like Sonja's, Papa Henie, Sonja, the press agent and I. I got a seat right next to Papa Henie. That was all right with me, for while Sonja has a two million volt personality, Papa Henie is lots of fun.

Right away he began to make conversation. "My wife and I are going to stay with Sonja in Hollywood," he said. "I came from Norway just for a visit and left our son Lief to take care of our fur business. But when I say that I will go back to Norway, my wife she cry and cry—so I am going to stay.

"The weather in New York is very warm now, isn't it? When we left Norway it was warm, too, and Christmas time I got a letter from Lief, saying that it is warm and foggy in Norway, too. That is funny, isn't it? Always in Norway at this time it is very cold."

The taxi drew up in front of the Kungsholm Restaurant, and an obsequious waiter found a table for us. Two or three waiters gathered about the table, and bowed and scraped and chattered in Norwegian. They had recognized Sonja, and they would be so happy if she would only autograph their menus for them. Sonja took their menus, and autographed them all in her clear, precise handwritting. The waiters bowed and scraped and nodded some more.

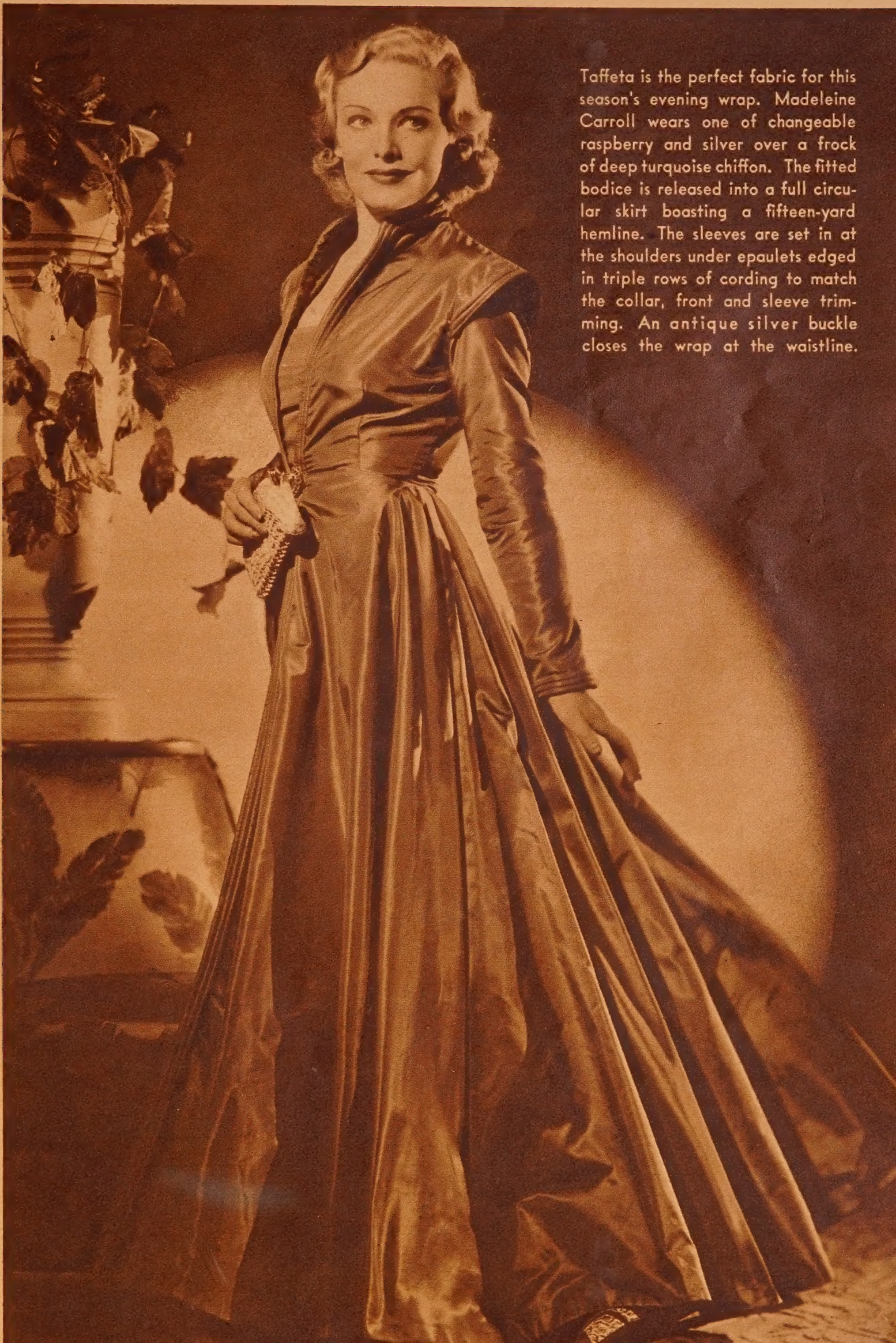
The press agent seated me next to Sonja. "You know about smorgasbord, don't you?" Sonja asked me. "You go to the table in the next room, and help yourself to as many different relishes as you want. I usually go round the table three times and then walk away with only a tomato."

Now our procession filed around the table. Sonja and her mother took very little. "I always make a pig of myself," said the p. a., as she put a delicious slice of meat on her plate. But Papa Henie and I took the most.

We all sat down at the table. Papa Henie took his napkin and tucked it under his chin, so that it covered his ample waist. Then he set to work. (*Continued on page 72*)

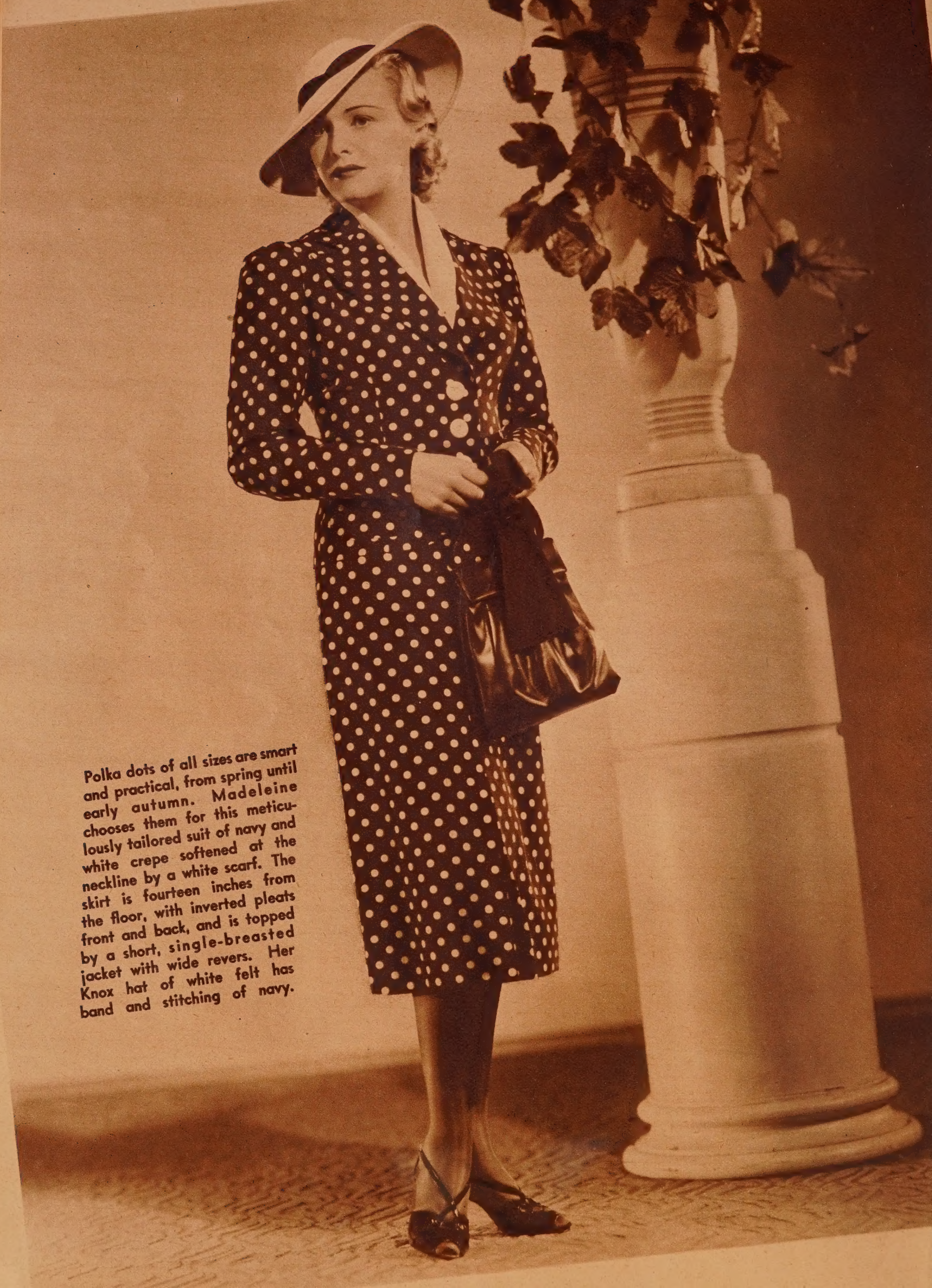
Star Fashions

By GWENN WALTERS

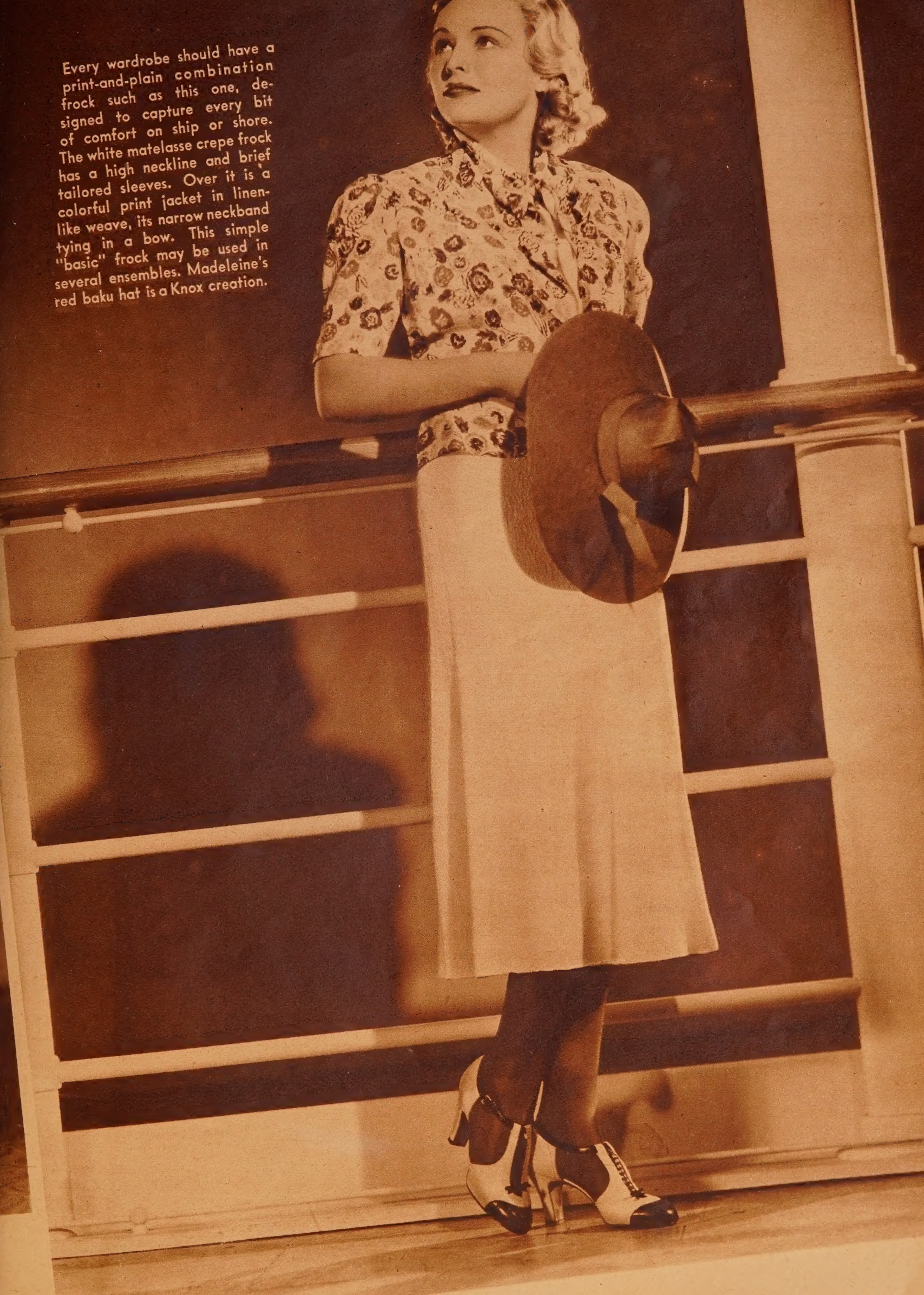


Taffeta is the perfect fabric for this season's evening wrap. Madeleine Carroll wears one of changeable raspberry and silver over a frock of deep turquoise chiffon. The fitted bodice is released into a full circular skirt boasting a fifteen-yard hemline. The sleeves are set in at the shoulders under epaulets edged in triple rows of cording to match the collar, front and sleeve trimming. An antique silver buckle closes the wrap at the waistline.

GOWNS—
WRAPS
MARGARET
L. SMITH
Los Angeles



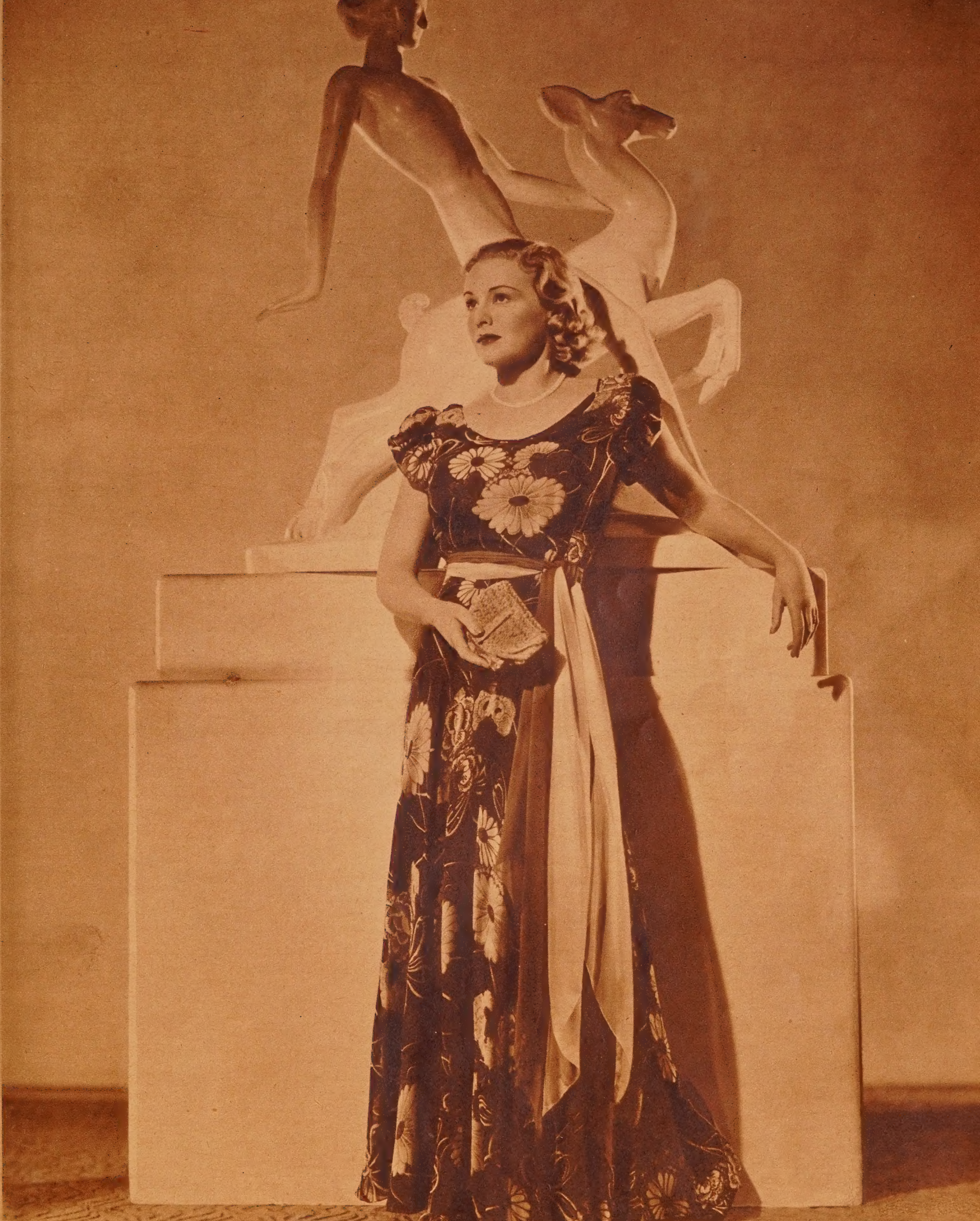
Polka dots of all sizes are smart and practical, from spring until early autumn. Madeleine chooses them for this meticulously tailored suit of navy and white crepe softened at the neckline by a white scarf. The skirt is fourteen inches from the floor, with inverted pleats front and back, and is topped by a short, single-breasted jacket with wide revers. Her Knox hat of white felt has band and stitching of navy.



Every wardrobe should have a print-and-plain combination frock such as this one, designed to capture every bit of comfort on ship or shore. The white matelasse crepe frock has a high neckline and brief tailored sleeves. Over it is a colorful print jacket in linen-like weave, its narrow neckband tying in a bow. This simple "basic" frock may be used in several ensembles. Madeleine's red baku hat is a Knox creation.

Black ground prints splashed with vivid colors will be smart all season for daytime and informal evenings. Red, royal blue, yellow and green fashion tiny figures, houses and trees on this two-piece crepe frock with self-fabric belt, corded neck trimming and short sleeves. With it, Madeleine wears a shallow-crowned black straw hat with rolled brim, white flower and wide mesh veil. Black accessories (they'll be an important note for summer wear) complete her costume.

Swirling chiffon, fluttering with a rhythm of its own, is fashion's favorite for evening. Large daisies in white, yellow and green distinguish Madeleine's black chiffon gown, on the opposite page. The piquant sleeves (sleeves are so important for evening now) are softly shirred into the armhole. The soft crush girdle combines yellow and green chiffon. "Castles in Spain" will be Madeleine's next Walter Wanger picture.



Advance fashion hints will help you adapt last year's wardrobe to the new season. If you'd like to know the tricks of the stars, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Gwenn Walters, MOVIE MIRROR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

"When I

WHAT would you do if you suddenly came into money? What is the first grand gesture you would make? What would you buy? How would you change your life?

Hollywood is the Cinderella story made real, and its boys and girls are still young enough to remember what it was like to be poor and suddenly become rich. Certainly that is one of the most exciting experiences that can befall an individual. Just think about it for a minute. To be poor and suddenly become rich. What *would* you do?

While talking to various Hollywood folk about the things they did when they made their first big money I was fascinated watching their eyes as they recalled such moments, moments which will never come again. For no matter how rich you become, no matter how much money you make later, it is the first grand gesture which thrills you most.

In order to understand what Joan Crawford did you must visualize her not as the glamorous Mrs. Franchot Tone of today but as a forlorn little kid standing outside the M-G-M studios in Culver City wondering how in the world she was going to get back to Hollywood.

The bus left at six. And often Joan, the stock actress who dared not complain of long hours, worked until eight or nine at night. After six she thought not nearly so much of the scenes she was playing as "How am I going to get back home?"

There was nothing for her to do but hitch-hike. And the picture of Joan using the well known thumb method to get to town is one I shall carry with me always.

Then came her first important money, her contract renewed at a sizable increase in salary. She had a few debts to clear up but there was a nice chunk left. Like a king's favorite she walked into a salesroom and paid cash for a Ford—her first car.

It was second-hand and a bit scarred but it got her back to Hollywood in quick time and what a fine feeling of property and possession it gave her. And she says—as everyone who has had a similar experience says—that the most lavish limousine will never mean as much to her as that first car of her own, the little old Ford.

Barbara Stanwyck's grand gesture was also born of a

Babs Stanwyck (below, with Bob Taylor) has many luxurious furs today, but once upon a time . . .! There's an amusing story behind Bette Davis' and Harmon Nelson's inexpensive little car (at right).

The stars had their daydreams, too, about what big money—and this is what they actually did

Get Rich--"

dream, the dream of elegance and luxury and beauty. You know her tragic story—Brooklyn born, the daughter of a day laborer, funny little Ruby Stevens who played around the docks all day.

Her future did not look promising but Ruby dreamed of greatness and her dream came true. She had many struggles but eventually she was given a role in "Burlesque" and established as a coming star.

There were hundreds of things she wanted to buy with her first big money, things for herself as well as for others, but above all else she wanted to taste elegance, success and gracious living. And the thing which symbolized all that to her was a mink coat.

She thought she had no right to buy it. She should save her money. Maybe this success was just a fluke and wouldn't last. But she was impelled to go into a fur store.

Over and over she said to herself, "It is wicked to spend so much money on just a luxury when there are people in the world who are starving. But I don't care. I'm going to indulge myself this once. I'm making myself a present. Here, Ruby Stevens, is your reward for hard work."

With fear and trembling and pride she picked out a mink coat.

"I can never tell you how thrilled with it I was," she said to me in her luxurious living room. "I know it's pretty silly now, but then that coat was a shining symbol of everything the world had to offer, the end of the lean years. It represented something sacred to me. I loved it so I honestly think I slept in it."

When it began to show unmistakable signs of wear Barbara had it made into a short jacket. When that started to go she had a collar, cuff and muff set made. She still has that set. There are other mink coats in her wardrobe now and an ermine, too, not to mention (*Continued on page* 91)

Olivia de Havilland (below) has an unusual way of indulging her pet expensive hobby. Joan Crawford's first extravagance seems rather pathetic nowadays, and Jimmy Stewart's seems slightly humorous—but nothing was ever appreciated more.

they'd like to do with their first

By MARJORIE HAYNES

Baby Breadwinner

Little Virginia Weidler earns a living for eight people, but she's just the fun-loving "baby" of the family, for all that

By KAY PROCTOR

HOLLYWOOD has many untold stories. This is such a one of a pig-tailed little girl and great gallantry. It came to light quite by accident.

I was visiting on the "Maid of Salem" set at Paramount. Director Frank Lloyd came up holding Virginia Weidler by the hand.

"I want you to meet my favorite actress," he said. "Virginia has less temperament in her whole body than most stars have in their little fingers."

Virginia smiled gravely and then said with that sudden, disconcerting honesty of children, "I *have* to be nice!"

"Do you?" I asked. "Why?"

"Because of my family," came the scant explanation.

Instinctively one thinks of families in connection with little girls eight years old. But families in a protective sense. Mothers and fathers who look after them, care for them, love them and provide for them. Nothing, certainly, that has anything to do with responsibility.

But after Virginia had skipped away to do her next scene, I learned what she meant by those cryptic words "Because of my family." For that tiny mite of eight, only forty-nine inches tall and weighing fifty-three pounds, is *the sole breadwinner for eight persons!* Her earnings alone put food in their mouths and a roof over their heads, and Virginia knows it. She has known it for three long years.

How did it all happen? It is another story born of the depression and bad luck, but a story, too, of a father, an artist who could not stand up against the pounding life was giving him and took the easiest way out—desertion.

The story begins in wartime Germany in 1917 when Margaret Radon, a noted concert singer, married Alfred Weidler, one time city architect for the German city of Hamburg. They prospered in the six years following their marriage, lived in a big home, were waited upon by three servants, and bore three children. Then the value of the mark dropped so low, the family emigrated to America, settling in Hollywood at the suggestion of Jacques Peters, the architect, who built the famed Bullocks-Wilshire store.

For a time all went well, and three more children were born to them, the last of whom was Virginia, who arrived March 21, 1927. Then came the world wide economic chaos. Architects were among the first to suffer its effects, for building came practically to a standstill. From the spacious homes to which they had been accustomed, the Weidlers finally found themselves living in the upstairs of a shabby rambling place in Eagle Rock a suburb of Hollywood. The quarters downstairs Weidler used as a studio. They had almost no money.

It was at this precarious time that Mrs. Weidler first brought her children, one by one, to the studios in the hope of obtaining screen work for them. It was not a matter of seeking fame or glory or careers as such; the checks the children earned were needed desperately for food and clothing.

Their success was indifferent. They played extra parts and bits occasionally. Just frequently enough, in fact, to keep the family going.

Thus in 1929, when she was two, Virginia made her screen debut, and an inauspicious one it looked at that time. She was cast as the little girl in "Moby Dick" with John Barrymore. But her newly launched career came to an abrupt end when she indignantly refused to take off her little panties as the script demanded. The director coaxed. Mrs. Weidler coaxed. They wheedled, cajoled and even threatened. It was no use. Take off her panties Virginia would not and she screamed lustily and carried on when the act was tried by others.

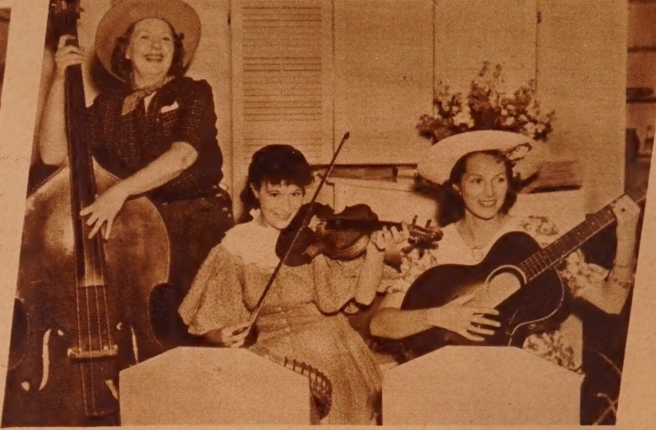
After several hours of fruitless effort, Mrs. Weidler did an about face.

"If the child is so firmly set against it, it must be wrong," she told the director. "I will not force her."

But she despaired then and there of making an actress of Virginia and gave up entirely trying to find screen work for her.

By the time Virginia was five, the family circumstances had become desperate. So desperate, in fact, that there were weeks on end when there was no milk in the home for the growing children and no money to buy it. The entire family lived for one week on nothing but cheap brown rice, the next on white beans, (*Continued on page* 114)

With six older brothers and sisters and a sensible mother to guide her, the only time Virginia takes over the family reins is when she steps up to direct their "band practice."



First stop is Ralph Bellamy's "Forty-Niner" party at the Palm Springs Racquet Club, where the host (left); his wife; Virginia Vain (wife of Charlie Farrell, co-owner of this popular club, with Ralph); and "Jinks" Falkenberg of M-G-M entertain us with music. Below, Mr. and Mrs. Skeets Gallagher sample the supper.

Well, the food must be good, folks! Just above, Bert Wheeler, his bride, Sally Haines, and the Robert Woolseys reach for more. Below, Princess Zoraida tells Bruce Cabot what fate has in store for him, via palmistry. At right, Eddie Lowe coaxes: "Step right up! Win a big baby doll—or a bee-yoo-tiful ham!"

Let's Go to Some Hollywood Parties

WITH HYMAN FINK
AND HIS CAMERA

"You can't do that!" protests Parkyakarkus to Eddie Cantor as he embraces Thelma Leeds, the gal Parky married just a few days later. "But it's my birthday!" Eddie reminds him.

●

Now, now—no crowding around for autographs at this table (left). Wait till Eddie has cut his cake for Al Jolson, Irving Berlin, Deanna Durbin, Sophie Tucker, Ruby Keeler Jolson and George Burns.

●

It's okay now; you can step right up and we'll all join in with Eddie's beloved Ida and their five daughters, in singing "Happy birthday to you—and many more of them—from your fans everywhere."

●

THE PERFECT WAY TO A

PERFECT FIGURE

HOLLYWOOD is still paying — in cash — for the enormously expensive flu epidemic which swept it during January and February.

A couple weeks of illness does horrible things to the figure; and practically a third of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was in my office every day following the siege rebuilding and recreating in themselves the general good health which insures a clear complexion and a buoyant body.

With that epidemic and its disastrous physical effects in mind, I am going to set forth a program whereby the average woman may fortify herself against the ordinary spring and summer ills.

You all know that you can't have a perfect figure—or a good complexion and high spirits—if you are incessantly recuperating from one small sickness after another. And with warmer weather due in a month or two, you're in for the usual set of troubles unless you prepare for them in advance.

It'll be spring and you will buy a lot of light clothes and put the top down on your car and go riding forth into the deceptive breezes, returning with the first case of sunburn and the sniffles.

It'll be summer, and hot, and you won't be able to face the prospect of a sweltering kitchen. So you'll just run up a light dinner of cold meat and rye bread and iced tea and beer and sherbet. And you'll be eating stomach powders for breakfast.

And so far as your exercise is concerned—you won't have the energy, when it's a hundred in the shade, to follow a regular set routine; so you'll just run down to the beach or the municipal pool for a while instead. Only, after five minutes of paddling, you'll spend the rest of the afternoon lying in the sun, reading a magazine and smoking.

Well, okay. You can do all these things, and with impunity, if you'll spend the next few weeks living moderately, eating the correct foods, following my course of exercises. The diet will put you in superb condition; the exercises are scientifically arranged to make your vital internal organs click through their endless duties with the effortless regularity of a fine machine.

And then when someone coughs in the next seat at the theater, you won't catch his cold. If you're worried about that unpleasant business of faulty elimination, you can mark it off your list of troubles. And you won't know there are such things as headaches, indigestion or nerves.

I mentioned before that a few of my people here at

Metro escaped the flu last winter. Jean Parker was one; Maureen O'Sullivan another; and Bob Montgomery. Two years ago I persuaded them to adopt a general policy of moderate living, careful diet and exercise.

Bob, for instance, has a standard rule about sleeping. One night a week, on Saturday, he takes himself and his wife out for the evening. Every other night in the week Bob goes to bed at ten o'clock.

Then, each morning, he comes to my office at seven-thirty—so do Jean and Maureen and several others of the intelligent group—and for a half hour he goes through a routine of exercises which I will describe for you in a paragraph or two.

Other than this, he eats the correct foods; he doesn't dissipate to excess; he lives in moderation. Which is why Bob, in his early thirties, doesn't look over twenty-five. Which is why he hasn't—nor have Jean and Maureen—had a cold or an illness in two years.

THE exercises you will find very simple to do. They're not fantastic contortions which only a born acrobat could possibly accomplish; and remember that they're not calculated to build up or tear down muscle tissues.

1. Lie on a bed or on the floor and put your hands under your hips. Now, with your knees stiff and your heels together, lift your feet two inches off the bed and rotate them in a circle. Do this to the right ten times, and then the same number of times to the left.

2. While you are in the same position, bring first your right leg up at right angles to your body so that your toe points to the ceiling; then your left; and finally both together. Keep your knees stiff and—this is of the utmost importance—never let your heels come closer than two inches to the surface of the bed. Let your feet come almost all the way down, stop them in the air, and bring them up again. Do this as often as you can.

3. Rest for five minutes, then lie on your back again. Put your hands on the bed or floor beside you, bring your feet up to your hips, and raise your hips as far as you can. Don't help with your hands; let the effort center in your abdomen. Repeat this ten times.

4. In the same position as in exercise three, raise your hips and hold them off the floor or bed while you repeat this exercise: Contract the muscles surrounding your stomach so that the stomach is pulled in and up, leaving a hollow under your ribs; relax, and repeat several times. If the idea makes you feel silly, remember that this is one of the best routines I know to strengthen the abdominal muscles and prevent that much-publicized condition for which so many quack panaceas are offered.

5. Still lying on your back, put your arms above your head with the elbows stiff. Then lift your right foot and touch your left hand, lift your left foot and touch your right hand. Repeat. This doesn't mean you're to reach down with your hands and meet your toes halfway, remember. Let your body twist as you bring your legs up.

6. Rest again, and then go dig out the family flatiron. Standing with your legs apart, hold the iron in your left hand and raise it high above your head. Now, with the left elbow stiff and the iron held high, reach down with your right hand and touch the toe of your left foot. Do this ten times, reverse the order, and repeat.

7. Stand with your legs well apart, and hold the iron with both hands above your head. Now bend forward and (keeping both elbows stiff) swing the iron down and between your legs; reach as far back as possible and straighten, swinging the weight back up and over your head again. Repeat this as often as you comfortably can. It's superb exercise for the small of the back.

As to diet—when you wake up in the morning drink a couple of glasses of hot water, with a slice of lemon in each.

Then, fifteen minutes before breakfast,

(*Continued on page* 104)

On the opposite page, our author (M-G-M's physical instructor) supervises Lynne Carver, of the "Maytime" cast, in one of this month's exercises. Below, Betty Furness works out with wooden dumbbells—but Donald Loomis says the family flatiron will do!

If you want to be free to do as you please, first follow these rules in fortifying yourself against illness

By DONALD LOOMIS

Sailor, soldier, screen star—this young man is successful at everything he tries! Here's why—

By
KATHARINE HARTLEY

Ray Milland's PASSPORT TO FAME

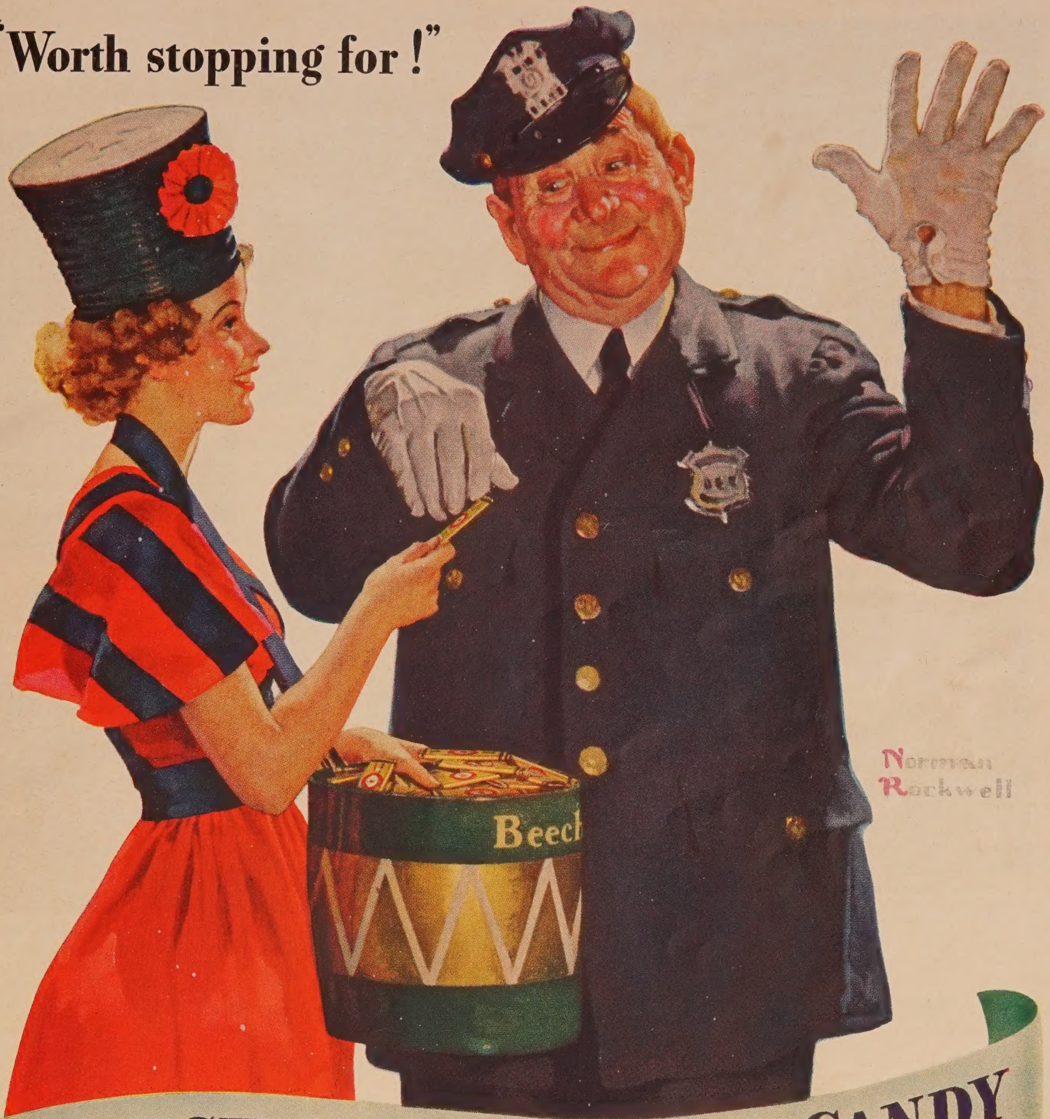
THEY say that every man wears his passport on his face. On Ray Milland's face is his vise for fame. He was not born an actor, nor as a boy did he ever wish to be one, but in his face today there is the story of a glamorous background, the revelation of a many-faceted personality, and this, rather than acting experience, is the thing that is bringing him to prominence on the screen. Women, particularly, sense that *here* is "a man who has lived"—adventurously, romantically, sensitively—a man who has not let life do things to him, but a man who has done things to life!

When he was eighteen, an aunt left him $17,000. It was enough, had he invested it wisely, to keep him in canned goods for the rest of his life. Or he could have used it to buy himself a glass-topped desk and a high-backed chair, to start from the top down in the business world. Or he could have nurtured it as a nest egg for marriage. Yes, he could have done any of these prosaic things. But instead he determined to spend it—with one goal in mind: To have all the head waiters in every capital of Europe know him by name! And within a year he had accomplished his dream. From London to the Hague, to Paris, to Vienna, to Venice, to Berlin, to Budapest, to Moscow—in each city a dress rehearsal at smart restaurants with a generous tip to the *maitre d'hotel;* then the next evening, "the opening show" with a beautiful girl on his arm. "Ah, good evening, Mr. Milland. I have saved the best table for you. Right this way, please." The bow is low, the smile cordial and full of just the right amount of awe. No girl ever failed to be impressed. Nor did Ray ever cease getting a kick out of it either. Of course, he knew it was a foolish extravagant whim . . . but what of it? That kind of fun, and the build-up it gave him inside, was worth what it cost, which was, over a period of a year, exactly $17,000. The performance required props—clothes, cars and flowers for the ladies—and props of that kind will eat up a lot of any man's money.

Now a young gentleman who sets out with $17,000 to do the smart restaurants of Europe can't be anything but adventurous! And that particular adventure gave him the polish and suaveness which are such charm assets today.

He had adventures of a more robust nature, too. As a young boy in his teens he was accustomed to spend his summers with his grandmother (*Continued on page* 101)

"Worth stopping for!"

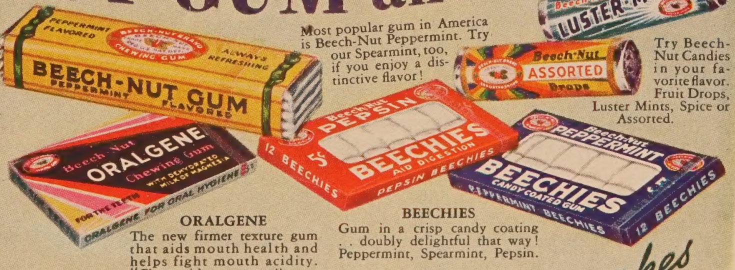

Beech
Norman
Rockwell

BEECH-NUT GUM and CANDY

The Beech-Nut Circus

SEE THE BEECH-NUT CIRCUS
Biggest Little Show on Earth!

A mechanical marvel..3 rings of performers ..clowns..animals..acrobats..elephants ..music 'n' everything! Now touring the country. See it when it visits your city.


PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
BEECH-NUT BRAND CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
Beech-Nut
LUSTER-MINTS
Beech-Nut
ASSORTED
Drops
Beech-Nut
ORALGENE
Chewing Gum
WITH DEHYDRATED MILK OF MAGNESIA
FOR THE TEETH
ORALGENE FOR ORAL HYGIENE
Beech-Nut
PEPSIN
5¢
BEECHIES
AID DIGESTION
PEPSIN BEECHIES
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut
PEPPERMINT
BEECHIES
CANDY COATED GUM
PEPPERMINT BEECHIES
12 BEECHIES

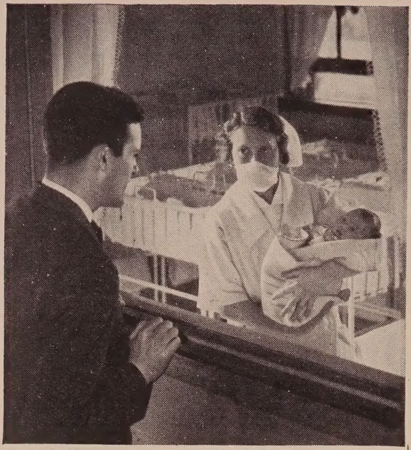
Most popular gum in America is Beech-Nut Peppermint. Try our Spearmint, too, if you enjoy a distinctive flavor!

Try Beech-Nut Candies in your favorite flavor. Fruit Drops, Luster Mints, Spice or Assorted.

ORALGENE
The new firmer texture gum that aids mouth health and helps fight mouth acidity. "Chew with a purpose."

BEECHIES
Gum in a crisp candy coating . . doubly delightful that way! Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin.

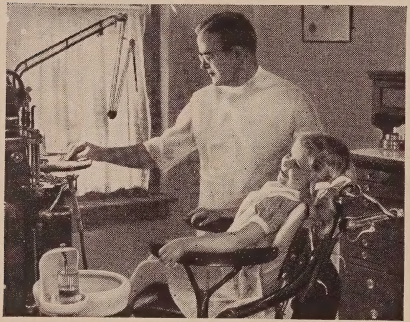
You can taste the difference Quality makes



From the very first day of his life a baby lives in a SPECIAL *world. Everything he gets is made especially for him.*

... SPECIAL *soap and powder to keep him clean and comfortable.*

... SPECIAL *foods to keep a youngster thriving.*



... SPECIAL *dental care to keep young teeth sound and straight.*

... SPECIAL *toys to keep the mind growing.*

...And a SPECIAL *laxative to keep the body healthy...Fletcher's Castoria.*

What a grand start a modern youngster gets!

EVERYTHING MADE ESPECIALLY FOR HIM...EVEN TO A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!

YES, ***even a special laxative.***

After all, he is only a tot. His system isn't sturdy enough for the hurly-burly effects of an "adult" laxative... even when given in "smaller doses."

That is the reason why many doctors often suggest Fletcher's Castoria. For, as you know, Fletcher's Castoria is a child's laxative pure and simple—made especially and *only* for children.

It couldn't possibly harm the tiniest infant system because it contains no harsh "adult" drugs... no narcotics... nothing that could cause cramping pains.

It works chiefly on the lower bowel. It gently urges the muscular movement. It is SAFE...mild...yet thorough.

A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription than Fletcher's Castoria.

It is also important to remember that a child should take a laxative willingly. Doctors say the revulsion a child feels when forced to take a medicine he hates can throw his entire nervous system out of order. That's why even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it.

More than five million mothers depend faithfully upon Fletcher's Castoria. Why not stay on the safe side and keep a bottle handy in *your* home? You can never tell when you'll need it.

You can buy Fletcher's Castoria at any drug store. Ask for the Family Size Bottle. It saves you money. *The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on the red-bordered band on the box.*

Chas H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

The laxative made especially for babies and growing children

News in New York

(*Continued from page 27*)

first visit to Callender. I sat and looked at him for a few minutes, he sat and looked at me—without saying anything. Suddenly we both started to laugh. Then I knew everything was going to be all right. We had dinner together and have been good friends ever since." Does he have a favorite among the five famous babies who look so identical to the outside world? Yes, indeed! "Emilie's my pet," he confesses. "You see, she paid me more attention from the first. Of course, I had to return the compliment."

"NURSE" Dorothy Peterson's visit was a different matter, a real workless vacation. Seven years ago she went to Hollywood to make a trial picture, and this is the first time she has returned since! The fates were kind to her, too, for after an almost snowless winter, we had a truly lovely snowfall, just for her—the first she had seen since the winter scenes were taken for the original Quintuplet picture in Canada.

"I feel very important since I came back to New York," she laughed. "Everywhere I go, people start to speak to me. Most of them don't really recognize me, but they feel that my face is familiar. It gives you such a wonderful friendly feeling. Every taxi I step into, the driver speaks to me by name. One of them even wanted me to read a scenario he had written. But I think the most amusing thing that happened was when one cab driver burst out: 'Hello, Miss Peterson. Tell me about Marlene Dietrich!' "

Trained on the stage, she finds motion pictures thoroughly satisfying and is one of the few ex-Broadwayites who doesn't really care if she never steps behind the footlights again. "When you finish a picture," she explains, "you never have to see it again. If it's a bad role, you can just forget about it. But when a play's a hit, whether you like it personally or not, you have to keep on playing the part."

THAT stage-versus-screen controversy is always running riot in New York. The other day, backstage at "White Horse Inn," Kitty Carlisle was indulging in a little predicting. "In a very short time," she is convinced, "contracts permitting stars to divide their time between stage and screen will be as much a matter of course as the present five-year contracts tying an actor to motion pictures exclusively. They'll be throwing less emphasis on personalities and a little more on perfect casting for story requirements, summoning from the theaters whichever actors and actresses are definitely needed.

"I should love to divide my time between the two. I feel that I learned a great deal from the screen. I had a very stiff face when I went to Hollywood, for I had been brought up to believe that the prime requisite for being a lady was never to reveal an emotion! You can get away with that on the musical comedy stage, where expression is mostly a matter of gesture and voice. My face was still immobile after my stage work, and I had to learn the subtleties of expressing a thought with it. The movies helped me there and interested me but I'd never be able to give up the stage completely. Like all hams, I like an audience!"

She grinned as she beaded her eyelashes, leaning over her rose-taffeta-draped dressing table. "I like applause. I like immediate recognition. And there's the joy, my dear, of not knowing how you look! In pictures, there's no possibility of saying to yourself, 'Why, I look like a mixture of Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.' On the stage, you can believe that you look like the most glamorous person in the world, and who's going to say nay, while you're performing?"

Here are the new members of Michael Bartlett's household—Pat and Mike.

ANOTHER intelligent young actress who divides her time between stage and screen is Marguerite Churchill, who just concluded her stage role in "And Now Goodbye" (which was also adapted from a James Hilton best-seller), opposite Philip Merivale. She takes an alert interest in both films and footlights, their present and future problems. Right now, she's enthusiastic about the new plan under which major studios have offered to lend their young contract players to enterprising stock companies and little theater groups anywhere in the country.

"These young studio players," she says earnestly, "can't learn their trade just by walking on in a picture and saying two lines once a month. In the smaller legitimate theaters, they could say those same two lines over so many times, in so many different ways, to so many different audiences, that they could learn much from that bit of experience alone. Besides, they would have a much better opportunity to follow the play closely from every angle night after night."

She loved being in New York, seeing old friends, such as Linda Watkins; Marguerite and Linda and Sylvia Sidney all went to the Guild School together when they were youngsters. She thinks she gets more interesting parts on the stage than on the screen—which, however, doesn't prevent her from enjoying film work. "Back here, they think of me as a rather sophisticated person," she explains, "rather chic, in fact. In films, I'm always cast in ingenue roles." Oh, yes—she loved it here, but do you know why she can't wait to get back to California? Well, first of all, of course, there's her husband, George O'Brien, and second there's the little matter of her year-and-a-half-old daughter, Orin!

MICHAEL BARTLETT brought back two distinguished guests with him from England, where he just finished the musical film, "The Lilac Domino," with June Knight. Their names are Pat and Mike, and they're two young Irish terriers. Michael was named after his master, and Patricia's name followed as a matter of course. "All my life I've been waiting to get a dog—or better still, two dogs," says "big" Michael. "Long ago, I decided I wanted company on my concert tours and frequent trips abroad. One dog would get lonely, and it was imperative, for reasons of convenience, that the breed should be small and short-haired. Choosing Pat and Mike was just as simple as that!"

They weren't in evidence that afternoon at his apartment (a little matter of—er, preliminary training), just before Michael returned to Hollywood. But there was a homey, informal atmosphere there which is often lacking when stars visit New York. So many of them are here for a holiday without family or intimate friends, that it was grand to see one surrounded by old companions and relations in a Manhattan hotel suite! You see, of all the Hollywood stars, Michael is one of the few for whom this territory is really home.

His little, laughing mother was there. So was his roommate from school days at both Hotchkiss and Princeton—now Dr. R. Hasbrouck Shrady. And Hasbrouck's mother, Mrs. Charles D. Shrady, to mention only a few. Talk was flying thick and fast, from every corner of the room. "Mike, do you remember the time . . . " "Say, wasn't it wonderful when . . ."

P. S. And his real name is Edwin! Edwin Alonzo Bartlett, a name of which he's very proud, for it goes back in the family for generations. But he became Michael long before he had a career; it was a nickname he got at school.

Around the Town with a Candid Camera—Sonja Henie, a poem on ice skates, holding a Madison Square Garden audience of 17,000 enthralled with her poignantly beautiful "Dying Swan" number . . . a tiny, graceful figure in white trimmed with snowy feathers . . . Connie Bennett, in a simple tailored beige suit (but with *dozens* of tinkling charm bracelets on one wrist), weighing in at the airport en route to Hollywood . . . and discovering that she needed about three extra tickets to cover her excess baggage . . . Marlene Dietrich greeting reporters, gracious and smiling, aboard the *S. S. Berengaria,* as she returned from England . . . and airily denying those perennial reports of a contemplated divorce . . . she had the gentlemen of the press gasping, with her too, too Russian outfit, complete with boots!

HOT NEWS

Hot from Hollywood, Hot off the Press, Hot Stuff!

Eric Blore may be a comedian to the rest of the world but **Mrs. Blore** doesn't think he's so funny. They've separated and she will probably sue for divorce.

Robert Taylor's going to spend two full months this summer roughing it in the North Woods somewhere in Canada.

Simone Simon and **Vic Orsatti,** the actors' agent, are the latest torrid twosome.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and **Marlene Dietrich** are together every minute since their return to Hollywood.

Janet Gaynor admits that she will probably desert films for the Broadway stage next fall.

Nelson Eddy is expected to get the prize plum in radio—the Maxwell Hour. After undergoing the same throat operation **Dick Powell** had, Nelson now has a four note increase in range.

Reports of a nervous breakdown mask the serious illness of **Mary Livingstone** who has withdrawn from the **Jack Benny** show to go to New York for treatment. Jack will move his radio cast East to be with her.

Connie Bennett lost $10,000 in a poker game at the home of a well-known picture executive, then continued playing all night and the next day. She recouped her losses and quit even.

Insiders insist that **Merle Oberon** will marry **Brian Aherne.**

While youngster **Deanna Durbin** received $150 a week, Universal engaged **Leopold Stokowski** and his orchestra for $80,000 to support her in her next picture. Deanna, however, will soon get a pay boost.

George Burns and **Gracie Allen** are expected to co-star in a Broadway play with **Alfred Lunt** and **Lynn Fontanne.** There's a cast for you.

Joan Blondell is studying eccentric ballroom dancing and teaching **Dick Powell.** She wants to use her new art in a picture.

Sonja Henie is flying into Hollywood between skating exhibitions to see **Tyrone Power.**

Henry Fonda was forced to take a rest because of a knee injury.

Gertrude Niesen has turned down a radio show and a movie to make a personal appearance at Chez Paris in Chicago on a promise made before she won fame at Universal.

Richard Arlen is returning to England for another picture, having made a big hit with "The Great Barrier."

Jeanette MacDonald spent part of her vacation at Yosemite in the snow, then went to Palm Springs to thaw out. **Gene Raymond** dashed up to visit her at the park.

Elizabeth Allan is on her semi-annual visit to England to see her husband. She will attend the Coronation.

Joan Bennett recently entertained fifty children at a birthday party for her daughters, Diana and Melinda.

Lupe Velez and **Johnny Weissmuller,** whose marriage was expected to last two weeks, are celebrating their fifth wedding anniversary.

Ann Sothern flew 4,000 miles to spend three hours before the camera for retakes on "Fifty Roads to Town." Ann commutes between Hollywood and Chicago to be with her husband **Roger Pryor.**

James Dunn, expert pilot, flew his own plane for a sequence in "Venus Makes Trouble" in which a pilot tosses dollar bills to the crowd below.

Ginger Rogers is to be starred without **Fred Astaire** in the famous musical comedy "Irene." The picture goes into production immediately.

Erik Rhodes has hired a trainer and is conditioning himself for a third attempt to swim the Salton Sea—a feat no man has ever accomplished.

While rehearsing her dance routine for the 1937 version of "Broadway Melody," **Eleanor Powell** fell and sprained her ankle. The doctor sentenced her to a full month in bed.

Astrid Allwyn and **Robert Kent** are so concerned by the charge that most Tia Juana marriages are illegal that they will "I Do" one another in a formal ceremony to be held in Springfield, Massachusetts, Astrid's former home.

Agnes Ayres, once famous leading lady of the silent screen, says she's still young and a better actress now than she was when she made "The Sheik," so she will attempt a comeback.

DeWitt Clarke Jennings, well known veteran screen character actor, died at his Hollywood home following a short illness.

Grace Moore has settled out of court the suit brought against her by agent **Frank Orsatti.** Terms of the settlement are unknown, but were satisfactory to Orsatti who claimed Miss Moore owed him $98,000 in commissions.

RKO will remake the colorful "Rio Rita" which proved so popular in 1929. They turned down an offer of $85,000 for the screen rights some time ago.

Director Eddie Sutherland wants to leave for a vacation in Florida, so has asked Paramount to release him from his directing assignment on "Artists and Models."

$3,000 phone call! Rochelle Hudson, Buddy Rogers, Max Factor, Binnie Barnes and Eric Blore were among the many celebrities in Hollywood who talked with Merle Oberon (in London) by transatlantic telephone.

The Duchess of Leinster
CENTER TOP
The Countess Howe
LEFT CENTER
The Viscountess Milton
LEFT BOTTOM
The Viscountess Dunwich
LEFT TOP
The Lady Barbara Gore
UPPER RIGHT
The Lady Helena Fitzwilliam
BOTTOM

Britain's Coronation

AWAKENS NEW INTEREST IN TITLED BRITISH BEAUTIES

Duchesses, Countesses Viscountesses and Ladies guard their Loveliness the Pond's way

WHEN BRITAIN's great pageant takes place, the beauty of her high-born women will play no small part in that pageantry.

Over and above their beauty of line and feature, the world will pay tribute to the fragile, transparent beauty of their exquisitely cared for skins.

Could you ask these high-born beauties how they care for their delicate skins, you would be impressed by the number who simply answer—"Pond's."

Duchesses, Countesses, Viscountesses, Ladies are among those who say they guard their skins' beauty with Pond's. Pond's is the largest selling cream in England and in all the dominions!

Here is the method English and American beauties use:

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, stale make-up and skin secretions—wipe them all off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated and freshened.

Every morning—(and before make-up) repeat . . . Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Send for **SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE**
and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CE, Clinton, Conn.
Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________

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Sonja Henie—and Family

(*Continued from page 52*)

"You must always go round the table three times for smorgasbord," he said. "You can keep on going back as many times as you want."

It was plainly offered as a friendly suggestion. I didn't go back. But Papa Henie did.

"Did you see 'One in a Million'?" Sonja wanted to know.

I said I had, and that I'd liked it.

"I saw it seven times," said Sonja simply. "The first time, I saw it in the projection room. Then I saw it at the Roxy. Then every time I made a personal appearance, the theater manager would tell me that he was screening my picture, and ask if I didn't want to see it. I did not want to hurt their feelings, so I saw it again. But, mainly, I wanted to see my faults, so that I would know what not to do in my next picture."

"I read somewhere," I said, "that in your next picture you will not skate at all but just act. Would you like that?"

"No," said Sonja. "Anyway, it is not true. I will skate in my next picture."

"Won't it be hard to top your skating scenes in 'One in a Million?' "

"No," said Sonja. "In 'One in a Million' I did not do half the things I know. Next time I hope they will let me do the Dance of the Dying Swan. I am having a beautiful costume made for it—white, with lots of feathers on it."

Out of a clear sky Papa Henie suddenly produced a newspaper clipping about the Motor Boat Show at the Grand Central Palace and handed it to me. "Have you been there?" he asked. "I think I would like to buy a boat."

I had heard that Papa Henie bought the first automobile ever seen in Norway, a one-cylinder Oldsmobile with which he used to frighten all the townspeople, so my guess is that if he wants to buy a boat, the boat is as good as bought already.

Papa Henie and the p.a. ordered the equivalent of a Swedish cocktail. When Wilhelm Henie saw that I was not ordering one, he looked grieved. "Ah, you should have one," he said. "It is good, like kimmel."

For the next few minutes, we talked pictures. Rarely have I met a newcomer so well-informed about pictures as Sonja. She has seen "Garden of Allah," "Ramona," "The Plainsman," "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," "Lloyds of London" and dozens of other pictures. She had something interesting to say about each of them. She particularly liked "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town"—she went to see it twice—and agreed with the critics that it was the best picture of 1936.

But what especially amused me was her very practical attitude toward pictures. About each picture she wanted to know, "How is it going over? Is it doing well at the box-office?"

She has met Jane Withers, the child star, and likes her very much. She almost jumped out of her seat with excitement when the p. a. mentioned the fact that Jane Withers was now eleventh in popularity at the box-office—that she was ahead of Jean Harlow. She oh-ed and ah-ed over this, and even repeated it in Norwegian to Mama and Papa Henie, who ah-ed and oh-ed over it also.

"Have you ever met Garbo?" I asked.

"No, I have not met her," said Sonja, "but when I gave an exhibition of skating at the Polar Palace in Hollywood, she was there. No one knew she was coming, but a friend of mine saw her and told me."

Next we talked about Sonja's skating experiences. I wanted to know if her first picture was based at all on her actual experiences.

"A few things in it were," she said dimpling. "My father, you know, was a champion bicycle rider and speed skater. But he never got into any trouble through professionalism, as the father of the girl in 'One in a Million' did."

Sonja was born in Oslo, Norway, on April 8, 1913, in the middle of one of the worst blizzards the city of Oslo had ever experienced. Her father wanted to name her Greta, but an artist friend of his suggested the name Sonja.

On her mother's side Sonja is descended from an Irish grandmother, from whom she probably gets her dark brown eyes.

"It's a funny thing," said Sonja, "I never thought very much about my Irish descent until I came to the United States. But people here love the Irish. They think it's wonderful that I should have had an Irish grandmother, so I tell them all about her.

FLASH!
HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
Let ARTHUR MURRAY, World's Most Famous Dancing Instructor, teach you the New Dance Steps
FREE!
IT WOULD COST $5 EACH PRIVATE LESSON TO LEARN THESE STEPS IN ARTHUR MURRAY'S NEW YORK STUDIO...
BEGIN NOW-
TOO BAD HOW AL ALWAYS GETS STUCK WITH THAT SISTER OF HIS...
HER FACE SURE IS A SIGHT- WONDER WHY SHE DOESN'T TRY FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR THOSE PIMPLES-
4 WEEKS LATER PEG SENDS HER FILLED-IN CARD FOR THE ARTHUR MURRAY DANCE BOOK
FEW DAYS LATER
LOOK, AL- I CAN DO IT NOW- THIS ARTHUR MURRAY BOOK'S WONDERFUL! MY I'M HAPPY!
YOU LOOK IT KID-AN' SAY THOSE YEAST CAKES SURE FIXED YOUR FACE UP FINE
PEG'S THE BELLE OF THE BALL TONIGHT, ISN'T SHE?
SHE'S A MIGHTY SWELL LITTLE SISTER, IF YOU ASK ME

"Did you not think," she said, turning to her mother, "that in my picture I looked just like grandmother used to?"

Her mother nodded.

"As a child of three or four," Mrs. Henie said proudly, "Sonja learned to ski. She did it without sticks, for she had wonderful balance. When she was seven years old, we bought her a pair of ice skates."

"The first time I saw Sonja skating," Mr. Heine said, "I turned to my wife and said, 'She will be good.'"

She was. When she was thirteen she entered the world championship matches in Stockholm and placed second. A year later she won the championship.

"At fourteen," Sonja told me, "I said, 'I will win ten championships and then I will make pictures.' And that is what I have done."

"Yes," said Mrs. Henie, "after Sonja had won ten world championships we thought it was enough, and that it was best she turn professional and make some money by her skating."

"If someone asked you," I said to Sonja, "how to become a champion—not just in ice skating but in anything—what advice would you give them?"

I remembered a girl champion typist who'd once told me, "To become a champion, eat well, sleep well and don't have any boy friends to take your attention from your work."

But Sonja's advice was far more practical. "You have to have talent," she said, "and lots of training. When I had to compete in a match in February, I used to start practicing in August, and I would practice very hard three hours every day."

She couldn't very well advise future champions to stay away from boy friends. In Hollywood she has had more beaux than any other film beauty. In one week she was seen out with Michael Whalen, then with Cary Grant, then a Norwegian boy, then with James Stewart, and finally with Tyrone Power, Jr. When an interviewer asked her once how she managed to get so many beaux in a town where most beauties spend plenty of lonesome evenings, she said, "I ask them to take me out."

When she first met Tyrone Power, Jr., at a cafe she said, "Why don't you call at my house tonight? I'm going to the theater and I have no one to escort me."

Since then he has been her almost constant escort, but no one knows whether it is love or just good publicity.

It has been rumored that Sonja Henie is secretly married to a man in Paris, but when I asked her if she had ever been married, she denied it. "I have never been married," she said, "and, in spite of all the stories that have been printed, I have never been engaged."

Although she was world famous as an ice skater, Hollywood paid no attention to Sonja until she forced it to pay attention to her. "I guess I must have realized the value of showmanship when I was very young," she said once. (I bet Papa Henie taught her.) "When I went into the Olympics I decided that I must have something more than talent. So I made up my mind to wear a costume of all white."

Sonja and her mother came to Hollywood, where she decided to set the stage for herself. She told a real estate agent that she wanted a white house with white furniture; she rented a white car with red leather upholstery, and in this car she rode in state through Hollywood. People wondered who the blonde in the white car was, and began asking questions about her.

Then she hired a skating rink in Los Angeles. On the night of her exhibition, cars jammed every side of the Polar Ice Palace. Famous stars parked their limousines among tumble weeds in a vacant lot nearby, and waded through the weed patches to get to the Ice Palace. Clark Gable, Carole Lombard, Jeanette MacDonald, Ginger Rogers, Bette Davis, Gary Cooper, and all the famous producers were there.

A huge spotlight flashed on the ice. Sonja, wearing white boots and silver skates, shot into the beam of light. She dipped and swirled and leaped into the air. She was as beautiful as a streak of lightning and her rhythm was as natural as the flow of the seasons.

Her audience went mad. Producers went mad. It is said that several companies offered her contracts, before she finally signed with Darryl Zanuck, at a figure that has been reported at anywhere from $100,000 to $300,000 a picture, depending on the reporter's imagination.

After he had signed her, Zanuck said, "I've signed Miss Henie and her skates. Even if she couldn't skate I'd have signed her anyway, but not for so much money."

Sonja herself is very skeptical about figures concerning money matters, which gives me an idea that her own salary has possibly been exaggerated. While we were

to Clear Up Your Skin! Make Yourself a Swell Dancer! GO PLACES!

AL-D-DID YOU HEAR- I C-CAN'T BEAR IT- I'M G-GOING HOME
AW-DON'T BE A NITWIT, PEG- LISTEN, MAYBE SHE'S RIGHT. WHY DON'T YOU TRY YEAST? THEY SAY IT'S REALLY SWELL HOW IT CHASES PIMPLES
NEXT DAY
HERE Y'ARE, SIS—NOW GET BUSY—YOU'RE S'POSED TO EAT 3 OF THESE YEAST CAKES EVERY DAY—ONE OR TWO'S NOT ENOUGH
O.K.- I'LL DO IT-AL-WHAT'S THAT CARD IN YOUR HAND?
GEE, PEG-IT'S PRETTY NIFTY! IT'S A FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD, SEE-AN' IF YOU SAVE YEAST LABELS, PASTE 'EM ON IT, AN' SEND IT IN-YOU GET A SWELL NEW DANCE BOOK BY ARTHUR MURRAY
HOW PERFECTLY GRAND-I'LL START WITH THOSE LABELS RIGHT NOW!

BE SURE TO ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THIS FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD—IT'S FREE

Swing into it, boys and girls! Don't miss this chance to get ARTHUR MURRAY'S exciting book of DANCE LESSONS. Learn the latest steps! Pictures, diagrams make every step easy!

You can't buy this book! The ONLY WAY to secure one is by saving labels from Fleischmann Yeast Cakes! Ask your grocer for a FREE Fleischmann Dance Card—paste the yeast labels on. Send it in.

If your grocer has no Dance Cards, you can get the book if you paste 81 labels on a piece of paper, or mail them, in an envelope, with *your* name and address to Fleischmann's Yeast, 701 Washington Street, New York City. (This offer holds good until August 31st, 1937.)

• • •

(Details of securing Dance Book differ slightly in states West of Denver and in Canada, see newspapers or ask your local grocer.)

FLEISCHMANN DANCE CARD
20 DANCE LESSONS ALL THE POPULAR NEW STEPS
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

"Keep it up faithfully," says Dr. R. E. Lee, well-known physician, "and **Fleischmann's Yeast** will help clear up **ADOLESCENT PIMPLES . . .**"

● After the start of adolescence—from about 13 to 25, important glands develop and final growth takes place. This disturbs the whole system. The skin gets very sensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin. Pimples break out!

Fleischmann's Yeast has proved a great help in clearing up a pimply skin. It clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Eat *3 cakes every day*—plain, or in a little water, a cake about ½ hour *before* each meal.

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"LET THEM HONK! I have to wipe this wheel first"

Front Seat Drivers . . .
Back Seat Drivers . . . adopt the

KLEENEX HABIT

● It's the thing to do—keep Kleenex Tissues in the car to clean wheel and windshield, to wipe hands and greasy spots so clothes don't become soiled. . . . And during colds, the Kleenex Habit saves noses, saves money as it reduces handkerchief washing. Use a tissue once—then destroy, germs and all.

Keep Kleenex in Every Room. Save Steps — Time — Money

To remove face creams and cosmetics . . . To apply powder, rouge . . . To shape and blot lipstick . . . To dust and polish . . . For the baby . . . And keep a box in your kitchen.

No waste! No mess! Pull a tissue — the next one pops up ready for use!

KLEENEX

A disposable tissue made of Cellucotton (not cotton)

talking the press agent asked Sonja if she was going to give a skating exhibition at Madison Square Garden and mentioned a huge sum that she had heard Fred Perry had received as his share of the tennis matches there.

Sonja looked dubious. "I think that's just publicity," she said. "Did you see the check?"

It was time for the dessert and Papa Henie now took a hand in the conversation. "I like to eat lots of different kinds of cake," he said, "but I must not eat too many different kinds of cake or I might get fat." His blue eyes twinkled. Never was there such a twinkle.

Sonja Henie has a reputation for not dieting, but she eats very sensibly. She likes fruit salad, mushrooms, figs with syrup (that is she liked them until she mysteriously began to gain weight and learned they were fattening), tennis and swimming. Besides being a champion ice skater, she is also a champion tennis player.

"She also likes to do—what do you call it?—go up and down like this in back of a motorboat," her father said.

Wilhelm Henie bounced his hands up and down on the table till I got seasick, but I still didn't know what he was talking about. Then a great light broke on the face of the press agent. "He means aquaplaning," she said. Father Henie, whose face had been wearing a slightly worried look, beamed again.

The nicest thing about Sonja is that there isn't an inch of temperament in her makeup. "Temperament—that is silly," she said. "If something is being done wrong on a picture, all you have to do is tell people about it in a nice way. Most people are very reasonable."

The nearest she came to temperament in Hollywood was when she was asked to pose for some pictures on a very hot day. She had already posed for hundreds of pictures and begged off, asking that the sitting be postponed for the next day. The next day came and it was twice as hot as the day before, but Sonja kept her promise.

The next time she met the still photographer was when an artificial ice rink had been built for her picture. It was very cold near the rink. Sonja grinned up at the photographer. "We certainly meet under all kinds of weather conditions," she said.

Once in a while she does lose her temper, when she has a skating exhibition to give and the lights aren't just right. Above everything else she's a show-woman, and she does work hard and earnestly for perfection.

She was also furious when *Life*, a picture magazine, printed some pictures of her that she considered anything but flattering. "They took pictures of me playing tennis," she said, "and if you are running fast, and someone takes a picture of you from the wrong angle, you come out three times as large as life. They gave me a very big stomach."

Papa Henie looked sad. Mother Henie looked wilted.

Lunch was over. We were on our way out. Papa Henie turned to me again. "The weather in New York is very warm now, isn't it?" he said, evidently forgetting that we'd gone over that before. "Around Christmas time I got a letter from Lief, saying that it is warm and foggy in Norway, too. I wish I could see a real cold winter in New York."

Aw, come on, let us in on the joke, too! There's just no doubt about the fact that Betty Furness, Lee Tracy and Florence Lake are having a simply swell time at the new Cinnabar, latest Hollywood rendezvous.

LUX TOILET SOAP
LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

"You'll love this soap with ACTIVE lather"

says

JEAN PARKER

"I USE rouge and powder," says this bewitching young star. "But because Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes cosmetics *thoroughly*, I never risk Cosmetic Skin—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores. Smooth skin's too important to even *think* of using an inferior soap."

9 out of 10 Hollywood stars use gentle Lux Toilet Soap. It guards against *choked pores* by removing hidden traces of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Use this mild, pure soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. "It keeps skin *lovely*," says Jean Parker.

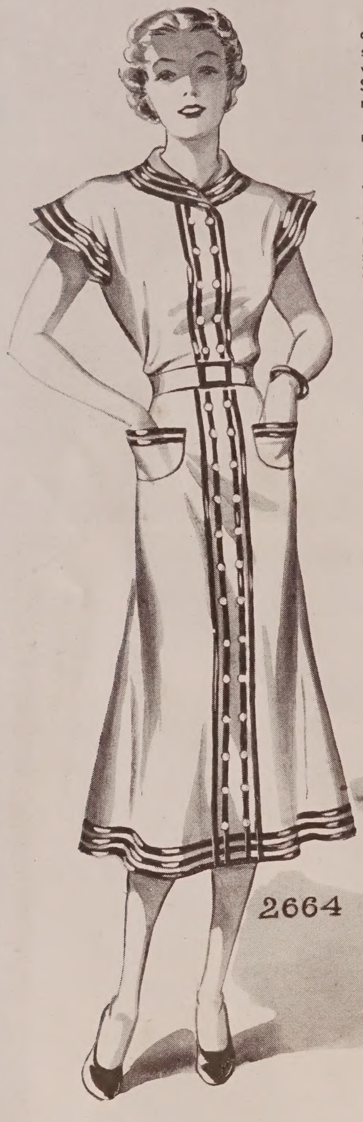
STAR OF COLUMBIA PICTURES

MOVIE MIRROR'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT

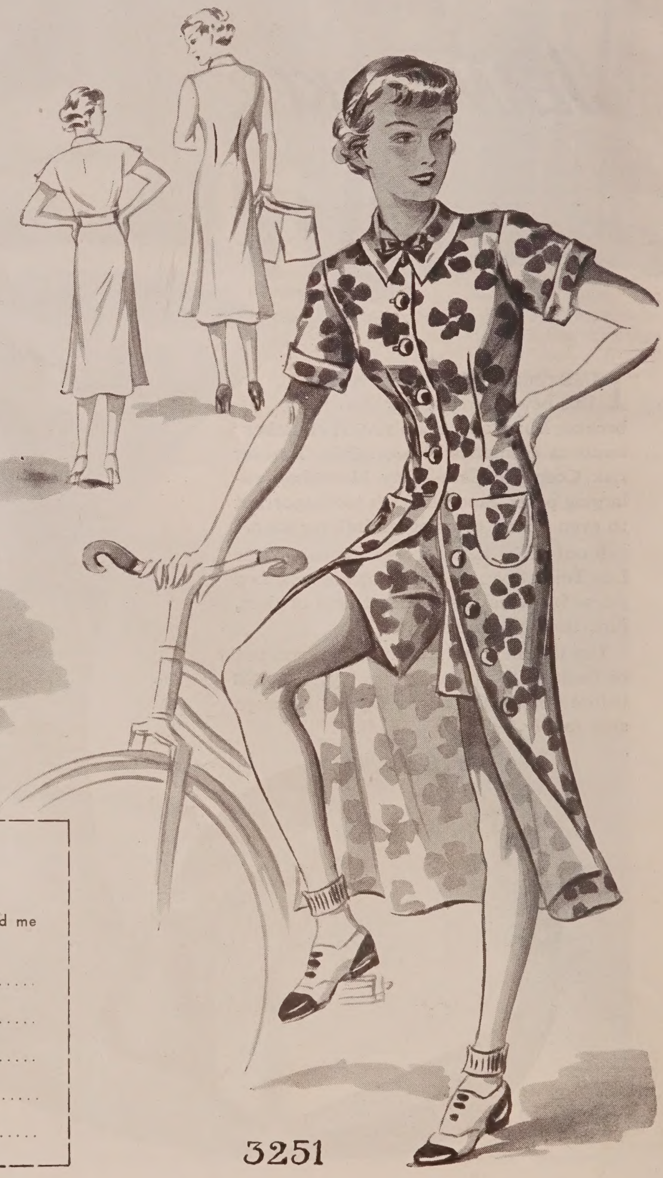
All Patterns 15¢ in Stamps or Coin (Coin Preferred)

STYLE NO. 2664—VERSATILE WARM WEATHER DRESS. This youthful hyacinth blue cotton dress with rolled shirt collar and pleated sleeves is smart for country wear and spectator sports, as well as for tennis, golf and other sports activities. The fitted, narrowed waistline accentuates the animated hem of the flared skirt. With the aid of the Illustrated Sewing Chart included, you'll find it is as easy to make as to wear, and will want others in new looking beige, coarse open mesh cotton and gay peasant cotton print. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards of 39-inch material, with 18½ yards of binding. Pattern, price 15 cents.

STYLE NO. 3251—PLAY ENSEMBLE. This bright cotton print play dress for resort wear is just as much at home on the golf course and the tennis courts as it is on the beach. Furthermore, it may go to town for luncheon or shopping. Flaring princess lines, nipped in at the waist, make it suitable for mature figures as well as for the very young. It buttons right up to the shirt collar. The shoulders are neatly squared off with the inset cuffed sleeves. The accompanying shorts are side-closing. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20 years; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42-inch bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern, price 15 cents.



2664



3251

Movie Mirror Pattern Department
1926 Broadway, New York City

Please find enclosed.................... Send me

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Name..

Address.......................................

Fame Doesn't Change Gary Cooper

(*Continued from page* 43)

of words. No extra adjectives for Gary.

Many people have commented on the fact that "Mr. Deeds" is his finest performance to date. As far as I'm concerned, it was no performance at all. Gary was playing himself as I know him, and I think you'll agree a more lovable character was never put on the screen.

From seeing him in pictures or knowing him only casually you gather the impression that nothing is really important to him, that he is quite casual about everything. Quite the contrary is true. The most trifling things are important to him.

It was on that same cruise he decided suddenly he must have one particular make of sunburn lotion. We were in Coronado at the time. None of the drugstores there stocked that brand. There were dozens of other lotions on sale but none of them would do. He must have that certain one.

He rented a car and we drove all over San Diego looking for it. I don't believe we skipped a store in the town. We finally found it at a place halfway back to Los Angeles. It cost a dollar a bottle. The rental of the car came to something like twenty-five dollars. That was unimportant. Gary was triumphantly waving his sunburn lotion when we returned to the yacht.

HE is one of the laziest people I have ever met—until something arises that he really wants to do. He is a crack shot with a rifle or pistol and is never too tired to go hunting or even go out on a rifle range for target practice. He loves horseback riding and rides at every opportunity.

Many of our movie stars don't get an awful lot of fun out of life. They're too worried over scarring their faces or breaking their bones. But not Gary. No hurdle is too high or too hazardous for him to put a horse over, just for the thrill of it.

The quantity of food he consumes is unbelievable. On that cruise I used to cook the breakfasts. Gary would come up, drink a huge beaker of orange juice, down half a dozen eggs, half a pound of bacon, four or five slices of toast and nobody knows how many cups of coffee. Half an hour after he had finished, Oakie would put in an appearance and Gary would put away three or four more eggs—just to keep Jack company!

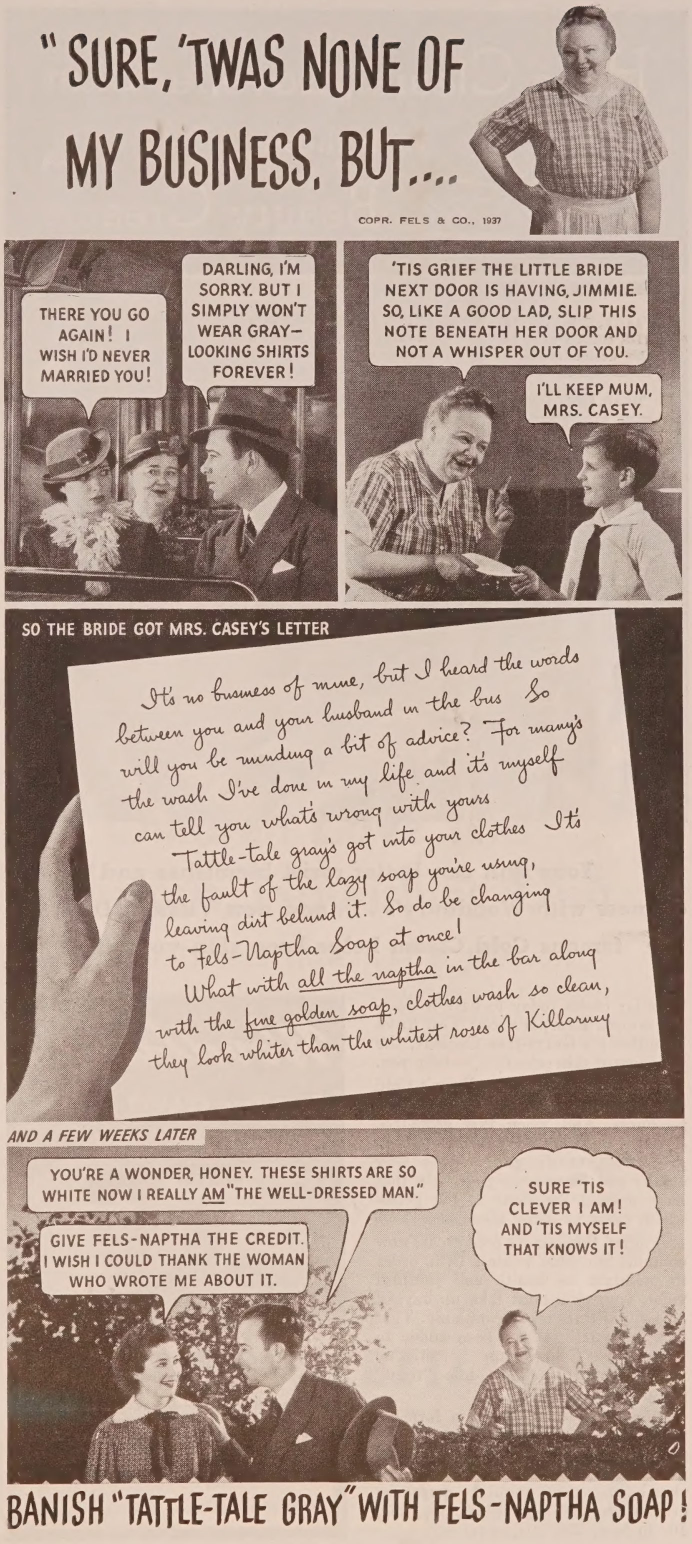
His favorite foods are steak and lobster. There is no limit to the number of lobsters he can get outside of.

Before I knew him well I had an idea about him I have since found is shared by many others not intimately acquainted with him. I used to think he might enjoy something momentarily and then forget it. On the contrary, he has a memory like an elephant.

Someone gave him a dozen quail and I fixed them for breakfast one morning. He ate several in appreciative silence. A year later a number of us were sitting in the Brown Derby one night. Suddenly Gary turned to me. "Remember those quail you fixed on the boat that time?"

I nodded, surprised.

"They were good," he announced. He


"SURE, 'TWAS NONE OF MY BUSINESS, BUT....
COPR. FELS & CO., 1937
THERE YOU GO AGAIN! I WISH I'D NEVER MARRIED YOU!
DARLING, I'M SORRY. BUT I SIMPLY WON'T WEAR GRAY-LOOKING SHIRTS FOREVER!
'TIS GRIEF THE LITTLE BRIDE NEXT DOOR IS HAVING, JIMMIE. SO, LIKE A GOOD LAD, SLIP THIS NOTE BENEATH HER DOOR AND NOT A WHISPER OUT OF YOU.
I'LL KEEP MUM, MRS. CASEY.
SO THE BRIDE GOT MRS. CASEY'S LETTER
AND A FEW WEEKS LATER
YOU'RE A WONDER, HONEY. THESE SHIRTS ARE SO WHITE NOW I REALLY AM "THE WELL-DRESSED MAN."
GIVE FELS-NAPTHA THE CREDIT. I WISH I COULD THANK THE WOMAN WHO WROTE ME ABOUT IT.
SURE 'TIS CLEVER I AM! AND 'TIS MYSELF THAT KNOWS IT!

It's no business of mine, but I heard the words between you and your husband in the bus. So will you be minding a bit of advice? For many's the wash I've done in my life and it's myself can tell you what's wrong with yours.
Tattle-tale gray's got into your clothes. It's the fault of the lazy soap you're using, leaving dirt behind it. So do be changing to Fels-Naptha Soap at once!
What with all the naptha in the bar along with the fine golden soap, clothes wash so clean, they look whiter than the whitest roses of Killarney

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

Have Clearer, Lovelier Skin with these Germ-Free Beauty Creams

"JACK, I HAVEN'T THE HEART to go to the dance tonight. Look! A blemish!"

"DEAR, ISN'T THERE some way to prevent those pesky spots?"

"YOU LOOK GORGEOUS tonight, dear! What a lovely complexion!"

"I TRIED THE GERM-FREE Woodbury Creams. My skin's been freer from blemishes ever since."

Your skin can better resist blemishes and dryness with Woodbury's . . . and now Vitamin D in this famous Cold Cream helps keep skin youthful!

It's far easier today to have a satin-smooth complexion. You have Woodbury's Germ-free Creams, the products of skin scientists, to help you.

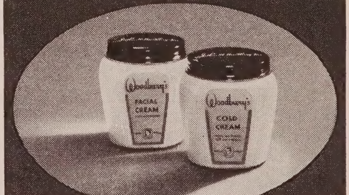
Fine emollients in Woodbury's Cold Cream help restore dry skin to moist freshness. And when this germ-free cream is on your face, it arrests germ-growth . . . stands guard over tiny cracks and fissures in your skin that have opened the door to the germs which cause so many blemishes.

Besides, this famous cold cream now contains Sunshine Vitamin D. In order to maintain its health and youthful vigor, your skin must take up oxygen at a rapid rate, breathe quickly. That is why Vitamin D has been added to Woodbury's Cold Cream . . . to coax new life and loveliness into "tired" complexions.

Woodbury's Facial Cream forms a flattering base for your make-up. Protects your skin, too, from wind and dust. With all their benefits to clear skin beauty, these exquisite germ-free creams are each only $1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢, in tubes.

Woodbury's

Germ-Free BEAUTY CREAMS



SEND for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 7477 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name____________________

Address____________________

has mentioned them once or twice since then.

He is kiddingly referred to by some of his friends as "The Cow Hand," in memory of his days as a cowboy, and as "Long Tack Sam," because of his leanness and height. Often the latter name is shortened to "Tack." He seems to enjoy it.

No one could ever have accused Gary of being *gauche*. Whatever he did was done with instinctive good taste. But it was not until after his African *safari* that he acquired what might be termed a polish or veneer of sophistication. His wardrobe, when he returned from Europe, was the envy of masculine Hollywood. He gave a couple of large parties any Blue Book hostess might have been proud of engineering. He was seen around the night spots.

Some of his friends were worried. Gary was changing. But Gary didn't change. It was a passing phase. Something new. When the novelty wore off he went back to his old habits. I doubt that he and his wife are seen around the gay places half a dozen times a year now. They rarely go to parties and I don't believe they've given a large one since their marriage. They have a few intimate friends—Gary's manager, Jack Moss, Cedric Gibbons and his wife, Dolores Del Rio; Elliott Gibbons and his wife, Irene Jones. For the most part the Coopers are content to sit at home—either in their own place or one of their friends'—and gab.

He still has an extensive wardrobe, but now it is for use in his pictures.

His passion is high-powered automobiles. Knowing Gary as I do, I know that whether he had become a high-salaried motion picture star or not he would still have contrived to have one.

HIS closest friend is his business manager, Col. Jack Moss. Their meeting and the forming of their business association is characteristic of Gary. He was in New York making a picture at Paramount's Long Island studio. Jack was the assistant director. Gary watched him closely without seeming to pay much attention to him. He liked the way Jack worked. They had dinner together a few times and he liked Jack's company.

"How'd you like to be my manager?" he asked once.

"I'd like it," Jack answered.

The picture was finished and Gary went to Africa on his big game hunt. When he returned nine months later the first thing he did was look Jack up. "I'm ready for you," he announced.

That was six years ago. Their friendship has grown with their association and it has been a profitable one. That his judgment of his man was sound is evidenced by the fact he is one of the highest paid stars in the business.

Today he relies wholly on Jack's judgment, although he has decided ideas of his own about the kind of parts he should play. He feels that heroes shouldn't win every fight (because right doesn't *always* triumph) and by the same token they shouldn't always win the girl.

He loathes arguments and gossip. Trying to find out what Gary really thinks is like throwing your weight against a hubber wall. It gives but doesn't break. You think you have things going your way and you relax your efforts for a second to take a breath. Immediately the wall snaps back and you might as well have saved your efforts for all the impression you've made. He *seems* to agree with you but you never really know what's in the back of his mind.

After a few unpleasant encounters with the press it has become increasingly difficult to get a statement from him. In explaining this to me once, he said, "When people start asking you questions about your private life all you can do is deny you have any. They'll print what they please about you, anyhow, but if you deny everything at least they can't quote you. If you give them anything at all to quote, they twist it around and make a perfect fool of you."

I don't know anyone who makes as little effort to conciliate or impress people as Gary. Yet it is impossible to be in his company any length of time without becoming aware of his charm. It is as intangible and, at the same time, as potent as Jean Harlow's perfume. I've tried, unsuccessfully, to analyze it. The only conclusion I can reach is that he is himself at all times.

ONE year the Arlens and the Bing Crosbys had a house at Palm Springs. We were all out in the road one afternoon playing "rounders" when Gary, Sandra, John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce, Elliott Gibbons and Irene Jones drove up. We stopped the ball game and went inside for a drink. I don't know whether it was because we were tired or because we were all trying to recover from a long siege of Hollywood, but conversation was forced and uninteresting.

After a time, when the strain showed no signs of easing, Gary put his glass down and stood up. "I think," he informed us, "we'd all have more fun if we went back out in the road and played ball."

The most satisfactory explanation I've been able to find of his attraction for women is that his apparent naiveté intrigues them and his indifference spurs each one on in an effort to arouse some spark of interest.

His home life is ideal and he has wisely refrained from publicizing it. The Coopers have a Bermuda type of house that includes a swimming pool and tennis court. They keep only as many servants as are actually needed to run the place—housekeeper, maid and cook; no chauffeur and no valet for Gary. He keeps two cars—a high-powered, two-seated roadster for himself and the family car. Their pets consist of a poodle, a Doberman and a Sealyham. Mrs. Cooper is thinking of breeding dogs for a pastime.

Gary was born in Helena, Montana, attended the public schools there and afterwards Grinnell College in Iowa. He has one brother, older than himself, named Arthur. He supports his parents in a comfortable but not lavish manner.

He smokes a pipe, has blue eyes, dresses simply, leisurely and comfortably. When he goes out he dresses as any well-dressed man would, never loudly. He keeps a few bucks in his pockets and his manager handles the rest of his money.

He sings—not only in the bathtub, but everywhere. No matter what he sings it all sounds the same. His favorite is "Oh, Susanna," but you can't tell it from the rest of his repertoire, except by the words.

I USED TO BE AT MY WIT'S END TO KNOW WHAT TO GIVE JUNIOR FOR LUNCH *until I discovered Franco-American Spaghetti*

GEE, MOM, I COULD EAT PLATES AND PLATES OF THIS !

Children Love This Delicious, Nourishing Dish

that costs less than 3¢ a portion

A PIPING-HOT plateful of Franco-American Spaghetti, a glass of milk, some fruit—there's a perfect lunch for a husky boy and a lunch to help *keep* him husky!

And so easy for you to prepare. No cooking, just heat and serve. So economical, too. A can holding three to four portions is usually no more than ten cents—less than 3¢ a portion. It would cost more to buy all your ingredients and prepare spaghetti and sauce at home.

Yet Franco-American is a regular "millionaire's dish," as different as can be from ordinary ready-cooked spaghetti, with its savory cheese-and-tomato sauce made with eleven different ingredients. Serve it for dinner tonight in place of potatoes or have this spaghetti meal.

Savory Spaghetti Platter

In center of hot platter arrange one can heated Franco-American Spaghetti and surround it with ring of crisp bacon strips. At each end of platter put mound of cooked vegetables (peas, carrots or string beans). Serves 4. Cost (according to vegetable used), 40¢ to 50¢.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

THE KIND WITH THE *EXTRA* GOOD SAUCE MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
Franco-American
SPAGHETTI
A LA MILANAISE

WAKE UP
Mary!

It's a grand old world and you're missing it

YOU'RE a pretty girl, Mary, and you're smart about most things. But you're just a bit stupid about yourself.

You love a good time—but you seldom have one. Evening after evening you sit at home alone.

You've met several grand men who seemed interested at first. They took you out once—*and that was that.*

WAKE UP, MARY!

• • •

There are so many pretty Marys in the world who never seem to sense the real reason for their aloneness.

In this smart modern age, it's against the code for a girl (or a man, either) to carry the repellent odor of underarm perspiration on clothing and person.

It's a fault which never fails to carry its own punishment—unpopularity. And justly. For it is a fault which can be overcome in just half a minute—with Mum!

No bother to use Mum. Just smooth a bit of Mum under each arm — and slip into your dress without a minute lost. No waiting for it to dry; no rinsing off.

Use it any time; harmless to clothing. If you forget to use Mum before you dress, just use it afterwards. Mum is the only deodorant which holds the Textile Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics.

Soothing and cooling to skin. You'll love this about Mum — you can shave your underarms and use it at once. Even the most delicate skin won't mind!

Effective all day long. Mum never lets you down. Its protection lasts, no matter how strenuous your day or evening.

Does not prevent natural perspiration. Mum just prevents the objectionable part of perspiration — the unpleasant odor — and not the natural perspiration itself.

Don't let neglect cheat you of good times which you were meant to have. The daily Mum habit will keep you safe! Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS Know what complete freedom from doubt and fear of this cause of unpleasantness can really mean.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

He reads anything pertaining to the outdoors—travel, hunting, fishing, the jungles—but he is particularly fond of anything pertaining to the early pioneering days of America.

He likes to dance in moderation. He attends the prize fights religiously. He never wears make-up of any kind on the screen. I have never seen him mad and Colonel Moss says that in six years of the closest association he has never seen Gary ruffled. Gary's mother says the only thing he wants is a child.

It is a point of pride with Gary that he was discovered by audiences rather than a producer. He had a small part in "Wings," another one in "Children of Divorce," starring Clara Bow and Esther Ralston, and a larger one, Abe Lee, in "The Winning of Barbara Worth," starring Ronald Coleman and Vilma Banky. Audiences began writing in, demanding to see more of Gary. Since then there has been no stopping him.

Asked what he thinks of himself as an actor, Gary is amazed that anyone considers him an actor since he failed in the dramatic class at Grinnell.

He draws and paints surprisingly well. Character sketches are usually done in charcoal and outdoor scenes (generally Western) in water colors. I have seen quite a little of his work. Almost any artist might be proud of it.

SINCE I have come to know Gary I have seen him in many places and under varying conditions but the mental picture I have of him that I like best is one I never really saw at all. It was told me by a friend.

It was when he and his wife were returning recently from their vacation to Bermuda. The train had stopped for a few minutes at some small station. Gary and Sandra had got out to stretch their legs. It was dusk and they were walking up and down the platform, rather close together. Almost unconsciously Gary slipped his arm around her waist.

I don't know why that should have surprised me—except that they have been married almost three years and you rather expect people to get over that sort of thing after awhile. When they don't, it's swell. After pondering over it, I came to the conclusion he couldn't possibly have done anything that would have been more typically Gary, and that's what pleased me.

But then, when you know Gary, nearly everything he does pleases you. He's like that!

HOW THE VOICE OF A DEAD GIRL BROUGHT FAME TO DOROTHY LAMOUR

There's pathos—and hope—in the remarkable story of "Dowie's" friendship with the ill-fated Dorothy Dell, and what that friendship did for her, even after death! In June MOVIE MIRROR, out April 23rd.

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page* 4)

hotel ballrooms, two capacity audiences at two vaudeville houses, radio appearances, and Bob Taylor even went to Baltimore the same evening to help make their ball a success because they had no star to attend. But they are great people, and more power to you, Jean Harlow and Robert Taylor, you did more than live up to your Hollywood reputations by your graciousness and modesty.

Hats off to them! Real people are successful and stay successful, too.

Ernest C. Sokol,
Washington, D. C.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

The Other Side of the Picture

For some time now, it has been the fashion for the master minds in Hollywood to portray New York City patrolmen, and even sergeants, as dumb and frequently half-witted citizens.

It may interest our Hollywood friends to know that the last examination for patrolmen in New York City drew 26,000 applicants. Among these were a great many college men, lawyers and the like. A little over 5,000 passed. The competition speaks for itself. Needless to say, the task of landing a sergeant's "stripe" is a proportionately tougher one.

Criminologists the world over recognize New York's police force as a wonderfully efficient law enforcement unit. How about starting to erase the international black eye you've been giving them for years, Hollywood?

Roger T. Mullaney,
Elmhurst, N. Y.

$1 PRIZE LETTER

Titles that Tease—and Annoy

Juliet may have been right when she consoled Romeo with, "That which we call a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." However, the philosophy of Shakespeare's immortal heroine is put to the acid test when applied to motion picture titles.

The lurid and ridiculous caption is on the road to oblivion, and high time. The name of a movie should be some indication of what one can expect in the way of entertainment, a box office guarantee that the Western fan will not regret paying admission to see passion unwind in a penthouse; the sophisticate will not spend a bored hour watching two-gun justice riding the range; the devotee of heavy drama will not be forced to leave at the end of the third reel satiated with trick chorus formations and hot-cha numbers.

A descriptive title can be just as enticing as informative. "After the Thin Man," "Lloyds of London," "Theodora Goes Wild" and "Pigskin Parade" are all excellent examples that broadly hint at the plot content and stick to Webster's definition of title as "Any inscription put over . . . anything to . . . explain it."

Celeste H. Hall,
Yankton, S. D.

Romance never came her way

. . . UNTIL SHE LEARNED THIS LOVELIER WAY TO AVOID OFFENDING . . . FRAGRANT BATHS WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

WHY RISK OFFENDING?

Don't forget that nothing gets you "in wrong" with a man so surely as just the slightest taint of perspiration odor! So don't start "going places" until you've bathed with Cashmere Bouquet! This lovely perfumed soap keeps you so safe from fear of offending—*ever!*

BE FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!

That's the way you feel after your bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap! For its rich, luxurious lather is so deep-cleansing! It removes so completely every trace of body odor. You step from your bath so sweet and clean . . . so *fragrantly* dainty!

HOW GLAMOROUS YOU ARE!

And how much more *alluring*—when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way! For Cashmere Bouquet's subtle perfume lingers for hours . . . gives your skin a delicate, flower-like fragrance men adore! And this wonderful soap costs only 10¢ a cake!

MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

Use this pure, creamy-white soap for both your face and bath. Cashmere Bouquet's lather is so gentle and caressing. Yet it gets down into each pore—removes every bit of dirt and cosmetics. Your skin grows clearer, softer . . . more radiant and alluring!

NOW ONLY 10¢ at all drug, department, and ten-cent stores

THE ARISTOCRAT OF ALL FINE SOAPS

FEMININE HYGIENE *made easy*

NOTHING COULD BE EASIER! Norforms are ready for use. There's nothing to mix, nothing to measure. You don't have to worry about an "overdose" or "burn." No apparatus is needed to apply Norforms. They are the dainty, modern, *easy* way to feminine hygiene.

THINK BACK to the awkward old ways of feminine hygiene. Contrast them with the *new* way, the convenient, simple *Norform* way. These easy-to-use suppositories have revolutionized feminine hygiene for millions of women.

Norforms melt at internal body temperature, releasing an effective yet non-irritating antiseptic film that remains in prolonged soothing contact. This antiseptic—*anhydro-para-hydroxy-mercuri-meta-cresol*—called *Parahydrecin* for short—is found in no other product for feminine hygiene. *Parahydrecin* is the reason why Norforms are positively antiseptic and non-irritating.

MILLIONS USED EVERY YEAR

Send for the new Norforms booklet, *"Feminine Hygiene Made Easy."* Or, buy a box of Norforms at your druggist's today. 12 in a package, complete with leaflet of instructions. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, New York, *makers of Unguentine.*

NORFORMS

© N. P. C. 1937 Known to Physicians as "Vagiforms"

$1 PRIZE LETTER
Greta the Great

For the most outstanding performance of any actress I select the perfectly magnificent portrayal of Marguerite Gautier in "Camille" by the incomparable and charming Greta Garbo. Delicate and sensitive, lovingly passionate and soul stirring, Miss Garbo leaves nothing to be desired in the unforgettable performance in which she reaches new all time heights and makes "Camille" a true screen classic. This picture will undoubtedly put her at the top again where she belongs. Miss Garbo's portrayals of "Anna Karenina," "Mata Hari," "Anna Christie" and "Susan Lennox" were superb. "Camille" should prove that she is the greatest screen actress of all time.

Ben Mahon,
Los Angeles, Cal.

HONORABLE MENTION

"A Woman Rebels"—but not enough! If I were Miss Hepburn, I'd go in for a bit of rebelling on my own against roles that require such hideously unbecoming clothes. Every time I see one of her pictures, I marvel anew at the art that can transcend costumes that make her look like a caricature—*Willie Mae Jackson,* Columbia, Tenn.

* * *

So many prejudiced reviewers are panning "As You Like It," that we think it about time to give the opinion of the youngster in the street. In passing, we might say that we think reviewers of the screen Shakespeare should be young people who have never seen him on the stage, who are not full of the "Shakespearean tradition," and who can therefore give us an unbiased opinion of what the present world thinks of Shakespeare in the present medium—*Mrs. J. Steel,* Montreal, Canada.

* * *

Girls! Do you know what a certain columnist has said? Why, that Dick Powell's marriage has ruined his box office attraction. Whoever wrote that is certainly insulting the women and girls of the fan world. The fans don't begrudge their favorite stars a happy marriage; in fact, they admire them more for being human—*Mrs. J. C. Eisenbruch,* Monrovia, Calif.

* * *

Why give the grown-ups all the breaks? Why not give the kiddies a treat and have Freddie Bartholomew, Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Jackie Cooper starred in one picture, as you had "Ladies in Love" and "Libeled Lady?"—*Sylvia Noodelman,* Bronx, N. Y.

* * *

I've heard of him, I've seen him on the screen in a newsreel, but now I've really seen him in a moving picture. His name happens to be John Trent, the Kansas City plane pilot. His picture was "Doctor's Diary," and it was marvelous. May we have more of this tall and handsome gentleman?—*Annabelle Davis,* Youngstown, O.

* * *

In almost every movie magazine we see something about Robert Taylor and Clark Gable, yet there is never a thing said about having these two in the same picture. The fans know that these two wouldn't have a fight if they were put in the same picture. Everyone who sees the movies or hears people talking about them knows how these two actors have swept all movie fans off their feet—*Clara Strickland,* Roanoke, Va.

* * *

It seems to me that altogether too much time is wasted in previews at most movies. After all, you wouldn't enjoy a dinner where the host spent half the meal telling you what good things you were going to have next week—*Marion Goodwin,* Himrod, N. Y.

* * *

You grown-ups can have your Shirley Temple with her curls, dimples, and baby charms, but give us kids that regular little tomboy, by the name of Jane Withers, any day! She's a rough-and-tumble little girl, and certainly could not go around in ruffles and frills, but we adore her for that—*Doris Lee Newman,* Hagerstown, Md.

* * *

Publicity mediums might establish a Scale of Justice for weighing all material concerning the stars to determine whether or not the news value to the fans is of equal value to the stars. That may mean that the morbidly curious go hungry and publicity be lessened. It may also mean that the stars of today will remain to be stars of tomorrow—*R. F. Whalen,* Norfolk, Va.

* * *

As I write this, I have just seen "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" for the third time. My vote for the best performance of 1936 is cast for Miss George, who has beauty, charm, personality, and a decided box office appeal, besides an easily recognized talent that has put her where she is today. Let us see more of Gladys George soon—*Ruth Kilbourne,* Altadena, Calif.

* * *

I should think some enterprising moving picture concern would find the following plan practicable—to establish a chain of children's moving picture theaters (one in each large community), charging only ten cents admission, but using chiefly children's old feature films and cartoons, even as far back at ten years. As babies grow into children, there is a continuous new crop for audience—*Elsi Parrish,* Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

The announcement that Gypsy Rose Lee, the strip-tease "dancer," has been awarded a film contract is discouraging news. One hoped that films had grown up enough to do without freaks and stunts, and had settled down to enacting stories. But the film producer is a bald-headed Peter Pan, a raree-showman whose audience has outgrown him. He still clings to his quintuplets, his skating champions, his tennis stars, and will try to wring acting out of anyone but a professed actor—*Elizabeth Fletcher,* Blackpool, Lancashire, England.

* * *

How many of our young and best actors have been spoiled by those ugly mustaches! Dick Powell, Michael Whalen, George Brent are only a few, and now I have discovered to my horror that they have put one on Don Ameche in his forthcoming picture, "Love Is News"—*Isabel Laurie,* Bridgeport, Conn.

Psychoanalyzing the Hollywood Bachelor

(*Continued from page 47*)

love-life of an adolescent. But when this romanticism is practiced by grown men and women it indicates a desire to be pampered. In other words, it is *the inferiority complex in the game of love!*

And it's the subconscious reason why bachelors in Hollywood, or anywhere for that matter, sidestep marriage. They may be able to make love on the screen, but in real life they are afraid they won't be able to make the grade in the role of husband. And so by escaping holy wedlock they take no chance on their feeling of inferiority being discovered.

NOW of course this feeling is entirely a subconscious one and the elusive bachelor goes merrily on his way, stringing the girls along, thinking himself too smart to be captured and often envied by his less vulnerable brothers, who, normal in their emotional reactions, settled down in the usual fashion. When this subconscious feeling of inferiority is removed, either through a strong emotional jolt or psychiatric treatment, the bachelor loses his fear and hunts a wife!

In Hollywood multiple marriages are not considered startling. Many of our movie favorites have been Reno-vated at least once or twice. They never seem to pick a winner in the race to the altar; they remain unlucky in the game of love.

According to Dr. Adler, this is because they really don't want love and its responsibilities and so they unconsciously stack the cards against themselves by falling for the wrong mate. Now mature men and women make mistakes in love, too. One mistake is allowed. But two mistakes are suspicious. And three mistakes, and constant mistakes thereafter, indicate unconscious bad intentions and a feeling of defeat in the affairs of the heart.

A search for the "true" mate, who usually doesn't come along even after a fourth divorce, is just another way of the gay Lothario escaping the responsibilities of love, whether in Hollywood or Oshkosh!

American men are known to be good providers, but bad lovers, according to psychiatrists, whose consultation rooms are over-run with neurotic wives. The greatest means of escape these unhappy women have from an unsatisfactory home life is the motion picture. And when a romantic young figure such as Robert Taylor flashes across the horizon, he becomes their Prince Charming to worship from afar.

Maurice Chevalier probably gave more unsatisfied wives a vicarious thrill with his deft love-making on the screen than all the American actors put together. This is because he represents the Continental lover, whom women instinctively know to be skilled in the art of subtle flattery and in a love technique that does not seem to be in the repertoire of most American husbands.

Valentino, up to the very moment of his tragic death, was the dream lover of nearly every woman in America, whether she openly admitted it or not. The box-office receipts proved it. Women inherently desire finesse and savoir faire in a man, and the Latin, with centuries of love technique in his blood and the heritage of Cellini, arouses their curiosity.

There is something in the American and English masculine code which disapproves of the man who has the reputation of being a good lover. Men are secretly envious of him, which is simply another camouflage for their inferiority, because they are reminded of their own defeat in often trying to win the women they once desired. They feel that they haven't made good in the game of love and that is the original American sin!

AND so our American men, whether in reel or real life, concentrate on their business or on their golf scores. Some of them even become powerful he-men in self-defense. Clark Gable first popularized on the screen this type of male—the cheek-slapping, treat-'em-rough sort of guy—a technique which, to his own advantage, he has considerably soft-pedaled in his more recent pictures. James Cagney rose to popularity because of his sock-a-gal-in-the-puss roles and it is interesting to know that he counts as many men as women among his fans!

The big job is to convince the average

IF SHE'S COMING OVER —I'M GOING OUT!
BUT YOU PROMISED TO TEACH JEAN THAT NEW DANCE STEP. THAT'S WHY SHE'S COMING!
THAT WAS BEFORE I KNEW SHE DIDN'T READ THE TOOTHPASTE ADS!
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ME LATELY, DOT? RAY'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTS AS IF I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!
SAY, WHY NOT TALK TO DR. MASON ABOUT BAD BREATH, JEAN?
MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD DEPOSITS IN HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS.

THEN—THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M AFRAID MY BROTHER HAS FALLEN FOR YOU, JEAN!
YOU BET I HAVE! AND IN A BIG WAY!
...AND NO TOOTHPASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!
NOW—NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!

MOST BAD BREATH BEGINS WITH THE TEETH!

Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And tests also prove that most bad breath comes from *improperly cleaned teeth.* Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special *penetrating* foam, removes the *cause*—the decaying food deposits in hidden crevices between teeth which are the source of most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens enamel—makes teeth sparkle!

20¢ LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much, 35¢

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

IF I HADN'T MADE THAT "ARMHOLE-ODOR" TEST, I WOULDN'T BE HERE

If moisture once collects on the armhole of your dress, the warmth of your body will bring out stale "armhole odor" just when you want to be most alluring!

SOMETIMES the minute you see a new man, you know he is wonderful. You meet him. You dance. It's divine. But that's all! He *can't* forgive your careless neglect of that little hollow under your arm!

Don't let it happen to *you*. No matter how smartly dressed or how charming you are, you cannot expect to be socially acceptable unless that small underarm area is kept not only sweet, but *dry*.

Creams that are not made to stop perspiration cannot give the *complete* protection you need. Unless your underarm is kept absolutely *dry*, some moisture is bound to collect on your dress. You may make *yourself* sweet again, but *your dress* will betray you every time you put it on.

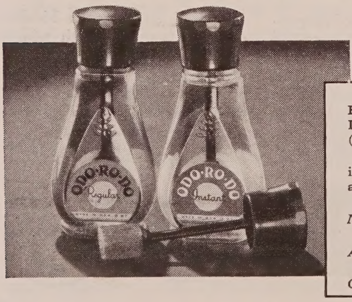
Test your dress tonight. Many girls test the underarm by smelling it and never think of the dress! When you take off your dress tonight, smell the fabric under the armhole. You may learn why many people who seemed to like you became cool and distant. You will understand why so many careful, well-groomed women take the extra time and trouble to use Liquid Odorono.

A few extra seconds make sure

There is no slapdash, quick way to complete personal daintiness. But those few minutes of waiting for Liquid Odorono to dry, while you do other little personal things, make all the difference between offending and the assurance of pleasing. Your physician will tell you Odorono is entirely safe. And there is no messy grease to get on your clothes. You are saved the expense of large cleaning bills, the waste of ruined frocks and stained coat linings.

Odorono comes in two strengths—Regular and Instant. Regular Odorono (Ruby colored) need be used only twice a week. Instant Odorono is for especially sensitive skin or quick emergency use. Use it daily or every other day. At all toilet-goods counters.

To double your charm, send today for sample vials of the two Odoronos.



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I enclose 8¢, to cover cost of postage and packing, for samples of Instant and Regular Odorono and descriptive leaflet.

Name________________________________

Address______________________________

City State

American man that being a good lover is worth while and that he can learn to be one, too. But we must first break down the average man's idea of what constitutes a good lover, whom he invariably regards as a rather effeminate waster adept at kissing a lady's hand *before* marriage and beating her up *after* marriage—for her money! This good lover is supposedly an idler and a cheat, with neither morals nor brains, and is interested only in rich women. Now, of course, this is poppycock, because such a man is not a lover, but a loafer, and belongs in the gigolo class.

The real lover, according to psychiatrists, is an *emotionally mature person, without feelings of inferiority and emotionally free from his parents.* A man with a mother fixation never makes a satisfactory husband. He is still attached to his mother's apron strings and marriage to him means giving in to mother-in-law.

He must feel strong and self-reliant, otherwise he will lean on a woman and be afraid of the inevitable responsibilities which a man assumes when he makes love. According to the psychiatrists, the men who mystify the feminine sex with their dodging of love, their uncertainties and silences, are the men who are emotionally immature.

A MATURE man is not afraid to be sincere in his love-making and does not expect a girl to guess what's really on his mind. Woman is more emotional than man, with greater periods of depression, and for this reason she needs constant, repeated assurances of love. That is why a good lover is necessary to her happiness and sense of security and why a good lover is always a man who *understands* women. He is not a flirt, adding scalps to his belt of self-esteem. Rather, he is certain of his own virility in his subconscious mind.

Psychologists have recently prepared the following good lover tests. If you are a man, test your emotional maturity by answering the following questions yourself. If a woman, rate the man you love and, of course, your favorite screen hero. It's fun to imagine how adequate a lover he would be from his actions on the screen. The perfect lover and ideal husband will answer yes to each question:

1. Are you emotionally free from your mother?
2. Is a woman's love necessary to your happiness?
3. Are you frank in your affections?
4. Are you sincere and faithful in love?
5. Are you unselfish, patient and self-controlled?
6. Do you know feminine psychology?
7. Are you ardent and intense in your emotional nature?
8. Do you accept a woman as your equal?
9. Do you amuse and entertain the woman you love?
10. Are you comfortable in the presence of women?
11. Do you have a code of conduct toward women?
12. Do you remember anniversaries and the little courtesies so important to women?
13. Are you a comrade with the woman you love?
14. Do you compliment a woman on her clothes and charm?
15. Are you ready for love and eager to accept its responsibilities?

Charting Your Course for Beauty

(*Continued from page* 12)

of this lubrication which softens and preserves the texture. The patting massage motion with which you apply the cream also stimulates the circulation and this helps to ward off blackheads and to reduce enlarged pores. So beside your jar of cleansing cream should go another of nourishing cream!

Creams that you wear are the splendid foundation creams which are growing in popularity by leaps and bounds. Powder foundations, they are frequently called, and that's just what they are—creams especially prepared so as not to injure or clog the pores when worn all day. They come in a wide range of skin tones, so you can readily find the color best for you. Incidentally, if you dislike freckles, you can hide them successfully with a heavier layer of powder foundation and powder.

Over the powder foundation go the rouge and powder, and now we come to the illustration of this article. When I visited Paul Stanhope in his own Make-up Department at the Selznick Studios, I saw piles of these diagrams lying on his desk, all marked up with colored crayons and notes, and each with the name of a screen personality on it.

"What *are* these?" I asked.

MR. STANHOPE laughed. "Why, those are the results of the make-up tests of every actor and actress here," he said. "Make-up, you know, is such an individual thing that literally no two people use exactly the same ensemble. In Miss Gaynor's newest picture, 'A Star Is Born,' you'll see an amusing scene where such tests are made on her, and I assure you this is a reproduction of genuine studio routine for everyone who appears before a camera. These charts are the keys to the final, successful make-up, and insure the same results being achieved each time."

Mr. Stanhope then added thoughtfully, "It wouldn't be such a bad idea if every girl made a chart like this for herself, to fix in her memory just the perfect make-up for her, when she has finally discovered it."

"You're right," I said. "And even though make-up is so individual, and each of us must work it out personally by patient experiment, can you give me some basic principles with which to begin this experimenting?"

"Indeed I can, since all my work is based on certain broad rules. I scarcely need to repeat that the object of make-up is to create an illusion. The moment you use a wrong color in the wrong place, or too much of anything, you spoil that illusion. So first—follow nature. Choose your powder foundation cream and your powder in shades of your natural skin. The same applies to rouge.

"When it comes to placing the rouge, bear this in mind: Rouge minimizes, while a highlight of powder emphasizes. Ninety per cent of faces are of average proportion and should place rouge rather well away from the nose, blended up near the temples and out toward the side hairline, on no account up near the eyes (note this

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GREYHOUND TRAVEL appeals keenly to those who *love life*—those who want to get the most from every mile of each trip (not only in dollar value, but in pleasant human experiences, nearness to nature at its loveliest, a close-up view of the real America).

Millions whose minds are open to new and improved transportation are traveling the Greyhound way—and saving millions of dollars doing it! The luxurious new Super-Coaches, *exclusively Greyhound,* are writing a brilliant new chapter in highway travel —with special emphasis on smooth-riding comfort, time saving, and economy.

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DO YOU USE THE RIGHT SHADE OF FACE POWDER?

Beige Face Powder Made Her Look Like This!

Rachel Made Her Look Like This!

By Lady Esther

It's amazing the number of women who use the wrong shade of face powder.

It's still more amazing what it does to them!

As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, the wrong shade of face powder will change your appearance altogether. It will make you look years older than you really are.

A Common Mistake

The great trouble is that women choose their face powder shades on the wrong basis. They try to match "type." This is a mistake because you are not a "type," but an individual. You may be a brunette and still have a very light skin or any one of a number of different tones between light and dark. The same holds true if you are a blonde or redhead.

There is only one way to choose your shade of face powder and that is by trying on all ten basic shades. Maybe the shade you think least suited to you is your most becoming and flattering. Thousands of women have been surprised.

The Test That Tells!

I want you to see if you are using the right shade of face powder or whether you should be using some other shade. So, I offer you all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder to try on, free of charge.

Try on each of the ten shades as if you had never used face powder before. Maybe you'll make a great discovery for yourself. Maybe you'll find a shade that will completely "youthify" your appearance.

Mail the coupon today for the ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder which will settle once and for all whether you are using the right shade or not.

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*) (33) **FREE**

Lady Esther, Ltd., 2034 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all ten shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a purse-size tube of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

*Name*__________

*Address*__________

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(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Ltd., Toronto, Ont.*)

especially, if your eyes are smaller than average) nor down toward the mouth. And all rouge should be gradually blended out till it fades into the general skin tone. Never any sharp color lines anywhere.

"For the longer faces, less rouge, and just on the cheekbones, not extended to the temples and even less further down on the cheek than for the average face. This placing helps to shorten the face. Just the opposite will help to lengthen a very plump face: Much more color, but nearer in toward the nose, and extending further down from the cheekbone, roughly, more of a triangle than for the other two types, but always with the edges blended off gradually."

All through our talk, Mr. Stanhope kept insisting on the importance of blending as a secret of natural, skillful make-up.

"What about using different tones of powder foundation and powder to soften disproportions in a face?" I asked. "Is it possible to do this successfully for everyday wear?"

"TO a certain extent, yes," Mr. Stanhope answered. "And the results well repay the time it may take to learn just how. Use two tones, very close together, of the same color and same brand of powder foundation and powder. Remember my first axiom, that a darker shade minimizes and a lighter one accentuates. A receding chin can be made to appear less so, if lighter foundation and powder is used on it. In the same way, lower parts of the cheeks which appear too plump may be toned down by using the darker shades there. But please, a word of warning when you bring on this corrective work, as we call it. It must be very skillfully done, and the joining of the two shades expertly blended, or the effect of the natural shadow we are after, will become just a smudge."

Mr. Stanhope gave me many more fascinating details about this corrective work, and if you'd like to experiment, bring this up when you write me, but be sure to enclose a picture, as I will need it when I answer you. In the meantime, I hope you'll begin to apply these basic rules and achieve a fine make-up for yourself, yet not forgetting that the basis of a good make-up is a healthy skin and that the two types of cream I mentioned are vital to your complexion routine.

SEND YOUR PERSONAL BEAUTY PROBLEMS TO Gloria Mack for her personal advice and sympathetic help. A new coiffure, more hints on make-up, a splendid skin regime for those blackheads and pores, figure troubles. She'll be glad to help, and there is no charge, since this is a Movie Mirror service to you. Just enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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JEANETTE MACDONALD'S BRIDAL TROUSSEAU

What could be more appropriate for next month's "Star Fashions" than the wardrobe of Hollywood's most famous bride-to-be? In June MOVIE MIRROR, on sale April 23rd.

Ann Sothern's Miraculous Escapes from Death

(*Continued from page* 49)

dinner table was a beautiful big box of kitchen matches.

"I had on a long, flimsy nightgown of muslin and my little bed slippers that had leather soles and heels. Making very sure none of the older folks could hear me, I grabbed a bunch of matches in delight and started back up to bed. Then I decided I would light one as I had seen my father do, by striking it on his shoe. Only to make sure I would get good results, I struck five or six all together."

In a flash the flames caught the edge of her nightgown. In another flash she was ablaze from head to foot. Screaming with pain and terror, she ran for help. Her quick-witted mother seized the nearest rug and rolled her in it, but not before the flames had eaten deeply into arms, legs, and back. Mercifully none touched her face, at least not badly enough to leave scars.

For months she lay in bed, long months of pain, with first this member and then the other outstretched and held immobile while skin was grafted over the cruelly destroyed parts of her little body. Only her remarkable recuperative powers and her fine courage saved her this time.

TWO fairly uneventful years rolled by. Nothing more serious than the usual childhood bumps and bruises occurred, although Ann did manage to get them more frequently and more severely than her playmates.

"I should have known something pretty dire was due," Ann laughed. "It was the longest I had ever gone without a serious accident."

Something "pretty dire" did happen. It was in Waterloo, Iowa, she was eight, and she was run over by an automobile!

"I'll never forget that night, and I guess my family and the entire neighborhood won't either," she said. "It was about seven-thirty. Mother was just about to leave the house to go sing a concert and we kids, my two sisters and two little boys who lived across the street, were playing around the taxi that was waiting for Mother.

"One of the boys was across the street and started to run over to us without even looking up or down the street. Just as he left the curb I saw a car bearing down on him. I ran out from my side of the street to grab him, darting in front of the waiting taxi."

Unfortunately in her quick heroism, Ann didn't stop to look up and down the street either. Mrs. Lake came down the front steps just in time to see her eldest daughter struck down and run over by a third car, a heavy sedan.

"So many things were always happening to me that I always tried to minimize them so Mother would not be frightened," Ann said. "I remember dragging myself to my knees, feebly waving to her and calling, 'I'm all right, Mamma,' and then falling flat on my face!"

The broken leg, the bad cut over one eye, and all the other cuts and bruises she received in that accident were as nothing,

"LET'S BE ON GUARD, MOTHER...

specially about my food"

***Most mothers** are on guard! That's why Gerber's Strained Foods for Baby are used by MORE mothers than any other brand**

● Baby is YOUR care, mother—and what pride and thought you bring to the task of keeping him happy and well!

And what pride and thought Gerber brings to the task of providing you with strained foods which make guarding this vital part of your baby's diet not merely easy—but certain!

For instance—our vegetables are grown from specially pedigreed seed in rich and scientifically prepared soil. *Home Grown!* Right under our very noses, so to speak. Which means that they are gathered at the moment of perfect ripeness; are rushed to our nearby shining show kitchens so that all food values are preserved in a high degree.

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Special equipment takes the coarse fibres out of fruits and vegetables much better—really—than you could with a kitchen sieve. Air is excluded—temperatures are exactly right—minerals and vitamins are protected ...And then comes the *Shaker-Cooking* method, ours exclusively. Each can, as its contents cook, is shaken *140 times a minute.* The result is even, thorough cooking—fresher flavor—better color!

Your doctor will advise you on feeding your baby these fine Gerber Strained Foods. In fact, much of the success of Gerber's is due to the recognition and support given them by the medical profession.

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The Gerber Baby is on every can of Gerber's Strained Foods.

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Your Baby Will Adore This Doll!

8 *in. high*

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During hot weather especially, fastidious women consider Quest part of their daily toilet. It is the *positive* deodorant powder, soothing, completely effective! Try it as a foot powder, and see how Quest gives tired, perspiring feet a new lease on life as it keeps them fresh and dainty.

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For all-day-long body freshness, use Quest as a dusting powder, and for under-arms. It prevents perspiration offense; keeps you dainty always; yet does not clog pores or irritate the skin. And, being unscented, it cannot interfere with the fragrance of lovely perfume.

QUEST... totally effective on Sanitary Napkins

This is the key test for *any* deodorant powder: Prove for yourself that Quest never fails on sanitary napkins — assures *complete* personal daintiness. Buy the large can today —only 35c at drug counters everywhere.

USE IT WITH KOTEX

Ann said, because she was the neighborhood heroine, which was a pleasant status indeed.

"I felt terrifically important, all propped up in bed, with both the children and their parents coming to call on me and tell me what a brave little girl I had been. And I got the first flowers in my life from a man. The man who had run over me sent me red roses!"

Her last childhood accident came when she was about twelve. She was at Grandmother Nelson's again (Grandmother Nelson could count on at least one minor catastrophe whenever Ann was in the neighborhood) and was playing in the barn. This time she simply fell from the roof, a drop of some thirty-five feet. Again her luck held. All she suffered was one broken arm!

Meantime, of course, in between burns, broken legs, and being run over, had come the usual parade of childhood diseases.

"The family coined a slogan about that," Ann said. "They used to say 'If it can be had, Harriette will have it!' I did, too. There were sieges of scarlet fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, measles, mumps, chicken pox and tonsillitis. Even in that last I could not have plain tonsillitis like other children; mine developed into quinsy, necessitating a lancing of the throat."

SHE even was the sole one of the children of the entire neighborhood to contract that unpleasantness sometimes found in public schools which requires a good scrubbing in kerosene to remedy!

"Yes, indeed," she chuckled in memory of that. "If it could be had, I was a cinch to have it. My gifts in that direction amounted to sheer genius."

The next four years were comparatively calm ones, the longest single stretch in the Lake family records. Nothing happened to Ann except almost turning over in an automobile and that was not her fault. Mrs. Lake was driving the family car and it slithered off the soft shoulder of the road, almost capsizing, and finally landing on its side in a ditch. All Ann got out of that was a dozen or so cuts and bruises and a sprained shoulder!

Next came the horse episode when she was sixteen. That little contretemps had slipped her mind entirely until I asked Ann if she never had had an accident with a horse. It had struck me that was about the only method she had missed.

"Well, yes," she told me, "if you count a horse falling on me."

Momma mia! A horse falling on one is nothing at all, of course!

That happened, it seems, in Minneapolis, too. She was riding with a friend and, I suspect, being inordinately proud of the fact she was a little better horsewoman, had insisted on mounting a stocky little hellion who was being schooled for polo and who had an unsavory reputation.

Unbeknownst to her, the horse had been taken from his feeding that she might ride him. No sooner was she on his back than he raced for his stall and started to rear in the hopes of throwing his unwelcome passenger out of his way.

"And there I made a grievous tactical error, did something an experienced rider would not do. I pulled back on the reins instead of leaning forward on his neck. Pulling back just made matters worse, for his mouth was extremely sore from being schooled to polo. The upshot of it was, he fell right over backwards, on top of me." (Men have been killed on polo fields in lesser accidents.)

For all it was her own fault, it infuriated her, Ann said. And so she ignored her terrific bruises and having the wind knocked out of her and climbed right back on him. Such an insult was more than the beast could bear. He ran away with her, and kept right on running (with Ann bouncing up and down like a bobbin) until he was all tired out and went back home of his own volition.

"As a result, I had several more bruises than I would have if I had been content to let well enough alone."

Well, well. So that happened on a horse. Well, then, how about on water? Any mishaps there?

"Well," she countered. "There was the time I almost drowned."

That was the first—and the last—time she was in an ocean for swimming purposes. The date was 1929, her first trip to California—the trip which started her on her screen career. She was a good swimmer but had had no experience in a heavy surf. Seeing others dive under the waves she attempted to duplicate the feat. She caught a double wave, however, and the breakers held her under and pounded her face into the sand until, very full of water and very unconscious, she was dragged back up to the beach for pumping out.

"I LEARNED one thing from that," she said. "It positively is true that your whole life seems to pass in review in one quick instant when you are drowning. It was, I think, the most horrible and unforgettable thing that has happened to me."

After that almost five years rolled by with no threat to her life. That is, if you do not count such things as the time she was driving her car near the top of Mt. Rainier and two wheels slipped over the edge of the precipice and she was held prisoner until help came along an hour later. Or the time she was flying to New York and the plane got lost in a mid-west dust storm and had to circle the skies helplessly for nine hours because certain equipment failed to function. Or the time she had to make a forced landing in another plane in a corn field in Indiana.

Her last encounter with death, the one which frightens her most in retrospect, came a little over a year ago. That was when the car in which she was returning from Agua Caliente was completely demolished in a side-swipe collision near Seal Beach. That she and the other occupants of the wrecked car escaped with nothing more serious than dreadful bruises, minor cuts, and shock was a miracle.

That accident, however, has taken a toll of a different sort. She now is frightfully nervous, cannot relax when in a car. Consequently she avoids taking motor trips whenever possible. Fear of another accident, like her fear of fire, obsesses her.

By the time she had finished her account of escapes from death, I felt I must be in a charmed presence indeed. But she scoffed.

"Why, what's happened to me is only half of what has happened to my sister, Marion!" she said. "Or to my other sister, Bonnie. It runs in the family."

What a beautifully tranquil life their mother must lead.

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The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to provide lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

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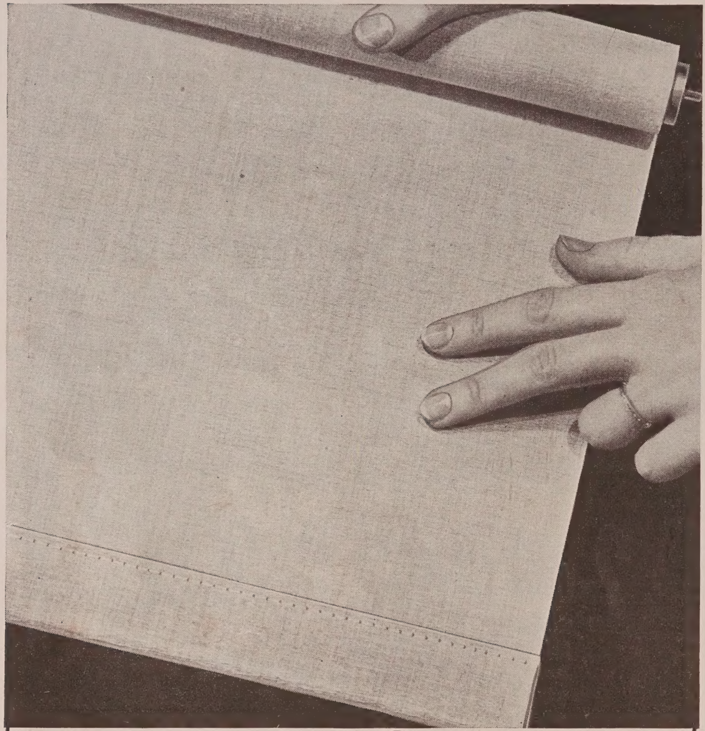

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Now Replace All Your Shabby Window Shades . . . BUY 10 FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

✶ Here's startling proof that you need no longer pay high prices to get beauty and dignified appearance in window shades. A remarkable new process called "Lintone" now gives to CLOPAY fibre shades the actual appearance of genuine linen! In actual test 3 out of 4 seeing a new CLOPAY LINTONE beside a $1.50 shade only four feet away thought the LINTONE was the cloth shade!

If no one can see any difference in the looks, why pay the big difference in price? Millions of women have found that CLOPAY 15c shades *wear* as well as cloth shades. Now they *look* as well, too. A 15c LINTONE will never crack, ravel or pinhole. It will soil no quicker than the costliest shade and when it does you can afford to change at once—always have spic and span shades at a cost you will hardly notice. See the CLOPAY LINTONES, 15c (rollers 10c additional) now in all "5 and 10" and most neighborhood stores. Write for FREE SAMPLES of material. The CLOPAY CORP., 1227 Dayton St., Cincinnati, O.

New Process Lintone CLOPAY WINDOW SHADE 15¢

When Harlow and Taylor Visited the Roosevelts

(*Continued from page 29*)

literally sprinted down the stairs to catch up with his hostess.

"I'm awfully sorry to be late," he said, out of breath.

With a twinkle in her eye Mrs. Roosevelt said, "Why do you suppose I dragged you folks all the way to the third floor? I told the maids that if they looked out of the rooms they might be able to see you!"

And then there was lunch, with Mrs. Roosevelt presiding. Jean echoed Mitzi Green's opinion of their hostess, the genuine home lover and home maker who enjoys sharing these pleasures with her friends. She marveled that Mrs. Roosevelt could find time for such interests with all the other demands made uopn her.

Bob was greatly impressed by the staff work which enables the President to perform his many duties.

"I looked with much awe on the President's secretaries, Marvin McIntyre and Stephen Early," he told me. "What jobs they have—saving the President's time; keeping the whole complicated machinery of those amazing executive offices running smoothly! That's the sort of work I'd like to do."

It is not known what Messrs. McIntyre and Early may think about exchanging their present positions for the check drawn weekly by Senor Taylor.

NOW for more highlights on the Presidential Balls. After opening the one in Baltimore, Bob, assisted by Governor Nice of Maryland and a squadron of motorcycle police, rushed back to Washington. There the Hollywood visitors attended in turn the festivities held in the leading hotels—the Hamilton, the Raleigh, the Washington, the Willard, the Carlton, the Shoreham, the Mayflower, the Wardman-Park.

At the Carlton the police were afraid their numbers were too few to protect Robert Taylor. It was suggested that they slip in a side door.

"No," said Taylor. "These people paid to see me. They're going to."

One girl slipped through the lines for a running tackle at the star's neck. Another nearly got his tie. But that was all.

At the Wardman-Park a group of young people in cars ganged on Jean Harlow.

They put their machines all around her limousine so it couldn't get out. The delay was making Jean late for her engagement to hear the President's broadcast from his study. Quickly she made a foray to the corner, climbed into about the oldest and dingiest taxicab in all Washington, and in this machine, escorted by Carter Barron and Ray Bell, prominent Washington theater executives, she arrived at the White House.

"To see and hear the President's broadcast was by far the biggest thrill of the trip," Jean told me.

"It was tremendously gripping, as we stood in that quiet study which has been the headquarters of our greatest Presidents, to think of the millions of Americans waiting to hear this very human man with his marvelous smile; his amazing voice."

And the President proved his great humanity.

He grinned at the stars as the electricians for the news reel photographers adjusted their illumination.

"Do these lights burn you up as they do me?" he inquired.

"We were glad to help in the great charity behind these Presidential Balls," Taylor said to me, his voice deeply sincere, "but we feel nobody should thank us. The thanks should come from our side.

"It was the greatest privilege and honor I have known to meet, even for a few moments, the greatest man in his country. And I think I speak for Jean as well as for myself when I say we thought we were patriotic Americans before, but now—well!"

"When I Get Rich . . ."

(*Continued from page* 59)

a silver fox cape, but none of them has meant what that first one did.

James Stewart bought wearing apparel, too, but for a very different reason. Jimmy, you know, is one of those long, lanky guys. When he first started on the stage his arms used to drive directors crazy because he could never get shirts with long enough sleeves. When he reached out his arms for the girl his sleeves would ride slowly and majestically up to his elbows leaving bony wrists exposed. Friends were always fishing around in his coat sleeves to pull down his cuffs. His arms just never seemed to end.

So when he got his first big check he went out and ordered dozens and dozens of tailor-made shirts. He didn't care what material they were or what color because he doesn't give a darn about clothes, as you can see. But it was so wonderful to relax his arms at last and see cuffs sticking out and staying there right at his wrists.

Bette Davis is always being lectured by her conservative New England conscience and one of the things it tells her is to save half her earnings. But her Hollywood contract gave her super-extra spending money. So she went out and bought a swanky town car. It wasn't like Joan Crawford's Ford. It wasn't for utilitarian purposes. That car was bought to knock the Warner lot for a rolling pin.

It had every attachment known to accessory designers. It had a special paint job and a blaring radio. When you opened the doors lights came on where you least expected them. Oh, it was miles away from conservatism and New England and Bette's background. Instead it was everything that was flashy and actressy and wild.

Bette loved it so that she used to stand and look at it, wiping off the specks of dust the minute they landed. But she was so impressed with the car's grandeur that she couldn't bear to use it. The New England conscience just wouldn't let her wear out that car. So there it stood in her garage, a symbol of her success, while Bette trotted around to all the smart Hollywood places in her little Ford.

Anne Shirley's dreams did not fly so high as cars and mink coats. As Dawn O'Day, the child actress, she—and her mother—went through many hardships. Many times they did not have enough to eat. So a dog, the one thing Anne wanted, was quite out of the question.

Anne had one new dress a year and when time came to buy that she would ask her mother if she could have a dog instead. But of course that was highly impractical. The dress was necessary. The dog would eat food. And who, pray, would look after the dog when Anne and her mother were job hunting?

Anne had a little calico dog she slept with. Once she dreamed she had a real live dog. She reached out and stroked the toy and for one exciting moment thought it was warm to her touch. She woke up to realize that her wish had made the dream and she cried silently over the calico toy she had been touching.

So with that first nice salary check Anne bought a Scotty. She named him Angel Cake and she loves that little animal with a fierceness that is almost terrifying. Every week she buys a present for Angel—a plaid blanket, a rubber bone, a mouse that makes fascinating noises. He must have his canine desires fulfilled, since her childish wishes never came true.

Olivia de Havilland, like Bette Davis, bought just what she wanted and didn't use it. When she was a kid she stayed with her family at a little inn which had once been a home. A group of children sneaked up to the attic one day and discovered trunks full of gorgeous clothes of another era. Olivia said, "When I get rich I'm going to have dresses like this of my very own."

WELL, she got them. They weren't exactly like the old-fashioned ones in the trunk but they were long and trailing. She bought five gorgeous evening gowns with very long trains.

"But the funny thing is," she told me, "that I've never worn them. You see, I don't go out a lot—only with a few close friends and the family. Anyhow I haven't any desire to wear them out. I'm not the type for such elegance and I hate getting dressed up because I'm always so dressed up in pictures. So there they hang in my closet, becoming outmoded like the dresses in that old attic. But sometimes I go back to my childhood by putting them on and parading up and down in front of the mirror. Then I take them off again."

Luise Rainer came to this country with ready made fame, but she had had her struggles in Vienna. And during those years she had loathed the room she lived in. It represented all her disappointments. In that room she had cried alone. In that room she had wondered why she even went on living. Each piece of furniture was a symbol of failure.

So Luise made the grand gesture and made it properly. When she got the good break she marched home with an evil glint

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You'll win big smiles from *any* man with those big, golden-brown Shredded Wheat biscuits. Try it!

"I JUST WANTED TO KNOW IF YOU BOYS HAD ANY SHREDDED WHEAT AND STRAWBERRIES HANDY."

Set full sail for your grocer's right now. Shredded Wheat with strawberries is the flavor sensation of the season!

"OH YES, MADAM, SHREDDED WHEAT EVERY DAY WILL HELP MAKE HER BIG AND STRONG!"

Shredded Wheat is 100% whole wheat. And scientists say, "Wheat contains an excellent balance of the vital food essentials which help keep you active and alert!"

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Why Thousands Have Gained 10 to 25 Pounds—*Quick!*

If you look like the picture on the left—skinny, rundown, unattractive to the other sex—don't think for a moment that your case is hopeless. Thousands of men and women who never could put on an ounce before have gained 10 to 25 pounds of good, solid flesh in a few weeks with these wonderful new Ironized Yeast tablets.

In addition to their new normal attractive curves and feminine allure, they can also boast of naturally clear skin and lovely color, new pep, new popularity and joy in life that they never knew before.

Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now one of the richest known sources of Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, *making it 7 times more powerful.* Then it is combined with 3 kinds of iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to aid in building you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Note how quickly they increase your appetite and help you get more benefit from the body-building foods that are so essential. Then, day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. See your skin clear to natural beauty. Note new pep and energy. Soon you feel like a different person, with new charm and new personality.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time and note the change. See if they don't aid in building you up in just a few weeks, as they have helped thousands. If not delighted with the benefits of the very first package, money back instantly.

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To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 225, Atlanta, Ga.

in her eyes. She opened her window and threw out a little coffee table that she had particularly hated. It went crashing to the earth below.

Luise heaved a sigh of satisfaction. She picked up a lamp and that followed the table. In a great flurry her landlord, who had heard the noise, trotted up the stairs.

"Take everything," Luise shouted. "Take all this furniture out of my sight. You can have it. Never let me see it again!"

By the time she had the place redecorated, had made new curtains and bought all new furniture, the room was reborn like Luise's own soul.

John Beal's great desire was for a bathroom. No, he didn't buy one when he got rich but he rented it. When John, after appearing in the Mask and Wig play at the University of Pennsylvania, got the acting bee in his bonnet his father agreed to finance him in New York for one year while he tried to make good. John, being a conscientious lad, kept account of every nickel he spent so he could pay his father back.

That year was a tough one. John went to live in a cheap boarding house to save all the money possible. He shared the bath with all the other roomers on the floor.

WHEN he got the big role in "Another Language" the first thing he did was to repay his father. Then he rented an apartment—not a grand one but in comparison with his boarding house it was the Waldorf. And it had, of course, a private bathroom.

"For months I had dreamed of the day when I could just soak and soak and not have boarders pounding on the door," Johnnie said. "And once to make me feel really rich I had a friend bang on the door and I didn't answer or hurry. For awhile there I was the cleanest actor in New York. I even read in the bath tub, which is my idea of luxury's last word. Oh, yes, I did something else with that first big money. That year when Dad was financing me I used to keep my mind off the fact that I wasn't getting a job by drawing and painting. But there wasn't enough dough for the right supplies, so I sketched on any kind of paper I could find.

"When I got my first salary check I bought all the art junk my closet would hold—crayons, pencils, sketch books—so that if I ever got broke again I could draw for a year or two and keep my mind off my troubles."

Gertrude Michael laid by for that rainy day, too. You know the story of how she hung around Hollywood for months after a major studio had let her go until she was reduced to just one dollar and her ticket back to New York. She made her decision to go home when came a call for work. And with her first real money she paid six months' rent in advance. She knew what it meant to be stranded and she wasn't taking any more chances.

But you can leave it to that nut Francis Lederer to spend his first big money in a unique way. He had made a success in London in "The Cat and the Fiddle." He spoke English fairly well but, since he had Hollywood in the back of his mind, he wanted to be more fluent. And he had found that the talking films were the ablest teachers. So he bought two hundred dollars' worth of "cinema" tickets. In case he was ever broke again he could still go to the movies.

Why All Hollywood Adores Clark Gable

(*Continued from page* 51)

have been associated with the man Gable throughout the years and those who know him fairly well and asked them frankly *why* and *if* they liked the actor.

The "if" won me only the stoniest of glares. There seems to be no question of "if" about it. The "whys" always came round through devious highways and byways to the same conclusive explanations.

THERE is no use of my telling you, Sara Hamilton," Joan Crawford said, her finger pointing directly at me as she sat in her dressing room. "No use of your putting it on paper for people outside this business won't understand, either, but *big people are very seldom kind to little people in motion picture business.*

"It's the law, the psychological something that happens to stars. Why, I don't know, but it's true.

"Well, Clark Gable doesn't know in his heart that such a thing is. He doesn't seek out the electrician, the prop man, the humblest worker on his set to chat with between scenes because he wishes to appear a good fellow. Gable likes those men. Wants to be with them because he does like them. They're his friends. That any gulf lies between Gable, the star, and Joe, the electrician, is so far beyond his comprehension that it's funny. It's no condescending gesture on Gable's part. I know. I've watched.

"And let me tell you that's the rarest thing in this business today," Joan said.

"He's thoughtful of other actors about him. Has the greatest respect for their work. I remember in 'Possessed' I had a terrific crying scene to do. I was nervous, worked up, worried over the scene, and kept to my dressing room most of the day. Suddenly I was aware that the set was strangely silent and had been all day. Only the day before there had been all sorts of clowning and gags going on between Gable and the workmen, and now this strange silence. I opened the door of the dressing room and looked out. There in one corner alone sat Gable. Throwing forbidding glances at any one who dared raise his voice above a whisper.

"It came over me suddenly that this famous star was sitting over there alone, had been all day, out of respect to the emotional stress I was going through.

"There was something so sweet, so thoughtful about it, I didn't need music to bring on that flood of tears.

"And that thoughtful kindness, that respect for another's work is also rare in Hollywood," Joan added.

Take, now, the Gable of "San Francisco," the ruthless, forceful Blackie. One would never think the star of that great epic capable of eating the humblest of pie. And yet Clark Gable did. It was Director Van Dyke who told me about it.

"I'm quitting at six," Clark told Van Dyke's assistant. The actor had been furious throughout the day over some uncalled for bit of business from a certain supervisor.

"Tell Gable to stick around," Van Dyke told the assistant, "I want to get one shot with him and Jack Holt."

The lights were set up, the scene called, and no Gable. He had simply walked off the set and gone home.

Van Dyke quit. I mean quit the picture. "I'm through," he said. "Tell the producer to get someone else. I won't be here in the morning."

M-G-M studios experienced an oversized turmoil and one that never reached the outside world until this moment. There was a to-do that was a to-do and no mistake.

THE next morning found the principals in the little drama within the drama gathered in the producer's office. Gable was contrite. Ashamed. He apologized to the producer and Van Dyke.

"That's all very well," the director said, "but you owe those boys down on the set an apology, too. You stood them up as well as me, remember."

Gable never hesitated. "I'll apologize to the boys, certainly," he said, "I think I should."

And so onto the set of "San Francisco" the great shining star of the picture walked over to the prop boy and humbly and sincerely apologized. To Joe, the elec-

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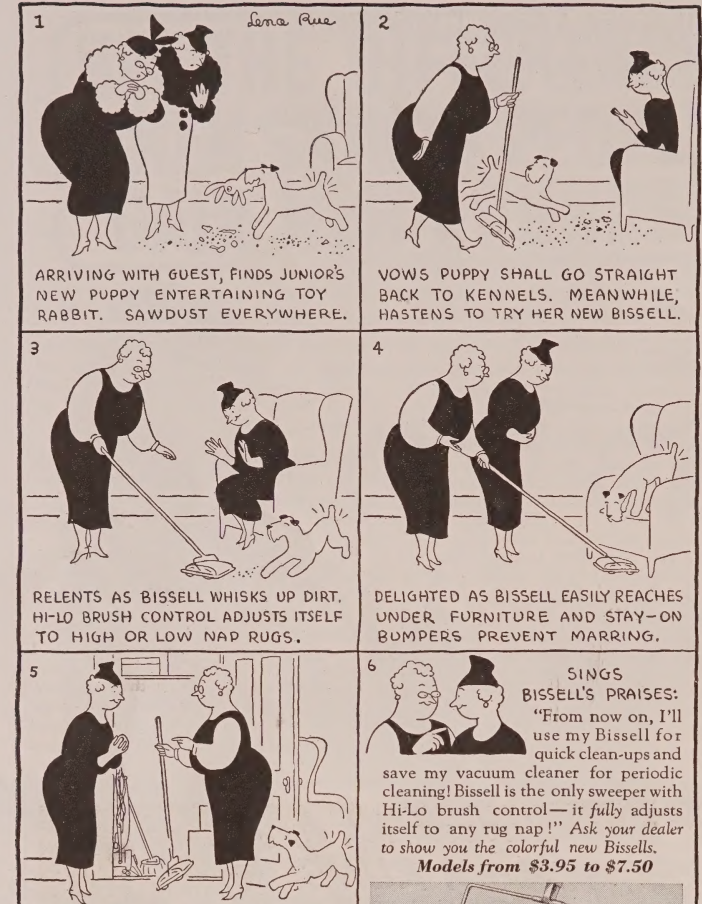

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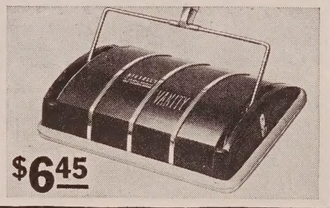

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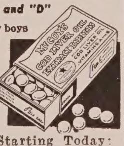

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trician, to Tad, the carpenter, to Holt, the actor, he was equally humble and meek.

"I was a bit worried over those scenes between Gable and Tracy," Van Dyke said. "I needn't have been. I was afraid Gable would play up his scenes with Tracy in such a way that Tracy would be completely overshadowed. Listen, you hear a lot about Tracy walking off with those scenes. Know why? Clark Gable went in there and gave and gave to Spencer Tracy. I watched it going on. I couldn't believe it at first. But I saw that man build scenes time after time to Tracy's advantage. Not, mind you, that Tracy isn't actor enough to take all he wanted. But he didn't have to try. Gable helped him steal every scene they were in. No jealousy. No smallness. It isn't in the guy.

"He's got balance. He's never late on the set. He's usually from five to ten minutes early. He can take a gag as easily as he can hand one. He'll squawk his head off before a picture starts if there's something he doesn't like. But you'll never hear a peep out of him after it's under way," the director concluded.

"The sweetheart of all time," Tracy terms him. "The greatest guy in the business."

"Why?" I wanted to know.

"Why? Because," grinned Tracy, "he's a man before he's an actor. Talks like a man, thinks like a man and never talks movies."

AND there's Hez Arthurs, the old feed man down at Palms feed store.

"Who? Gable the pitcher guy? Oh, him? Durndest guy a feller ever seed. Comes down here to get alfalfa for his horse."

The old fellow took out a red and white handkerchief and blew in it.

"Come down here one day for alfalfa and I wuz hobblin' around with lumbago.

"'What's the matter, Hez?' he asks me.

"'Dod blanked lumbago,' I tells him. 'Well, what you want? More alfalfa for that nag of your'n?'

"He never said nothing, see, but he gets down out of that old Ford of his'n, and sez 'Get over, you old blatherskite.' And he spent nigh to two, three hours luggin' in my sacks of oats that had come that mornin'. He shifted bales of alfalfa around and helped all afternoon."

The rise of Bob Taylor to a place equally as hot-spot as Gable's, and on the actor's own lot at that, is the greatest test of the man Gable. There could be and should be, by all performances past and present, a consuming jealousy on Gable's part for a boy who threatens to usurp his place.

But consider this. Clark and Directors Jack Conway and Eddie Mannix had formed an exclusive little duck hunting club far up the California coast line. One day Clark approached the directors and said, "Look, I'd like to take Bob Taylor into the club. He's a fine boy and likes hunting." The directors assented and next trip found Bob Taylor under Clark's care on a duck hunting expedition. Clark, who loves the sport, didn't do much shooting of his own that day. He spent the day helping Bob. Giving him first shots always. Guiding him through the intricate business of gun versus bird in flight. Only a true sportsman will understand the magnanimity of that gesture.

And there's the dumbfounded actor who

almost received a punched-in face from one Mr. Gable. The actor, wanting to get in right with Gable, began a tirade against Bob Taylor. "A sissy pretty-boy" was about as far as he got, when Mr. Gable let loose a barrage of plump language that scared the actor out of his wits. "But I—I thought," began the actor, when Clark let loose again.

"Bob Taylor is one of the finest boys in the business," he stormed, "and you or no other ham can say anything about him to me." And with that he walked off.

THERE'S another friend of Gable's who shares those camping-out expeditions. He isn't a movie star. He lays no claim to fame. Ted Tetrach is just a boy in the property department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios, but he's held in high esteem by Clark Gable.

He's Clark's pal. His buddy.

When Clark was beginning as an extra and later a bit player around the lot, he met and liked Ted the prop boy. Ted liked him. Today, five years later, Clark and Ted are still pals. Riding around in Clark's Ford. Out hunting and camping together. "Clark takes his place at the cookstove and dishpan just a little oftener than the rest of us," Ted grinned.

A man in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department was asked, as part of his daily stint, to write a short talk for Clark to deliver over the radio. The writer set to, and in the course of the day turned out the little piece. Gable was to receive a substantial check for his appearance, and as the actor's salary was far from heavy at that time he was eager and anxious for the chance.

The next day or so Gable came flying into the publicity department all out of breath. In his hand was a check. "Here's your split," he grinned. "Boy, we sure made that easy."

The face of the studio worker was a blank. "What are you talking about?" he asked.

"The radio talk, mug," Gable said. "I got my check for it, and here's your half."

"My half? Why, man, I get paid for doing those things. That's my job. I can't take your money."

He took it. Gable saw to that. "And that dough meant something to Gable in those days," he said. "Boy, it's the only time an actor ever bowled me over like that."

We searched about for a friend who knew Clark outside the studio. We found him.

He smiled when we asked him about Gable.

"Ever go motoring with him?" he asked me. We shook our head.

"That's all you'd have to do to find out why Gable is rated tops in this town. I've ridden with him dozens of times in my life, and each time was a nerve-racking experience that would have soured me on life in one ride. I remember the first time in particular. We were driving out Melrose Avenue when a couple of girls in a huge Packard ahead of us spotted Clark and began screaming, calling his name and honking. They'd race in front and try to stop us. Several times we swung out just in time to avoid a serious accident. Clark's face was fiery red with embarrassment. We never knew the minute we'd crash into those crazy kids or they into us.

"'My aunt!' I screamed after one narrow escape. 'Does this happen often?'

"'Always,' Clark answered grimly. 'It's the way I usually drive through town.'

"Suddenly I spied a corner cop. 'Hey,' I began and Clark stepped on the gas.

"'You fool!' he cried hotly. 'What do you think you're doing?'

"'Why, telling the cop,' I said. 'Do you want us to be killed? Or to kill them?'

"At that, Gable shot through a vacant lot, up an alley, through an empty garage and out a strange driveway to escape.

"'Listen,' Clark said when we had finally eluded the screaming girls, 'What kind of sap would I be, reporting a couple of fans who wanted to yell hello? How would those girls feel? No, I've got to take this thing and like it, and no fan of mine will ever find me crabbing no matter how tough they make it for me. I asked for this, didn't I?'

I'VE known him," the friend went on, "to get out of that Ford on country roads to help old people, young people, any one to change a tire. He's never in too big a hurry to stop at the distress or need of a fellow man."

"I was getting over a sickness," Director Jack Conway told me, "when Clark and I started off on our last hunting trip. Just the two of us. Somehow, without my quite knowing how it was managed, most of the load always found itself on Clark's back. The wading in the river and marshes for

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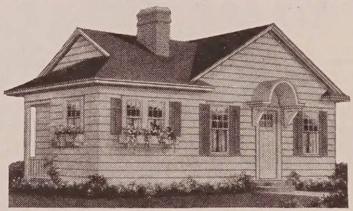

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quail was always Clark's job. He saw to that. That's the guy Gable for you.

"I'd wake up and look at him over there on the ground wrapped in his blanket and with five days' growth of beard on his face and think, 'Gosh, he's a terrible sight!' But do you think Clark ever expressed any concern for his appearance? Pooh! You take Gable as he is or you don't take him.

"And here's where he's got it over any actor or yes, any man I ever knew," Director Conway continued. "We all unconsciously put on a little dog or a bit of extra niceness when we meet people the first time. Actors do it instinctively. All but Gable. The Gable you meet the first time is the Gable you meet the second, the tenth, or the hundredth time. Not a bit of extra swank does he ever assume."

There's Bud Evans, the twelve-year-old lad who stood on a corner one morning hitchhiking his way to school. His thumb doing double quick time as Gable came along in that Ford.

"Hop in!" Gable cried.

The kid stared, his mouth open.

"Gee," he said, "Mr. Gable, the kids up at school won't believe me when I tell them it was you drove me to school. Could you write your name on something for me?"

THEY wouldn't believe that, either," Gable said, pretending to be puzzled. "I'll tell you what, let's drive up to the school together."

Blocks out of his way, Gable drove the lad to school. To help a pal out. In fact, Gable was almost late himself. He arrived on the set at just five to nine that morning. But was Bud Evans a hero? And does Bud Evans call Clark Gable his pal?

Hot dog!

And, of course there's George, the old fire chief down at the studio. George and his walrus mustache knew Gable first in those early days on the lot. And they still know him.

They tell a story of a famous titled nobleman visiting the studio recently who expressed a fervent desire to meet the famous Gable.

Well sir, the studio was turned inside out hunting for Gable. His Ford was spotted near his dressing room so they knew he must be somewhere on the lot. But where?

They found him exactly one hour later, sitting out in front of the fire house with George. Their chairs were tilted back against the building and Clark was talking while George chewed and spat. Life was pleasantly rolling on. The mince pie baked for Clark by the fireman's daughter was resting cozily on the actor's lap. And there they sat. George and Clark and the mince pie.

In other words, for all his fame, he has remained unspoiled. For all his present wealth, he doesn't have to show it off. He hasn't become a snob. Secure in the knowledge he would be welcome literally anywhere, Clark chooses friends who like him for himself and not for his name. And principally, in a selfish town, he thinks of the other guy first.

That's why they adore Clark Gable in Hollywood.

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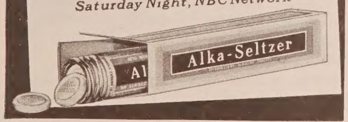

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A New Short Cut in Cooking

(*Continued from page 8*)

Grind the meat together and season with salt, pepper and paprika. Combine the soup and catsup and mix with the meat. Combine the spices, sprinkle over and knead into the meat. Do this very thoroughly, so the spices will be evenly distributed. Let stand for two hours. Now pat out the meat in a flat square and arrange on it the macaroni, cheese and pimiento in alternate strips. Then roll up just like a jelly-roll. Across the top put alternate strips of bacon and green pepper. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a hot oven (450° F.) for about an hour. Serve in the same dish, pouring ample spoonfuls of the juice over each slice.

I MENTIONED souffles, which can be so easily and quickly made if your puree is ready to hand, and here is my favorite prune souffle. Don't let people scare you about souffles! If you follow directions carefully, and warn the family that dinner won't wait, so the souffle can be served *immediately* it comes out of the oven, you should have no difficulty.

PRUNE SOUFFLE

½ cup (1 can) prepared prune puree
¾ tbl. sugar
whites of 5 eggs
dash of lemon juice

Combine the prune puree, the sugar and lemon juice. Beat stiff the egg whites and fold into the punes. Pile lightly into a very well buttered baking dish. Sprinkle the top with sugar and bake in a moderate oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes. Serve immediately and be careful not to joggle the souffle when you bring it to the table, or it may fall.

By the way, in giving you canned milk recipes last month, I am afraid I did not make sufficiently clear the difference between sweetened condensed milk and evaporated milk. Sweetened condensed milk is, as its name implies, a combination of milk and sugar. Evaporated milk, when diluted with an equal quantity of water, can be used in any recipe calling for fresh milk. The proper results can be achieved only by using the milk product specified in the recipe you are following, and you should not attempt to substitute one for the other. Here's another hint: For a delicious new flavor in your breakfast coffee, try adding a teaspoonful or two of creamy, sweetened condensed milk, instead of the customary cream and sugar.

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The Amazing Story of Mary Astor's Surprise Wedding

(*Continued from page* 31)

It was a lonely and miserable girl who, after those soul-searing weeks in court, slipped into the Warner Brothers Theater in Hollywood at the preview of "Dodsworth" and awaited her answer from a skeptical world who held her fate—both personal and public—in the balance. Through blinding tears she heard the world's answer in one of the greatest ovations ever accorded an actress.

I saw Mary standing beside a small coupe in the parking station following that preview, weeping—as though her heart would break with relief and happiness—on the shoulder of Mark Goodrich!

It would not have surprised Hollywood in the least if the reborn and glowing Astor had married the devoted Goodrich following the great ordeal of her fight for her child and her professional career during the sensational Thorpe *vs.* Thorpe divorce.

It was Goodrich who was constantly by her side, giving her courage and strength to go on. He was devotion itself, and friends of both believed the prominent scenario writer would eventually win the hand and heart of the girl he had so gallantly defended. They were constantly together, usually with Goodrich's mother, an inconspicuous threesome at theaters or the less frequented cafes.

In fact, Goodrich had been invited to escort Mary to Ruth Chatterton's fateful New Year's Eve party but he had been unable to accept because of a rush order on a script he was preparing.

And it was that night that Mary met del Campo, the "mystery" bridegroom of an even more mysterious elopement.

THE twenty-five-year-old scion of a prominent Mexican family has been painted as a polo-playing "playboy" of considerable private wealth who has come to Hollywood because he was bored with a social world, and intrigued by the idea of becoming an actor. Yet intimate friends know that young del Campo made no pretense of having a fortune of his own and repeatedly expressed himself as wishing to earn his financial independence with a lucrative motion picture contract. So it is really no glamorous millionaire Mary has married after the tradition of a best seller.

Unless his family eventually sanctions his pursuit of a Hollywood career, he will return to his bride of a few weeks, just another young actor struggling to find a foothold in a precarious industry.

"I don't know why I denied our marriage," he is quoted in an interview from Mexico. "Until I received a wire from my wife in Hollywood, I believed we had succeeded in keeping it a secret. We were anxious to because of the death of my father. It seemed hardly the time to be discussing my marriage.

"I do not know exactly when I will be able to return to Hollywood. My mother and my sisters need me now. Of course, I shall return as soon as my obligations here are settled."

Fourteen hundred miles away, the most surprising woman of Hollywood said, "I could not accompany my husband home to meet his family because I was needed at the studio, where I expect to start 'Stella Dallas' within a week or ten days. But of course we are happy, and when he returns we expect to go to London on a delayed honeymoon. I don't know whether my husband will continue with his film career or not. It doesn't matter, does it?"

That is what all Hollywood, her old and her new friends, are wondering, particularly those intimates who have known and never told of the many tragic undercurrents which could really explain Mary as she is, and not as the flaming headlines have pictured her. For what happens to Mary *does* matter—she is an enigma—a fascinating, unexplainable personality—and everyone is eager to learn more about her.

YESTERDAY I sat in a newspaper morgue, where everything printed on people in the public eye is kept on file, and saw the emotion-marked life of this amazing woman unfolded in headlines before me.

It was a remarkable experience for one who had known her before anything at all was ever written into her life.

When I first met her she was, at eighteen, the most repressed girl I had ever known in an age of flappers and Charleston dancing and hey-hey. At that time I thought Mary was one of the most beautiful girls I had ever seen—one of the most beautiful, and the least alive!

There were no adjectives to qualify Mary's loveliness. She was not "subtle" or "alluring." As a matter of blunt truth she was a rather routine personality, a "nice girl," daughter of a Quincy, Illinois, high school teacher, who had won a Brooklyn beauty contest by the simple act of submitting her picture. She was surprised and pleased, but wholly uninspired, at finding herself in Hollywood with a movie contract before she was eighteen.

I used to see Mary (her real name was Lucille Langhanke) at a club meeting of young Hollywood debutantes, "The Regulars," every Monday night. We were both members of this tea sipping, sandwich consuming gathering of such brand new girls as Mary Brian, Esther Ralston, Marian Nixon, Jobyna Ralston and five or six others who talked "careers" and "life."

Mary usually did her talking first because she always had to go home first.

Her tall, scholastic father was always on hand promptly at ten o'clock to escort Mary home. She was one of the few young things in the club who were not permitted dates with boys. Her parents wouldn't allow Mary to go out, and it never occurred to her to question their right to decide such a matter, even if she was earning a thousand dollars a week as a movie star.

When the meetings were at Mary's later-to-be-notorious Moorish home on a Hollywood hill, they always broke up early because the Langhankes did not like the idea of their beautiful daughter keeping

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late hours—though I've always thought they more particularly resented the idea of her listening to such hectic "sex" conversation as "what I said to him" and "what he said to me."

I remember, when Mary wasn't present, we used to hold indignant confabs wishing that she would get up the spunk to lead a life of her own and somehow to escape her docile resignation to the will of her parents. We thought something should happen, preferably love and romance and a husband, maybe, before Mary became a "submerged personality." But in our wildest surmises, we never dreamed that when life "happened" to Mary it would come tragically, unhappily and violently.

LIFE came in headlines to Lucille Langhanke!

In the saga of afternoon editions she has been the heroine and the siren, the victim and the transgressor of more private life drama than any woman of Hollywood.

Taking the headlines chronologically, she had been the eager bride of STAR ELOPES WITH DIRECTOR KENNETH HAWKS and the pitiful widow of STAR IN COLLAPSE OVER KENNETH HAWKS' AIR CRASH DEATH in less than a year.

There had been the nervous and ill MARY ASTOR PLAINTIFF IN CRASH SUIT and the TRAGEDY STAR IN SURPRISE MARRIAGE TO DR. FRANKLYN THORPE.

Later on came PARENTS SUE MARY ASTOR FOR SUPPORT . . . CLAIM STAR ALLOWED THEM THIRTY CENTS DAILY FOR FOOD, followed by ASTOR WINS COURT BATTLE WITH PARENTS . . . SETTLEMENT MADE and DAUGHTER BORN TO STAR IN HONOLULU FOLLOWING YACHT DISASTER . . . THORPE SUES MARY ASTOR FOR DIVORCE and last MARY ASTOR SUES TO ANNUL MARRIAGE AND RECOVER CUSTODY OF DAUGHTER.

You can see for yourself, there wasn't a single record missing from Mary's life. I even found the one when, as a girl in her teens, she won a beauty contest that changed her name from Lucille Langhanke to Mary Astor. It was all there and yet nothing was there because no story brought to life the Mary Astor that her friends know . . . a woman cruelly and oftentimes unjustly buffeted by fate. It was not there. Mary is a sensitive woman and a courageous one and only to those who know her well and understand her equally as well will she talk.

In my opinion, Mary Astor has been the most victimized heroine of circumstances Hollywood has ever known. She is also the most exotic siren in Hollywood history—bar none. To me it is not Garbo, not Dietrich, but Mary, the coppery-haired woman of such astounding beauty, who is the real mystery woman of them all. And to prove my point and to also paraphrase a certain popular saying, "Let's look *behind* the record!"

And that is exactly what we are going to do next month! Give you fresh insight into the life of a tumultuous woman whose emotions have always ruled her. You can't afford to miss the next installment in June Movie Mirror, *on sale April 23.*

"You are good company now"

"—how well I recall the days and long evenings when I felt tired-out and looked it."

FADED...with a sad looking skin...no pep! Millions have experienced such a sad situation...you may have to face it, too.

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Macfadden Publications, Inc., will pay $5,000 for the ten best true stories submitted during April, 1937, as per the prize schedule, shown above. This is your big opportunity to cash in handsomely upon a happening in your life or the life of a friend. Study the rules carefully—send for the free booklet described in the coupon and proceed to write the story that may make you richer by $1,000.

Look back over your life and select the episode that is most thrilling, exciting or deeply moving, no matter whether it be a story filled with shadow or sunshine, success, failure, tragedy or happiness. Then write it simply and honestly and send it in.

In setting down your story, do not be afraid to speak plainly. Our magazines are devoted to the portrayal of life as it is actually lived, so most certainly you are justified in describing fully and frankly any situation that has really happened.

If your story contains the interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit, no matter how clearly, beautifully, or skillfully written they may be.

Judging upon this basis, the persons submitting the two best stories will be awarded the two $1,000 first prizes, the persons submitting the four next best stories will be awarded the $500 second prizes, etc.

And in addition, every story entered in this contest is eligible for purchase at our liberal regular rates, so, even if your manuscript should fall slightly short of prize winning quality, we will gladly consider it for purchase provided we can use it.

As soon as you have finished your manuscript, send it in. By mailing it as soon as possible you help to avoid a last minute landslide, assure your manuscript of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. Another big true story contest next month.

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CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.
Do not write in pencil.
Do not submit stories of less than 2,500 or more than 50,000 words.
Do not send us unfinished stories.
Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only.

Put on FIRST CLASS POSTAGE IN FULL, otherwise manuscripts will be refused. Enclose return first class postage in same container with manuscript.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

Do not use thin tissue or onion skin paper.

At the top of first page record the total number of words in your story. Number the pages.

PRINT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS ON UPPER RIGHT - HAND CORNER OF FIRST PAGE AND UPON ENVELOPE and sign your full name and legal address in your own handwriting at foot of the last page of your manuscript.

You may submit more than one manuscript but not more than one prize will be awarded to an individual in this contest.

Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, if first class postage or expressage is enclosed in same container with manuscript, but we do not hold ourselves responsible for such return and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted. Do not send to us stories which we have returned.

As soon as possible after receipt of each manuscript, an acknowledgment will be mailed. No change or correction can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts once they have been submitted or after they have been rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

Unavailable stories will be returned as soon as rejected irrespective of closing date of contest.

This contest is open to everyone everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for whatever balance is due will be mailed. The decisions of the judges will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we always welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

This contest ends at midnight, Friday, April 30.

Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications Manuscript Contest, Dept. 31C, P. O. Box 490, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

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Ray Milland's Passport to Fame

(*Continued from page* 66)

at Rustington, a charming English seaside town, on the south coast of Britain. The town's one claim to industry was its fleet of potato boats. They were sailing vessels and plied back and forth from Rustington to the Channel Islands, and Ray was always on the docks to watch their arrivals and departures. He made friends with the sailors, listened to their stories and year after year his desire grew on him: he wanted to go to sea, too. Finally, when he was sixteen, he put it up to his family, and being a sensible family they said, "Well, he might as well get it out of his system. Let him go. He'll come back. He won't be able to stand it!" So Ray went to sea on a potato boat, as assistant to the cook.

AS he tells of that trip, it must have been pretty much of a letdown. "Naturally, I spent most of my time in the galley. I never got the feel of ropes in my hands, only potatoes, onions and cabbages. I hardly got a noseful of sea air, it was so full of stew aromas, and greasy dish water. And the cook couldn't speak much English, so it was not only an indoor job, but a lonely one, too. And I had been wanting the open sea and the companionship of old salts! At any rate, I saw something on that trip which changed all my plans, which made me decide not to give up sailing for a while, and which, in a few months, carried me half way around the world.

"That thing I saw was a ship, one of the most romantic ships that ever sailed the seas. It was the *Cecilie Herzogin,* and anyone who knows anything about sailing vessels will recognize her as one of the most famous in the world. She was in full sail and we caught her off the bow one evening about sunset. At that time she was used only to carry grain from Port Lincoln, Australia, to Falmouth, and we saw her as she was headed south on her return trip. She was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen—puffed with wind, with a sunset glow all over her. Such dignity and beauty, the kind that took you back a couple of centuries. Well, I took one look at her and I knew I'd never be happy until I had sailed on her deck. It was like love at first sight. And I could hardly wait until I got back to Rustington. I wrote the company that owned her and applied for a berth; and, luckily, they specialized in training young boys. They told me they would be glad to find a place for me when the *Cecilie Herzogin* returned to England on her next trip, which wouldn't be for several months. Perhaps it sounds foolish to you, but I really had such a fever to join her crew that that wouldn't do. That was too far off. About that time my mother was planning a trip to the Orient, and that gave me an idea. I would go with her as far as Port Lincoln, and return on the *Cecilie Herzogin.* Traveling by steamship, naturally we'd reach Australia long before the *Cecilie* did. Of course Mother thought I was crazy—everybody did—but she was a good sport, and two weeks later we sailed.

"That voyage coming back on the *Cecilie* . . . it is something I shall never forget. We rounded Cape Horn. We were at sea eighty-eight days. You get to know a ship pretty well in eighty-eight days—I could blue-print her for you right now, after all these years—and you get to know the sea, too. And you get to know what it means to work, and be tired, and to burn and bake and freeze and get soaked clear through till you think you'll never get the wetness and the salt out of you. You get to know what it is to love the sea one minute, and to hate it the next, and sometimes to be afraid of it. I was afraid of it often, but not in the way you think. I was afraid I might never get away from it. Oh, you've read a lot about the power of the sea—and I had, too. I used to think that it was a lot of bunk, something that sea-story writers built up. But on the *Cecilie Herzogin* I knew it wasn't. It's the very changeableness of the sea that holds you so steadfast. Clear today, storm tomorrow, the fascination of never knowing what's over the horizon. When I got home I was just smart enough to know that I had to quit then. I did. Of course, the family—bless them—thought it was because I had had too much!"

But Ray Milland has never had too much of anything. Ennui is one expression you will never see in those clear topaz eyes. He has never stood still at anything long enough to be bored, or to be caught in a vise. It is this which makes him so different from so many Englishmen who live punctually, not only according to hours, but according to opportunity; taking life in a precise three-foot stride. On his face is spontaneity, and looking at him you know that he is a man who moves on impulse . . . who will leap, or even hop, skip and jump, over the road before him to reach something that suddenly intrigues him from off-side. The prime example in his life of this delightful lack of plodding principle occurred when he was twenty and joined the Household Cavalry, the King's personal bodyguard.

HE was walking in a park one day in London trying to make up his mind whether he would study to be a steel engineer, as his father wanted him to be, or study for the bar—when he saw the cavalry pass. Plumes bobbing, horses prancing, armor and trappings gleaming in the sun. Suddenly he was envious of those men sitting there so majestically in their saddles . . . not only envious of their beauty, but of the romance of their calling. Law . . . engineering . . . the two were suddenly like so many leaves tossed to the wind. That same day he made his application.

Now being a member of the King's personal bodyguard is no easy thing to achieve. First of all each guard must come from a distinguished family. Each must be an expert horseman. And each must have had some military experience. The first two qualifications Ray Milland filled completely. But the third he was lacking. However, this didn't deter him a bit. In preparation for his role as a member of the Household Cavalry, he first joined the lesser Cheshire Yeomanry, spent six months

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learning military life and then applied again. He was accepted.

"If ever there were a 'gay blade' life, that was it," Ray once told me, in connection with those three years he spent at Buckingham Palace. "We were on duty only until six in the evening, and then were free until six in the morning, and between those hours, of course, we all went looking for a good time, and usually we found it. (You know how girls flutter at the sight of a uniform.) So much discipline during the day naturally sent us foraging for excitement at night, and many times we would return with too many whiskey 'n' sodas under our belts, or by that hour of the morning, more to the truth, raging through our heads. And always our first duty in the morning was to take care of our horses. Well, you can imagine what it was like, entering a stable to clean up after our horses when what we needed most was a bromo seltzer and a bed. Then after our horses were groomed we had to exercise them at a gallop through the park. I had three to look after. I'd ride one, and lead the other two. Well, a mad ride like that was as good as a steam room, and after that we were ready for the day."

But it wasn't all revelry; far from it. There was plenty of hard riding, and not a little hard shooting. As a matter of fact it was Ray's experience as a sharpshooter that later led him to fame in the movies. A steady eye, a steady hand, steady nerve. These, again, are represented by a quality you see in his face, a quality that might best be described as steel.

How a rifle led him into a leading role in an important picture is another interesting part of his story which should be told. He had left the Household Cavalry because—well, because, as we have said, Ray would never let himself get in a rut. He thought he'd try pictures next, just for fun, just for a change. He had an actress friend, Estelle Brodig, who introduced him to her director and arranged for him to get extra work. He spent two hours as an extra, then was picked for a small part in the picture. He went on location to Scotland, and suddenly he was petrified. What was he doing here? He didn't know how to act, and now they'd find him out. And apparently they did, because exactly nothing happened after that. He sat around waiting for the call to fame, but it never came. Finally, he decided not to sit or wait any longer, but to go out after it. It was a principle that had worked in the past, it should now. In the very first theatrical office which he entered he found the agent on the telephone, saying "But I tell you there isn't another sharpshooter in London. I wish I knew of one, but I don't . . . I'm sorry . . . Well, if I *do* hear of one, but I won't."

Ray lost no time in informing him that the impossible had come to pass. Here he was, an A-1 sharpshooter, a champion no less, and would the agent just phone that fellow back and recommend him for the job? But he had no credentials to prove that what he was saying was true and the agent was skeptical. Too skeptical to make the recommendation, but obliging enough to give Ray the director's address. Ray went to see him at once.

THE director was moaning and groaning. His sharpshooter, specially imported from Germany, was ailing, and now, with his picture already in production, what should he do. "Just give me a twenty-two repeating rifle, and mark your own spot on the wall." Disbelieving but desperate, the director drew a ring about the size of a dime on the wall, and marked off forty feet. Ray could scarcely see the mark when he took aim. But he let fly. There were fourteen shells in the gun. When the sound had rumbled away, there was only one bullet hole in the wall, right in the center of the ring, and all fourteen shells had passed through it. How it ever happened, even Ray will never know. "I might just as well have been shooting with my eyes closed," he said. "It was as though there were a magnet there at that spot. It was divine luck, that was all. Because through that engagement I met another director who gave me a leading part in his picture, and that, eventually brought me to Hollywood . . . to Hollywood where at last I buckled down, and decided to really learn to act."

So you can see that Ray Milland has plenty of stamina, plenty of bulldog grip, as well as a penchant for play. But more than that, there is a poignant sentimentality

Film and golf celebrities at the Lakeside flood relief matches—Basil Rathbone, Olin Dutro, Kirkwood, Walter Hagen, Dick Arlen, Alan Hale, Connie Bennett, Bing Crosby, Von Elm, Willie Hunter, John Gallaudet.

WIN CASH!
$500.00
and
25 GILLETTE
$10 RAZORS

Pick
AMERICA'S
TEN FAVORITE
OLD SONGS

SEE HOW TO WIN
IN
Radio
MIRROR
MAGAZINE
AT THE NEAREST NEWSSTAND

Tune in
GILLETTE
COMMUNITY SING
CBS STATIONS EVERY SUNDAY 10 P.M.EST.

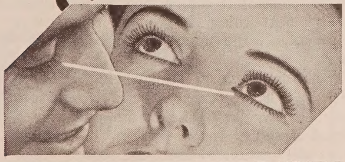
Woman 85 Who Never Looked Old

If you are beginning to show signs of age, listen to the secrets of the woman 85 who never looked old.

Pauline Palmer has for years been writing articles and telling women how to erase wrinkles and other marks of age without cosmetics. Only 5 minutes a day in their own home by an easy method of facial rejuvenation that anyone can do.

Her secrets fully explained with photographs in a thrilling book sent free together with a **Facial Analysis Chart** also free to men or women by writing to Pauline Palmer, 1435E Armour Blvd., Kansas City, Missouri. Write before supply is exhausted.

WILL YOUR *Eyes thrill Him?*



NEW SECRET OF CLEAR EYES

WINS THOUSANDS! Will he see red veins . . . or clear, bright whites? Thousands use EYE-GENE to clear eyes in seconds after late hours, overindulgence. Eyes look larger, more lustrous. New scientific formula; stainless, safe; money back if it fails. At all drug and department stores; also 5 & 10c stores.

EYE-GENE

in his past, which gives to his present passport its final O.K. In his personality there is sensitiveness as well as vigor, and it is this which completes the agreeable picture. Much of his sensitiveness has carried through from his boyhood years. As a little boy, he was forced to wear—much against his inclinations—a blue velveteen suit with a lace collar, and to submit to the kisses of lady visitors. He remembers that as his greatest embarrassment. "They all made a fuss over me, said I was cute, and I hated it. Whenever I saw a carriage or a car coming up the drive, I used to beat it for the laundry—it was in a small building, away from the house—and douse my face and head with water. Then when Mother called me into the parlor—which she always did—I'd come in with my face dripping wet. You see I'd discovered that if my face were wet the ladies wouldn't kiss me, they'd just pat me on the shoulder or the arm. Of course, Mother always commented on it, asked why I hadn't dried my face when I washed it, and I'd say that there wasn't any towel. But after a while she always saw that there was a whole stack in the laundry.

ANOTHER fear I had as a boy was the fear of death. My brother died when I was five, but nobody explained it to me at the time. As parents sometimes will, they told me that he had just gone away to live. I was there at the funeral, and I saw the procession, and the whole thing was puzzling to me . . . the whiteness of my Mother's face, and the tears of my sisters', and Father looking as though he had been hurt at the steel mill or something. Then a year or so later Mother and I were walking in the Park one evening, and there was a minister or a gospeler or somebody up on a platform preaching and shouting at the people, and none of what he said meant anything to me until suddenly he pointed his finger and cried out, 'We all have to die some day!' Then it all came over me, that what had happened to my brother must some day happen to me, and I started to cry and carry on, and I grabbed Mother around the waist and begged her not to let me die. I shouted it: 'I don't want to die! Don't let me die, Mother. *Don't let me die!*' It was really awful. And it took me days to get over it."

As a young boy he also dreamed dreams as only poetically-minded young boys can dream them, dreams of everlasting love. When he was sent away to a co-educational prep school he fell in love for the first time. It was a love that lasted three years until death released it, and during those three years it was not fed on even as much as a word. Her name was Kathleen and he worshipped her from across the classroom. He never spoke to her, because he was shy, because his idol was too great and had she spoken to him he would have died of pleasure. But every night he prayed, childishly, boyishly, "Please, God, let Kathleen fall into the river so I can save her." He was there at the school only a year, but two years later he came back. He was a man now, and no longer tongue-tied. But it was too late. A few months before she had died.

Living and loving—these are the things that show on his face, the character stamp which will bring him to fame.

Yes—YOU CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL

SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were **less beautiful than you could be . . .** and then discovered a new way to greater beauty? Wouldn't you act—and act quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you *could* have. It gives that "painted, artificial look".

● Now, let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duo-tone . . . an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. Not just another rouge, but *utterly different*.

● When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin!—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the duo-tone secret. All drug and department stores sell Princess Pat rouge. Why not get this new beauty today? Sample on request. Write to Princess Pat, Dept. 765, Chicago.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

TUNE IN—"A TALE OF TODAY" Red Network NBC every Sunday 6:30 P.M. Eastern Time

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural "Spun-Gold" Look With This New Shampoo and Rinse—3 Shades Lighter in 15 Minutes Without Harsh Bleaches or Dyes.

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair. Try New Blondex, the Shampoo and Special Golden Rinse that washes it 2 to 4 shades lighter and brings out the natural lustrous golden sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Contains no harsh bleaches or dyes. Used regularly, it keeps your scalp and hair healthy and lovely, gleaming with lustrous highlights. Get Blondex today. New combination package, SHAMPOO WITH FREE RINSE, now also in a new 10c size—at all stores.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO & RINSE

Is YOUR baby a "Smiler"?

When you buy *SOFTEX, you are buying real COMFORT for your baby! Kleinert's *SOFTEX Baby Pants are made of soft transparent SILK, fully waterproofed. They weigh *less than an ounce*—and are unbelievably durable.

Softex is a SILK fabric, waterproofed without the use of rubber.

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*SOFTEX BABY PANTS
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15 YDS. DRESS REMNANTS Etc.

Also BARGAIN EXTRA 5 YDS. GIVEN 97¢ + PSTG.

2 BUNDLES $1.89 + PSTG. 5 YARDS EXTRA

Percales, Prints, Ginghams, Muslin, Crepes, Voiles, Shirtings, etc. New clean goods direct from us at big saving. Pieces up to three yards. Newest patterns for dresses. Our finest quality. SEND NO MONEY Pay postman 97c or $1.89 plus small delivery charge (**Special!** Send $1.29 with order, will ship 20 yd. bundle postage paid.) Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

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Dept. H-40, Greenfield, Mass.

ON APPROVAL

WE defy you to tell this ring from one costing $300! To prove it to you, we'll send it **at our risk.** You will be delighted with its manly setting in the color and charm of natural gold. You will be thrilled with the rich beauty of the fiery, flashing, full carat facsimile diamond—looks like a million dollars of prosperity! Simply send 10 cents to cover packing, postage, etc. If delighted, continue 2 monthly $2.50 payments (total $5). Unconditional money back guarantee. You cannot lose! Send 10 cents TODAY. Your ring, in rich GIFT case, shipped by RETURN MAIL!

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3 LIPSTICKS Free

It's our treat! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. Just send 10¢ in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO ... send coupon TODAY!

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Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks; enclosed find 10¢ (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....

10¢ AND 20¢
AT LEADING
5 & 10¢ STORES

The Perfect Way to a Perfect Figure

(*Continued from page* 65)

have a glass of orange or grapefruit juice. Eat as much as you like at all meals, but never a bite after you have ceased to be hungry. One of the greatest troubles America as a country has had to overcome is the early Colonial precept: "Eat what's set before you, clean your plate, and say nothing." You don't have to finish every morsel of food just because it's there; if you've ordered a dessert and at the end of the entree decide suddenly you don't want it, especially, then leave it untouched.

For breakfast I'd suggest eggs—soft-boiled or poached, never fried; a whole grain hot cereal with cream and honey; whole wheat toast; grapefruit and coffee.

If you don't like to eat so much in the morning, you needn't, but it's a rule of health that the first real meal of the day should be a substantial one. After all, you've got to work for hours on that energy, while after dinner there's little to do unless you're in the habit of going dancing nightly. If you live in a very cold climate and do a heavy kind of physical labor (yes, I know, housework comes in that bracket) then it's a good idea to have calf's liver occasionally at breakfast.

Make sure that you have a good hearty lunch. Begin with some kind of soup. Oyster broth—when oysters are in season—beef broth, pea, bean, vegetable and tomato soups are especially good. But chicken is the best, from every standpoint.

At noon you should eat as many raw vegetables as possible. Eat carrots, chopped cabbage, loads of celery and lettuce. Fruit salads are marvelous. Meats should be broiled or roasted; lean beef, lamb, chicken or any kind of fowl. But if your lunch is predominately meat, then drink fruit juices instead of milk.

At dinner cooked vegetables should predominate. You can have any of the things mentioned above for luncheon suggestions, but if you've had a lot of meat at noon there's no need to sit down and eat more in the evening—unless you get a great deal of physical exercise. Eat desserts if you want to but not awfully gooey ones. Try substituting light custards, gelatines, pies and fresh fruit in season for the heavy pastries and whipped-cream delights.

When you come to the coffee stage make it a demi-tasse and for goodness' sake don't sit for an hour or two emptying the coffee pot and smoking packages of cigarettes.

Eat fish once a week. Concentrate on fruit, raw vegetables, lean meat, milk and eggs. Avoid in excess (completely if it's possible) the following foods—they don't do you any good at all, and they often are harmful: All fried foods, fats of any sort, veal, pork, ham, bacon, kidneys, sausage, potatoes (except baked); all smoked, spiced, pickled, dried foods and all delicatessen products; warmed over dishes; onions, radishes (unless cooked), appetizers, condiments in excess; turnips, unless they're young and fresh; spaghetti and macaroni; cheeses, with the exception of cottage cheese. You can have all of that you like.

So, then! If you'll follow the advice in this article—do your exercises, watch your diet, try to stay away from crowds as much as possible, get plenty of sleep—you'll sail into the summer with a kind of health that will ward off every dirty little germ that sticks its antennae within your ken. And the next time there's an epidemic you can be the one who doesn't wear a cheese-cloth mask on shopping tours.

Next month, the stars' own physical trainer takes up a subject of prime importance for health and beauty: "What to Do for Your Nerves." Learn how to take care of yourself in the stress of modern living, by following the precepts of the stars, who have learned how to avoid nervous strain in spite of the unusually arduous demands of their work! In June MOVIE MIRROR, *out April 23rd.*

Movie Mirror Jr.

(*Continued from page* 6)

present, I am busy on my next one, called "120 Men and a Girl."

Now about my radio work. Perhaps you have heard me on Eddie Cantor's "Texaco" program. It was a great thrill to me when Mr. Cantor asked if I wouldn't sing on his program. Of course, the rehearsals and practicing are hard work, but I don't mind that.

Recently, I had my first trip to New York City. I went to appear with Mr. Cantor on his program, for six weeks. What grand fun I had! I met the Mayor of New York, and he sent me flying about town on a sight-seeing tour with a motorcycle escort. I saw lots of shows and interesting sights.

When I left Hollywood for my trip, I told everyone there were two things I wanted especially to see. First, I wanted to look at the Statue of Liberty. I did. I even walked up all those steps inside the statue, and counted them. But when I got to the top there was a sign telling how many steps there were. But their count didn't agree with mine, and not even the guard could tell which one was correct.

The next thing I wanted to see was snow. Only the snow almost disappointed me.

Very soon we were hurrying back to Hollywood. And when we arrived, I got another surprise. The studio gave me a brand new car for a present. They had it at the station to meet me.

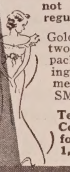
Father had driven down to the station in our old car. But we just got into our new car and away we went. The joke was on Dad. When we got home and started looking for the luggage, it was gone. He was just as excited as I was about the new car, and had forgotten to take it out of the old car when we started.

Another place I enjoy going very much

A NEW LIFE for YOUR HAIR

Dull, cloudy hair can spoil the effect of the loveliest makeup, the most attractive ensemble. While a Golden Glint Rinse magically transforms every hair shade—even the most youthful—with sparkling freshness and new beauty. Adds the tiny sunshine tints and delicate overtones that are the natural heritage of Youth.

BROWNETTES, BRUNETTES, BLONDES and all in-between shades find it as necessary to a smart appearance as lipstick and rouge. The only rinse flexible enough to accurately highlight your individual hair shade without changing its natural appearance. The exact shade and highlight you require. Not a dye, not a bleach. Millions are using it regularly.


Golden Glint Rinse package contains two rinses; Golden Glint Shampoo package contains one fragrant cleansing shampoo, one rinse. At all cosmetic counters. THE PRICE IS SMALL, the EFFECT PRICELESS.

Test it FREE—write Golden Glint Co., Inc., Dept. 502, Seattle, U.S.A. for Rinse Sample (Offer expires July 1, 1937).

GOLDEN GLINT
BRIGHTENS EVERY SHADE OF HAIR

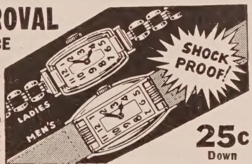
NEW RELIEF FOR ITCHING

WHY writhe and squirm under the itching torture of rashes, eczema, pimples, Athlete's Foot, Poison Ivy or similar skin irritations? Hydrosal offers you blessed relief. Itching stops instantly. Smarting, burning disappear. Angry redness vanishes. Promotes healing. Widely used by doctors. Ask your druggist for Hydrosal . . . Liquid or Ointment . . . 30c and 60c.

USE Hydrosal Soap . . . mildly medicated. Contains skin Vitamin F. Purifies and soothes the most sensitive skin.

Hydrosal

ON APPROVAL
YOUR CHOICE



25c Down

Magnificent, new, absolutely accurate 1937 models. Guaranteed by 100 year old million dollar factory. Money back if not delighted—Send 25 cents now—Pay 2 monthly $3 payments (total $6). Nothing more to pay. No red tape. Watch shipped at once. Money back after 10 days' free trial if not delighted. We take all the risk. Send 25 cents, stamps or coins, to **Standard Watch Co., Dept. 385-E, Newton, Mass.**

Women HERE'S SPECIAL WORK

as low as
3 DRESSES
$3.98

EARN UP TO $23 A WEEK

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Amazing opportunity open for one ambitious woman in your locality as our home service representative to demonstrate to friends, lovely Paris-styled dresses at low, direct factory prices. You can devote as much time as you want and earn as high as $23 a week in addition all your own dresses FREE to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are guaranteed as advertised in Good Housekeeping and are worn by famous movie stars.

NO CANVASSING—NO INVESTMENT
No house-to-house work. Not a penny needed to invest. Just send your name, address, age and dress size for the elaborate Dress Presentation and details of this great Free opportunity.

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. TT-200 Cincinnati, Ohio

is Palm Springs. While I am there I can do lots of swimming, horseback and bicycle riding. Those are my favorite sports.

I have one pet, a dog. His name is Tippy. He is just an ordinary dog, but I love him very much. My father gave him to me.

I have an older sister. She taught in a Los Angeles high school, but was recently married. I am very proud of her, as she is a champion fencer, and was a member of the Olympic fencing team.

Since all of you must do a bit of singing, now and then, I wonder what your favorite songs could be, and wonder if you would tell me? I wish you would!

Love—
DEANNA DURBIN.

I will give ten autographed photographs of myself to the ten boys and girls who write me the ten most interesting and convincing letters in answer to this question: "What three songs do you like the best—and why are they your favorites?"

Write to me in care of Miss Betty Turner, MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, *7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California. But be sure to mail your letters before May 5th, 1937.*

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

Movie Mirror announces the following Winners in the Bobby Breen Movie Mirror Junior Contest.

1. Pearl Derbyshire, 219 Park Ave., Iowa Falls, Iowa.
2. May Caldwell, Harding Road, Nashville, Tenn.
3. Helen Grecz, Hillside Ave., Glen Cove, New York.
4. Jona Weber, 2226 Overland Ave., West Los Angeles, Cal.
5. Geraldine Miller, 331 Sumner, Waterloo, Iowa.
6. Antonia Cova, 63 Willow St., New Britain, Conn.
7. Antoinette Arnone, 325 Kumboldt St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
8. Peggy MacAuliffe, Box 205 R.F.D. No. 3, Crawford Rd., Bellevue, Pa.
9. Bonnie Kilmer, Wedron, Ill.
10. Viola Serianni, 513 Milgate St., Utica, N. Y.
11. Anna English, R—110 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.
12. Marie Matrisciani, 1680 77th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
13. Florence Johnson, Third Ave., Bessimer, Mich.
14. Carmeno DeLia, R.F.D. No. 4, Watertown, N. Y.
15. Willetta Taylor, 307 S. Castle Ave., Salem, Ill.
16. Jean Berglund, Deer Park, Wis.
17. Arthur Samson, 1719 Home Rule, Honolulu, T. H.
18. Virginia Davidson, College Hill, Hannibal, Mo.
19. Frances Magnuson, 6301 Leona Ave., Chicago, Ill.
20. Yuriko Lillie Konno, Redmond, Ore.
21. Gloria Kaemmerling, 16 W. Camelback Rd., Phoenix, Ariz.
22. Barbara Anderson, 1339 Lee St., Indianapolis, Ind.
23. Lottie Weissman, 6436 University Ave., Chicago, Ill.
24. Margaret Kish, 2896 Ambler Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
25. Ruth Townsend, Magnolia, Del.

Which Ink Would You Rather Spill on Your Rug?

Make up your mind right now that ink will be spilled on your rug sooner or later. It happens in every home. So unless you pour your old ink down the drain and get WASHABLE Q*uink*, your rugs are in constant danger of being ruined.

The Parker Pen Company spent $68,000 to develop this revolutionary new ink that washes from hands, clothes and rugs without trace when soap and water are promptly used. Not only is Qu*ink* the *safest* ink for home and school, but also it does what no other ink can do: It cleans a pen as it writes—a Parker Pen or any other—because it contains a secret harmless ingredient that dissolves sediment left by pen-clogging inks. Also, Qu*ink* dries 31% faster ON PAPER, yet will not dry in a pen. It dries by *penetration*, not by evaporation. Always rich, brilliant—never watery.

Parker Qu*ink* is made two ways—WASHABLE and PERMANENT. The PERMANENT is for everlasting records—will not fade or wash out. But for home and school, get WASHABLE Qu*ink* today at any store selling ink. 15c, 25c and up.

Parker Quink

Quink
Quink

Made by The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

FREE 8×10 INCH ENLARGEMENT

To show you my beautiful art photography, I will enlarge to 8x10 inches, any photo, snap or negative FREE. Please just enclose 25c to help pay packing and mailing costs. Enlargement actually appears more beautiful. Send your favorite photo at once—you'll be thrilled! **J. DIMITRI, Art Photographer, Dept. 210, 408 Manhattan Ave., New York.**

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Guaranteed
$102.50 Model
NOW Only
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on Easy Terms
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Fully GUARANTEED

Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. A genuine full sized $102.50 office model refinished Underwood No. 5 for only $44.90 (cash) or on easy terms. Has up-to-date improvements including standard 4-row keyboard, backspacer, automatic ribbon reverse, shift-lock key, 2-color ribbon, etc. The perfect all purpose typewriter. Completely rebuilt and FULLY GUARANTEED.

Learn Touch Typewriting
Complete (Home Study) Course of the famous Van Sant Speed Typewriting System — fully illustrated, easily learned, given during this offer.

Money Back Guarantee
Send coupon for 10-day Trial—if you decide to keep it pay only $3.00 a month until $49.90 (term price) is paid. Limited offer—act at once.

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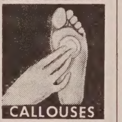
Send Underwood No. 5 (F.O.B. Chicago) at once for 10-days' trial. If I am not perfectly satisfied I can return it express collect. If I keep it I will pay $3.00 a month until I have paid $49.90 (term price) in full.
For quick shipment give references and occupation
Name.. Age...............
Address ....
Town.. State.................

CORNS

NEW TRIPLE-ACTION METHOD

Instantly Relieves Pain—Safely Removes Corns
Stops Corns Before They Can Develop



Only a scientific treatment like Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads does all these things for you.

Put these thin, soothing, healing, cushioning pads on sore toes caused by new or tight shoes, and you'll stop corns before they can develop, and prevent blisters. They instantly relieve pain and end *cause*—shoe pressure.

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks,* included in every box, and your corns or callouses lift out with ease.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are velvety-soft, waterproof. Do not stick to stocking or come off in the bath. Easy to apply. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Don't accept a substitute.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

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Study at home—train the "Pierce Way." Home Study Course and 6-months Practical HOSPITAL Course for resident students. Write for free book. PIERCE SCHOOL ENDORSED BY AMERICAN TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

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702 West 17th St. *Secretary* C-19, Los Angeles, Calif.

New POCKET RADIO
MUSIC SPORTS ENTERTAINMENT

BEAUTIFUL CLEAR TONE
DIRECT FROM POCKET RADIO

All one unit—just like the big sets, but weighs only 6 oz. Fits pocket easily. Take it with you. Nothing to adjust. No batteries, tubes, or electric socket connections required. Tuning knob is the only moving part.

Costs Nothing to Operate! Guaranteed! Brings in stations with fine tone quality. Tunes broadcast band. Accurately made, precisely assembled, rigidly tested, assures excellent performance. Should last for years. Comes complete with built-in phone with easy instructions for use in camps, office, picnics, home, bed, etc. Listen to music, sports, radio entertainment, etc. The "Cathedral" Pocket Radio is ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED — all ready to connect and tune in. Thousands in use. An ideal gift. **SEND NO MONEY!** Its enjoyable radio entertainment should delight you! Combines performance and economy. Get yours today. Pay postman on arrival $2.99 and postage or send $2.99 (we pay postage).

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FRECKLES

. . . . those annoying reminders of wintry winds and sharp weather.

Simply apply Othine nightly. If the use of one jar does not please you, your money will be refunded. A favorite for over 25 years.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

OTHINE
DOUBLE STRENGTH

AT DRUG
AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Movies of the Month

(*Continued from page 33*)

stardom with a smooth portrayal and accomplished acting technique. Each supporting player is excellent and you will want to paste some of the double-talk in your gag-album.

Your Reviewer Says: It's medicine for your troubles.

✓Michael Strogoff (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Anton Walbrook, Elizabeth Allan, Akim Tamiroff, Margot Grahame, Fay Bainter, Eric Blore, Edward Brophy, Paul Guilfoyle.*

It's About: *A courier of the Russian Tsar who is innocently betrayed by his own mother.*

A strong, somewhat heavy story that rises far above average movie making and achieves importance in at least one thing; namely, the introduction of Anton Walbrook, an Austrian actor of great power and romantic appeal.

Walbrook plays a courier of the Tsar, entrusted with the delivery of important military secrets and papers to the Tsar's brother during a Tartar uprising. Akim Tamiroff, leader of the Tartar rebels, places his sweetheart spy (Margot Grahame) on Walbrook's trail but the courier manages to elude all traps until, unwittingly, his own mother puts him at the mercy of his enemies. His escape is very dramatic.

Fay Bainter gives an amazingly touching performance as Walbrook's mother. Margot Grahame has never looked lovelier or given a more sincere preformance. Elizabeth Allan handles a weak role superbly. Eric Blore and Edward Brophy are much too clever to be wasted in roles of forced comedy.

The spectacular shots of invading Tartars, burning rivers and military formations are impressive. But it's the work of Anton Walbrook that will be remembered longest.

Your Reviewer Says: A story that will thrill the eye and race the pulses.

✓✓Top of the Town (Universal)

You'll See: *Doris Nolan, Gertrude Niesen, Ella Logan, Peggy Ryan, George Murphy, Hugh Herbert, Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta, Mischa Auer, Jack Smart, the Three Sailors.*

It's About: *An orchestra leader and an heiress.*

Clap hands, here comes the biggest, brightest, musical-comedy picture you can possibly imagine. It has an extremely goofy plot, riot comedy scenes, swell songs, good acting and more fun than you can digest in one sitting.

Doris Nolan, a wealthy but balmy society girl, gets a job with George Murphy's band, playing in the basement cabaret of a Manhattan skyscraper. Her four guardian uncles tell Murphy that he must fire her, if he wants the contract to play in the swank "Moonbeam Room," soon to open on the top of the building. But with Doris *owning* the building, Murphy cannot fire her. A series of ridiculous rehearsals are staged, in the hope that Doris will quit voluntarily. When "idea man" Hugh Herbert accidentally discloses that she has been framed, Doris takes her revenge. The climax is a spectacular riot of fun.

The blues singing of Gertrude Niesen, the "Fireman Save My Child" comedy rehearsal scene, the comedy of Ella Logan, and Mischa Auer's burlesque of "Hamlet" are high-lights in a film packed with talent. Peggy Ryan, a youthful dancing star, is splendid. Gregory Ratoff, Henry Armetta and Hugh Herbert add their usual comedy excellence.

"Top of the Town," "Where Are You?", "Foolish Feeling," and many other delightful song hits make up an exceedingly tuneful score.

Your Reviewer Says: By all means, see this musical jamboree.

John Meade's Woman (Paramount)

You'll See: *Edward Arnold, Francine Larrimore, Gail Patrick, George Bancroft, John Trent, Aileen Pringle, Sidney Blackmer.*

It's About: *The struggle of a farm girl against poverty and snake-in-the-grass Edward Arnold.*

In this attempt at picturization of the great Middle West's drouth tragedy, bad story and poor casting ruin what might have been a mighty drama. Francine Larrimore, well known on the stage, makes her debut as the farm girl but is unable to rise much above the material.

She leaves the poverty-stricken farm of an uncle, goes to Chicago to make her way; and brings with her the rolling stroll of a street girl, a husky voice and a wardrobe in the worst possible taste. She meets Edward Arnold, lumber magnate, engaged to socialite Gail Patrick. When he discovers Gail is marrying him for his money he jilts her and weds Francine—and suddenly you discover that he is the dirtiest of rats, planning to swipe all the farms away from their owners. His wife discovers this, leads the farmers in revolt, and everything ends in a dust storm.

Miss Larrimore is a genuine, sincere actress. In a fitting part she probably would be convincing. Arnold plays for sympathy, over-working his famous laugh, so that his basic meanness is unbelievable and phoney. Technically the story is badly cut and effects the most deadly boredom at times. Bancroft tries but is thwarted, the rest are adequate.

Your Reviewer Says: Good remedy for insomnia.

✓Clarence (Paramount)

You'll See: *Roscoe Karns, Eleanore Whitney, Eugene Pallette, Johnny Downs, Inez Courtney, Charlotte Wynters, Spring Byington, Theodore Von Eltz.*

It's About: *An ex-soldier who fixes up the romantic and domestic troubles of a household.*

This remake of Booth Tarkington's comedy will give you plenty of laughs and

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chuckles. It's hokum, but the same old situations are still good, and you'll be amused by this crack-pot household, whose members take themselves so seriously.

Clarence (Roscoe Karns) is brought into harassed Eugene Pallette's wrangling family, where he makes himself generally useful by saving the son of the family from blackmail, tuning the piano, outwitting the daughter's fortune-hunting suitor, and sundry other neat little chores.

Roscoe Karns gives his role plenty, and Eugene Pallette does his usual excellent work as the frantic, blustering father. Spring Byington is the long-suffering stepmother. The children, who may remind you of your own family by their continual bickering, are delightfully played by Johnny Downs in the throes of puppy love, and Eleanore Whitney, who fancies herself as quite a siren. Theodore Von Eltz is her suave suitor.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole family will laugh.

✓Time Out For Romance (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Claire Trevor, Michael Whalen, Joan Davis, Chick Chandler, Douglas Fowley, William Griffith, Bennie Bartlett, William Demarest.*

It's About: *A run-away bride who joins a motor caravan heading for California.*

Good direction, clever dialogue, and plenty of suspense enliven this smartly paced comedy as it pursues its mad, mixed-up course.

When heiress Claire Trevor leaves her titled husband at the altar, her mother tells the press that Claire is insane. The girl is forced to hide out and hitch-hike her way to the Coast to join her father. Michael Whalen, a driver in the motor caravan, picks her up. When he tries to get rid of her, Claire claims that she is his wife. Matters become still more complicated when they suspect each other of being jewel thieves, and finally the whole caravan ends up in jail.

Douglas Fowley, the real thief, is an excellent menace. Joan Davis and Chick Chandler as a pair of vaudeville dancers all but steal the show with their broad comedy performances. Claire Trevor and Michael Whalen do very well and make a splendid team; and every one in the cast wrings every drop of comedy from his role.

Your Reviewer Says: It's good for many a laugh.

Sea Devils (RKO—Small Productions)

You'll See: *Victor McLaglen, Preston Foster, Ida Lupino, Donald Woods, Helen Flint, Gordon Jones, Pierre Watkin.*

It's About: *The enmity of two seaman in the Coast Guard Patrol.*

A robust production that is impressive in its acting, its story and its gusty masculine virility.

Victor McLaglen is in the Coast Guard Patrol, a roaring, fighting petty officer, with a grudge against seaman Preston Foster. McLaglen makes no secret of the fact that he prefers Donald Woods as a

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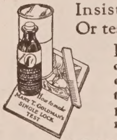

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son-in-law but McLaglen's daughter (Ida Lupino) has other ideas and so the battle rages between them until they both cause an accident that results in Wood's death.

The rescue scene in the last reel, with the sea a raging monster, is tops in dramatic suspense. The cast, as a whole, is indisputably swell.

Your Reviewer Says: Good lusty entertainment, this.

Borderland (Paramount)

You'll See: *William Boyd, James Ellison, George Hayes, Stephen Morris, Nora Lane, Charlene Wyatt, Trevor Bardette, Earl Hodgins.*

It's About: *A cowboy who disguises himself as a bad man in order to trap a bandit.*

Another *Hopalong Cassidy* story and one of the best yet.

This time *Cassidy* (William Boyd) turns villain in order to trap *The Fox*, a notorious bandit who is outwitting the authorities on both sides of the Mexican border. *Cassidy* identifies *The Fox* as a small town half-wit and, aided by Mexican troops, runs him down after a thrilling chase.

Boyd gives his usual good performance. James Ellison seems to miss out in his usual romance. Nora Lane adds feminine sympathy as the boarding house mistress and Charlene Wyatt, as her daughter, is cute and amusing.

The joshua tree regions of the Mohave provide a striking and beautiful background.

Your Review Says: If you still thrill to a good Western, here is your picture.

✓When's Your Birthday? (RKO-Radio)

You'll See: *Joe E. Brown, Marian Marsh, Fred Keating, Edgar Kennedy, Maude Eburne, Suzanne Kaaren.*

It's About: *A student astrologer who sometimes forgets that the moon isn't his home.*

Despite a marked resemblance to "Three Men on a Horse" this mildly insane film about a young star-gazer who mixes planets and love and sports is pretty good laugh-stuff. Joe E. Brown, this time supported by a cast which gives him a run for his money, wanders vaguely into trouble and out again, clutching a Zodiac chart.

Engaged to an heiress whose *nouveau riche* parents alternately approve and disapprove, Joe is hired as mascot by a crooked sports promoter. Then Marian Marsh comes into his life and almost out of it; while he is trying to find her, things go badly with his employer and the picture ends on a note of discord, with the planets out of order.

Edgar Kennedy and Maude Eburne as the society-struck parents do a nice job, although both overact. Marian Marsh is appealing and you will jump up and down when you see Bull Montana as *The Salvador Killer*. Cited for a single masterful bit is "Zodiac," the mongrel pup who follows Joe about.

Your Reviewer Says: For Joe E. Brown fans especially, but pleasant fare for all.

Wings of the Morning (20th Century-Fox)

You'll See: *Henry Fonda, Annabella, Leslie Banks, John McCormack, D. J. Williams, Philip Sydney Frost, Stewart Rome, Irene Vanbrugh.*

It's About: *Love between the gypsies and Irish blue-bloods.*

Although the involved story of this romantic racing film is told in an unfortunately inept fashion, beauty of setting and color make it an entirely worthwhile production. Photographed in England and Ireland, it uses with fidelity the gorgeous old-world countryside as background for the love of Annabella and Henry Fonda.

The picture starts with a prologue which requires a lapse of fifty years before you may concentrate on the main story; in it you see Annabella and her Gypsy friends granted a perpetual haven by an Irish nobleman, who then marries the lovely girl. He is killed and she leaves, returning half a century later with her great grand-daughter, played also by Annabella, who disguises herself as a boy and trades the prize Gypsy horse, "Wings of the Morning," to Fonda, gentleman trainer at the castle, for six unpedigreed nags. There is a lot of very English humor based on the fact that Fonda treats Annabella as if she were a boy, bathes before her and eventually undresses her. Thereafter he falls in love, only to find she is betrothed to a Spanish Duke. The fourth, and final, anti-climax comes after "Wings" has run the Derby.

Portly John McCormack sings three sentimental Irish ballads, each to the bitter end, but interpolations to the action are a favorite British trick. Fonda does good work and Annabella is charming, but supporting players are only mildly acceptable.

Your Reviewer Says: Slow, involved, and mechanically imperfect, but it has nice romance and unaffected beauty to make it pleasant entertainment.

✓✓Lost Horizon (Columbia)

You'll See: *Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Edward Everett Horton, John Howard, Thomas Mitchell, Margo, Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, Sam Jaffe.*

It's About: *A young English diplomatist who finds happiness and love in a Tibetan Utopia.*

Because of the strange splendor of the remarkable Tibetan setting, the fine acting of Ronald Colman, and the timeliness of its peace message, you cannot afford to miss this magnificent presentation.

Wierd and fantastic as it seems, a party of English and American citizens, trying to escape a revolution in the interior of China, find themselves in the Valley of the Blue Moon in the Himalayas where, unknown to the outside world, lies the peaceful lamasery, Shangri-La. Ronald Colman, young British diplomatist, sees in the mysterious valley and its peaceful colony, the answer to the plea of the war-torn world of today. But his sensitive younger brother (John Howard) rebels against the mystery of this valley where people live to be two hundred, and forces Colman to forsake his duty of ruler bequeathed to him by the High Lama, and Jane Wyatt, the girl he loves, in an attempt to escape across the icy plains. It is only after a terrifying journey, that Colman alone returns once

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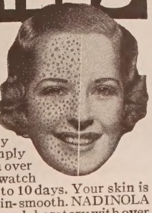

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Ronald Colman is as usual predominate in his role, while Howard gives a finely drawn characterization. Isabel Jewell, H. B. Warner, Thomas Mitchell and Sam Jaffe furnish excellent support. Margo's artistry is outstanding, but Jane Wyatt is disappointing.

Your Reviewer says: An unusual, powerful story. See it.

✔✔23½ Hours Leave (Grand National)

You'll See: *James Ellison, Terry Walker, Morgan Hill, Arthur Lake, Paul Harvey, Wally Mather, Andy Andrews.*

It's About: *Life in an American cantonment before the war.*

With a wholesome freshness that's infectious, this revamped story of fun and frolic in an army training camp, leaves a nice pleasant taste and a longing for more like it.

James Ellison is a flirtatious young sergeant with a penchant for betting. His success leads him to bet that one day the general will invite him to breakfast. After accidently whamming the general in the eye with a tomato, Ellison has plenty of takers.

In the meantime, without knowing her identity, Ellison has fallen in love with the general's daughter (Terry Walker). During a camp melee, the young sergeant loses his uniform and dashing out in a slicker, accidently uncovers enemy spies. The fun gets fast and furious from then on.

The Ellison lad has plenty of charm, a fine singing voice and good looks.

Your Reviewer Says: A happy young comedy.

Girl Overboard (Universal)

You'll See: *Gloria Stuart, Walter Pidgeon, Billy Burrud, Hobart Cavanaugh, Gerald Oliver-Smith, Sydney Blackmer, Charlotte Wynters, Edward McNamara.*

It's About: *A girl who pretends to be someone else in order to escape arrest for a crime she did not commit.*

A simple story concisely told of the adventures of a New York dress model.

Gloria Stuart, the beautiful model, and her friend (Charlotte Wynters) steal aboard a China bound ship to escape the attentions of Gloria's rascally employer (Sydney Blackmer), but Blackmer traces them and, after a lively argument, is found dead, a corsage pin in his heart. Fire breaks out in the ship and during the panic Charlotte leaps to her death, leaving Gloria to face arrest. Rescuing a small boy, Gloria is met at the dock by Walter Pidgeon, father of the boy, who takes Gloria home with him. Assuming the dead girl's name, she escapes arrest for a while but is later trapped by a reporter.

The straightforward manner of telling and evenness of story makes this a better than average Grade B.

Your Reviewer Says: Good enough for an hour's fun.

Breezing Home (Universal)

You'll See: *William Gargan, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, Raymond Walburn, Alma Kruger, Alan Baxter, William Best, Michael Loring.*

It's About: *A girl and a man and a horse.*

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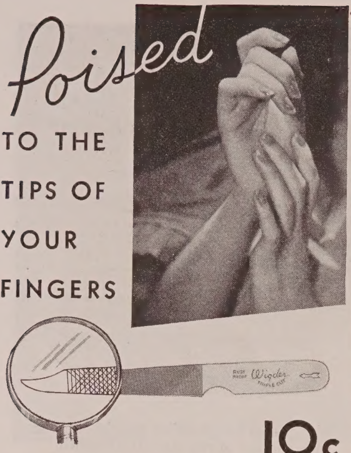

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Stock formula, but with a few new twists this story is light and entertaining. The racing shots, taken at Santa Anita, are exciting.

Alan Baxter, a crooked bookie, wins a horse which he gives to Wendy Barrie, a night club singer. William Gargan agrees to stay on as trainer, but leaves when he suspects crooked work and accepts a job as trainer for wealthy Binnie Barnes, who is in love with him. When Wendy takes the horse, "Galaxy," to Southern California, she again meets Gargan. He is finally convinced that she has not been in on the crooked deal and helps her train her horse. The reappearance of Baxter causes more double dealing, but "Galaxy" finally wins the handicap.

Good comedy is provided by Raymond Walburn and by William Best as Gargan's colored stable boy. A sincere characterization is given by Gargan and Wendy Barrie is delightful in her role, as is Binnie Barnes as the girl who loves and loses. Alan Baxter does nice work.

Your Reviewer says: Good double bill entertainment.

Her Husband's Secretary (Warner Brothers-1st National)

You'll See: *Jean Muir, Beverly Roberts, Warren Hull, Clara Blandick, Addison Richards, Joseph Crehan, Harry Davenport, Minerva Urecal.*

It's About: *An ex-secretary wife, her husband, and his secretary; and the same old story.*

Slow-moving routine yarn with Jean Muir as a secretary who marries a riveter, Warren Hull. He turns out to be the son of a wealthy builder and inherits his father's business.

When Hull's homely secretary leaves, Jean gets the position for Beverly Roberts, her closest friend and former co-worker. Having found out by past experience that when business men work late with their secretaries, they merely work, Jean refuses to listen to the insinuations of Clara Blandick who tells her she's a fool to be so trusting. When a series of events brings Beverly and Hull to an empty mountain cabin and Jean finds them there, she is forced to believe that Beverly has taken him away from her, and she walks out.

Clara Blandick as the cynical aunt gives the best performance. Warren Hull is too cute as the riveter and quite unbelievable in his sudden metamorphosis into the big business man. Jean Muir and Beverly Roberts act all over the place with little or no sincerity.

Your Review Says: Stay at home with a good book.

✓✓You're in the Army Now (GB)

You'll See: *Wallace Ford, John Mills, Anna Lee, Grace Bradley, Frank Cellier.*

It's About: *A petty gambler from America who joins the British Army to escape a murder rap.*

Breezy and entertaining throughout, here's an English film full of action, amusing situations, and—believe it or not—American wisecracks!

All-star picture cast: Ginger Rogers, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard at a flood relief benefit. Note the trick fur coat on Ginger's tiny chihuahua—almost a cold weather necessity for these "hairless" dogs!

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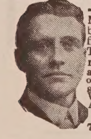

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Jimmy Tracey (Wallace Ford) finds himself innocently involved in a Chinatown killing. With the help of his showgirl sweetheart (Grace Bradley), he escapes to England with the murdered man's passports. Here he finds old friends of the victim who have not seen him for years and discovers that he's enlisted in the army, under his new personality. Attracted by his commanding officer's lovely daughter (Anna Lee), he discovers that his best friend in the new country (John Mills) is his closest rival.

The story's packed with genuinely funny incidents growing out of this rivalry and *Jimmy's* struggles to accommodate his easy-going character to the rigors of army training. Action reaches a climax in a battle between the soldiers and a band of pirates in China and concludes with a surprise ending which reveals at last how military discipline has made a man of a shiftless ne'er-do-well.

Wally Ford does his usual grand job in a bigger role than he's had in American pictures. Grace Bradley gets better breaks, too, and is surprisingly effective. You'll like John Mills' refreshing personality, and the others in the cast do nicely.

Your Reviewer Says: A pleasant evening's entertainment.

THE WINNAHS!

Presentation of the annual awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, at the Hotel Biltmore, passed off rather quietly this year—since the honors went pretty much as Hollywood had expected. The banquet hall was crowded to capacity as Master of Ceremonies George Jessel introduced Maestro Leopold Stokowski, who presented the musical awards, and Lee DeForrest, who announced the technical awards.

Outstanding winners among the long list of those honored included the following:

Best Performance, Actress—Luise Rainer, as *Anna Held* in "The Great Ziegfeld."

Best Performance, Actor—Paul Muni, in the title role of "The Story of Louis Pasteur."

Best Direction—Frank Capra, for "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" (Columbia).

Best Production—"The Great Ziegfeld" (M-G-M).

In addition to the customary honors, a special award was made to "The March of Time," as a distinct novelty, and two new performance awards were presented, for the first time:

Best Supporting Actress—Gale Sondergaard, in "Anthony Adverse."

Best Supporting Actor—Walter Brennan, in "Come and Get It."

P. S. And, of course, Walt Disney won the cartoon award, for the fifth time, with a *Mickey Mouse*, "The Country Cousin"!

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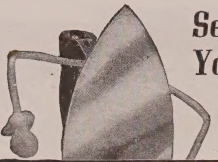

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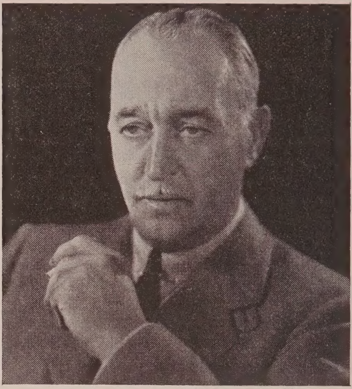

SIR GUY STANDING

Sir Guy Standing died of a heart attack in Hollywood on February 24th. Born in London, in 1873, this distinguished actor began his theatrical career at the age of fifteen. For some years he alternated between the stage and the sea, but finally the stage won. While starring in New York in "Daddy Long Legs" he was signed to a contract by Famous Players, but before he had made a picture the World War began and he returned to England where he had a commission in the Naval Reserve Corps. For his war work he was knighted by King George V. Following the War Sir Guy spent some years in business in London, then returned to America and the stage and to his picture contract, still effective although Famous Players had become Paramount. He remained with Paramount until his death, making for them the famous "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and the recently completed "Bulldog Drummond Escapes." He is survived by his wife and by two children, Guy, Jr., and Kathryn, who are now on the New York stage.

An Unknown Chapter in Eleanor Powell's Life

(*Continued from page* 45)

dancer. It had not been lived in vain, his life. Not when he had a pupil like this. Why, Eleanor was the dancer to carry on for him. One day he would see her pirouetting before a huge audience. They would applaud her, shout bravos, and his own pride, his own ambition would be satisfied. Through her his own thwarted hope would be realized. He had not wasted himself in Springfield.

Once as he watched Eleanor take long arabesques, watched her work at the bar, rising high on her toes, the music tingling in every muscle, he rushed forward and cried, "Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor, you are my child. You are really my child—not they. You understand what dancing is. Now let me see you do that again."

But it was not only the laborious instructions, it was not only the technical groundwork he laid for her whole career, it was the spirit of the ballet, the understanding that he gave her. Ralph MacKernan was the first person who realized what dancing meant to Eleanor. He was the first person who understood her. Eleanor was not shy with Ralph.

Together this oddly matched pair—the theatrical looking man in the bright neckerchief and the long legged little girl—would stride along the New England street wrapped in the excitement of the knowledge they shared, the knowledge that when you danced nothing else mattered. The two, so completely absorbed in each other, were unaware that passersby turned to look and to smile or shake their heads.

Often when Eleanor had worked at her lesson late she and Ralph would go out for a bite to eat. He knew nothing about money, so his wife would entrust Eleanor with what was needed and after they had dined Eleanor would solemnly pay the bill, much to the amazement of the others in the restaurant.

Money was not worth mentioning. The thrilling part of those dinners together was the way Ralph talked. He told Eleanor of strange cities. He described great ballets he had seen. He eagerly passed on to her everything that Mordkin had given him. And Eleanor, eyes popping, drank it down like champagne. It had very much the same effect upon her.

The rest of the town was drab and bleak. Her mother's hard work, the average people they knew, belonged to her other life. Those people talked Springfield gossip, recipes and sewing. But Ralph MacKernan, vivid, tormented Ralph, was the bright flame warming her ambition and stirring her imagination. Ralph opened the door upon a world she had never known before.

With some other dancing teacher Eleanor might have been lost in the shuffle of routine work, her talents might not have been realized. With Ralph there was no doubt. Not a day passed that he did not tell her she was born for greatness.

Even her smallest triumph exhilarated Ralph. When Gus Edwards discovered her doing flip-flops on the beach and gave her work in an Atlantic City night club for

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the summer Ralph nodded wisely and said, "No matter where you dance, it is good to dance."

Summers were spent at Atlantic City, winters with Ralph. By now she was helping pay for her lessons by teaching the younger children and that was fine because it gave her even more of the stimulation Ralph had to offer.

When, at last, she and her mother marched upon New York she had nothing from Ralph but his letters. Yet even in them something of his wild, rebellious spirit came through on the cold paper. Those letters helped make the rounds of the managers' offices less weary and distressing.

A booker at last told Eleanor that if she were to make a success on Broadway she must learn to tap dance.

She wrote Ralph asking what he thought about it. He answered that whatever medium of self expression she chose, as long as it was dancing, was right.

But even after she learned to tap—from no less a dancer than Jack Donahue—she could not get a job. The money they had saved from Eleanor's Atlantic City work was going fast.

"Ralph says I can come back and teach in Springfield," Eleanor told her mother.

"No," said Mrs. Powell. "You're not going to teach in Springfield. You're going to get into a Broadway show."

THREE months later Mrs. Powell said, "I can always go back to work. I've worked hard all my life. I don't know why I should go soft all of a sudden just because you've danced in a few night clubs."

This time it was Eleanor who was firm. "No," she said. "You're not going back to work."

They had eight months of fear and loneliness and indecision in the biggest, most heartless city in the world as they tried to beat a game at which so many thousands have failed.

It was, dramatically enough, the day after they had spent their last dollar that Eleanor got her first Broadway show, a dancing and speaking part in "Follow Through."

Hysterically she wrote Ralph. His warm congratulations came back to her and all during rehearsals it was as if he stood before her, lounging against the piano, watching her with his approving eyes, saying, "Great, Eleanor! You did five pirouettes without stopping. That's great, child, great!" Always it seemed as if Ralph were there, his lean graceful hand pointing out the road ahead.

The show was scheduled to open. She sent MacKernan and his wife a pair of tickets. "It wouldn't be right unless you were here," she wrote. "The tickets are in the first row. I want to see you looking at me every minute as you used to when I was working at the bar in the old Springfield studio."

"I'll be there," Ralph wrote back.

Three days before the show opened Ralph MacKernan died.

It was as if he knew that there was no longer any purpose in going on. He had justified himself. The girl who was to become the world's greatest female tap dancer had begun her career. He had given her all he had to give. What reason was there for him to live longer?

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Mrs. MacKernan came to the opening. Before the curtain went up she went back stage to see Eleanor and said, quite simply, "Ralph would have wanted me here, dear. Ralph would have wanted me to see you, though he could not."

So Ralph's wife sat in the first row with an empty seat beside her and Eleanor danced a gay little dance to that empty seat. There were no tears in her eyes. She cried only when she was frightened. She was not frightened now for she felt, somehow, that the spirit in the incongruously bright neckerchief was dancing beside her as he had so often done and she heard, above the music to which she danced, his voice saying, "You are my real child, Eleanor, you are my real child."

The rest of the story is theatrical history. From that night on Eleanor Powell climbed through Broadway into Hollywood stardom and returned triumphant to Broadway in "At Home Abroad."

The night before she left that show, victim of a nervous breakdown, she thought of Ralph MacKernan when she did twenty-three consecutive pirouettes. She remembered the delight on his face when, in the Springfield studio, she had done five. How pleased he would be now. How his eyes would shine!

Yes, Ralph MacKernan is dead—but something of him still lives. If you did not know the part he played in Eleanor's career you might say that his had been a futile life. He had wanted to be a second Mordkin and had been merely a dancing teacher in a little New England town instead. But when you realize that he gave Eleanor Powell to the world you cannot call his a futile life. Eleanor Powell, who has amused and delighted and brought escape to so many.

Eleanor feels that he is always with her. To Eleanor her dancing teacher is not dead.

Baby Breadwinner

(*Continued from page* 61)

and the next on potatoes, then back to rice again.

"It was filling and it was cheap," Mrs. Weidler explained.

When it could be afforded, the children would go to the market to buy penny bunches of vegetables. Usually kind-hearted butchers gave them soup bones. A soup bone dinner was a gala event!

Three dollars a week was the average family income. Out of that came rent, clothing, and food for eight mouths.

Then the father left the family to shift for itself.

As if to make up for the low blow, fate gave the deserted family a lucky break a few months after the father had left.

Two of the children were cast in extra roles in Constance Bennett's "After To-night." Mrs. Weidler was on the set and with her was Virginia because, being only five, she was too young to be left alone at home and the other children were in school. A child actress had been cast in an important supporting role but the director was not entirely satisfied. His glance happened to fall on the youngest of the Weidlers.

"That's exactly the type child I want in this role," he said, pointing to Virginia. "If only she could speak German. The role calls for it."

"Verzeihen Sie mir vielmals, Herr Direktor," Virginia spoke up. *"Ich spreche Deutsch sehr gut."*

(Pardon me, Mr. Director, I speak German very well.)

"Fine!" he exclaimed. Then, disconsolately, "But she must also speak French."

"Pardonnez moi, monsieur," Virginia came right back. *"Je parle le Francais tres bien."*

(Pardon me, I speak French very well.)

She got the job. Such a display of enterprise as well as linguistic talent could not go unrewarded. It was a reward, too,

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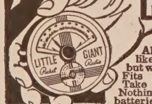

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I received radio and it works fine. . . . Am well pleased with it in every respect. I recommend the Little Giant to any prospective purchaser who wishes just such a little radio for personal use. It costs nothing to operste . . . Have tried it and it works splendid. Received Midget Radio and I am pleased. Kindly mail two more . . . (Letters on File).

Little Giant Radio Co., 1166 Diversey Pky., Dept. 107, Chicago

for the perspicacity and patience of the German-French mother in teaching her Hollywood-born daughter tongues other than English.

It was being a linguist that brought Virginia her next important job, a fat part in Francis Lederer's presentation of "Autumn Crocus" on stages up and down the Pacific coast. That led to the role of Europena in "Mrs. Wiggs" and that, in turn, led to her present long term contract. Which, of course, brings her the money that pays for the roof she provides for her family.

Both are charming, the roof and the family. I discovered that when I called at the home in Santa Monica canyon.

The home is a big, rambling affair fashioned out of rough logs which perches on the side of a hill where it can look down on the swank Uplifters Polo Clubhouse. It is a fashionable district but that definitely was not what influenced Mrs. Weidler in choosing it; quite the contrary, it is about as un-Hollywoodish a neighborhood as one can find. Completely away from traffic, it has an outdoors tang to it that is both safe and healthy for children.

A strange jangle of sounds, half music, half noise, issued from the house as I climbed the steps. It stopped abruptly when I rang the bell, to be followed by sounds of scurrying and then silence. Naturally my curiosity was piqued.

WHAT was it? Just the Weidlers, all seven of them, having band practice! Mrs. Weidler, I learned, doubles at both the piano and violin. The five older children play the other necessary instruments and Virginia is the leader. They do it for fun!

Virginia was all decked out in a cunning pair of brown jodhpurs, tailored brown shirt and shiny boots. I asked her if she had been riding, and she said no. When I insisted on being unduly curious, she admitted a bit curtly that she'd been playing football.

As a matter of fact, she hadn't been playing football any more than she'd been riding. That particular outfit, I learned, was her favorite and her idea of what to wear when she wanted to dress up "special for company." She plays football all right —she has no use for dolls and such—but usually, Mrs. Weidler sadly admitted, when she's all dressed up.

One by one, as they poked their noses around door corners and through windows, Virginia introduced her brothers and sisters. First came Sylvia, seventeen. Next was Verena, fifteen.

"Only she calls herself Renee now, because she thinks that sounds better," Virginia said in forthright scorn.

After them came Warner, who was christened the German Werther. He is fourteen. Next was Walt, thirteen, whose baptismal name was Wolfgang. Then George, aged ten. The eighth member of the family, the only one not present on that occasion, is the "adopted" brother, Randall Barclay.

"Then of course there are Laddie and Peter," Virginia went on. "Would you like to meet them?"

At a word from her in bounded two enormous dogs, one a Great Dane and the other half St. Bernard and half collie. They are Virginia's special pets among a

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motley assortment of rabbits, cats, guinea pigs and a goat.

At one glance you can see this is a home in the truest sense of the word. A house that is really lived in and loved. Nothing elaborate in the furnishings. Everything comfortable, with no attempt to keep things too prim and neat.

Two rules govern the household and the people in it. One is the Golden Rule and the other the rule of reason.

"In all important things, I've tried to treat Virginia and the others as grown-ups rather than children," Mrs. Weidler explained. "I have never believed in a parent being a dictator just because he or she was a parent. I respect my children and their rights as much as I expect them to respect me and mine. I've taught them to think for themselves and I reason with them rather than rule. So far we've found it works out fine."

Directors reason as successfully with Virginia. All who have worked with her admit all she needs is to have a situation explained. From that point on she works things out for herself which makes her one of the really remarkable children on the screen today. All her bits of business, which means mannerisms and incidental actions, originate in her own mind and invariably are exactly right. Yet they appear as unstudied naturalism. At eight she has mastered what many an actress fails to learn in a lifetime.

But for all Virginia is one of Hollywood's famous stars and the provider of their living, her brothers and sisters exhibit none of that unhealthy adulation toward her which so easily can ruin a youngster and her later life. She is, to them, just baby sister.

There was the day, for example, when Virginia tried to go movie star on them. Walt and George asked her to do some inconsequential thing with them. She flung herself on the couch in the big living room, drew her hand languidly across her forehead and sighed, "Really, I can't, you know. I haven't time."

"Nuts," said George.

"Be yourself!" said Walt. "Who do you think you are, anyway?"

Virginia promptly was herself. It did not happen again.

FINALLY, in case the thought is worrying you, I want to reassure you that all of Virginia's hard-earned salary does not go for the support of her family. More than half of every check immediately is placed in a trust fund for her and her alone. Thus her future is assured.

The remainder? You may be certain it is spent carefully. I noticed, when the lights were switched on just before I left, that thrifty Mrs. Weidler had unscrewed one of each two bulbs in the double brackets on the wall. Virginia's success hasn't gone to her mother's head, either.

Inside Stuff

(*Continued from page* 24)

out of the Cupid's Sweepstakes in which Binnie Barnes is the prize. There's a reason: John is working in "The Road Back" and for weeks the company has been shooting from 7 p. m. to 4 a. m. Think of what those hours can do to a romance . . . That gorgeous little illustrators' model, Janice Jarrett, out here for Universal, is now posing in love scenes with Robert Wilcox, New York lad whose latest is "The Stones Cry Out" . . . Alice Faye is still cu-razy over Tony Martin . . . It's on again with Cesar Romero and Betty Furness . . . Betty Grable tells us that she will marry Jackie Coogan immediately after her twenty-first birthday, which will be the twenty-seventh of next December. She's quite upset about the necessity of postponing the marriage that long but it seems that she signed a contract with RKO which absolutely prevents her from marrying until she is of age. With eleven-year-old girls getting married in the South and fourteen-year-olds getting married in the East, Betty thinks the studio is very exacting . . . We had practically picked out our wedding gift for Loretta Young and Eddie Sutherland but now it looks as if *that* marriage is never going to be celebrated. No one but Loretta and Eddie know what happened, and they won't tell, but it's all off and Loretta is being seen about town with first one escort, then another.

Carole Takes a Rest: Carole Lombard was so completely tuckered out by weeks of work in "Swing High, Swing Low," that she vowed she would do nothing but rest when the picture was finished. Well, it's finished—and every morning Carole reports at the studio at nine o'clock for a singing lesson which lasts an hour; returning home, she practices said singing lesson for another hour; after luncheon she rides horseback (that's right, with Gable) for an hour or two and then, just to top off her restful day she plays several sets of tennis. She naively calls it a vacation.

Sun Valley: We'll have to take her word for it, but Madeleine Carroll claims she is tanned beautifully all over from taking sun baths under ice! Seems they have what are called ice igloos at that ultra-ultra winter resort, Sun Valley Lodge, in Idaho, and the filtered rays give one a lovely tan.

Madeleine has been up there twice, and just left for a third visit before starting "Castles in Spain." They've named a new ski run there after her.

Claudette Colbert has been spending weeks at Sun Valley, this time on business. She's filming "I Met Him in Paris" on location there.

Old Soak: We hate to tell this one on Wallace Beery, for it doesn't help his he-man reputation, but it's sort of funny. Wally was told that he'd have to smoke a pipe in "The Old Soak," something he'd never done before. So he tucked a pipe in his pocket, and while on a lone flight in his new cabin plane, decided to try it out. There was no ventilation in the cabin, and Wally suddenly began to get sick. Turning from pale to bilious green, Wally nearly passed out!

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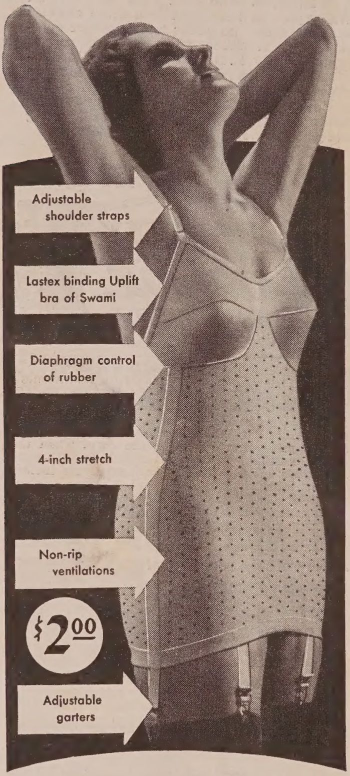
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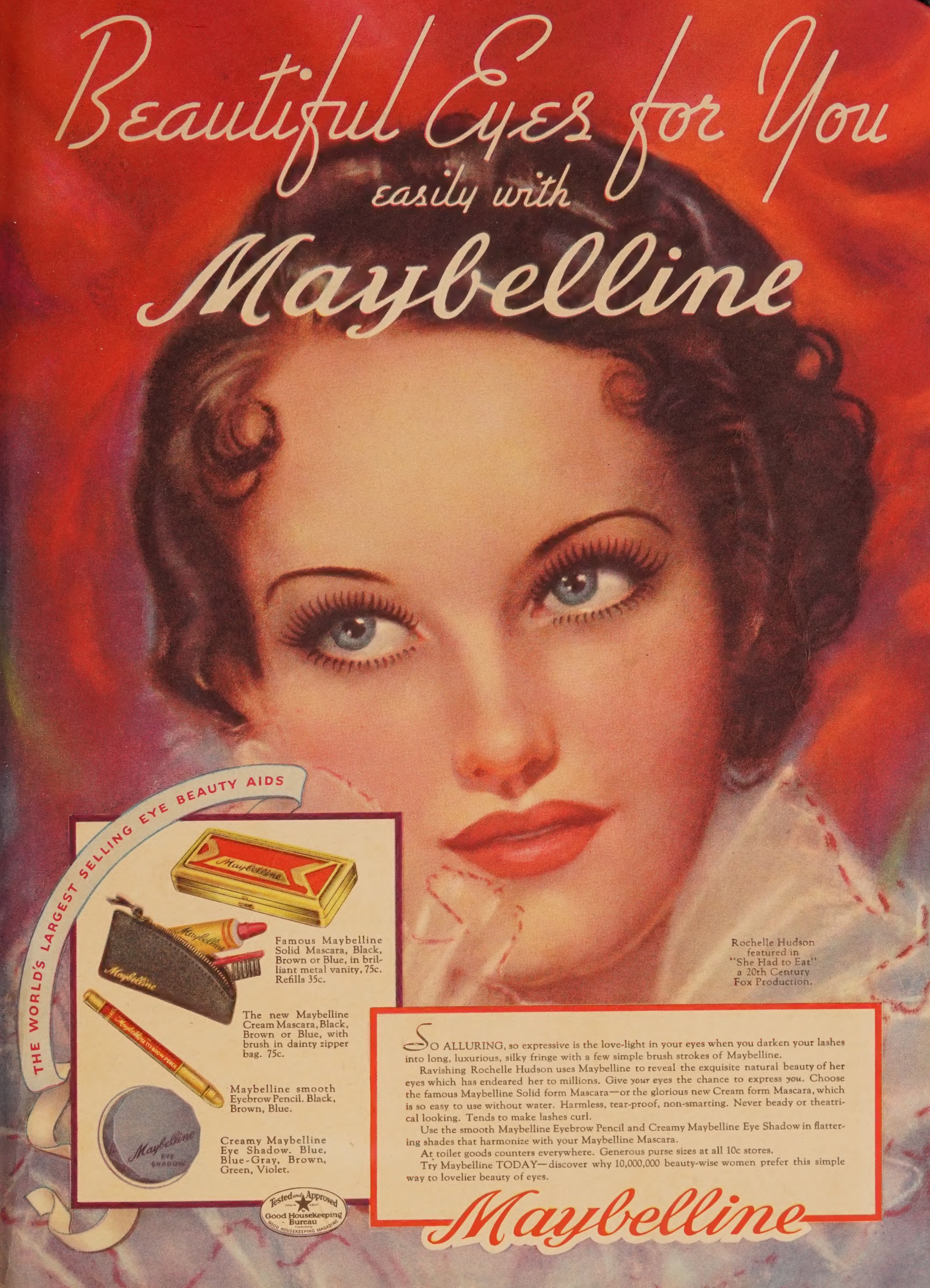
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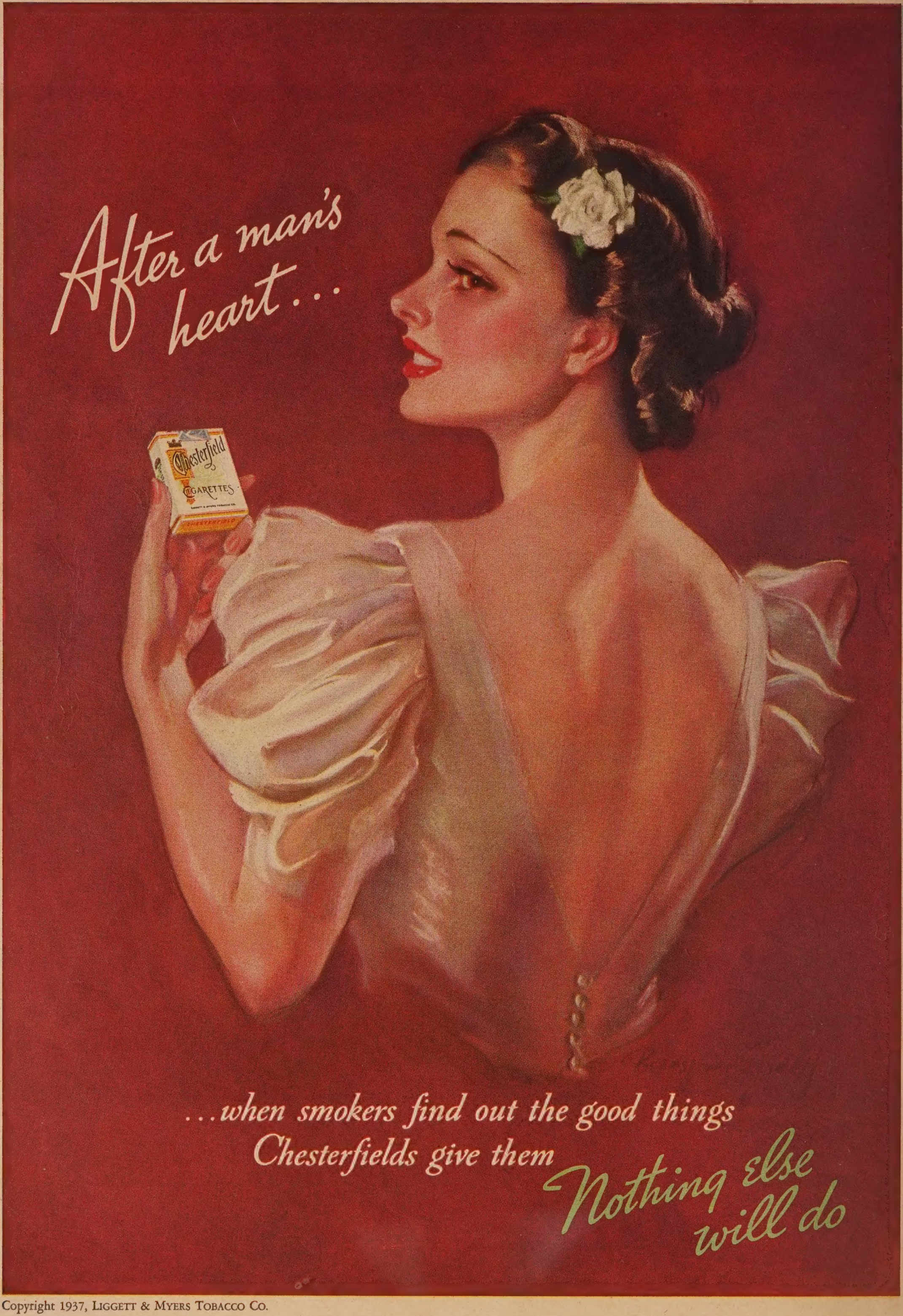
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